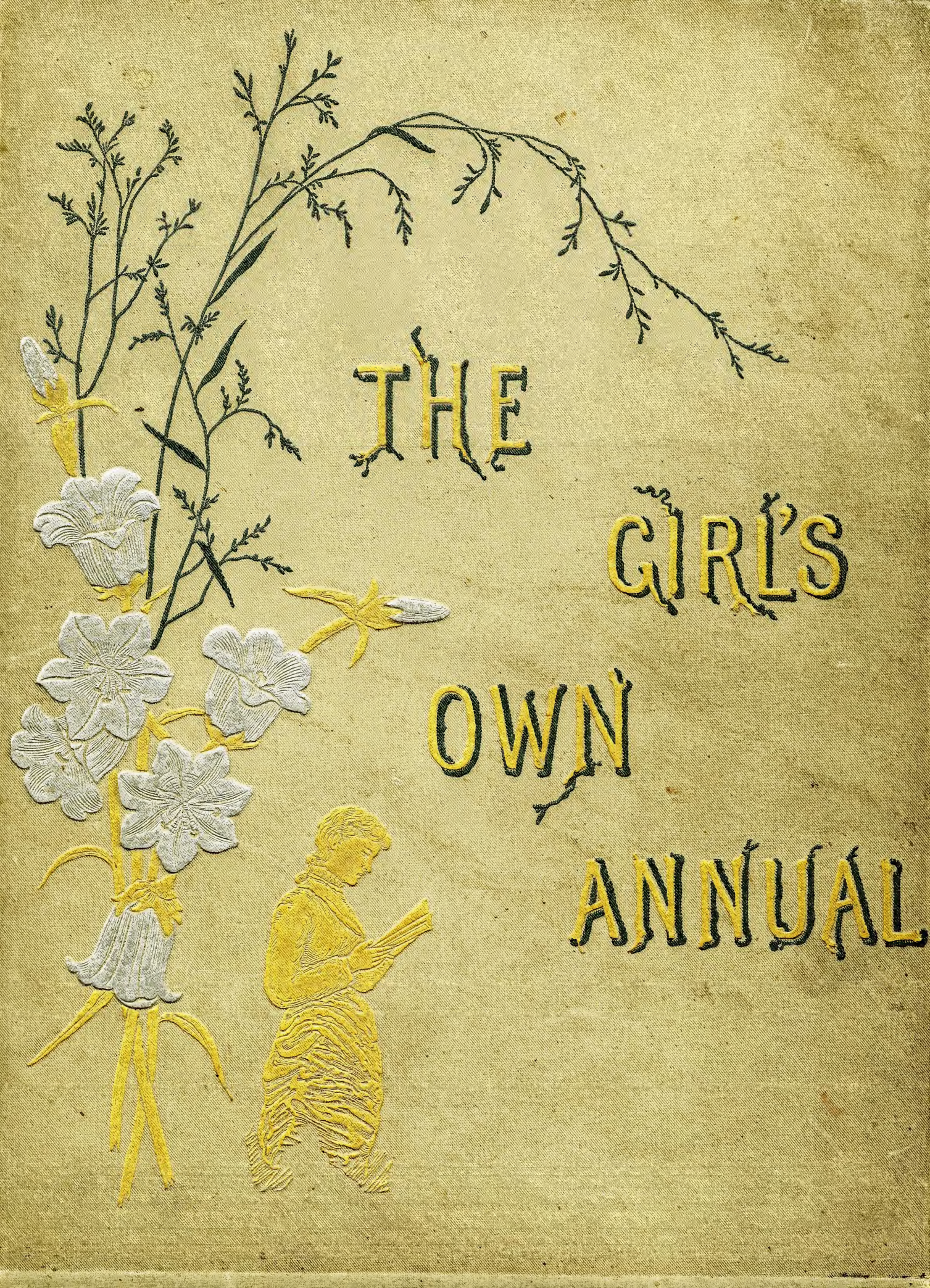
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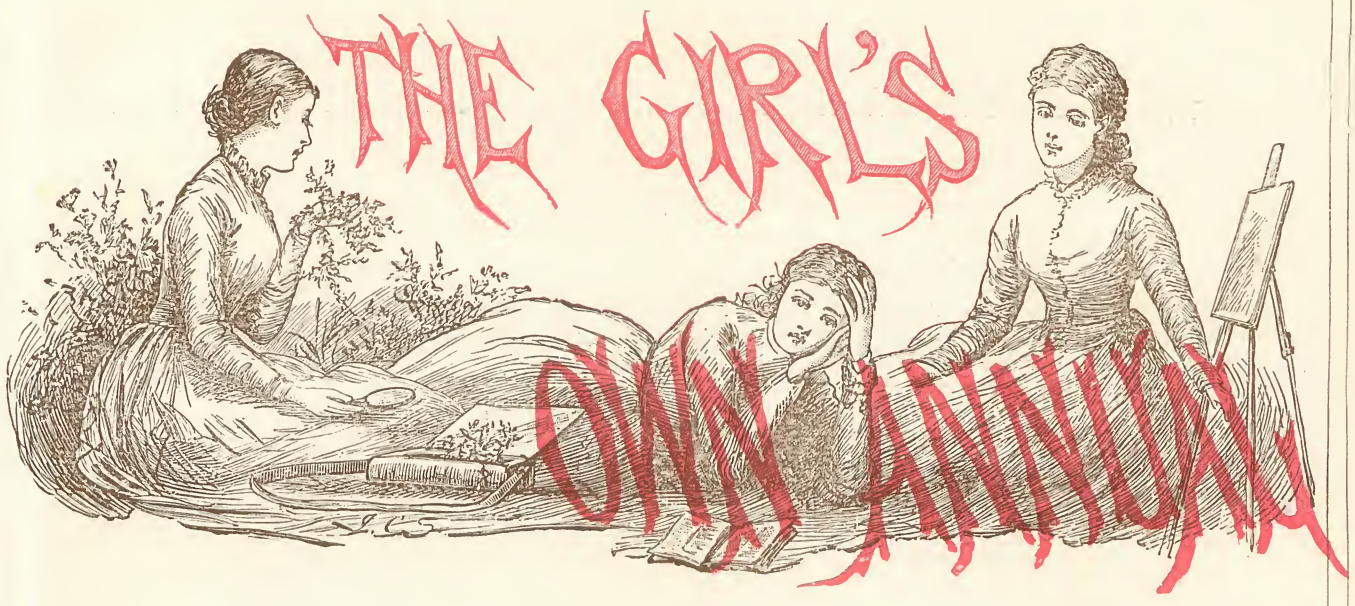

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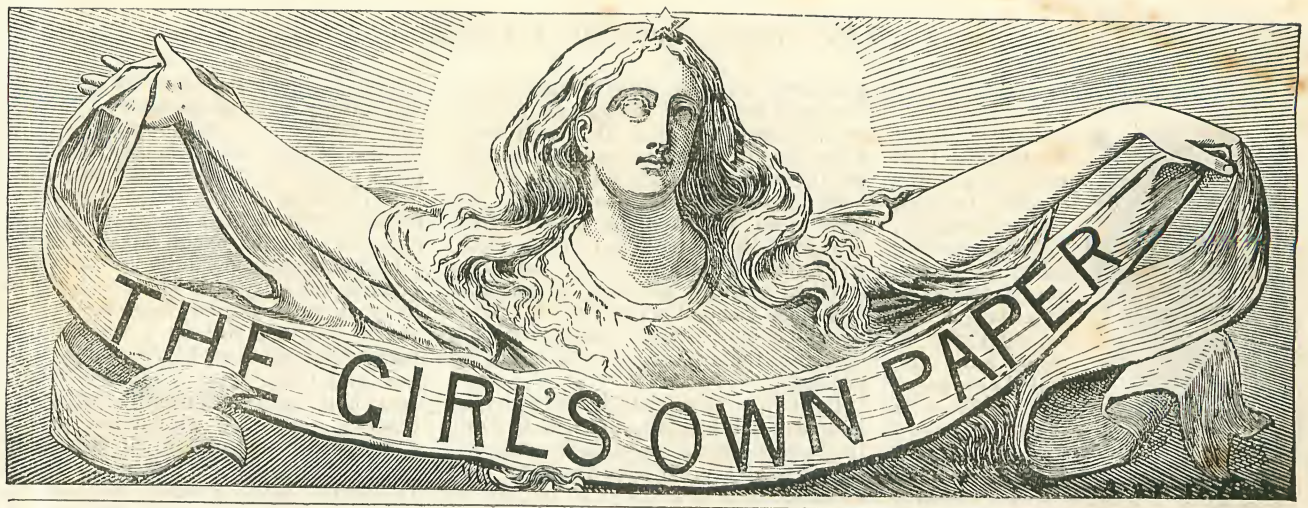

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BOUND TO EARTH.

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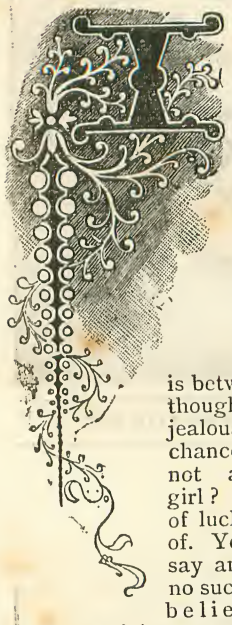
"AND INTRODUCED HER BROTHER EDWARD."

CHAPTER I.



"I AM so delighted," wrote Helen Dalrymple to her great friend, Grace Hardinge, "that the Leslies have asked me to stay at the same time as you, and so, after all, we shall have the holidays together! Was it because Fanny knows how great a friendship there is between us—(I always thought she was a little jealous!)—or is it mere chance? If so, am I not a very fortunate girl? This is a piece of luck I never dreamed of. You cannot honestly say any longer there is no such thing, for I must believe this is the genuine article, pure and simple. I say again, as I have so often said before, in spite of the reproof I can imagine I see in your dear, grave old face, that I am a lucky girl."

Grace smiled, as she came to this portion of Helen's letter.

"'I was always 'dear, grave old face' to her," she thought, "and yet I feel always light-hearted and happy enough, especially when mamma says how glad she is to have me back again for a constant companion, and even the boys say it is no fun when sister Grace is not at home. The question is, ought I to accept this invitation, and leave them all again so soon? Helen has never thought for a moment of such a possibility."

The invitation over which Grace was thus pondering had arrived the day before, and had not yet been replied to. It had many attractions which Grace's mother appreciated perhaps more keenly than Grace herself, for both were unselfish and thought much for the other. The Leslies lived in a charming country spot, and were enabled by their affluent circumstances to reap all the enjoyments of such a life without suffering from the *ennui* that many people declare to be inseparable from its long continuance. The Hardinges, on the contrary, lived in a dingy London street, were a large family with small means, and accustomed, as a matter of course, to the struggle and self-denial of such a combination. A trip to the seaside or country in the holidays, which to many young people is as much a matter of course as the breaking-up itself, was a dreamed-of but untasted delight. Dr. Hardinge was a sensible and really good father. He and his wife had denied themselves considerably to give their children the highest educational advantages their means would afford, and he had plainly shown them that such opportunities should be received with gratitude and valued highly for their own intrinsic worth, and not in comparison with the greater privileges of other people. Those five boys knew well enough that it was no hardship to stay in their own home when they were strong and lusty enough to take a ten-mile walk into the country, feast heartily on bread-and-cheese and meat pies prepared by Grace's deft fingers, with water from some clear, sparkling stream, and return at night fatigued enough to sleep the sound, dreamless sleep of perfect health. Perhaps the boys at the seaside were not enjoying themselves so well, certainly not better.

But Grace could hardly be expected to spend her holidays in such fashion. In the first place, she was the eldest of them all, and practically the only girl, for little Doris of seven years old was as yet only capable of being good and not of affording her busy mother any help; and, moreover, Grace, though healthy enough, had not the lithe, tough limbs and muscular strength of her brothers. So that when the invitation from her schoolfellow Fanny arrived, Mrs. Hardinge, with her unselfish motherliness, said at once, "Here, darling, is just the pleasant change you want after the term's hard work. If we can only manage a nice enough outfit, I should like you to accept it, and so will your father, I know."

"But, mother," Grace remonstrated, "when I have just come home from school for good, and have been promising myself what heaps of things I will take off your hands, how I will attend to the cooking, if you will teach me, and mend the boys' clothes, and give Doris her lessons, so that at last you may have a little rest, am I to fly away after ease and enjoyment, and leave you just at the worst possible time, when all the boys are home from school? I would much rather not go."

But when Dr. Hardinge was consulted he was of the same opinion as his wife, that Grace would be set up for the winter by such a taste of pure country air, having worked hard in her last term at school, and come home looking more pale and languid than was natural to her. Moreover, her mother, who, although she had striven hard to inculcate unselfishness in her children, was nevertheless as anxious as any mother could be for their advantage, recalled to mind that Grace was now eighteen, and that to mix a little in society was highly desirable for her, when this could be done without sacrificing more important duties and interests. "So your father and I shall both very gladly accept Mrs. Leslie's invitation," she had said to Grace the next morning, that one which brought Helen Dalrymple's letter of delighted self-congratulation.

Now that it was all settled for her, Grace would not have been the fresh, healthy-minded girl she was if she had not looked forward to her visit with a keen sense of enjoyment, marred only by the wish that her brothers and Doris, her father, but, above all, her mother, could share her holiday. She loved the sight of green fields and trees, the scents and sounds of the country, with the keenness of one who has been bred in a town, and only been tantalised by brief glimpses of such delights. It was utterly incomprehensible to her how the Leslie girls could grumble at the dulness of their lovely home, and envy other people the bricks and mortar, the grimy streets, and continual rumble of traffic, which they declared they found so cheerful. And although Grace was rejoiced to come home and take her proper place in the busy little household, where so much had to be done by so few hands, yet it was not without several severe pangs that she had bidden farewell to her school life. She was fond of study, and had been a favourite with her teachers, and also with a few of her companions; but the great friendship of her life had been for pretty Helen Dalrymple, who, although one of the rich girls, had never snubbed Grace as some others had tried at first to do or looked askance at the home-made dresses and plainly-trimmed hats. Helen had loved her "dear, grave old Grace" from the very first, and after a while they had been together in everything, sharing the same room, striving hard to keep together in their studies, which Helen affectionately declared had been the greatest spur to work she could have had, for it was necessary for her to do her very best to keep pace with Grace.

Grace had honestly striven to be of real use to her friend, for Helen was an only child with wealthy parents, who had indulged her in every possible way, and were satisfied with a far lower standard than Grace's parents had fixed for her, which was that in every undertaking she was to strive to do her very best. Helen, who was a year older than her friend, was also leaving school at the same time, having persuaded her parents to take her away, because, as she declared, she positively could not come back after Grace was gone. It would be too miserable.

They had said good-bye with real sorrow, not knowing when they should meet again, and now, after only a fortnight had elapsed, came their schoolfellow's invitation, which was to give them such a delightful and unlooked-for opportunity. Helen was beside herself with joy, never dreaming for one moment that Grace could miss such a happy chance; nor was Helen less delighted at the pleasant prospect, although she would have willingly—nay, gladly—forfeited it for the sake of the mother who had, not once, nor twice, but during eighteen years, given up so much ease and enjoyment for her.

Helen was spared the torture of witnessing Grace's indecision. She learned as quickly as was possible that the invitation had been accepted, and that in another week she and her friend Grace would be together again.

Fanny Leslie was the daughter of an old friend of Mrs. Hardinge's, who had known Fanny's mother in the days before they had both married, she a young, struggling medical practitioner, her friend the middle-aged owner of a broad estate in one of the home counties—a widower with two boys, for whom he had required a mother. The new wife had speedily taken the boys, as well as the rest of her husband's household, in

hand, and reduced the chaos which she found to the smooth routine of a gentleman's establishment. In all that concerned their outward training she had worked well for her step-children, taking care that they had the luxurious surroundings and led the life that she considered their station warranted, in exactly the same way as she had given these things to her own children. She and her quondam friend, Mrs. Hardinge, had never met since the marriage of the latter, on which Mrs. Leslie had expressed an adverse and somewhat unkind opinion. Mrs. Hardinge could not leave the husband and children, to whom she was a necessary part of existence; nor had she thought it advisable to ask her old friend to leave her wealthy home in order to visit the happy but narrow household, where there were so many children and so few attendants, over which she reigned in more than content.

"If you were less wise and thoughtful than you are," she said to Grace, "I should have been afraid to trust you in the midst of so much wealth and ease, for fear it might make you discontented with your own home."

"Oh, mamma!" Grace cried, reproachfully; "I should be an ungrateful daughter if anything could ever make me forget the dear old place, where I always have you and papa."

"Yes, darling, I believe you," her mother said, fondly. "Yet we never know what temptation is till it comes to us. Ease and wealth are very attractive."

"Do not let me go, mamma, if you think I shall not be just as glad as ever to come home to you again."

"Not so, dear. I believe, if I have not very greatly mistaken my child, that your visit will only strengthen your attachment to home, for wealth robs people of many pleasures I have ever taught my children to value. I do not think you will find a happier household, and perhaps hardly such an affectionate one, as you have been accustomed to. I wonder whether Fanny can bring so much sunshine into home as my Grace does? Certainly, she can find no more tender affection."

"I know that so well," Grace replied, gratefully, and with tears rising into her eyes.

"But come," her mother said, cheerfully; "we have no time to lose, and must set to work. You must have at least two new dresses, and we cannot, with the best intentions, get through them alone without worrying papa by the sight of them. You shall run down now to Miss Leach's, and beg her to come to our aid for three or four days. I have not thought it necessary to look through your underlinen since your return, so we had better do that at once."

"I have everything in that way that I shall want," Grace replied, with perfect truth, for Grace had been taught that one of the marks of refinement in a lady's wardrobe is to have a sufficient quantity of under garments, neatly and tastefully made, and *always carefully* repaired. It had been her mother's plan, when a garment wore out, to have it immediately replaced, costing at the time a very small outlay of time and money; whereas, if the whole stock had been allowed to wear out, the tax upon both would have seemed far greater, and Grace had striven to carry out her mother's teaching. At this juncture she felt the benefit of it, for she had no need to give up a single hour to this portion of her wardrobe.

The afternoon was spent in making necessary purchases. Grace had several useful dresses in various stages of wear. What she needed now, Mrs. Hardinge said, were some pretty ones, which fortunately could be bought very inexpensively.

"Is it not very extravagant, mamma?" she cried, apprehensively, when her mother ordered a length of cream nun's veiling to be cut off, and chose some pretty lace to trim it with.

"It would be in our smoky atmosphere," Mrs. Hardinge replied, with a smile, "but in the country it will keep clean a long time, and will look charming for garden parties and such occasions."

Miss Leach came bravely to the rescue, and the dresses were finished in good time. As Mrs. Hardinge remarked, it was most fortunate that the holiday was a summer one, for it was possible to buy so many pretty things with the five pounds her father had given for the purpose; and when Grace carefully folded these new possessions and laid them in her trunk, she felt almost guilty of having robbed her mother or the boys for her own adornment.

It was not without a pang that she bade them once more good-bye for a whole month. Her mother would not hear of regret, and waved her a happy smiling adieu, nor was it until her father had placed her in the train and had told her to enjoy herself and not forget to write them word of all her doings, that Grace fully realised that she was speeding away from the smoke and grime out into the glorious country which she so loved.

Once realised, the thought was an exhilarating one, and Grace's spirits soon began to rise. It was her own bright, happy face that leaned out of the window and scanned the faces on the little platform at Havering Station.

"Here she is!" cried Helen, dashing impetuously at the carriage door. "I arrived the day before yesterday. How glad I am to see you!"

Fanny came up more leisurely, but with hearty greeting, and introduced her brother Edward, who disappeared the next moment to see after her luggage.

"Is one trunk all?" he asked. "What a marvel—isn't it, girls?"

Then the four ran down the station stairs, laughing and talking gaily, to where a village cart was waiting to carry them on their way.

"You will take the front seat with Edward, and Helen and I will sit at the back," Fanny said, with a glance at her brother, which Grace saw, but did not quite understand.

"Oh, please let me sit at the back with you," she replied, with natural modesty, remembering that Helen was older than herself.

Helen laughed and blushed, as she took the disputed place. Then the two others stowed themselves at the back, and leaving Grace's modest luggage to follow in the carrier's cart, they sped away along the dusty lanes, full of gay spirits, and little dreaming how two at least of them would look back upon this day as the marking off of an eventful epoch in their lives.

(*To be continued.*)

ART NEEDLEWORK.

I HAVE given much of my time for some years past to the study of designing for art needlework. The prevailing rage for everything æsthetic in art has helped a good deal to bring about a revival in this particular line, which will, I hope, long survive the mere requirements of fashion, which has given it so friendly a fillip. I think I cannot do better than commence these papers, for which I hope to gain the interest of art-loving girls, with the inevitable antimacassars, or, as we now call them, "chair-backs," as I find they are generally the first thing to be thought of when a piece of crewel work is to be taken in hand.

Most girls have at least some idea how to set about it, and have worked such patterns as can be bought at fancy shops; but I want to make those who have any knowledge of drawing understand how much more interesting and artistic they may make their work by having it all their own from the very beginning, and the designs I give are as much intended to set before you an idea of different styles of design, as to be actually copied on an enlarged scale for working.

Writers on this subject in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER have already supplied details as regards enlarging designs to the required size, and of tracing, and pricking out the tracings, and then transferring them to the material by rubbing pounce through the pricked holes; but I do not think it has been sufficiently impressed upon you how necessary it is to make a *very* careful outline, painted over the pounced pattern so obtained, otherwise even tolerably skilled workers would make but a slovenly-looking piece of work.

Fig. 1 of these designs can be worked either at one or at both ends. The narrow border is continued all the way round at about an inch from the edge. We do not now set our furniture against the walls as much as we used to do; therefore it seems desirable that the backs of some articles should have their due share of decoration. It is only an outline pattern to be worked in ordinary crewel stitch, and in two or three shades of red or blue, or in golden browns. Red would, I think, be most effective for a pomegranate design; it can be worked either in crewel or filoselle. This is the next best embroidery silk to the real bobbin silk, which is only available for fine work. The filoselle should be divided into as many strands for a needleful—two, three, or four are generally used—as the design or material dictate. This kind of silk, however, does not wash in all colours, so if the article to be worked requires washing often, it would be safer to use the twisted washing silk. Many trailing plants can be adapted to designs in this style.

Fig. 2 is also to be worked either at one or both ends of the chair-back, the sam

FIG. 1.—CHAIR-BACK, CONVENTIONAL POMEGRANATE.

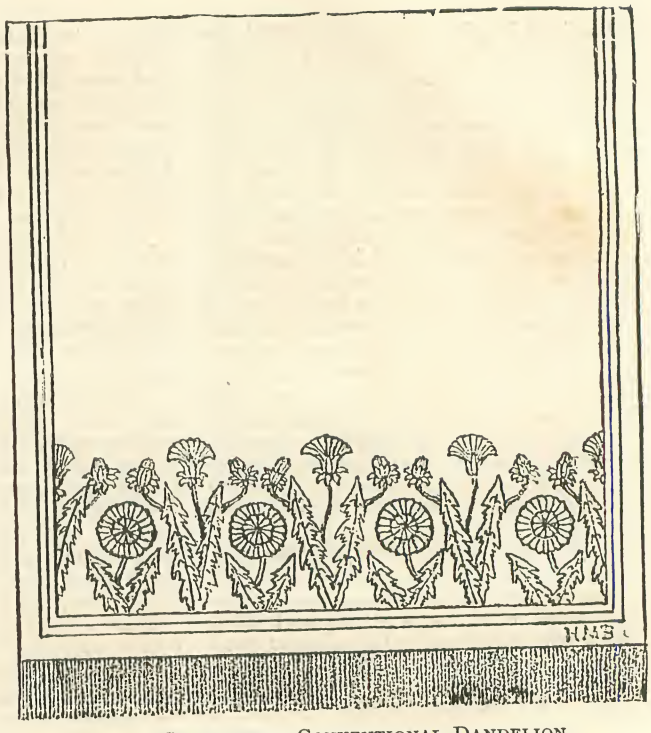


FIG. 2.—CHAIR-BACK, CONVENTIONAL DANDELION.

as fig. 3, three shades of crewel being used for the lines round the edges; it will always be necessary to use conventionally-arranged flowers for this style, as the effect can only thus be gained, but they need not be so conventional as to become absolutely "fancy" designs; daffodils, iris, buttercups, ox-eyed daisies, &c., would all be suitable subjects, and the colours used can be varied according to the taste of the worker. Of course, a natural rendering of some of these flowers is very effective and pretty when well done, but the chief thing to be thought of is to choose your colouring and ground judiciously. No. 3 is a Japanese design. These have become great favourites of late, as they give so large a scope for choice of material and colour. Besides the ordinary crash linen, Chinese or Indian silk, or silk sheeting may be used to work them on, and if worked on a silk ground, Japanese gold thread may be used. This is a most effective finish to a design of this kind, by using it simply to outline the flowers which have been already worked in silk, and a still handsomer effect can be produced by outlining *all* the pattern so worked with it. On some materials the gold thread looks well alone as a simple outline. The Japanese thread should really be worked in a frame, but with care it may be put on in the hand. It is always used double. The two ends must be pushed through the material with a stiletto, and fastened on the back side, the gold is then laid carefully along the pattern and sewn down at frequent intervals with silk of as nearly the same colour as it may be got.

Fig. 4 is another pretty style; the striped towelling with one sateen and one plain stripe has a very good effect, and the design of wild roses would be worked solidly, either *all* in silk, or the stalks and leaves in crewel and the flowers in silk. I have now given you four different styles of chair-backs, and we will go on to sofa-backs, which are about

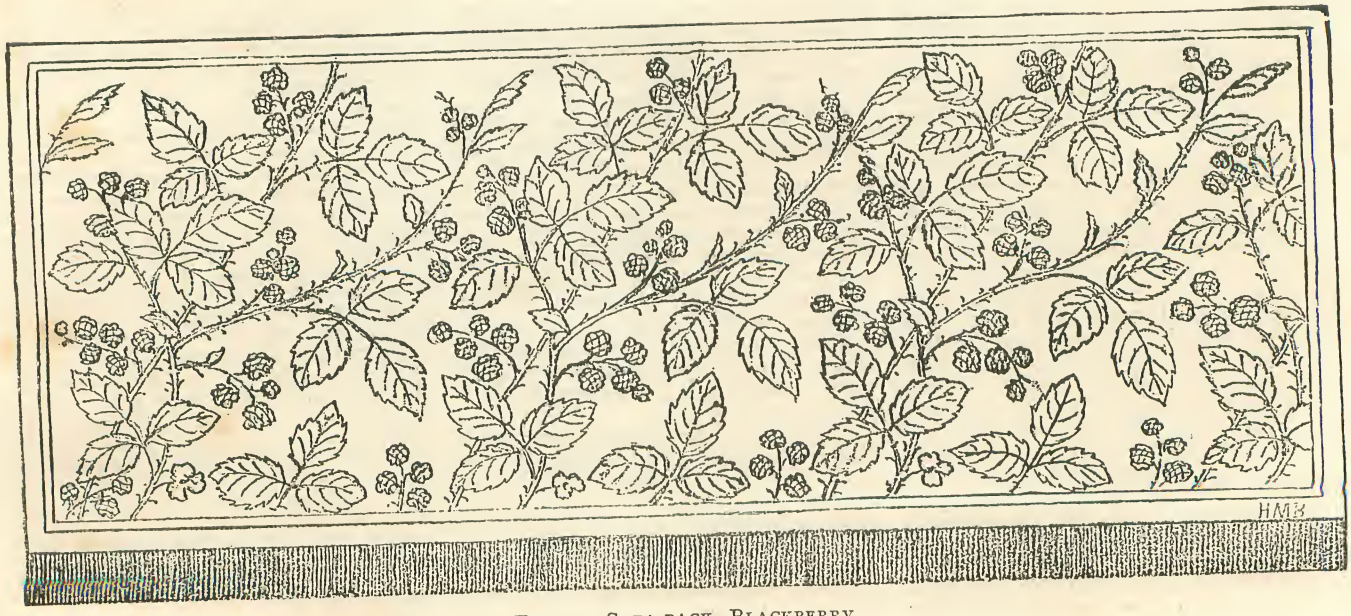


FIG. 5.—SOFA-BACK, BLACKBERRY.

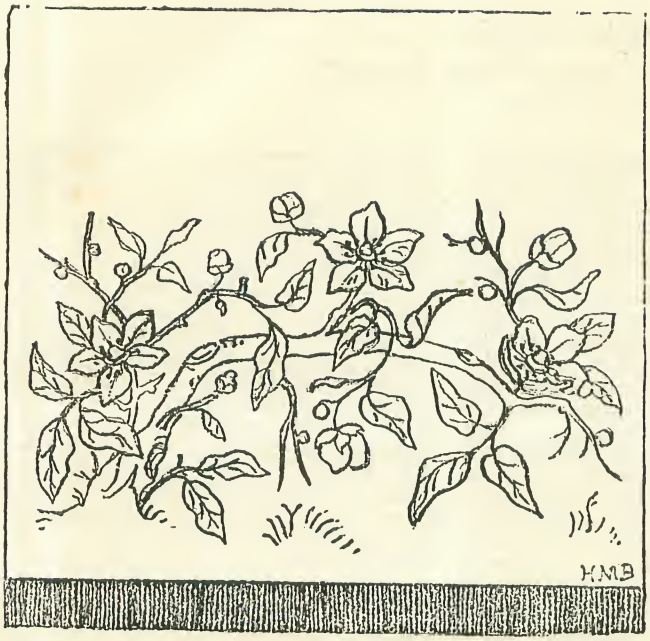


FIG. 3.—JAPANESE CHAIR-BACK.

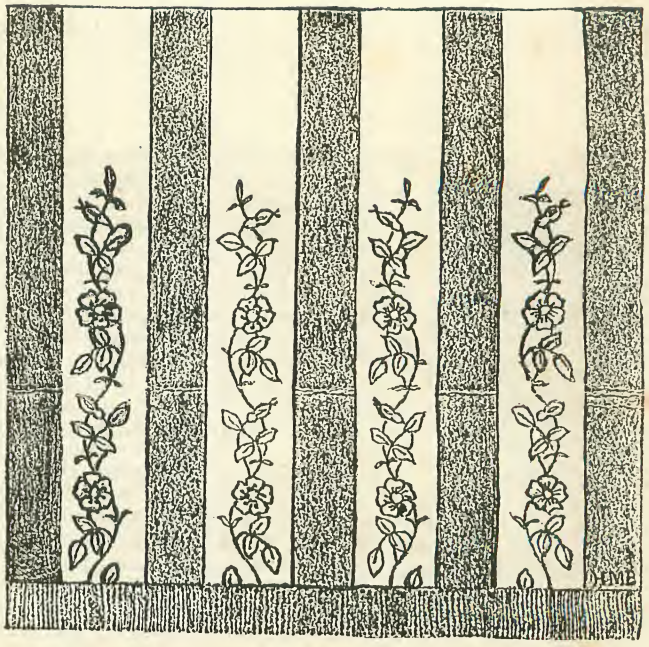


FIG. 4.—CHAIR-BACK, STRIPED CONVENTIONAL ROSE.

twice the width of the chair-backs, and the portion worked should therefore be rather broader.

Fig. 5 is what is called an "all-over" or diaper pattern, and is composed of sprays of blackberry drawn as naturally as its adaptation to the necessities of work will allow; it is to be worked either solidly or only in outline, according to the fancy of the worker. There are many plants you can use in this manner, such as honeysuckle, jasmine, wild rose, or even the long, trailing sprays of the larch, with some of the pretty pink-madder coloured apples or cones on them; orange or pomegranate, with both blossoms and fruit, are very effective too, but these would need more conventional treatment, as in the chair-back in fig 1. There is also scope for much merely fancy designing in this style, which, if gracefully drawn, is as pretty and artistic as any I know.

Fig. 6 is also a Japanese design. It could just as easily be adapted to a chair back as any of these chair-backs which I have given you can be adapted to sofa-backs. My idea in giving this is that it should be worked on linen in two or three shades of brown, but it would be very handsome on white or pale-coloured sheeting (Roman satin) in outline only, with gold thread, but, of course, articles worked with silk or wool crewel will wash or clean more easily if gold be not used. And it is as well not to bestow it too freely on things that are in such constant use, and are so likely to be tumbled as chair and sofa backs. Fig. 6 would also do well as a panel or piano-front, as it could so easily be enlarged to the required size, and there is not so much work in it as there appears to be, which is often the case with the most effective designs.

Now, I hope that by the aid of my hints, some of you clever girls will be able t lay your heads together, and produce either from enlarged copies of some of my designs, or from your own, some chair or sofa backs, "home made" throughout. In my next paper I hope to give you some borders of various styles and sizes, to suit all kinds of articles, as I find they come next in favour to the anti-macassars. I will now only add that the Royal School of Art Needlework at South Kensington, or Morris, supplies the best embroidery silks and crewels, and also the best Japanese gold thread, which latter if not really good will tarnish and sadly spoil the effect of your work.

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

FIG. 6.—SOFA-BACK, JAPANESE BAMBOO.

THE GIRL'S OWN HOME.

To the Readers of "The Girl's Own Paper."

By the COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

THROUGH the kindness of the Editor I am allowed to lay before the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER some facts which, I believe, will be of interest and will awaken the sympathy of every reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

I wonder whether you who live in London have ever considered the life of the girls who stand behind the counters in the shops you go to, or of the girls whom you do not see but of whom you hear as earning their daily bread in the workrooms and factories of London? Have you ever thought of the wages they earn, or of the homes to which they have to go when their work is done? If not, I would advise you to procure the last report of the "Homes for Working Girls in London." You will there find many interesting things concerning those two hundred and fifty thousand young workwomen of whom I have spoken.

"*Two hundred and fifty thousand!*" you will exclaim, "but surely this is exaggeration; surely most of these girls have homes of their own or are provided for as far as food and lodging are concerned, in the houses of business where they work?" This is true regarding a great number, and I desire to take this opportunity of testifying to the admirable way in which many of the large London firms provide for the comfort and the well-being of those whom they employ. But after all has been said, there still remain the large *majority* of "working girls," earning for about eight months in the year from ten to fifteen shillings a week (and these are considered good wages for these girls), and mostly out of work during the remaining four months. Where do they live? How do they pay for their food and dress? What are their amusements? Picture their lives, if you can, and put yourselves in their places. Think of yourself leaving home at fifteen or sixteen—badly trained at home, as many are, alas! with but little right principle and but little knowledge of the evil in the world—fancy yourself working for ten or twelve hours every day, and going at night to some small room in a back street. Bad food, bad air, no comfort and no home life. What then? Does not every young girl long for brightness and for change? for healthful recreation and for loving sympathy? If she has no home to go to, will she not be likely to seek for change from the dreary round of work by reading the trashy literature that abounds, by resorting to dancing-rooms and theatres, where she had better never be seen, where she is in danger of losing all that is pure and true and high-minded, where she may form companionships which will prove fatal to her? If, when you have pictured all this, you feel that something must be done, and you inquire how best can these sisters of yours be helped in their life struggle, then let me take you to pay a visit to one of the "Homes for Working Girls." You will find yourself outside a large cheery-looking house in a good street; a brass plate on the door will tell you that this is Morley House, or Gordon House, or whatever other name has been given to this particular home. On entering you will find everything bright and attractive-looking, plenty of pictures, a library, newspapers on the table, a piano, which, I may mention, is always in great request. You will find the dining-room as cheerful as the sitting-rooms, and when you go upstairs you will find cubicles on the first floor, where those who can afford the luxury can obtain privacy, and on the next floor comfortable bed-rooms where several girls sleep together. If your visit happens to be in the evening, it will do you good to see the happy girl faces so evidently *at home*, some reading, some working, others playing at games or singing. Once a week there is a Bible-class, and there are family prayers every morning and evening. Besides this there were weekly gatherings of all the residents in the various homes last winter in a large room at one of the houses.

As the report says: "The attendance at these meetings from the first was remarkable; often the room was so full that it was impossible to find the needful accommodation." No person was *pressed* to attend; simply a hearty invitation was given to turn in for "one hour" to draw near to God, and in the words of one of them it may well be said, "It was an hour's spiritual refreshment." Then there were fornightly working-parties during the winter which culminated in a sale, the proceeds of which were devoted to Zenana Missions and to destitute London children. Sometimes tea-parties, concerts, or soirées are given at the various homes, and sometimes friends who are members of the committee ask the residents to their houses. In these and other ways pleasant variety is given to the inmates, without encroaching on the essentially home-like character which those who have the management of the homes desire to maintain in all the arrangements. The superintendent in each house is the mother, to whom the girls can at all times turn for advice and help.

But it is time that I should tell you what are the charges made for all this comfort and home life. For lodging, the rent of a cubicle is 4s. a week, for a bed in one of the upper rooms 2s. 6d.; in both cases the use of the public rooms is of course included. The charge for board, including breakfast, dinner, and tea, is 4s. 6d. a week, or, if meals are taken separately: breakfast, 2½d; dinner, 6d.; tea, 2½d; supper, 1½d.

Even with these moderate charges it is often found that these working girls cannot afford the whole board, but take only the two cheaper meals. Take, for instance, a case which is quoted in the report. "A girl was missing from the Sunday dinner-table, and when she returned, during the afternoon, was asked if she had dined. She answered: 'I could not pay for the dinner, so walked round the squares several times until I knew dinner would be over, and then I could return.'" I ought to mention that by a recent rule a new charge is made upon the residents, to which, however, they heartily assent—and this is that each inmate should subscribe one penny a week to a sick fund.

It will be readily guessed by any of you who have anything to do with managing a household, that the above charges cannot make these institutions self-supporting, nor would it be desirable that they should be so, for if they were they would not meet the case of the girls whom they are intended to provide for. The wages given to women must be raised before these homes can be self-supporting. As it is, it is found that the charges made for board just meet the cost of food for the resident; but the rent moneys are very far from meeting the rent, taxes, superintendent's salary, servants' wages, and many other expenses. Hence the need for annual subscriptions. But it is not so much the need for subscriptions that I want to set before you (for we believe that God is blessing this work, and that He will give the money needful to carry it on) as to ask you whether the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER would not like to start another home themselves—one which would be particularly associated with them. It takes from £950 to £1,000 to start each home, what with the necessary alterations and the furnishing, and it has struck me that it would be a pleasant work for the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to found a home for working girls, and to maintain it afterwards by their continued prayerful interest and help (and it is not only by money that help can be given, for presents of fruit, flowers, vegetables, books or periodicals, and cast-off clothing are always acceptable). One shilling, or even sixpence, from every reader would do much more than open one home.

Seven homes have been opened in four years:—

Alexandra House, 88, St. John-street, City.

Victoria House, 155, Queen's-road, Bayswater.

Morley House, 14, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, W.

Gordon House, 8, Endsleigh-gardens, N.W. (This house is specially intended for German girls, who come over to England in large numbers to seek for employment).

Woodford House, 28, Duncan-terrace, Islington.

Garfield House, in the south of London, 361, Brixton-road, S.W.

Norfolk House, 50, Well-street, Hackney, E.

There is much cause for thankfulness that it has been possible to do so much in so short a period; but how few are provided for compared with the thousands that remain! Will you, then, help on this Christ-like work, and carry out the command: "Whatsoever ye would that men would do unto you, do ye also unto them," remembering the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."—I remain, yours faithfully,

ISHBEL ABERDEEN.

P.S.—Those who desire any further information can write to the Honorary Secretary, John Shrimpton, Esq., 38, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C., to whose zeal and energy the founding of the homes is mainly due, or else by visiting the homes between 3 and 5 p.m. Those who desire to join in forming a "GIRL'S OWN PAPER Home" can send their subscriptions, however small, either to the Hon. Secretary, at the above address, or to the Countess of Aberdeen, Haddo House, Aberdeen.

TEA IN HEALTH AND SICKNESS.

By MEDICUS.

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

THE launch of a new volume of a magazine is, not only to its editor, but to every member of his staff, one of the most joyful events of the whole year. It brings hope and happiness to the heart, just as the springtime brings sunshine to the flowers.

Well, here we all are again once more, back from our summer and autumn holidays — back with renewed strength in every limb, and the bronze of health on cheek and neck; back from roaming o'er moorland and fell, from wandering by the sad sea wave, or quiet meandering streams; back from pleasure, back from play; back to duty, back to work.

The autumn wanes apace; days grow short and nights creep in, and winter will be with us ere ever we know—

"Dark, dreary winter, and wild, drifting snaw."

Perhaps; but we do not shudder in the least to look forward to it, for every season has its pleasures just as it has its dangers; and it is really a fact that, beautiful and joyous as summer days are, we would tire of them and long for a change were they to last all the year round. There are many talented writers able and willing to cater for the pleasures of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER in the volume just begun. Mine is the task—if task it can be called that is always executed so willingly—of giving month after month many a timely hint about health and its preservation, and many a friendly warning which may help you to keep sickness at bay, not only from yourself personally, but from the friends and relations you love so dearly.

All the year round, until October comes again, I hope to be your "Medicus," and sometimes even your mentor, and I promise you I shall do my teaching in the plainest, simplest, and most pleasant way I know how, so that you may be constrained to admit that I really have the interest of my readers at heart.

I promise, furthermore, to make use of no break-jaw, cranky old physicky words, to dress all my recipes in holiday attire, to make the medicines I prescribe—when I do prescribe any, which will be seldom—as pleasant to the palate as pineapple jelly; and if ever I have occasion to describe to you some fact in physiology, I will couch it in language that shall be as pretty to read as a passage in Lord Lytton's "Pilgrims of the Rhine."

All this I promise, and what I promise I shall try most faithfully to fulfil.

And now on this auspicious occasion I invite my readers to have, in imagination, a friendly cup of tea with me.

I do not think I shall be able to tell you in one short paper even half what I know about the herb called tea, but on the other hand I'm certain you will not read it without learning something.

It is somewhat over nine hundred years since the custom of tea-drinking was first introduced into China. We have been taught to believe that the tea-plant was indigenous to China, but it seems that this is hardly in accordance with fact, for historical records of both China and Japan speak of an Indian prince of the name of Djarma as having emigrated from his own country and taken up his abode in China north, where he soon taught the natives the virtues of this remarkable plant.

It is probable, however, that tea did grow in China even at this early date; but the fact that it is but a mere bush in that country, while it flourishes as a tall spreading forest tree in India, would lead us to infer that India is really the true and original home of the *Thea sinensis*, which, being translated, signifies the tea plant. I conclude that this inference is correct from another well-known fact. Most Indian teas are of better flavour, and more pungent withal; so much so that they are used to a very great extent to mix with those of China by way of improving the taste and aroma of the latter.

The Chinese have another legend connected with the initiation of the habit of tea-drinking. A recent writer gives the story in the following words:—"In the treatise called 'Kuen Fang Pu,' a legend is told of the discovery of the tea plant in the reign of Yuen Ty and Tsin dynasty. An old woman was accustomed to proceed every morning at daybreak to the market-place, carrying a small cup of tea on the palm of her hand. The people bought it eagerly, and yet, from the break of day to the close of the evening, the cup was never exhausted. The money she received she distributed to the orphan and the needy beggar frequenting the highways. The people seized and confined her in prison, but at night she always flew through the prison walls with her cup in her hand." A very remarkable old woman indeed, and a very kind-hearted old woman as well; and yet we cannot believe in her. We must be content to leave the question of the origin of the use of tea in the dim obscurity of antiquarian research, and just be thankful we have so refreshing a beverage placed before us every morning and every afternoon.

A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* speaks about tea as follows:—

"By her fireside in her humble cottage sits the lonely widow; the kettle is simmering over the ruddy embers, and the blackened teapot on the hot bricks is preparing her evening drink. Her crust of bread is scanty; yet, as she sips her warm beverage, genial thoughts awaken in her mind. Her cottage grows less dark and lonely, and comfort seems to enliven the ill-furnished cabin. When our suffering and wounded soldiers were brought down frozen and bleeding from the trenches before Sebastopol to the port of Balaklava, the most welcome relief to their sufferings was a pint of warm tea, which was happily provided for them. Whence this great solace to the weary and worn? Why out of scanty earnings does the ill-fed and lone one cheerfully pay for the seemingly unnourishing weekly allowance of tea? From whatever open fountain does the daily comfort flow which the teacup gently brings to the care-worn and the weak?"

These questions are answered in the following words, which every girl would do well to read and remember:—

"The chief necessity for food arises from the gradual and constant wearing away of the tissues and solid parts of the body. To restore and repair the worn and wasted parts, food must be constantly eaten and digested. And the faster the waste the larger the quantity of food which must daily be consumed to make up for the loss which the waste occasions. Now, the introduction of a certain quantity of theine (one of the active principles of tea) into the stomach lessens the amount of waste which would otherwise take place. Tea makes the ordinary food consumed with it go farther therefore, or, in other words, lessens the quantity of food necessary to be eaten in a given time.

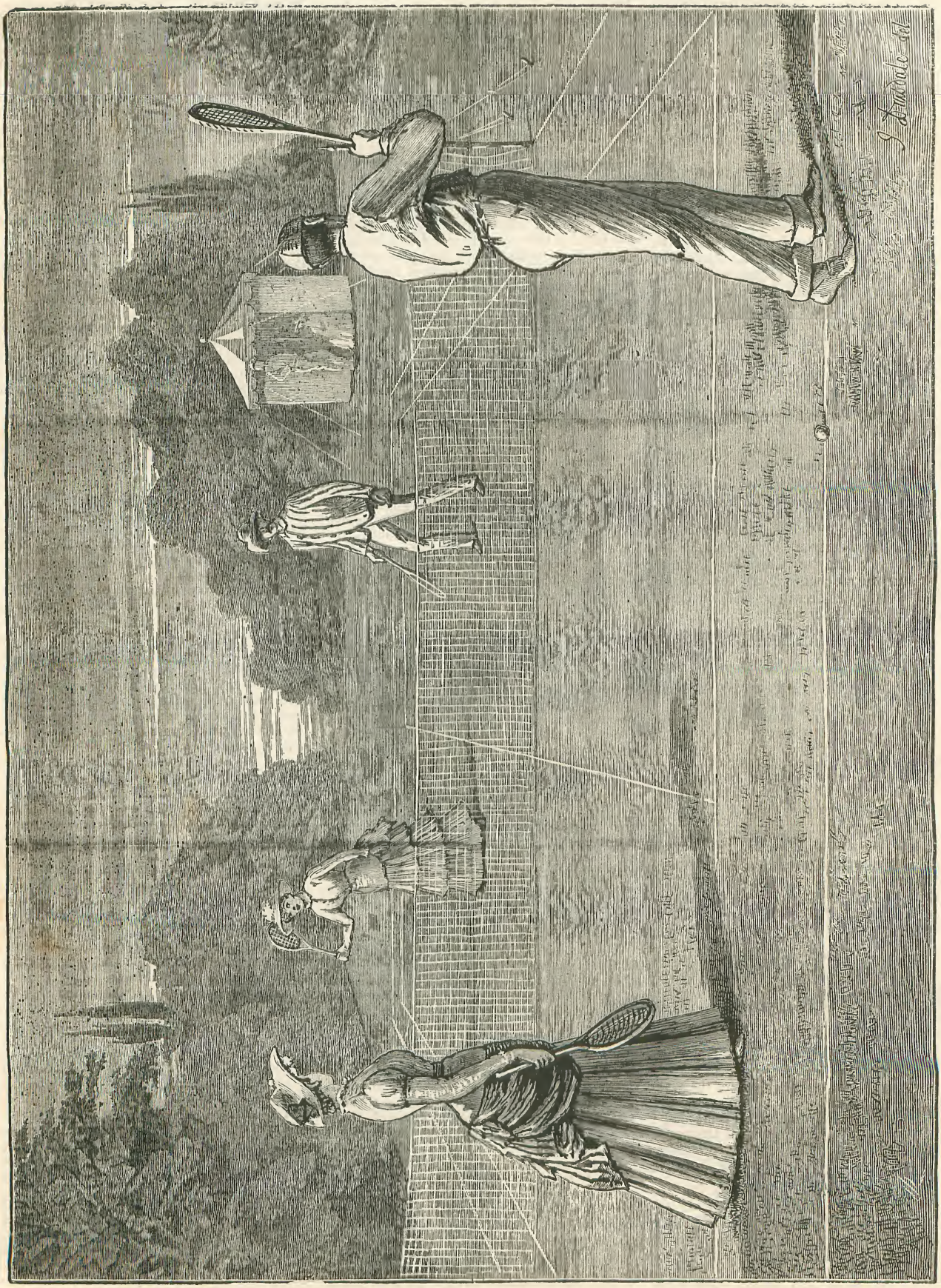
"It is no longer wonderful, then, that tea should be the favourite, on the one hand, with the poor, whose supplies of substantial food are scanty, and, on the other, with the aged and infirm—especially of the feebler sex—whose powers of digestion and whose bodily substance have both begun to fail."

But tea does more good than even this, for it is soothing and grateful to the mind as well as the body. "It tempers," says Lo-Yu, who wrote more than nine hundred years ago, "the spirits and harmonises the mind; dispels lassitude and relieves fatigue, awakens thought and prevents drowsiness, lightens or refreshes the body, and clears the perceptive faculties."

To millions and millions tea has become not only a daily luxury but positively a necessity of life; it behoves us therefore to buy it as good and pure as possible, and to know how to make it on correct principles when we have bought it.

I must tell my readers, young or old, and tell them plainly, that cheap teas are never good, and that they are actually dearer in the end. How are we to get a good wholesome tea? Why, buy it in a respectable shop and pay a fair price for it! The good teas are cheapest because they go farther and do more

(*Continued on page* 11.)



LAWN TENNIS.

GIRLHOOD.

By SYDNEY GREY.

A gracious time!
When budding thought and every virtue should
Give promise of a fair and fruitful prime
In riper womanhood.

A royal dower!
(Engend'ring love and sweet home influence)
Whose best and greatest treasure is the flower
Of spotless innocence.

A fountain bright!
Or laughing stream, unsullied at the source,
And meant to scatter comfort and delight
Throughout its later course.

A God-sent gift!
O take it not unheeded—rather choose
Each day, dear maid, thy simple prayer to lift,
Lest thou the boon misuse.

HOW I LEARNED TO PLAY LAWN TENNIS.

I.

LAWN TENNIS! The name conjures up a host of delightful visions. Grounds of asphalte or of concrete, over which the lithesome figures, clad in dainty costumes, gaily glide to the accompaniment of ringing laughter and merry jest; country houses with charming gardens, and the smooth green battle plain, where carefully marked courts and magic net, and balls and rackets lying temptingly near, invite us to the fray. What can be more pleasant, after strolling among beds of parti-coloured blossoms, the pride of the gardener's heart, than to come suddenly on such a nook—too wide-spreading, indeed, to deserve that cosy name, were it not for the trees which surround and shelter it!

There is a shady arbour yonder with yellow roses clambering round the entrance and filling it with fragrance; there is a bench under the great walnut tree, cool on the warmest day; and lounging chairs are dotted temptingly about. But no inglorious repose must be ours in these sacred precincts if we be fleet of foot and keen of eye. Not until we have scored a hard won victory, or a defeat scarcely less honourable, may we sink with a sigh of satisfaction on the rustic seat to fight our battles o'er again in fancy, or to solace ourselves with the strawberries which Tommy and his little sister have gathered for our refreshment. Caroline turns her straw hat into a fan, and pushes the wavy hair back from her forehead. She laughingly confesses herself tired out, for her antagonist has a strong arm, and kept her at the utmost verge of the court until fairly beaten. But what fun—there surely was never a game like it! And how she pities the unhappy folks who had got through their girlhood before the era of lawn tennis.

"How did you manage to amuse yourselves?" she inquires saucily of Tommy's mamma and her own elder sister.

And that young matron answers merrily, "Oh! don't waste your pity upon us; we found quite as much pleasure in rolling our balls on the grass as you do in sending them into the air."

"Croquet!" exclaims Caroline, pityingly. "Defend me from such a stupid, slow way of passing the time! How you endured it I cannot conceive, Mary."

"She endured it pretty well on the whole," says Mary's husband; "especially when I was by to pilot her ball through the hoops."

Mary does not deny the soft impeachment. She smiles as there rises before her mental vision the croquet ground and its happy group of players—the girls in crinoline and looped-up skirts, and dainty balmoral boots and pork pie hats; the men in garments of that peculiar cut known as "peg-top." She hears the familiar tap of the wooden balls and the ringing of the little bell in the centre. How cleverly George always helped her along just there, and how viciously he sent her opponents flying to right and left, keeping his own ball ever in friendly neighbourhood with hers! "Stupid—it was anything but that," she thinks, coming back to the present to watch her lively sister, racket in hand, skimming over the lawn, while George, bearded and bronzed now, tries her skill to the utmost with his vigorous play.

It cannot be denied, however, that apart from fashion and the tendency to consider novelty and superiority synonymous terms, lawn tennis has many advantages over its immediate predecessor. While calling into equal exercise the eye and the judgment, it demands an amount of muscular exertion which cannot fail to be of benefit, not only to those brisk young damsels who require some such safety valve for their superabundant energy, but also to the more indolently inclined, who find here the needed inducement to rouse them to activity.

Croquet—to quote our too slang-loving brothers—was a "spoony" game. An indifferent player could be assisted by her partner to their mutual satisfaction, and to the hindrance of no one's enjoyment; doubtless it owed its long-standing popularity in a great measure to this fact. But sentiment is less admissible on the tennis ground, where it is essential that all the players take their due share of the game, and not only play but play well.

If this was true ten years ago when the innovation was regarded with but mild interest as an amusement likely to become fashionable at garden parties and suburban villas, it is doubly so to-day, when it is almost as much a national institution as cricket or football. Tennis matches have been frequent lately at Prince's, Stamford Bridge, and elsewhere; and advocates for the equality of the sexes must have felt special satisfaction in the thought that the game so dear to most youthful female hearts is now [illegible] accepted sport of men. And the best of it is, that no one can stigmatise as unfeminine or unlady-like a pastime which never ceases, when played with moderation and dexterity, to be a graceful exercise; although calculated, in the hands of competent performers, to become no mean test of strength and endurance. I forget—such is the base ingratitude of human nature—who was its originator, but I read some little time since that his numerous admirers were bent on presenting him with a testimonial, and have regretted my cursory glance at the notice.

"Blessed," says Sancho Panza, "be the man who invented bed!" And I, with half the girls of England ready to swell the chorus, can exclaim as heartily, "Blessed be the man who invented lawn tennis!"

My first acquaintance with the art was made in Kent at the pleasant home of some friends. The front of their house looked on the quaint street of a country town, but at the back stretched a long sunny garden, with peaches and nectarines ripening on the walls, and luscious black cherries gleaming enticingly through their protecting network; with prolific strawberry plants edging the old-fashioned borders, where stocks and clove pinks, and great white lilies and modest mignonette flourished amazingly; with broad gravelled walks, spanned by light arches of trellis work, unseen in leafy June for the many clusters of roses that climbed over them, and hung from them, and hid them altogether in peculiar Kentish fashion, as I used to fancy. At the bottom of the garden a flight of steps led to a broad kind of terrace; on either side of this lay the shubbery, whence through the thickly-planted trees some lovely bits of landscape might be seen, and beyond it a large bed of glowing rhododendrons.

At the time of my visit the boys of the household had just conceived the idea of utilising this terrace by making it a tennis ground. I should mention that the "boys," as their mother called them—she was the daintiest and most fragile little lady you could imagine, in her pretty mob cap and lace ruffles—were four great, strapping fellows, close upon six feet high, every one.

"You see," said Robert, the second son, as we all strolled on the aforesaid terrace one evening, "it would really make a capital ground, and if no one has any objection to offer, we may as well get a set at once. Percy can easily order it when in town."

This was the eldest "boy," a medical student who went up to Guy's Hospital every day.

"Will you have space enough?" questioned the mother.

"Oh! enough and to spare. I took the measurement to-day. The length of the court must be seventy-eight feet, and its width for the single-handed game twenty-seven feet. But for the three and four-handed games thirty-six feet in width is required. Then the two posts which support the net should stand three feet outside the court on each side. Still we shall have plenty of room, and it will be quite an amusement for you and my father to come down and watch the game."

"How about the rhododendrons?" said my portly host, glancing rather ruefully towards his cherished shrubs. "I suppose your balls go out of court occasionally, eh? I shouldn't at all enjoy seeing you and the rest flounndering in after them among my rhododendrons."

"And poor old Morris would be furious!" murmured mischievous Frank to me.

"We can guard against that," answered Robert, "by fixing some stout netting a pretty good height along that side."

The result of the discussion was the purchase of the implements necessary for the game; and a day or two afterwards old Morris was busily engaged in sweeping away the fine gravel from the terrace, the ground of which was very firm and level, preparatory to marking out the court, a process I watched with some interest.

At each end of the court, parallel with the net, and at a distance of 39 feet from it, were drawn the base lines, 27 feet in width. Two other lines, exactly similar to these, but only 21 feet from the net on either side, were also marked. They were the service lines. All the four were connected at their extremities by the side lines, and intersected in the middle by the half court line, which divided the space lengthways into two equal parts, called the right and left courts. The ground was then ready for two players. To render it available for three or four, an extra line was added parallel with each side line, and 4½ feet from it, thus making the width of the court 36 feet instead of 27 feet. When the court is expressly marked out for the larger number of players, the two inner side lines only extend from the extremities of the service lines, and they are called the service side lines.

After this the net became the chief object of interest. Mr. Fanshaw had innocently offered some rather aged garden-netting, but the proposal elicited such an elaborate description of what was required, that he was glad to hide his diminished head and return the treasure to the old gardener, who packed it away again in his outhouse, and was a long time before he forgave the contempt with which it had been treated. It was good enough to be useful to him, and surely it was good enough for the young gentlemen to toss their balls over, since that was their new-fangled notion? Morris erred greatly. A tennis net, we were told, should be made of strong twine, tanned after netting. The meshes should be square, with a side of about an inch and a-half. The net should descend to and lie on the ground. It should be tied to the posts at intervals of about six inches; or, better still, an iron rod should be threaded through the end meshes and fixed to the post. And along the top of the net should run a thick cord, covered with grey calico.

"The weight of so long a net will make it drop in the middle," said Percy; and he was right. But Robert, the indefatigable, consulted a competent authority, and soon obviated that defect. A stout iron hook was driven into the ground midway between the two posts, and a string of the requisite length tied to the net cord, and looped into the hook. A strong indiarubber ring was then fixed to the net cord at the top of one of the posts, and a small winch near the top of the other post. The net cord being attached to the indiarubber ring at one end, and wound on to the winch at the other, the net was easily kept firm and straight.

Now ensued the era of flannel costumes, of buckskin or canvas shoes with rubber soles; of much talk concerning rackets with cork handles, rackets with cedar handles; plain grey balls, cloth-covered balls, understitched balls, and what not. Warned by previous experience, Mr. Fanshaw did not give utterance to the conviction I could see he cherished in his heart—that any ordinary indiarubber ball would answer the purpose. And probably he congratulated himself on his prudence when he discovered that no lawn tennis player worthy the name would use balls less than two and a-half inches or more than two and nine-sixteenths inches in diameter, and less than one and seven-eight ounces, or more than two ounces in weight. To these nice calculations he listened with mute respect. It also appeared that the balls to be perfect should be covered with strong white cloth, cemented on to the rubber, and then sewn as real tennis balls are sewn. The mention of white cloth impelled me to remark that they would very soon be dirty; but I was informed they might be quickly cleaned by brushing with warm soap and water. They were then to be well rinsed in cold water, squeezed, and put to dry in a moderately warm place.

Well, the boys, in my private opinion, went tennis mad; and the mania was anything but an improvement. Robert, who had been so delighted when he found I could manage his little thoroughbred mare, and did not mind taking a fence or two, that he was constantly asking me to go for a ride, now sought "metal more attractive" on the terrace. Frank and Bertie were no sooner free, the one from his office, the other from his tutor, than they must practise serving, or volleying, or some equally mysterious manœuvre. And even the studious Percy, formerly wont to amuse us in the evening with his microscope, or to stroll sedately with his mother and me, discoursing learnedly of things in general and hospital life in particular, was manifestly restless and unhappy till he had exchanged the sober garb of everyday life for a brilliantly striped jacket, in which he looked a cross between a jockey and an Indian prince.

My stay was short, and my friends were not well up in the rules, so, although I several times joined the players, I obtained but a vague notion of the game, and, indeed, with the rashness peculiar to ignorance, had already pronounced the sweeping condemnation that there was "nothing in it." As for the manner of scoring, it seemed "confusion worse confounded." I heard shouts of "Love-fifteen," "Thirty-love," "Advantage," and "Deuce"—Mrs. Fanshaw mildly reproved her youngest son the first time that caught her ear, by the bye—and despaired of ever understanding such a jargon. But Bertie, anxious, perhaps, to clear himself from all unjust imputations, was at great pains to enlighten us on this point, for which purpose he produced a well-thumbed yellow pamphlet, and read as follows:—

"On either player winning his first stroke, the score is called 'fifteen' for that player; on either player winning his second stroke, the score is called 'thirty' for that player; on either player winning his third stroke, the score is called 'forty' for that player; and the fourth stroke won by either player is scored game for that player, except as below:—

"If both players have won three strokes, the score is then called 'deuce,' and the next stroke won by either player is scored 'advantage' for that player. If the same player win the next stroke he wins the game; if he lose the next stroke the score is again called 'deuce'; and so on until either player win the two strokes immediately following the score of 'deuce,' when the game is scored for that player.

"The player who first wins six games wins a set, except as below:—

"If both players win five games the score is called 'games-all,' and the next game won by either player is scored 'advantage-game' for that player. If the same player win the next game he wins the set, if he lose the next game the score is again called 'games-all,' and so on until either player win the two games immediately following the score of 'games-all,' when he wins the set."

"When the players are equally matched, the contest at this stage might be lengthy," said Mrs. Fanshaw.

"Yes. Of course, they may agree not to play advantage sets, but to decide the set by one game after arriving at the score of games-all. The scoring is a very simple affair, and yet I am afraid I have not made it quite clear," with a glance at me.

"Not quite. Your rule says nothing about 'love,' and you are constantly calling, 'love-fifteen,' or 'fifteen-love.' What is 'love'?"

"It merely means that the player whose score is so called has not yet won a stroke. I believe that some make it a rule to call the server's score first; and we have done so. Consequently, when you hear 'fifteen-love,' you know the serving side is ahead; and 'love-fifteen' tells you the opposing party has the best of it."

"Then 'love' counts for nothing?"

"Precisely—in tennis," said Bertie, raising his honest, brown face, with a laugh.

"It is a senseless game!" was my petulant rejoinder.

"With all due deference to you, Miss Bessie, it is a sensible and healthy one," remarked the embryo doctor, who came up at

this juncture, arrayed in his many-hued toga. "It just gives the amount of physical exercise calculated to strengthen the muscles, or to shake off the depression arising from too sedentary habits. Any girl who can play daily for an hour or two without discomfort or fatigue may be sure that her lungs are in good order, and that she is cool in her head and sound on her feet. In short, lawn tennis is——"

"Jolly fun!" interposed Bertie. "Come along—here are the rackets—the evening will be gone in no time. Won't you come, Bessie? You would be first-rate at serving, if you would only practise."

But resisting all entreaties, I turned with my book to the shrubbery, mentally deciding that I should never care for the game.

Ah, me! time works wonders. That was five—six years ago. Cheery-faced Bertie dates his letters from China. Percy is married, and a hard-working country doctor. And I have seen the error of too hasty judgment, and am an enthusiast in the pursuit I once despised—as these papers bear witness.

My next acquaintance with lawn tennis was made at a fashionable seaside town, where I proposed to spend some months as parlour boarder with the lady at whose school I had been educated. The prospect was additionally pleasant, owing to the fact that several of my old schoolfellows were staying there just then, and among them two of my cousins; our former governess and present hostess being a charming woman, who invariably retained the friendship of her pupils after they had ceased to have any claim to that title.

My arrival was hailed with delight, and Una, the youngest cousin, invited herself to tea with me in my own room; and while I rested luxuriously after my journey in the deep, chintz-covered chair she had drawn forward, and watched through the shaded window the many white sails dancing on the blue sea, and the crowd of promenaders on the parade, she volunteered an account of their daily doings.

Una was an engaging little chatterbox, and life, according to her animated description, would be decidedly pleasant at Blencowe House.

"Early in the morning," said she, "we go down to the swimming bath, all except Grace and Minnie, who prefer the sea. Then two or three of us generally ride—you did not forget your habit? We have our horses from Poole."

"Screws, of course!" I ejaculated, with the conscious superiority of a country-bred girl, who has always possessed a pony of her own.

"No, indeed!" indignantly. "They are as good as private horses—almost. Poole takes us for lovely canters over the downs; and he has a black cob which can trot fourteen miles an hour. What do you say to that?"

I judiciously reserved my opinion of the black cob and his merits, and recalled my companion's wandering thoughts to the subject in hand.

"Well, and then you come home to lunch; and what do you do in the afternoon?"

"We rest, or read, or work. But often there is a morning concert, or some such entertainment, to which Mrs. Hare kindly takes us. Is she not sweet, Bessie?"

"Very. And after dinner?"

"After dinner? Oh! there is the pier for you, if you care for the band. But more generally we play lawn tennis. Will you be too tired to begin to-night?"

"Yes," said I, stifling a yawn; "indeed I shall."

"But you like tennis?" inquired Una, anxiously. "You are a good player, of course?"

"*Not I! I think it strangely overrated.*"

This confession seemed quite too much for my cousin. She sat regarding me in silence with a comical look of pity for some moments; then said abruptly, as if determined to go to the root of the matter, "What do you know about it?"

Taken off my guard by this authoritative question, I could only answer feebly that I was aware the object of each player is to return the ball to his adversary before it touches the ground a second time, and that I understood the mode of scoring.

"Not much to boast of," said the small inquisitor, with supreme disdain, which was hard, seeing that I had not boasted. "And I dare say," she went on, remorselessly, "you could not call the score properly, after all."

My doubtful face confirming her in this opinion, she proceeded glibly to explain.

"Suppose you and I are playing, and you win the first stroke, the game is called 'fifteen-love.' If I win the next stroke it is 'fifteen-all;' but it you win it, 'thirty-love,' and so on after each stroke won. If we both win three strokes, the score is called 'deuce;' then at the next stroke it is called 'advantage' for the side that wins it, and then either 'game' or 'deuce,' according to the following stroke. When the first game is finished the score is called 'one-game-love,' and the strokes of the second game are called as before. At the conclusion of the second game the score would be called 'two-games-love,' or 'one-game-all,' according to the result, and so on until the winning stroke of the set is played, when the score is called 'game and set.' There, I am quite exhausted," said Una, handing her tiny blue cup to be replenished. "Did you know all that?"

"I hadn't it quite so pat," I rejoined, laughing. "I have played so little."

"Ah! And you are just like the rest of the world—ready to pronounce an opinion on what you don't understand. Now, Bessie, dearest, do put yourself in my hands, and let me teach you to play tennis. You will thank me for it some day; and really such ignorance as you display is quite too shocking!"

Looking at it in this light I began to feel slightly uncomfortable, and very much inclined to accept my cousin's offer. If the other girls shared her sentiments, I should evidently be regarded as a Goth, a barbarian, not exactly the character in which one would choose to reappear among old friends. However, I merely said, with what indifference I could muster, "Where do you play? Not in this small garden?"

"No, I wish we could, because it would be on grass. But, as the next best thing, we hire a court at the rink close by."

"You prefer grass, then?"

"It does not wear out one's shoes so much," said Una, with a disconsolate glance at her pretty little house slippers. It is a marvel to me that in the interest of poverty-stricken individuals like myself no one invents some foot gear with a special view to durability on asphalte, but I suppose that is a luxury reserved for future generations. Lottie Harding—the Hardings are the people next door, and great friends of Mrs. Hare—declares that she found herself coming through her last pair before she had worn them a week. But to be sure she and her brother are for ever at tennis. They play splendidly—indeed, nearly every one plays well whom we know at the court."

"Una," said I, now quite resolved to master this universal accomplishment as soon as might be, "don't you think you could give me a lesson when no one else is playing?"

"I think it may be managed," replied Una, graciously. "We will see to-morrow."

It was managed. I provided myself with a pair of shoes; and remembering my cousin's grievance, mentioned to the shopman that they were required for use upon asphalte. He recommended those with red rubber soles, which, he said, were intended for asphalte courts. Una advised me to invest in a pretty apron with a pocket for the balls. "While far from wishing to encourage indolence," remarked that young philosopher, "I certainly hold with economy of labour; and you have no idea how many steps and how much needless fatigue will be saved by that good sized, handy pocket. There, my dear, you look quite the thing. *Here is a racket.* You see we keep the rackets in a press that they may not warp. Now we will go round to the court; there is most likely not a creature there at present, and I shall be able to tyrannise over you to my heart's content."

(*To be continued.*)

(*Continued from page* 9.)

good to the system. They are free from danger, too, because they are free from adulteration. Beware of broken teas, "bonus" teas, and tea-dust. A good tea looks clear, is crisp, and has a pleasant odour, but not scent. Scented teas should be avoided, and unless for medicinal purposes so should green tea.

Good tea when made should have a pleasant taste and aroma, with sufficient colour, and should not come all off in the first water.

Now I will suppose you have bought some good tea; where is it best to keep it? The answer is—in a tin canister with an air-tight lid. Why? Because one of the principles of tea, in which a deal of its virtue lies, is a volatile oil which gets dispelled by contact with the air.

And now about making tea. This is what nine people out of every ten fail in doing well.

To make a good cup of tea, then, you want to begin with four things, viz., fire, water, a kettle, and a teapot. Just a word or two about each of these.

The fire should be a bright one, as free from smoke as possible. This stands to reason: we do not want to drink tea with the flavour either of burning wood, coal, or peat. By boiling the kettle over a hot range you avoid any chance of smoky tea. But everyone is not possessed of a range; therefore, I say, boil the kettle over a clear fire.

The water should be soft rather than hard; but no attempt should be made to counteract its hardness by adding soda to the tea in the teapot; soda in tea renders it sloppy, soapy, and unwholesome. The water should be very clean and good, and if possible it ought to be filtered. Filters nowadays are very cheap to buy, and they can be made at home more cheaply still.

The kettle should be always kept scrupulously clean both inside and out. It ought not to be furred inside, nor sooty nor smoky outside. I prefer a kettle that does not take long to boil, for the water with which good tea is to be made ought not to be stewed—it should come straight to the boiling point without delay.

The teapot may be china or silver, but perhaps the best tea can be made in the common old-fashioned brown earthenware glazed teapot. It is scarcely necessary to say that the teapot should be kept very clean, and never a particle of the old tea-leaves left in it when concocting a new cup. Well, then, we have a bright fire, a clean kettle filled with good pure fresh water hung over it, we place our dry teapot near the fire to get thoroughly hot by the time the water boils, and when the kettle sings cheerily, giving evidence it will soon be at the boiling point, we put the allowance of tea in, and warm that too.

Now the kettle boils, do not lose a moment—add the water at once to the tea. Yes, all you want for first cups; it is nonsensical putting in but a little, *then letting it stew* and adding more. Set the teapot in a warm place to draw for about seven minutes, no longer; then pour it out.

Why do we heat the teapot and the tea before pouring in the water? Because you cannot make good tea unless the water be at the boiling point, and if the teapot were not hot several degrees of heat would be lost from the water when poured in, to the detriment of the cup of tea.

Why should the water be fresh and not allowed to boil or simmer long? Because all water is to a certain extent aërated, and if boiled long the gases will be driven off, the water then becomes flat, and the tea will taste flat; hence the absurdity of allowing the tea-kettle to boil away on the hob till wanted. The Chinese pour the boiling water into a hot cup over the tea, and after a time pour it off from the leaves into another, and so drink it.

The Japanese eat a portion of the tea-leaves after they drink their tea; but this cannot be good for them, because the tea-leaves contain a strong astringent called tannin. Long-drawn tea, or tea that has been allowed to come to the boil, also contains this tannin, and is, therefore, unwholesome.

To the tea in the cup is added milk or cream and sugar to taste. Both should be exceptionally pure and good. Cream, I think, is better than milk, on the principle that fat takes up and retains the fragrant oils of leaves and flowers—example: we get the perfume of roses in olive oil by simply steeping the petals in it.

If the refreshing qualities of a good cup of tea are to be enjoyed to their full extent, whatever is eaten therewith should be very light—a biscuit, a morsel of cake, or portion of dry or buttered toast.

An egg beaten up with sugar and a little cream, and added to a breakfast cup of tea, makes in itself a light but nourishing meal that an invalid may sip with pleasure and profit.

A word about invalids' tea. It ought to be made as directed above, but as soon as it has stood for *seven minutes* it should be decanted off from the leaves into another clean hot teapot, and served in this, so that the sick person shall imbibe none of the tannin.

An invalid will often be able to enjoy a nicely-made cup of tea when he can hardly partake of aught else.

In many cases of illness tea does a vast deal of good. It possesses a singularly soothing influence not only on the nerves, but on the smaller blood vessels; hence the benefit that results from partaking of a nice cup in headaches, either those of a nervous nature or those produced from over-work, tiredness, wakefulness, or worry. Those headaches called bilious are greatly relieved by tea, and a fit of vomiting often prevented. The sufferer should maintain the recumbent position, and sip the tea slowly.

For the same reasons, a cup of tea does much good in many cases of neuralgia and toothache.

In cases of recent colds and coughs tea is also very beneficial, as well as in all cases of slight fever, and in the low stages of fevers generally.

In cases of wasting weakness tea is a great aid to treatment.

In rheumatism and gout weak tea is about the safest drink that can be imbibed, and even assists recovery.

Tea is a capital digestive, and may be partaken of with much advantage in cases of dyspepsia and to assist digestion, some two or three hours after food has been taken.

In inflammations of all kind tea is used with benefit.

And here is one concluding hint, which is well worth remembering: Whenever you have to go a long journey by rail never forget a bottle of nice cold tea to drink by the way, and use a portion of it as soon as you begin to feel tired. The tea you get at stations is, for many reasons, seldom or never up to the mark; but if you make your own at home, adding plenty of milk and sugar to it, you are independent, and you feel so.

My readers are mostly sensible girls, hence I have but little need to remind them that over-indulgence in tea drinking is most injurious both to the muscular and nervous system. It spoils the nerves and weakens the body.

With these last words of warning I make my best bow and retire.

LAURA LEIGH.

TALE OF HIGHBRIDGE PAPER MILLS.

By M. M. POLLARD, Author of "Zara; or, My Granddaughter's Money," "Only Me," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

A SUMMER VISIT.

HERE is a village in one of the Midland counties which is chiefly remarkable for its one long, narrow, crooked street, that is flanked on either side by houses differing much in size and style of architecture. Here is a butcher's shop, with a very sparse display of provender; there a post-office, with a counter for drapery on one side, a counter for grocery on the other.

A little further down the street lives the foreman of Highbridge Paper Mills, and further down still, near the broad meadow land, where the river winds its way through a deep source fringed with fine old trees, and forming many a dark, still, shadowy pool, stands the curate's house.

It is a low, unpretentious building, with white-washed walls, and a long, narrow garden in front that opens by a green gate into the road. But at the time our story opens the glory of summer lights up the lowly cottage with rare beauty, for it is surrounded and overgrown with flowers. Great double Belle de Bordeaux roses nod to golden-yellow Maréchal Niels on the walls; fragrant honeysuckles toss their creamy whorls of blossoms in any little bit of space they can find, and lupins, sweet peas, and other annuals bloom everywhere.

The Rev. Henry Hayward took pleasure in his flowers, and was not a little proud of his success in their cultivation. The June sunlight streamed through the windows of the curate's little parlour, lingering there lovingly, touching up with mimic splendour the gilt on the picture frames, the showy bits of colouring in the wall-paper. It lingered also on the head of a young girl, who was seated near the window, with a book upside down on her lap.

A girl with soft, light hair, with large, violet eyes, and with a complexion fair and delicate as the pink rose that nestled in her waist belt. A type of blonde beauty was Laura Leigh, from her handsome patrician profile to her tall, lithe figure, and she certainly was not in the most remote degree ignorant of her charms.

Laura had read through the discarded volume; indeed, had glanced at every book in the room, and was now leaning back on the cushion of her low chair with half-closed eyes, hands folded on her lap. Once or twice a stifled yawn escaped her lips, and she felt more than a little bored as her thoughts ran on, somewhat impatiently, in this strain—

"How *can* people spend their lives in such stupid, lonely places as Highbridge? Nothing has passed by the garden gate this half-hour but a wagon loaded with straw, a boy driving two black pigs, and a dozen or so of queer-looking girls, with bare heads, funny dresses, and very loud voices. I wonder my cousin Marion does not altogether die of *ennui*. I should, if I stayed here long." She yawned again, audibly this time, just as the door opened, and her cousin Marion, the curate's wife, entered, bringing a scent of strawberries with her.

"Poor Laura! Half asleep, I see," exclaimed she, laughing. "I ought to apologise for having left you alone so long on the very first morning of your appearance at Highbridge; but, to tell the truth, I have been busy."

"Busy! What can you find to do? It seems as if all the world down here stood still, as if one might take a seven years' slumber without its making much difference. Now, give an account of yourself."

"Where shall I begin? Instead of standing still we seem moving on at high pressure. My duties are legion, I can assure you. With only one servant in the house, there are a thousand and one occupations that fall to my lot; and while the children are at school I help Jane as much as possible. Besides, I have had some of my patients here—quite a dozen of them called this morning."

"Your patients! Who are they?"

"Girls from the paper-mill, who come to me to tell their little ailments, and I prescribe for them in a small way. I

keep a medicine chest, and can generally find something suitable for a slight case. This morning one of them had a sprained arm, another a cut finger, a third a slight cold, and so on. It comforts them to relate their troubles, poor things! And I really believe a word or two of sympathy, a little kind advice, does them even more good than all my bandages and lotions."

Laura looked at her cousin with an amused glance in her eyes.

"Well done, Marion! You did not choose an idle life for yourself when you married a curate."

"There you are quite right, Laura. My work is unending. But, I rejoice to say, I have a willing mind and good courage for it all. Listen to my motto for this year—and, indeed, for all the years—'Be strong and work, for I am with you, saith the Lord of Hosts.'"

Laura did not reply, but she picked up her volume, and said, with a slight pout, as she smoothed out a rumpled leaf—

"I have glanced through this, but I found I had read it before."

"Books! Ah, I remember, you are fond of reading. You should have gone to Harry's study, and found out something there you like. He has a good store, suited to most tastes, and he goes on collecting whenever he can. He is just as great a bookworm as ever, you know."

"Thank you, I will venture there the next time I want to read—that is, if he will give me permission."

"I am sure he will. But I did not finish my list of occupations this morning. Not the least of them has been hunting the strawberry beds for some ripe fruit for you. The berries are very backward—hardly any of them fit to be gathered yet."

Marion held out a little basket, in the depths of which reposed some delicious rich, red strawberries.

"Why did you not call me to help you? I don't think I ever picked a strawberry in my life," said Laura, with a laugh.

"Pick as many as you choose in future. The garden is quite at your service."

"Oh, Marion! you cannot know what you are doing when you make such a rash offer. I have all a London girl's appreciation for ripe fruit, fresh gathered, with the sun's kiss still warm on it," exclaimed Miss Leigh, as she popped a large, luscious berry into her mouth. "But tell me more about these patients of yours. I believe I saw them pass the window, and the girls quite interested me with their strange, quaint look. Whose mill do they work in?"

"Mr. Ashton's, and such mills as they are! They cover acres of ground, and Mr. Ashton employs hundreds of workpeople, men and women. Of course you have seen paper-mills at work?"

"Never, Marion! I believe I am a complete ignoramus as regards all useful matters. Pray do not give your London cousin credit for what she does not deserve. I know nothing of any mills except the 'gradgrinding' that is ever going on in life," replied Laura.

"Would you like to see Mr. Ashton's paper-mills?"

"That I should," exclaimed Miss Leigh, clapping her hands with gesture of delight. "Anything is better than sitting staring out of the window for a couple of hours at a stretch."

"Then we can have an early dinner, and start directly afterwards. I am sorry Harry cannot accompany us, but he is always extra busy on Mondays. He sets off to visit people at the distant parts of the parish—finds it a kind of rest after the Sunday's duties."

"Had we better wait until he can accompany us?"

"There would not be much use, I am afraid. Something or other is always sure to crop up and hinder his going just at the last minute. If you like we will settle on going to-day, and I will leave word for Harry to come and meet us if he returns in time."

"I feel quite impatient to behold the secrets of a paper-mill," said Laura, with animation. "Often and often I have heard the legend that paper springs from old rags, and just as often I have

"'MY DUTIES ARE LEGION, I CAN ASSURE YOU.'"

marvelled how my beautiful tinted and cream-laid note-paper and envelopes can possibly date back to such an origin, and I quite long to investigate the process."

"Then you shall have the opportunity *ere long*. The Ashtons are most worthy people—only mother and son now. Poor Mr. Ashton, the founder of all the great works, and a truly clever, capable man, died suddenly a short time ago. His son, Vincent, carries on the business."

A few hours after this conversation took place Mrs. Hayward and Laura might have been seen mounting the rather steep hill that led to the top of the village, from whence, down a gradual decline, lay the road to the paper-mills.

Marion, in her large, white straw hat and her cool print dress, looked in perfect keeping with the rural scenery through which they passed. She was a dark-eyed little woman—nine years older than Laura, who had only reached eighteen summers — and had glossy brown hair, smoothed back from her forehead, and a face that almost looked pretty, so bright and animated was its expression.

Laura Leigh, on the contrary, was *not* dressed in harmony with her present surroundings, and as they came out of the gate of the curate's house, her cousin had looked scrutinisingly at her, as she exclaimed—

"My dear Laura! is not your costume a little too delicate for these remote regions?"

"Oh, do you think so? I wore the very same last Saturday at Mrs. Meldon's garden party, and as it came first to hand, I put it on without thinking of its suitability or the reverse."

"I am afraid the dust of the roads and the glare of the sun may injure the dainty fabric; besides, there may be grease at the paper-mills."

"I will take the chance of all the damage that may happen, my prudent cousin," said Laura, with a merry laugh, as she stepped forth in her proud beauty.

She wore a dress of pale grey satin and velvet, a small hat, with drooping feathers of the same hue, and with gold ornaments stuck in it, that glistened in the sunshine.

Her parasol-handle flashed with bright stones, her pale kid gloves clung to her hand like wax, her high-heeled boots had dainty rosettes on the instep. Add to this, her really pretty face, her large violet eyes, her delicately pink-tinted cheeks, her thick plaits of sunny hair, and one can faintly imagine why the country lasses stared at Miss Leigh.

And so they walked on through lanes that twisted and turned in many windings, and the hedges of which were wreathed with wild roses, honeysuckles, and draped with tender fronded ferns, over fields, fragrant with bean-blossoms, through a grove of trees bedded in tall grass, and then to the valley of the paper-mills.

As they approached the locality of the latter the neighbourhood became more populated, and children, playing on their doorsteps, curtesied to Mrs. Hayward with the quick bob supposed in country places to symbolise respect, for the curate's wife was well known for her kindly deeds and sympathising ways. The labours, trials, and wants of the people were never disregarded by her.

But all the staring glances of admiration were for Laura Leigh. Never had such a splendid vision been seen by these rustics before, as, with a stately bearing and a much-amused smile on her lips, the young lady looked down upon the gaping urchins.

Arrived at the mills, Mrs. Hayward led the way into an office that seemed well known to her, and, beckoning Laura to a chair, she said—

"Stay here a minute while I explore about and try to find one of the clerks, who will send a man to show us over the mill."

Laura seated herself accordingly in the empty office, and took a rapid survey of the place. She noted the desks with their brass mountings, the shelves filled with parchment-bound books, and the shining inkstands. All the while she was conscious of a dull, low sound, like a subdued roll of prolonged thunder, that never grew louder, never changed, never stopped.

It seemed to her like some tremendous force made captive, bound under control, kept within bounds, but that yet was capable of breaking loose some time or other and hurling death and destruction around.

Something like awe filled her mind as she listened. The moment Mrs. Hayward returned she exclaimed, half rising from the chair in her eagerness—

"What is it, Marion? What can it be?"

"What do you mean?"

"That perpetual noise, ever going on."

"Oh, that is the steam-power—the machinery all in action. You shall resolve the mystery for yourself presently."

Mrs. Hayward had not returned alone. An old man with a bald head, bounded with a slight fringe of grey hair, with spectacles on his nose, and with a merry twinkle beaming forth from his keen dark eyes, was with her, and they were talking together as they entered the door.

"This is Mr. Brownley, Laura. He is going over the mills with us."

The old man bowed, and said, in a tone of apology—

"Mr. Vincent Ashton is very sorry he cannot accompany you himself, but he has several important letters to write, and with him, you know, business comes before pleasure."

"That is quite a right maxim," replied Mrs. Hayward.

"I never heard such a noise; it goes on and on, and never stops," exclaimed Laura, who was still listening, awed, and was much more interested with this—to her—novel effect of sound than with Mr. Brownley's excuses for his employer.

She turned to Marion, hardly noticing the old man.

"What a body of sound! It must form a grand accompaniment to daily work. One might think noble thoughts, dream glorious dreams, write splendid poetry, with such a volume of deep tone ever rolling on."

Mr. Brownley listened to her remarks, and a whole gush of twinkles came to his eyes, as he replied,

"Strangers take far more notice of that noise than we do. Why, it's no more to us than the rustle of the leaves in those poplars yonder. The works of the mill are carried on partly by steam power, partly by the waters of the river that turn the big wheel. Ours is first rate machinery, Mrs. Hayward, cost a fabulous sum of money, but then the late Mr. Ashton never thought of expense when any large project was to be carried out. The improvements were only completed a short time before his death. He hardly saw the success of his favourite scheme, for success it was, and is, in every respect. Such is the uncertainty of life!"

While Mr. Brownley moralised another person entered the office, who stood in the background, quietly waiting until the garrulous clerk had brought his speech to a close, then he stepped forward and shook hands with Mrs. Hayward.

"Ah! here is Mr. Vincent Ashton himself! We are just about going over the mills, sir. It's a fine time for the ladies to see them now, for the work is in full fling—and an uncommon lively sight it is, to those who are not used to it."

"My cousin, Miss Leigh," said Mrs. Hayward, as an introduction. Laura had already noted a quick, bright light come into the stranger's eyes as he looked at her; she had observed his thoughtful expression of face change to surprise, then to admiration, and she was not at all astonished when he said—

"After all, Mrs. Hayward, I think I can manage to go over the mills with you and your cousin."

Laura quite anticipated this, from the moment Mr. Ashton fixed his eyes so admiringly on her. She was well used to attention—to homage, even—and looked on all such as lawful due to her from the sterner sex.

In her gay London circle of friends she was at once the star and the favourite, a combination of qualities not very often met with, for the belle of society, as a rule, is very often regarded with envy and jealousy. The truth must be told, that the incense of flattery was at this period of her life very familiar and very pleasant to Laura Leigh.

Meanwhile, Vincent Ashton was giving orders, and making excuses to his clerk in a low tone of voice—

"The rest of the letters can stand over until to-morrow, so that they are posted in good time; and, Brownley, those I have finished can be sent off at once."

"Yes, sir, certainly. Ladies, I wish you good afternoon; I leave you in better hands than mine, and I will away to my ledger again. It's a case of pleasure before business this time," but whether this latter remark was in allusion to himself or to his employer did not appear, as the old man bowed himself out of the office, with his eyes twinkling with smiles.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

A Passion for Flowers.—A passion for flowers is, I think, the only one which long sickness leaves untouched with its chilling influence. Often, during a weary illness, I have looked upon new books with perfect apathy, when if a friend has sent me a few flowers, my heart has leapt up to their dreamy hues and odours, with a sudden sense of renovated childhood, which seems to me one of the mysteries of our being.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

Woman's Rights.—A printer's wife in Germany once lost her life by feloniously meddling with the types. She went into the office by night and took out the word "lord" in Genesis iii. 16, where Eve is made subject to her husband, and made the verse read "he shall be thy fool," instead of "he shall be thy lord." It is said that she was put to death for her wickedness.

The Nun and the Looking-glass.—Southey, in his *Omnia*, relates the following:—"When I was last in Lisbon a nun made her escape from the nunnery. The first thing for which she inquired, when she reached the house in which she was to be secreted, was a looking-glass. She had entered the convent when only five years old, and from that time had never seen her own face. There was some excuse for her.

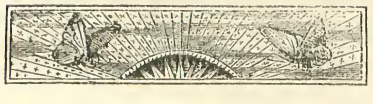
A Hint to Singers.—Never breathe through your mouth in walking, especially at night, or on coming out into the open air after singing. Keep the lips closed, and inhale the air through the nostrils. This habit is easily acquired, and to be able to do this will be found of great service in taking breath for singing; but out of doors it is most important, for the immediate rush of cold or damp air to the delicate organs of the throat and into the lungs, especially when these have been excited by the exertion of singing, is dangerous.

Singers and "Wrapping Up."—Nothing can be said in favour of our climate for singing. With proper precautions, however, a great deal of trouble arising from this cause may be averted. In summer as well as in winter the wearing of moderately thick-soled boots or shoes cannot be too strongly advised. Then, again, the neck and chest should never be exposed alike to a June sun and a December frost, but, instead, it should be moderately and reasonably covered. Great care should be taken never to get wet or even damp feet.

Charade.

My first is often seen in air,
And travels through the cloudland there;
In fam'd Olympian games of yore
Conspicuous share it always bore;
But now condemned to rail or road,
It plods with varying speed and load.
My next is found beneath the crust
Of earth, in darkness, heat and dust.
Thou canst not own it, nor can he,
Because it must belong to me;
And if I were to give it thee,
Its very name would cease to be.
Combine the two—from refuse made,
A brilliant colouring is display'd.
Nothing is waste, good comes from ill,
And artists gain by patient chemist's skill.

Ximena.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

Rebe and Emilie F. Z.—The best copal or white spirit varnish is used for terra-cotta painting, but the painting only should be covered. Read "Terra-cotta Painting," page 225, vol. ii. "Rebe" probably used too much colour.

Cherie.—You must inquire and find out for yourself at the various shops where such things are likely to be purchased. We do not give addresses, and we know so many instances of "girls who have helped themselves," that we do not think they are needful to those who are determined to get on.

Muriel.—You will find an excellent article on 'Painting on China" at page 340, vol. i. The colours are sold in powder or ready mixed in tubes, like those used for oils. We are glad to hear of your success in oil-painting; we should advise you to stick to that, and in the new volume you will find a series of articles on the subject to aid you in your efforts. It is best to do one thing well, and you will have many disappointments in china-painting, as long experience is required. Many thanks for your kind praise of our paper and the assurance of the benefits you have derived from it.

WORK.

Dot Sinclair.—The pattern of a baby's crochet jacket will be found on page 149, vol. i.

Mousie.—Aprons may be made of satin, Indian silks, oatmeal cloth, or linen. Washing silks for crewel embroidery can be obtained at any fancy work-shop. A tepid bath is less hurtful to many people than an entirely cold one, which suits only a few.

Topaz.—We should think you could make a screen from your pieces of wall-paper, which would be something like paper patchwork. We are quite sure the toothpowder advised would have no deleterious effect.

Kitty.—In England the bride does not find either the the bed or table linen for her future home. The usual number of articles in the trousseau of a girl of moderate means is from eight to a dozen of each.

Blue Bell.—We do not think the subject would be objectionable because it was a Scriptural one. Yes, it was Penelope, the wife of Ulysses, who worked by day and unpicked it by night, as you say; and the last opinion on the subject is that the work she was employed in was knitting!

MISCELLANEOUS.

One of God's Sparrows.—The scene of the story is laid in the city you name. If you care to send us your address you may have some further information. Your kind letter has interested us much.

An Anxious Parent.—Your unstamped letter and its quickly-following apology were both duly received. The term "ma'am" is now generally used only by servants or tradespeople to their customers, &c. So far the girls were right. Teachers and governesses are addressed by their pupils as "Miss So-and-So." The abrupt style of speaking is not ladylike. The higher we go in rank, the more gentle and unassuming are the manners and speech.

Alvira.—Many thanks for your kind and grateful letter. We are indeed glad to hear that our advice has been of use to you.

Sunflower.—The author of "Balder the Beautiful" is Longfellow. "The Cry of the Children" is by Mrs. Browning.

Three of Your Own Girls.—We do not see where the difficulty lies. The tap must be fitted into a cork which fits the aperture in the earthen vessel. Many thanks for your kind letter.

A. C. R.—So far as we know, there is no origin to the term "Pouring oil on troubled waters," except the fact that oil does really make the roughest water smooth. This has been demonstrated sufficiently during the recent experiments in Glasgow.

Basket.—The Christian names of the authors and painters you inquire for are as follows:—Thomas Moore, William Wordsworth, Robert Burns, Alexander Pope, William Cullen Bryant, John Milton, Peter Paul Rubens, Raphael d'Urbino.

Nettie.—Your quotation, "A daughter of the gods," &c., is by Tennyson.

Annie H.—See "Christmas Festivity," pages 153 and 171, vol. iii.

Hopeful.—We are much obliged by your kind note, and we regret we cannot asisst you in your charitable object.

Lillie.—Inquire of any musical publisher. We regret we cannot advise you further. Send the poems to any magazine you please and think likely to suit; if good they are sure of success.

Buttercup and Heatherbell have our best thanks for their kind letter. You must consult your mother on the subject, and have her leave; as she is the mistress of the house all invitations must be given as if coming from her.

A Country Girl.—We are sorry we cannot help you, as we do not give addresses, and we have not heard of the paper. Our own experience goes to prove that all flowers will, if pressed with care, retain their colour, to a certain extent.

Mountain Ash.—Frequent bathing in cold salt and water is supposed to strengthen the ankles. We do not think the shoes are in fault unless you are wearing too high heels. Your writing is very legible and neat.

White Rose and Deborah E.—It would be impossible to give you a reason for such a thing unless we know more about your general health. You had better consult a good doctor, and find out what is the origin of your trouble. Read "The Eyes and the Eyesight," by "Medicus," page 805, vol. ii.

Dandelion. — You will find the addresses of the different publishers in a London directory, and you can either go yourself to any of them or write and make the needful inquiries.

Grassy.—Grasses can be easily dyed any colour by means of Judson's dyes. Read "How to Skeletonise Leaves," page 582, vol. i., which will help you. We do not see why you did not succeed with the chloride of lime. One large teaspoonful to a quart of water is the usual quantity, and a few drops of vinegar should be added.

Just Sixteen.—Borax and water is said to answer admirably for cleaning silver filagree jewellery, which cannot be rubbed. Read the articles of "Medicus" on the subject. Your writing is very pretty.

Faith and Hope.—We have read both your letters carefully. Thank you for your warm expressions of thankfulness and esteem. We should advise you by all means to write to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, or, if you would like a clerkship, to go to the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, W., and consult the secretary, who will give you the best possible advice. Do not risk health and strength in any calling which is trying to either. Of course, we cannot judge of your fitness for nursing, but you could judge of your own after an interview with the lady superintendent. You have our kindest good wishes and sympathy.

Janette.—The meaning of the name Jessie.

Auburn Locks.—Proper soap for washing dogs may be purchased at any chemist's.

Auntie. — Many thanks for your letter, and the amusing anecdotes it contains.

Speedwell.—We should think the event you mention in the life of Her Majesty must have occurred many times, as we have had no lack of Indian (American) visitors to this country in times past. We have no knowledge of the especial print you mention.

Nessie in Australia.—Perhaps if you compare the two papers again you will see that The Girl's Own Paper is preferable in the way of music and illustrations of work.

Tarantelle.—It is a very common thing for long or prominent noses to turn to one side. We advise you to remember that, in taking measures to soften the bone, so as to straighten it, you must produce an unsatisfactory effect on both the skin and flesh first. A blow, such as would have bent your nose on one side, would have broken the bone; and such a severe injury could not have occurred, and have been unknown at the time you fell.

X. Y. Z.—Many thanks for your kind and beautifully written letter. We think you had better avoid all the advertised remedies. You will find a little book called "The Personal Care of Health," by Dr. Parkes, of use to you, as it enters on the subject at length.

Ingrat Benet.—You are trying to fathom some of the great mysteries of our faith, and are getting beyond your depth. Many are disposed to say, "Lord, and what shall this man do?" To which our Divine Redeemer replies, "What is that to thee? Follow *thou* Me." How far the long-suffering mercy of God may sometimes reach apostates from the faith of Christ, and those whom we may regard as reprobates, neither the editor of this paper nor all the divines in the world would venture to say; but so long as the gracious words of invitation ring in our ears, and we receive with gladness the assurance, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out," we may take courage and cease to harass ourselves with fruitless prying into the mysteries of predestination, election, &c. As to your own individual case, the mere fact of your writing to confess your sins and hardness of heart and grievous shortcomings, and the solicitude you express on the subject of your amendment of life and the forgiveness of your Divine Saviour, prove most indisputably that His Holy Spirit is still striving in your heart and endeavouring to bring home the wandering lamb to the fold of the Good Shepherd again. Yield to His merciful influence.

Hopeful sends us such a tender and sympathetic letter in reference to the rude one telling us that she did not intend taking in The Girl's Own Paper on account of not receiving an earlier answer! Dear young Hopeful, we thank you warmly, for so kind a letter as yours would make amends to us for a dozen letters like that which has hurt you so much for our sake. We wish you a happy meeting with your sailor brother, and all blessings on you both. We shall always be glad to receive your letters.

A. N. E. F. F.—Read our article on "Earning One's Living," and also on "Nursing as a Profession," page 44, vol. i., and page 454, vol. i. The 11th of March, 1866, was a Sunday, and the 22nd of January, 1867, a Tuesday.

L. T.—We are much obliged by your kind offer, and regret we cannot accept your services.

Scotch Ruby.—Many thanks for your kind and appreciative letter.

IN HER GARDEN.

By ANNIE BEALE.

A MAIDEN roamed 'mid her garden flowers,
On the waning noon of an autumn day,
Seeking to lengthen the sunny hours
As they fled on the wings of light away:
Willing to linger
Till evening's finger
Painted the west with its sunset hues;
Fondly beholding
The leaves enfolding
As they heard the steps of the evening dews.

To the maiden's heart her flowers were dear.
She loved them well in the sweet spring-tide;
She loved them dressed in their summer gear,
She loved them still in their autumn pride.
With care she tended,
From harm defended
These precious offsprings of Nature's birth;
She left with sorrow,
But knew the morrow
Fresh flowers would bloom on their native earth.

The morrow came, and the maiden went
Forth in her joy to her garden fair.
Alas! the chill night-frost had idly spent
The icy breath of his vengeance there.
Beauty was banished—
Bright hues had vanished—
The flowers drooped low and the leaves were sere.
Born but to wither!
Death had come hither,
Leaving behind him a shroud and bier.

Around her the maiden gazed and sighed:
"And such is our life!" she sadly said.
"Like an autumn flower it blooms in pride,
Like an autumn flower is withered."
Fairy hopes swelling
The untutored breast;
Fond visions telling
Of pleasure and rest;
Flushes adorning
The cheeks of the young,
Like blush of morning
The rosebuds among—
All may be blighted
Like flowers in a night.
Oh, how short-sighted
Is man in his might!

Joy is delusive, and sorrow is vain;
Love is but fleeting, and hatred is sin;
Pleasures of this world are wedded to pain;
Friendships oft finish when sorrows begin.
Death is unheeding
Of age, time, or place,
Greedily feeding
On sweetness and grace;
Momently sweeping
His scythe here and there,
Heedless of weeping,
And wailing, and prayer.
Oh, while to us life's warm daylight is given,
May we ensure endless sunshine in heaven

VOL. IV.—NO. 146.] OCTOBER 14, 1882. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

BOUND TO EARTH.

By the Author of "Phil's Fortune," &c.

All rights reserved.] "'I HAVE NEVER SEEN SUCH HILLS BEFORE.'"

CHAPTER II.

"How would you like to live ten miles from a station?" cried Fanny, as they at last turned into Averstone gates. "There will be no afternoon's shopping for you here. I promise you you will see nothing but ourselves, so I hope you won't get tired of that interesting study as quickly as we do. Life in the country is simply stagnation."

"I will willingly exchange the shops for such a view as I can see now all around us," Grace replied. "I have never seen such hills before. Do not be alarmed at my ignorance, but what gives them that beautiful crimsony-purply hue?"

"Oh, only the heather," Fanny replied, disparagingly. "I believe it is considered rather good about here, and this year it is rather an extra display—in your honour, I suppose, since we, I am afraid, are too well used to these monotonous hills to even look at them a second time. We have an artist staying with us who goes into the most ridiculous raptures over these hills. I believe he does it in a great measure to please my father, who cannot believe there is any other place to match this."

"I can quite understand Mr. Leslie and your artist friend's admiration," Grace said, quietly, as they drew up before the stone portico, and Fanny sprang out, running round to offer her a hand.

They found Mrs. Leslie in the drawing-room alone. She came forward with some graceful words of welcome as the young people entered. "I am very pleased to have you for my guest, my dear. Your mother and I were friends long ago; you must tell me all about her another time."

Then, having refreshed themselves with a cup of tea, the girls departed to conduct Grace to her own room, and there indulge in a very private chat.

"I hope you are not tired," Helen cried, linking her arm affectionately through Grace's, "because there are such heaps of things to tell you, aren't there, Fan?"

"There's a small excitement on in the shape of a garden party on a somewhat extensive scale," Fanny replied, in her half-cynical manner, to which both her companions were well accustomed. "Julia, having completed twenty-one years, is to publish that interesting fact to the world by a grand fête. The excitement is intense, I can assure you. We have been ransacking our brains on the matter of costume and arrangements generally, till the little we possessed are pretty well addled."

"But it will be so very nice," Helen exclaimed; "you know it will be a regular country house entertainment, such as one reads of and thinks so very delightful, but townsfolk never can have. The guests will come from miles round, and many of them will stay in the house. The garden is to be illuminated with numbers of lanterns. Can't you imagine how lovely it will look? There is only one thing that could have spoilt it, and that is if you had not been here to see it all."

"But I am afraid I shall not have a sufficiently grand dress for such a great entertainment," Grace said, doubtfully. "You ought really to have told me beforehand."

"That was just the very thing we agreed not to do," laughed Helen, triumphantly, "because we were so bent on your coming that we would not risk a refusal!"

Grace smiled to herself, as she thought how very nearly a refusal had been decided upon, on very different grounds.

"The affair would have lost its interest without your presence," Fanny remarked, half-sarcastically, "notwithstanding that Helen has the most charming dress, just arrived from London, that a girl could wish for. Not that it would have consoled her, you know."

Helen glanced at Grace, with a look that seemed to say, "Only a little jealousy!"

"It is so good of you to have thought of me," Grace replied, turning towards Fanny, under whose light, sarcastic tone Grace often fancied a deeper feeling lurked. "It is such a pleasure to me to come into the country and see you girls again. I quite thought we had said 'Good-bye' for an indefinitely long time when we left school."

Then they launched into a conversation upon other mutual school friends, and so the little pique that had threatened to crop up passed over.

The gay conversation was interrupted by a somewhat impatient tap, and a voice, which Grace recognised as Edward Leslie's, demanding whether their tongues were not sufficiently exercised, and a walk before dinner would not be an agreeable diversion? Fanny smiled to herself, and remarked that perhaps Grace was too tired after her journey.

"You would love the park!" Helen said, persuadingly, and, Grace declaring that she would like a little walk better than anything, they put on their hats and left a clear room, of which Gertrude, the girls' maid, was very glad to avail herself, in order to get Miss Hardinge's things unpacked and arranged.

"I give you a most interested welcome, Miss Hardinge," Edward began, when they joined him on the gravel path outside. "You will bear me witness that proverbial philosophy declares the number three to be destructive of good company."

"Is four any better?" Grace asked.

"It is divisible by two," Edward replied: "an indispensable arrangement in some of our country walks, as Fanny will tell you."

"If you mean that I am very frequently expected to follow behind, where paths are narrow, I can certainly corroborate that assertion; and I will also add, for Helen's information, that one of the peculiarities of these parts is that the paths mostly are narrow," Fanny replied.

Her remark was presently verified by the arrival of the little party at a point where a small bridle-path branched temptingly off from the main way. Helen and Edward plunged into it, leaving Grace and Fanny to follow.

"Helen looks blooming enough, does she not?" Fanny asked presently.

"She does indeed," Grace replied, heartily. "I never saw her looking better."

"You look none too rosy," Fanny added. "Our air will at least brace you up, and send you back with more bloom than you have at present. I wonder how you spend your time at home. Very differently from our methods, I expect. You see we have nothing to think of but our own pleasure. Would you mind telling me what your home life is like?"

"Not in the least," Grace replied, without any false shame. "We are very poor people, you know, compared with your family. We have all we want and all we need, I think. But even that, you see, depends upon individual opinion."

"I suppose you are happy enough," Fanny remarked, carelessly.

"Oh, yes, indeed," Grace replied, heartily. "We are always busy. You know in a doctor's house it is rather different from other houses. People are always coming at all hours, so that things must always be in order. There are only two young servants to do everything; and as mamma never likes any appearance of cleaning to be going on after ten in the morning, we have to be very managing. Mamma and I help a great deal. Papa is most particular about cooking—doctors, I suppose, are so?—and as our servant is young and ignorant, mamma teaches her. She is going to teach me how to take her place there. Then, you know, mamma does not do these things in a fussy way. I don't think even papa guesses how much she does, but he knows very well how smoothly everything goes. Mamma thinks of everything at the right time. Then there is the needlework. But all these details will seem very stupid to you."

"Not at all," Fanny said, with evident interest. "Do go on."

"Well, you know, there are my five brothers and little Doris and myself, besides papa and mamma. Every garment except papa's and the elder boys is made at home. Miss Leach, a poor woman who knows a little of dressmaking, comes sometimes to help, but we have to depend principally upon ourselves. Yet you must not imagine that we seem like drudges. Mamma will never allow such work as dressmaking or anything unsightly about in the evening, when papa is generally at home."

"I hope you won't mind me saying that I am surprised, after what you tell me, that they should have sent you to Granville House, which is, I know, an expensive school."

"That's what so many people have said," Grace returned. "I have heard mamma say that sending girls to school was a matter for much consideration. She would not have had me go to an inferior school, nor could papa afford to have me taught at home all the things he wished me to study. She told Aunt Lucy that schooling was their one extravagance, but that they were determined to have the best for us all that they could possibly get."

"I think I understand," Fanny said, thoughtfully. "They would sacrifice many things in order to give you good opportunities in that respect, and I daresay you value them much more than most girls. Perhaps that was why you worked so hard. Now I, for instance, have never regarded study as a boon, but rather as a bore, something that my father must give me as a matter of course, but as for slaving at it as you did, I used to think they ought to be very thankful that I was not so bad as many others. I must say you have put it in rather a new light."

"You had not the same incentive as I had," Grace remarked. "I knew that I could only have a certain time, and I wanted to make the best use of it. You see, I shall be able to help the boys so much, and teach Doris altogether I hope."

Fanny looked at her curiously. "You really look forward to all this," she asked presently.

"I do indeed look forward to being useful at home," Grace replied.

"And you will be such a power in your home I can see—so necessary to everybody, a sort of mainstay and prop. Now, you know, such a mission as that is impossible in a house like ours."

"Is it really?" Grace added. "I should have thought that anywhere, though not in the same way, a girl might make herself useful, or, as you say, necessary."

"You don't know," Fanny replied, a little sharply. "Very good people more often than not make that same mistake of not taking into consideration the entire difference of surroundings in different cases. Your home life renders it a positive duty—which many girls would shirk, however—for you to be self-denying, helpful, and industrious, while mine just bars the way to everything of the kind. Why now, for instance, if I were to help the servants or offer to make Edward's clothes, they would simply think me out of my mind."

Grace laughed at the absurdity. "Of course, it is quite different with you," she acknowledged, "but there must be other ways. I am too much a stranger to suggest even what they might be."

Fanny shook her head. "Wait till you have been here a month, you will hold a different opinion. I give you free permission to keep your eyes open and give me the benefit of your observations. If you can discover any way in which I am or may make myself necessary to the existence of anybody, you are very welcome to tell me of it. But where are Edward and Helen?"

"We have dawdled so that they have got out of sight. Perhaps they are somewhere among the trees."

"Edward is a poor man," Fanny said, thoughtfully, apparently following some train of thought which Grace was unable to follow. "I daresay you will think that strange, but it is true; I will explain that to you some other time. I am afraid it is very much his own fault, and partly his misfortune. Helen is pretty, is she not?"

"Very," Grace assented readily, rather amused at Fanny's erratic transitions. "I think I see them over there," she added, pointing between the trees.

"They must have turned off here, and we were so interested we never observed them," Fanny remarked, as they started off at a brisk pace.

"Helen is growing furiously jealous of your entire absorption of Miss Hardinge!" Edward exclaimed, banteringly. "We have been speculating as to what topic you could have found in this short time of such overwhelming interest."

"Might we not ask the same question?" Fanny demanded. "At any rate, it is very easy, so you always say, to guess what girls talk about."

"Their dress, or each other," Edward replied.

"Quite so; eh, Grace? And, the subject being exhausted for the present, and it being past six, we may as well turn back. Come along, Helen."

So they began to retrace their steps, Grace falling this time to the companionship of Edward, who, however, kept up a running fire of conversation with the two girls on in front, which a more exacting disposition than Grace's might have resented as somewhat uncomplimentary.

"I suppose you understand Fanny pretty well by this time?" he remarked, during their walk. "People call her sarcastic. I think Fanny goes in for that line because it's considered clever. It's a mistake. Disagreeable girls are a mistake. No man likes a clever, sarcastic girl; it doesn't agree with his vanity, perhaps. But it's all on the surface with Fan. There's nothing of the blue stocking about her."

"I have never thought Fanny disagreeable," Grace replied, not a little amused at this brotherly warning, and calling vividly to mind their conversation, during which "Fanny's manner" had been quite absent.

"Julia 'll be home next week. I daresay now you'll find her more entertaining than Fan. She has much more go in her, but Fan's not half a bad sort of girl, I can assure you."

Having deemed it necessary to make this well-meant apology for his sister, Edward struggled away from Grace to make some remark to the others, and, although she could not tell when or how it happened, Grace presently found that they had dropped into their old order, from which she concluded that she had proved herself a less interesting companion to Fanny's brother than to that "disagreeable" "sarcastic" young lady herself.

(*To be continued.*)

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Words by SIR PHILIP SYDNEY. *Music by* C. A. MACIRONE.

Allegro giojoso. Met. ♩=98.

ACCOMPT. *(ad lib.)*

p *cres - - cen - - do.* *f*

p

Love hav-ing once flown to my heart,

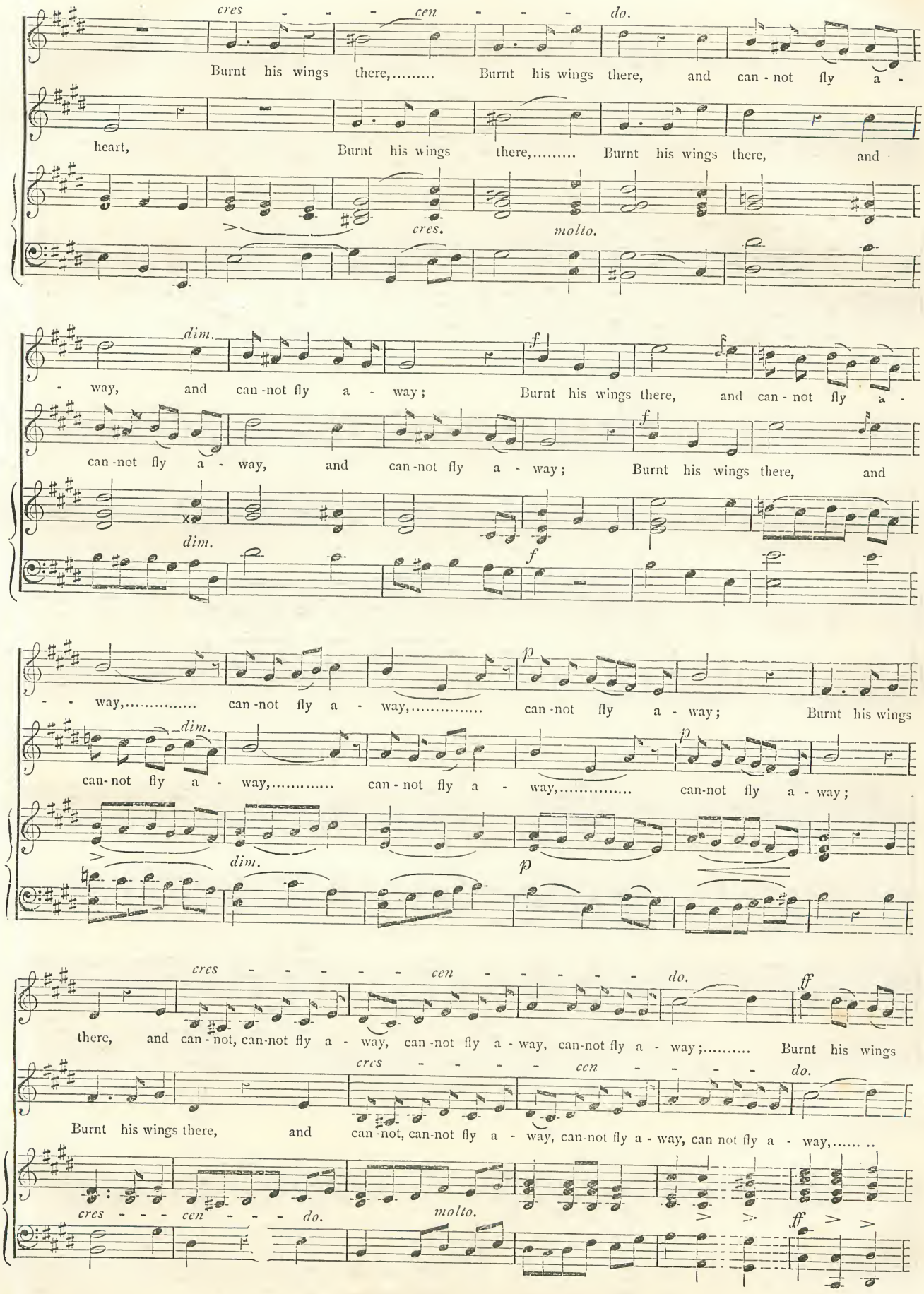
p

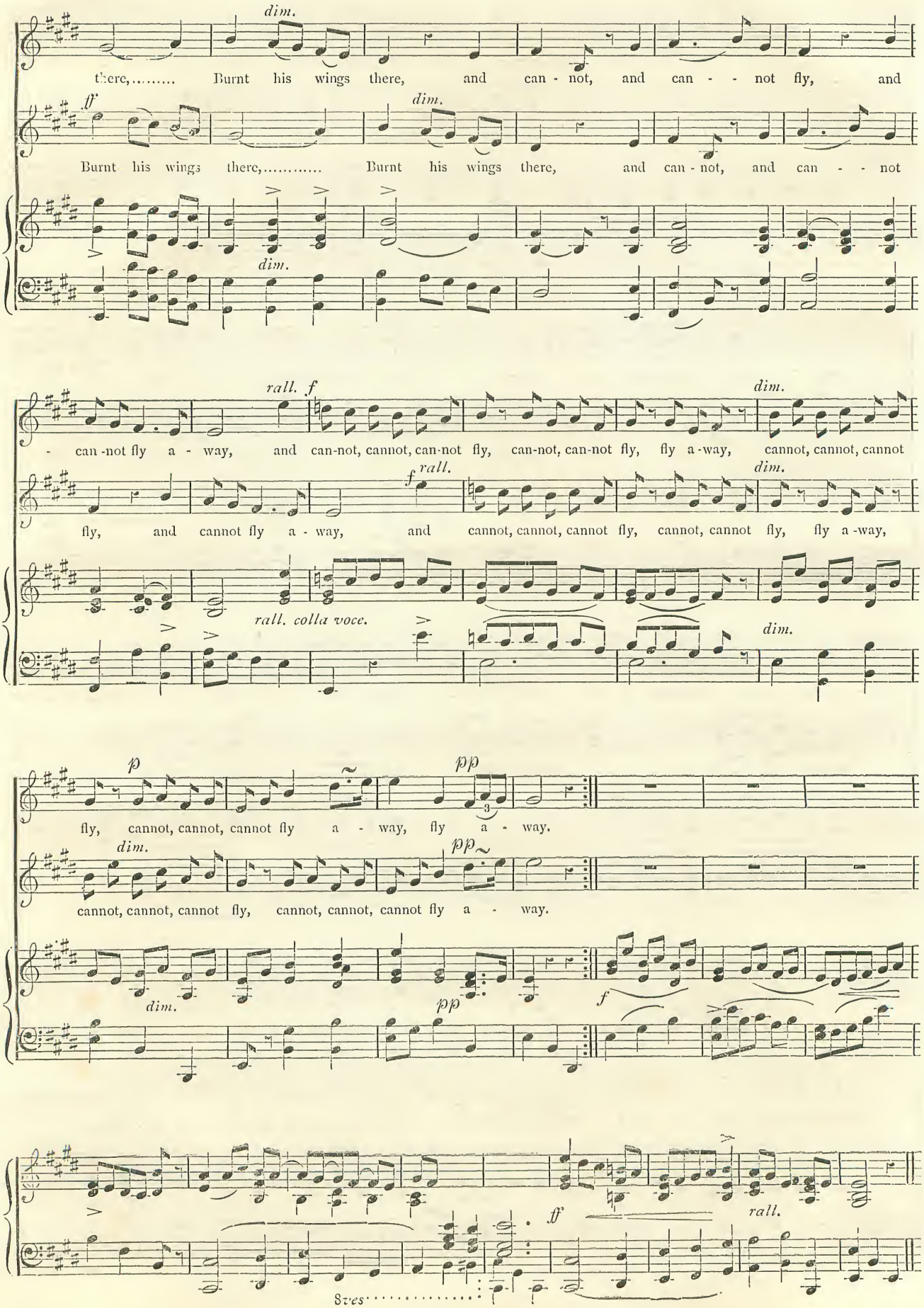
Love hav-ing once flown to my

f *p* *cres - - cen - - do.*

Love hav-ing once flown to my heart, my heart,..... ..... my heart,

heart, Love hav-ing once flown to my heart, my heart,..... ..... my


cres - - - cen - - - do.
Burnt his wings there,..... Burnt his wings there, and can - not fly a -
heart, Burnt his wings there,..... Burnt his wings there, and
cres. molto.
dim. f
- way, and can - not fly a - way; Burnt his wings there, and can - not fly a -
can - not fly a - way, and can - not fly a - way; Burnt his wings there, and
dim. f
p
- - way,..... can - not fly a - way,..... can - not fly a - way; Burnt his wings
dim. p
can - not fly a - way,..... can - not fly a - way,..... can - not fly a - way;
dim. p
cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do. ff
there, and can - not, can - not fly a - way, can - not fly a - way, can - not fly a - way;..... Burnt his wings
cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do.
Burnt his wings there, and can - not, can - not fly a - way, can - not fly a - way, can not fly a - way,.....
cres - - - cen - - - do. molto. ff


dim.
there,..... Burnt his wings there, and can - not, and can - - not fly, and
ff
dim.
Burnt his wings there,..... Burnt his wings there, and can - not, and can - - not
dim.
rall. f
- can - not fly a - way, and can-not, cannot, can-not fly, can-not, can-not fly, fly a - way, cannot, cannot, cannot
dim.
f rall.
fly, and cannot fly a - way, and cannot, cannot, cannot fly, cannot, cannot fly, fly a - way,
dim.
rall. colla voce.
dim.
p
pp
fly, cannot, cannot, cannot fly a - way, fly a - way.
dim.
pp
cannot, cannot, cannot fly, cannot, cannot, cannot fly a - way.
dim.
pp
f
ff
rall.
8ves

STRONG AND TRUE.

By L. C. SILKE, Author of "In Mischief Again," "Loving Service," &c.

"HATTIE!"

No reply.

"Hattie, I wish you would attend to me for a moment, and vouchsafe an answer," said Agnes Warlow, as, crossing the room to where her sister sat engrossed in the solution of some mathematical problem, she laid her hand on the latter's shoulder, which had the desired effect of making her look up.

"Yes, Agnes. What is it?" she inquired, with perhaps a slight tinge of impatience at the interruption.

"I've been speaking to you three or four times, but you did not seem even to hear, you were so absorbed in what you were doing."

"I didn't hear, or I would have answered."

"I really don't think you should allow yourself to get into the habit of being so absent," remarked Agnes.

"What was it you wished to speak about?"

"Do you feel inclined to walk to Conham Abbey this afternoon? I want to make a sketch of the old ruins, and this is just the day for getting beautiful effects of light and shade. Will you come?"

"Yes, certainly. I shall enjoy the walk very much."

"We must start soon after luncheon, because I want some hours there, and we mustn't be late in getting back to-day, for it wouldn't do not to be ready to receive our guests."

"What guests?"

"Had you really forgotten that the Webbs and the Browns and Captain Egerton are coming to dinner this evening?"

"Ah, yes, I remember. I had forgotten for the moment."

According to their agreement, the two girls started for their walk soon after luncheon, Agnes carrying her materials for sketching, whilst Hattie had armed herself with a German book which she meant to study whilst her companion was engaged in drawing.

The two sisters presented a complete contrast from one another, both in appearance and in disposition. Agnes, the elder by a couple of years, was tall and slight, with light hair, fair, delicate complexion, and good features. Hattie, who was a brunette, was shorter and plainer, with a complexion inclined to be sallow; but there was much character expressed in the lines of the firm, little mouth, and the slightly retroussé nose. It was a clever face, and the eyes had a straightforward, honest look in them: indeed, sometimes people felt as if those eyes were searching them through and through. A very upright and direct young woman was Hattie Warlow, hating shams or pretences of any kind, and wholly intolerant of any affectations or insincerities. This gave a little bluntness to her manner at times, which contrasted with the easy grace and pliability of Agnes, who could readily accommodate her opinions to those of others, or at least seem to do so. Consequently she was a more general favourite than the younger sister, of whom some people professed themselves afraid, on account of her being so "dreadfully clever," as they expressed it.

However, Hattie did not trouble herself much about what people either said or thought of her: perhaps she was a little too indifferent to the opinion of all, save of one person, and that was her father. To him Hattie was altogether devoted; to please and gratify him was her chief aim, and it was a very close tie which bound the two together. They had the same tastes, likings, and interests, Hattie having inherited more of her father's character than Agnes, who was never so happy as when enjoying a round of gaiety, of which both Mr. Warlow and Hattie soon tired, though they liked seeing how well the former did the honours of the house, and how much she was admired wherever she went.

But the two preferred the quiet evenings, when they could pore together over their books, and feel free to carry on their favourite pursuits, which were often of a scientific nature, and to Agnes appeared exceedingly dry. However, she was accustomed to make herself happy in her own way, meantime, over a bit of fancy work or reading of a lighter kind.

They were a very united trio. Mr. Warlow was both fond and proud of his daughters, whilst they looked up to him with love and reverence. He was the only parent they had known, their mother having died during their infancy.

Mr. Warlow was a lawyer—the first lawyer in Refton—and was much respected in his profession. Refton was a comparatively small town, situated in the midst of pretty scenery, and Mr. Warlow's house, which stood on the outskirts of the town, was a picturesque old place, surrounded by a large, old-fashioned garden, and sheltered by some fine spreading trees. The girls, who had been born there, and had known no other home, were as fond of it as their father was; and Agnes, who had a good deal of the artist in her nature, especially delighted in its quaintness and beauty. It had formed the subject of her first efforts in sketching; and she knew by heart every line and angle of the large bay windows and high gables and ornamental stacks of chimneys. Nor was Hattie's love for it any less profound, but perhaps even more so, as hers was a stronger, deeper nature.

"What are you going to wear this evening, Hattie?" asked Agnes, as they rested for a few moments on a stile half way to Conham.

"I haven't thought about it yet," returned the other, with some indifference.

"I wish you would care a little more about appearances," rejoined Agnes. "I believe you would go about looking a perfect fright if you hadn't me at your elbow."

"What does it matter what I put on? I never can look anything but plain and dowdy. I leave it to you to be ornamental, and to keep up the credit of the family in the matter of taste and looks."

"But, Hattie, I want you to look nice to-night; so please don't go and put on the first thing that comes to hand, whilst perhaps you are working out a problem of Euclid in your head. I believe you are quite capable of mixing together blue and green and all the colours of the rainbow when you are in an absent frame of mind."

Hattie laughed. "I don't think I am quite so bad as that."

"I think I had better come and superintend your toilette this evening."

"Very well; I have no objection. It will save me the trouble of considering about it. But why are so particular this evening? Is it because Captain Egerton is coming? I know he criticises ladies' dress a good deal, but I do not in the least care whether he approves or disapproves of mine."

"I think we had better be going on now," remarked Agnes, turning away so that Hattie might not perceive the heightened colour which had suddenly mounted into her cheeks.

That evening, after the guests had departed, and the household at the Hollies—as Mr. Warlow's house was called—had retired to their rooms, a tap came at Hattie's door, followed by the entrance of Agnes. The younger sister had already donned her dressing gown, but the elder was still in evening attire, which consisted of a white dress of some light gauze-like material trimmed with lace, and here and there a rosebud nestling among delicate sprays of maidenhair fern. Very pretty she looked as she stood there, with a flush upon her cheek and a new soft light in her eye which did not escape Hattie's notice, though she had no idea what had brought it there, for she was unobservant in many ways, especially when absorbed in abstruse studies.

"How fresh you look, Agnes—not the least bit sleepy, though we are rather late to-night! You don't seem to be even thinking of going to bed."

"I wanted to tell you my news first," said Agnes, hiding her blushing face on her sister's shoulder.

"What news, dear?" inquired the unsuspecting Hattie.

"Can't you guess?"

"No, I never was a good hand at guessing. You had better tell me outright."

"Captain Egerton has asked me this evening to be his wife," whispered Agnes, going straight to the point, as she knew Hattie always liked her to do.

The latter started as if some sudden blow had struck her.

"And what did you say to him?" she asked abruptly, after a moment's pause.

"I promised to marry him."

"But do you love him?"

"Hattie, what a question to ask! Do you think I should have said 'yes' if I didn't. I love him better than anybody in all the world."

"Then I suppose it is all right," said Hattie, still rather bluntly. "There is nothing to hinder, as I shall always stay and take care of father," she added, feeling a little jealous on his account that anyone should dethrone him from his first place in her sister's heart.

"Won't you rejoice with me in my happiness?" said Agnes, in rather plaintive tones, a little hurt at what seemed Hattie's cold reception of her news.

"Yes, indeed, darling; I congratulate you heartily," responded Hattie, warmly, throwing

her arms round her sister's neck. "I am very glad indeed, for your sake. Only I was so entirely taken by surprise at the first moment."

"But had you not suspected it?"

"Never, for a moment. Captain Egerton doesn't seem to have been here more than other people, or to have paid you any special attentions that I noticed."

"What a blind old darling you must be!" rejoined Agnes, laughing. "The fact is, you get so absorbed in your books that you are scarcely aware of what is passing under your very eyes."

"But you have only known him such a little while. It seems only the other day that he came back from India."

"It is three months ago. We know each other quite well enough by this time."

"I hope with all my heart that you will be very, very happy," said Hattie, with a sisterly kiss.

"Thank you, dear. I am quite sure we shall," said Agnes, confidently.

Hattie lay awake for a long time that night, pondering over many things, chiefly the news that Agnes had told her. She tried not to look at her own part in the matter—how much she should feel losing her sister—but endeavoured unselfishly to rejoice in the latter's happiness, without a thought of herself. Still, it had all come upon her so unexpectedly, she seemed scarcely able to realise it.

How blind she must have been! as Agnes said. Was she really allowing herself to get too much engrossed with her favourite pursuits? Now she thought of it, she had forgotten yesterday to bring her father his slippers, as she always did when he came in tired before dinner; and for the first time he had found his paper uncut when he sat down to read it after breakfast, and had to *ask* her to do it, which had seemed quite a reproach to her, making her feel she had been neglectful of him. If this were so—if she were allowing any occupation to engross her so as to make her forgetful of any little service she might render her father—"then that occupation must be laid aside," she said to herself. Nothing, she resolved, should ever cause her to neglect him, to whom she must devote herself more than ever now, to make up for the loss of his other daughter. Henceforth he should be more than ever her one object: he would seem to belong more exclusively to her now, and she must make herself all in all to him, as he would be all in all to her.

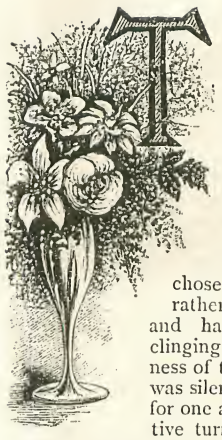
Thus she mused, little knowing what the morrow would bring forth.

(*To be continued.*)

HATTIE AND AGNES.

HOW I LEARNED TO PLAY LAWN TENNIS.

II.



THE tennis ground to which my guide conducted me was a large enclosure, capable of accommodating several sets of players. A raised walk on each side was sheltered by sturdy young limes at regular intervals, and provided with seats for any who chose to be spectators rather than performers; and hardy euonymus and clinging ivy took off the bareness of the walls. The place was silent and deserted, save for one attendant of a reflective turn, whose meditations our abrupt appearance scarcely put to flight.

"Nobody comes at this time; it is so warm," said Una. "But I don't mind risking my complexion for once—a practical proof of affection which it is to be hoped you will value. This is my favourite court. Now these lines——"

"Oh! never mind the lines. I know all about them," I exclaimed, rather ungratefully, and began to rattle off their respective names and the measurements, of which I had heard too much when in Kent. My hearer was evidently impressed.

"Really," said she, "you are better acquainted with that part of the business than I am myself. Perhaps you are wiser than I thought. Can you serve?"

Ignoring the doubtful compliment which preceded the question, I replied that I could.

"Very well. You shall be the server, and I the striker-out; and you can take which side of the court you like, as we are only practising. But the choice of sides and the right of serving during the first game are properly decided by toss. If the winner of the toss choose the right to serve, his adversary has the choice of sides, and *vice versâ*. Where are you going? The first service must be delivered from the right court; and the server must stand with one foot outside the base-line of the court, and with the other foot within or upon the base-line. Now play! That's a fault"—as my ball fell short of my net—"and that's another"—as the next dropped into the court parallel with mine instead of the one diagonally opposite. "If the server serve two consecutive faults she loses a stroke; so, adopting it as a rule to call the server's score first, this makes love - fifteen. Change courts, please. What did you mean by saying you could serve? You will need a lot of training before I allow you to appear in public!"

This is a mild specimen of what I went through that day. The reflective attendant looked on with a grim delight, doubtless thinking I deserved a great deal more lecturing than I got for my awkwardness. Not that this first essay was a fair specimen of my later attempts, for I soon began to improve; and when I thoroughly understood that the ball served must drop within the service line, half court-line, and side line of the court diagonally opposite to that from which it was served, a more steady and careful aim enabled me to get on better.

Una then said the service was good, this being the technical term signifying that the ball has been served in accordance with the conditions. She, as striker-out, had to return the service, that is, to play the ball back over the net after it had dropped and before it had touched the ground a second time.

"Don't send your balls so high," she commanded. "They are bound to go out of court."

"You might have volleyed the last," said I; for I knew volleying meant returning the ball before it touched the ground; and I was anxious to show our phlegmatic spectator that I was not absolutely ignorant of the game.

But Una merely remarked, "Not at all. You may volley a ball at any other time, but not when it has just been served. The server wins a stroke if the stroker-out volley the service; just as he does if the stroker-out fail to return the service or the ball in play; or if he return it so that it drops outside any of the external boundary lines. Are you ready?"

I recommenced serving, and managed to keep the ball going for several strokes.

"That was quite a long rest," said Una, delightedly. "Playing the ball backwards and forwards without a break is called a rest; and after a good service, and during the rest, the ball is said to be in play. But we waste time talking. Play!"

"One moment, dear. It does not matter then, after the service, where the ball drops so long as it is within the external boundary of the court, or on any of the external boundary lines?"

"Not a bit! It may drop either to the right or to the left of the central line, or in front of or beyond the service line. The divisions marked by those lines only affect the service, and have nothing to do with the subsequent returns; when a returned ball drops anywhere in the court the return is called good. But play, Bessie, if you love me! Ask as many questions as you like at home, but practise now, or I shall feel that we have broiled ourselves for nothing."

"I am really sorry to have brought you out in the sun——," I began meekly, but was immediately cut short.

"Nonsense! And it isn't the sun that makes me warm at this present moment; it is the outrageous manner in which you will hold your racket. And why do you let it follow the ball, as it were? Now this is the way to serve, and I intend the ball to drop as nearly in the centre of the left hand court as possible."

Holding the racket in one hand and the ball in the other, my cousin tossed the latter, and striking it while in the air with what seemed to be the lightest touch, sent it straight to the spot indicated.

"You have the knack of it," said I, admiringly.

"It is easy enough, but not if you grasp the racket handle with the thumb and first finger; you will want these as guides when the racket is moved. You should hold it lightly with the second, third, and fourth fingers, the free end of the handle being on the side of the wrist opposed to the palm. When you are about to strike, the shoulder should be towards the net, and the face towards the side of the court. Just so. Now, when about to strike, carry the racket upwards and backwards, and in the act of striking bring it downwards and forwards. You see, as the racket is moved, the free end of the handle falls under the wrist. The racket is held with an *open face* in order to keep the ball high enough to clear the net by about a foot; it is not safer to send it closer, or you will be likely to play it into the net."

I had determined to reserve several questions until the practical part of the lesson was over, but here my curiosity got the better of my resolve, and I inquired—

"What in the world is an open face?"

"It only means that the racket should be inclined a little out of the perpendicular, the smooth side upwards, because that is always used in the forehand stroke. The rough face of the racket is used when you want to play the ball back-handed, you know."

I did not know, and hastened to come back to the more rudimental part by striking the ball in the usual way.

"Try again," said Una, "and strike when the ball is about breast high; that you will find is best for the ordinary service, although of course it can be struck at any part of its descent; when high up, or when near the ground, as it may suit you."

Again I tried, and again Una critically regarded the performance. Handing me a third ball, she advised me to extend the arm more freely, slightly bending the elbow. I was, moreover, earnestly enjoined to keep the wrist straight, and to make the stroke from the shoulder, or the necessary power would be lacking to send the ball over the net.

"Where have you hidden yourselves all the morning?" asked Maud Brandon, at lunch. "We had a delightful time under the pier; it was so cool and refreshing to sit there and hear the green water lap against the ironwork, and catch the echo of 'Sweethearts' from the band on the beach."

"Why, Maudie, you grow quite poetical," said Una, who had no idea of betraying our occupation. "But there were drawbacks, I perceive, notwithstanding your glowing description. Your dress looks rather limp, and the sea breeze has taken your hair out of curl."

"Two evils easily remedied," replied Maud, with a careless laugh. "And, Una, speaking of dress reminds me that I want you to paint a poppy in your best style in the front of my new tennis hat. Do, there's a darling!"

Una, dear little soul, did not require much pressing. She duly painted the poppy on the soft white hat; and while she was so engaged I took the opportunity to ask for information on a few points that had puzzled me in the morning.

The reaction from my previous indifference must have been rather trying for my self-constituted mentor, for I gave her no peace until I had thoroughly mastered the rules. But fortunately she was quite as eager to teach as I to learn—a state of things which is sure to lead to speedy progress.

"You say you do not understand faults," said she, delicately darkening a brightly-tinted petal. "Well, it is a fault if the server does not stand as I directed, with one foot outside the base line and the other within or upon the line; and it is a fault if the service drops in the net—that is, does not pass it, or if it drops out of court, or in the wrong court, or if it is delivered from the wrong court."

"Suppose the striker-out were to make a good return?"

"It would not count, since a fault may not be taken; and for this reason a player attempting to return a fault and failing loses nothing."

"The constant change of courts is confusing?"

"Oh, no. The server must deliver the first service from the right court, the next from the left court, and so on alternately during the game. The only exception is that after a fault the server is allowed a second trial from the same court from which he has served the fault, and not then if it is a fault because served from the wrong court. There is this advantage in serving, that you have a second ball to fall back upon; otherwise the chances seem pretty equally divided. I have already

mentioned the three occasions when the server wins a stroke; there are three others when the striker-out does the same, viz., when the server serves two consecutive faults, when he fails to return the ball in play, and when he returns it so that it drops outside any of the boundary lines. There are other rules which apply to either player, and which you will readily learn by watching our game this evening."

Maud wore her white hat, and arrayed in that, and a pretty pink frock tastefully trimmed with a darker shade of velveteen, looked as charming a player as ever handled a racket. I did not play, but sat with Mrs. Hare under the limes, looking on, and found it very good amusement, now that I understood something of the game. My little cousin, in a dark-blue jersey, which she affirmed was the most comfortable thing to play in, darted hither and thither like the sprite she was, and rarely missed her balls. I soon discovered the rules of which she had spoken, and made a mental note of them for future use. A player lost a stroke if she touched or struck the ball more than once in returning it; or if the ball, after a good service or return, touched her or anything she wore or carried, except her racket. Once when the ball touched Maud in its drop, I thought the rule would not hold, for she happened to be beyond the external boundary line; but it did, and the stroke counted to her opponent, although the ball, of course, fell out of court. Lottie shortly afterwards wished to score a stroke on the ground that her ball, under similar circumstances, had touched Una; but the claim was not allowed, as it had only done so in the rebound, and not in the drop, and the moment it has dropped out of court a ball is out of play. One young lady, convicted of touching the net or some of its supports while the ball was in play, paid the penalty by losing a stroke. And presently arose mingled exclamations of triumph and dismay.

"Oh! Una, how could you? That was 'more haste and less speed' with a vengeance!" exclaimed Maud. "And it has actually given them the game."

"Don't speak to me! Don't come near me!" cried Una, running up to us, and dropping on the seat by my side, with a little gesture of despair, copied from Mrs. Hare's French maid. "I am mortified. I am *désolée*, as Adrienne says. No, do not attempt to comfort me, Mr. Harding—I am beyond your powers of consolation. To think that I should have thrown away our only chance!"

"What did you do?" I ventured to inquire.

"I volleyed the ball before it had passed the net," replied Una, solemnly, "and so lost the stroke. Take warning from me, Bessie, and never be in a hurry when you play tennis."

"Hear, hear!" said Mr. Harding. "That's a golden rule. Beginners can't see it though. They are never happy unless they are rushing madly at a ball and getting under it, instead of letting it come to them. It's desperately annoying sometimes; don't you think so?" turning to me.

"Probably. But I am hardly a fair judge, being only a beginner myself."

"Oh! really now, I must apologise," said the young athlete, reddening.

"There is no occasion. I shall try to profit by your hint."

"Oh, you are very kind. Well, I assure you it is far better to take things coolly. Watch the other fellow's—I beg pardon—the other player's racket, and try to judge where and how he will return the ball. Don't get flurried, and whatever you do, don't get too near the ball. Volleying is not much good, except for practised players, because the ball is going faster than when taken on the bound, and you have less time to strike with ease and certainty——"

"Mr. Harding," said Una, "we are partners for the next set, and the others want odds; what shall we give?"

"Not more than a bisque."

"I call that shabby!" declared Lottie. "The very lowest odds that can be given—only one stroke during a whole set."

"You can make it worth double by taking it at the proper time. Take it to win a game, *i.e.*, at the score of 40—30, or advantage; but remember, a bisque may not be taken after the service has been delivered, and the server may not take a bisque after a fault, although the striker-out may do so. However, if you really have the conscience to ask for more, we will give you half-fifteen for a bisque, which means that you have a stroke given at the beginning of the second and every subsequent alternate game of a set, and once during a set we take a bisque in diminution of the odds."

This was agreed to, and play grew exciting, the score presently standing at four games all. A hurried consultation between Una and her partner ensued. "As a rule," said he, "when a bisque is received in diminution of odds, it should be taken to save the game, *i.e.*, to make the score deuce; but

VOLLEYING.
VOLLEYING.

TAKING AIM BEFORE SERVING.
WAITING FOR SERVE.

as we stand, the next game is so important we will not be bound by that."

"Do explain to me about odds," said I to Una, as we sauntered home in the twilight. Now Una was elated at the victory she and Mr. Harding had secured despite the "fifteen for a bisque" they had given. She answered with the air of a miniature autocrat—

"I must consider first the extent of your general knowledge. You are pretty well up in the single-handed game, I think; but I ought to tell you that at the end of the first game the striker-out becomes server, and the server becomes striker-out, and so on alternately in the subsequent games of the set; and when the latter is concluded, the players change sides."

"I noticed once this evening you had two players against one."

"Yes; that was the three-handed game. In that case the single player serves in every alternate game. If there are four players, the partner of the player who served in the first game serves in the third; and the partner of the player who served in the second game serves in the fourth, and so on. The four-handed game differs very little from the single-handed. The player who serves, and the player to whom the service is delivered, keep the back of the courts at their respective ends; the other players should stand rather more forward, somewhere about the service line. The ball served must drop within or upon the service line, half court line, and service side-line of the court diagonally opposite to that from which it is served, and you must never receive or return a service delivered to your partner. Afterwards, while the ball is in play, if it is so placed that you think your partner cannot reach it, by all means attempt to return it; but generally speaking, if the ball is going easily to your partner, let it pass. Oh! and one thing more—the strikers-out in the four-handed game do not change courts to receive the service before the end of the set."

"And now about the odds?"

"You understand a bisque, and when it is best to claim it, and you heard half-fifteen for a bisque (the next lowest odds) explained. If Lottie had not been against us we should perhaps have allowed them a greater advantage by not taking the bisque, then the odds would be half-fifteen. A stroke may be given at the beginning of every game; that is called fifteen; you can make it fifteen for a bisque, or simply fifteen. Thirty would be two strokes given at the beginning of every game of a set. Forty would be three strokes. Whatever other odds are agreed upon, a bisque may always be given to increase or to diminish them. Mr. Harding once gave Lottie forty and a bisque, and positively won."

I thought with Una this was a very clever feat, considering the skill of his antagonist. But it is astonishing what a good player will do. I knew one later who would often give *half the court*, which meant that he undertook to return every ball into either the right or the left court according to the agreement before beginning to play. If in the return the ball did not drop into the chosen court, it counted against him the same as though he had sent it beyond the external boundary-line; but the service is not limited to the chosen court, being delivered from right and left courts alternately, as usual. The odds of half-court can be given with the other odds, half-court and a bisque, for instance, half-court and half-fifteen, and so on.

The player just mentioned was the only brother of my especial crony and bosom friend. Their home was at Twickenham, and among my happiest recollections are the games we had on the spacious lawn that sloped down to the river. Although no novice at that time, thanks to Una's previous instructions, I was assured that in the matter of tennis my education was far from finished, and my friend's brother considerately took me in hand with a view of completing it. Jack—Clara called him Jack, and I, such is the force of example, soon fell into a like habit—possessed under his plain face and somewhat grave demeanour the kindest heart imaginable—so everybody said. He made no pretensions to extra knowledge, yet seemed to be a sort of oracle to whom the household generally appealed in any difficulty, and with the comfortable conviction that "Jack will know," many a discussion was left for him to decide.

At my first game with him, I had no idea of the strength of my quiet antagonist; but was speedily perplexed at the persistency with which his balls dropped where I least expected them.

"It is very strange," I remarked, as, crimson with heat and vexation, I missed another stroke and lost the game.

"That is the worst of playing with Jack," laughed Clara. "He will place his balls in some judiciously chosen corner when there is nobody there."

"It is a great point to be able to *place* the ball," replied Jack. "It gives an immense advantage if you can return it to any part of the opposing court at will. In order to do so you have only to time the stroke."

A BACK-HANDED STROKE.
VOLLEYING.

A LEFT-HANDED PLAYER.
A DIFFICULT RETURN.

"So you have told me a hundred times, but while I am timing the stroke the ball drops, and I wish I had not tried it."

"There is no reason why it should be so, if you are well aware of the results that will follow certain actions. We will suppose you to be standing ready to strike, with your face directed to the side of the court. If you wish to return the ball in a straight line, take it when nearly opposite your right shoulder. If you wish to return it, so that it will bear to the right, take it when it has passed your shoulder. And if your aim be to send it to the left, take it before it reaches your shoulder. The body, you will observe, need not be moved at all in order to place the ball. Still, there is no question but that when it is opposite the right shoulder the striker has the fullest command over it. Therefore, unless you are pressed for time, it is as well to shift slightly to the left or the right, according to the direction you wish the ball to take, instead of trusting always to the strokes made before it reaches, or after it has passed, the shoulder."

"One always is pressed for time when the ball is in the air," said I, "and my sole object is usually to get it safely over the net again—anywhere."

"Your balls are often very well cut," said Jack.

This being a new word to me, I begged to be enlightened with regard to it, and found that the ball, when struck as I had been directed, by moving the racket downwards and forwards, and holding it with an open face, was said to be *cut*.

"Everyone whose play is worth mention makes constant use of cut," remarked Jack, striking an imaginary ball as he spoke. "Still, there are exceptions. If a ball is volleyed in front of the striker, for instance, or when a ball, being close to the net, must be tossed; or when the adversary is close to the net, and you would seize the chance to send the ball over his head, it is useless to put on cut."

"You will think me very stupid," said I, rather bewildered by these business-like terms, but I fail to see the difference between cutting and any other mode of striking."

Jack did not scorn the simplicity of the question; he answered very kindly, "When you cut the ball you bring the racket (held in the manner before described) somewhat down upon the ball. When you do not cut the ball, you toss or pat it over the net."

"And what is the advantage of cut?"

"You can return the ball more sharply, and hit at it harder without sending it out of court. Naturally, in consequence of the sharper stroke a cut ball drops more quickly to the ground than one not cut, and your adversary finds proportionate difficulty in keeping the ball in play."

"It is worth something to have a brother in the Lawn Tennis Club," said Clara. "Jack, since Bessie is so eager for information, pray tell her about twist."

"Let me loosen the boat first, and take you on the river." And presently, while we glided under the bridge at Richmond, and past the ferry renowned in song, he obligingly resumed his explanations.

"Twist occurs when the ball is not purely cut, but struck on one side or the other. It is very effective when used with judgment; but to do that one must be an experienced player."

"A member of the L.T.C.," said Clara, slyly.

"When a ball is twisted it moves in a lateral curve through the air, and after contact with the ground, takes a direction to the right or to the left of the player who struck it. Underhand twist sends it to the right; overhand twist sends it to the left.

"Whether a ball be cut or twisted by your adversary, you must not forget to make allowance for the cut or twist. Watch the motion of his racket and the course of the ball, that you may judge, before the ball drops, what direction it will take. A purely cut ball continues its progress rapidly after touching the ground. Stand well back from it. If a ball be delivered with underhand twist, keep to the left of it, or you will be unable to return it freely with the arm sufficiently extended. But when overhand twist has been used, stand almost in front of the spot where the ball drops."

Clara soon considered all these details very dry, so, to avoid wearying her, Jack and I insensibly got into the way of strolling round the garden when the rackets were laid aside to discuss the tactics of the game.

"You are rather fond of volleying," he said one day; "but you should remember that the ball then scarcely requires to be hit at all. A very slight touch, made by advancing the racket-face gently to the ball, will send it over the net. When volleyed nearly in a line with the striker the racket should be brought up, with the rough side out, in front of the player's face, and steadied by placing the thumb upright on the handle."

At another time we discussed the half-volley—a difficult and not-to-be-recommended stroke, made by bringing the racket smartly down to the ground, and taking the ball at the moment it is commencing its forward motion after dropping. And back-handed play, in which the position of the body proper for the forehand stroke has to be reversed; and the racket is held with the rough face upward in the same way and at the same angle as the smooth face is used in the forehand stroke.

In fact, the length and frequency of these conversations soon drew upon us some gentle raillery, which Jack parried by remarking that I had a singular talent for the game which it was a pity not to develop by a course of oral instruction. Subsequent events, while they have not diminished the pleasure, have modified the pride with which I heard this announcement. It was most likely due to the fact that the speaker was beginning to see all my doings through rose-coloured spectacles.

Jack and I have a tennis ground of our own now. But the "singular talent" notwithstanding, I still cannot claim to be more than a moderately good player. My husband says I am too precipitate—seldom giving myself time to watch the object of my opponent's stroke, and to calculate the effect of my own. "But ladies do not generally err on the side of deliberation. And perhaps," he adds, with a provoking smile, "that is one reason why it would be hard to find for them a better exercise than lawn tennis."

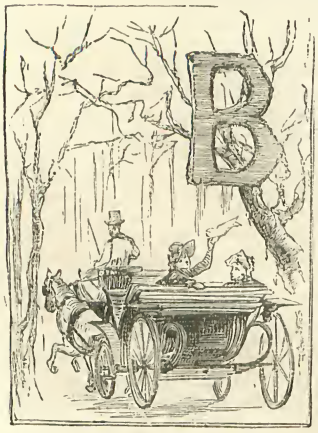
LAURA LEIGH.

A TALE OF HIGHBRIDGE PAPER MILLS.

By M. M. POLLARD, Author of "Zara; or, My Granddaughter's Money," "Only Me," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER II.

LAURA'S IMPRESSIONS.



BUT we are not going to follow Mr. Ashton as he escorted the two cousins over the extent of his bewildering mills, nor are we going to track his footsteps from floor to floor of the huge building, that seemed to Laura Leigh to be without limit or ending.

"Of course you will only care to see the finishing process of paper-making, when the work becomes pretty and interesting?" said Mr. Ashton, looking at Miss Leigh with an expression of inquiry in his face.

"Oh, why? That will be like looking at an imperfect picture, reading a book without the beginning chapters; please let me see the whole process."

"But some parts of it are far from picturesque. For instance, our English paper does not date its origin from the waving reeds of the papyrus, growing beside some sleepy Egyptian river."

Laura laughed brightly.

"Oh, I have heard all about the rags; let me see them."

"If you really wish to do so, I will show you the way."

And so they stood presently at the door of a large loft, lighted from windows in the roof, where the sunlight streamed through, and fell on unlovely masses of rubbish, styled the "rags of all nations."

All that could be had been done in the way of ventilation, but the perpetual stirring and shifting and sorting made the air heavy with unsavoury odours, stifling with closeness, and thick with dancing motes of dust.

Laura did not so much notice this discomfort, as she did the scores of young girls, most of them not older than herself, who were the busy workers in the loft.

At her first appearance in the doorway, like a brilliant apparition in the chamber of gloom, all the young girls had risen to their feet as by one simultaneous impulse, and had stood for a few moments in silent surprise and admiration, staring at their splendid visitor.

"What a gush of respect! Who is it intended for?" whispered the curate's wife to Vincent Ashton. "I am sure not for *me;* they see me far too often to be surprised into such demonstrations," she said.

"It is in honour of Miss Leigh," re-

turned Mr. Ashton in the same tone of voice, and he glanced admiringly at the young lady. But Laura was too much occupied to notice his glance. She was standing quite still, a short distance off, looking up and down the room, profoundly interested in what, to her, was a new revelation of life. In all her flights of imagination she had never depicted an experience more apparently joyless than was the daily work of these young girls.

For ever bending over old rags, faded, soiled, colourless, and vile! Handling them, sorting them—no ambition but to toss the right variety into the right heap. Surely the taint must for ever cling to their fingers, the shadow must enter their hearts!

For them the glory of the day was obscured—the beauty of the world shut out on this bright June afternoon.

Laura, who was keenly alive to the value of good looks in her own sex, noticed that some of these young women were pretty, despite their grim surroundings, with clear, bright eyes, good features, lithe figures, pearly teeth, and hair that, though tossed and tangled, was quite as sunny as her own.

Oh, what a wide stretch lay between her life and the life of these young girls! They had hardly anything in common, and yet what had made them to differ? Was she more worthy than they were?

Musing thus, a great pity and sympathy came into Laura's soul; the sisterhood of her nature was touched to the quick; she longed to be kind to them, to do them good, and to help them in some way.

One girl in particular arrested her attention more than any of the others, for she was singularly pretty, with a fragile, delicate beauty. She looked up at Laura with soft, blue eyes; her red-gold hair just caught the faint rays of a sunbeam from the skylight over her head, and, with an irresistible impulse, Laura took a small bunch of damask rosebuds from the front of her dress, and laid them on the girl's lap. Miss Leigh noticed her sudden look of gratified surprise, her flush of pleasure; and noticed also the quick, hacking cough that caught the girl's breath as she tried to say her thanks. Presently Laura turned away from the busy groups, and as she did so, large pearly tears rose into her eyes, and hung on her drooping eyelashes.

She was astonished at her own emotion, and dashed away the tears as rapidly as they sprang forth, then silently walked out of the loft.

Mr. Ashton had been quietly watching her all the time. He had seen her emotion and tears with wonder, and blamed himself for having introduced her to a scene that no doubt was very unpleasant. He came towards her and said—

"I did not wish you to visit the rag-loft, Miss Leigh. It is the least interesting part of the mills."

"I call it *most* interesting; it has shown me a phase of life quite new and unlooked-for. How I pity those poor girls!"

"Why, Miss Leigh? They are contented—that is, most of them are—they are used to the portion of labour that falls to them, and they earn honest wages."

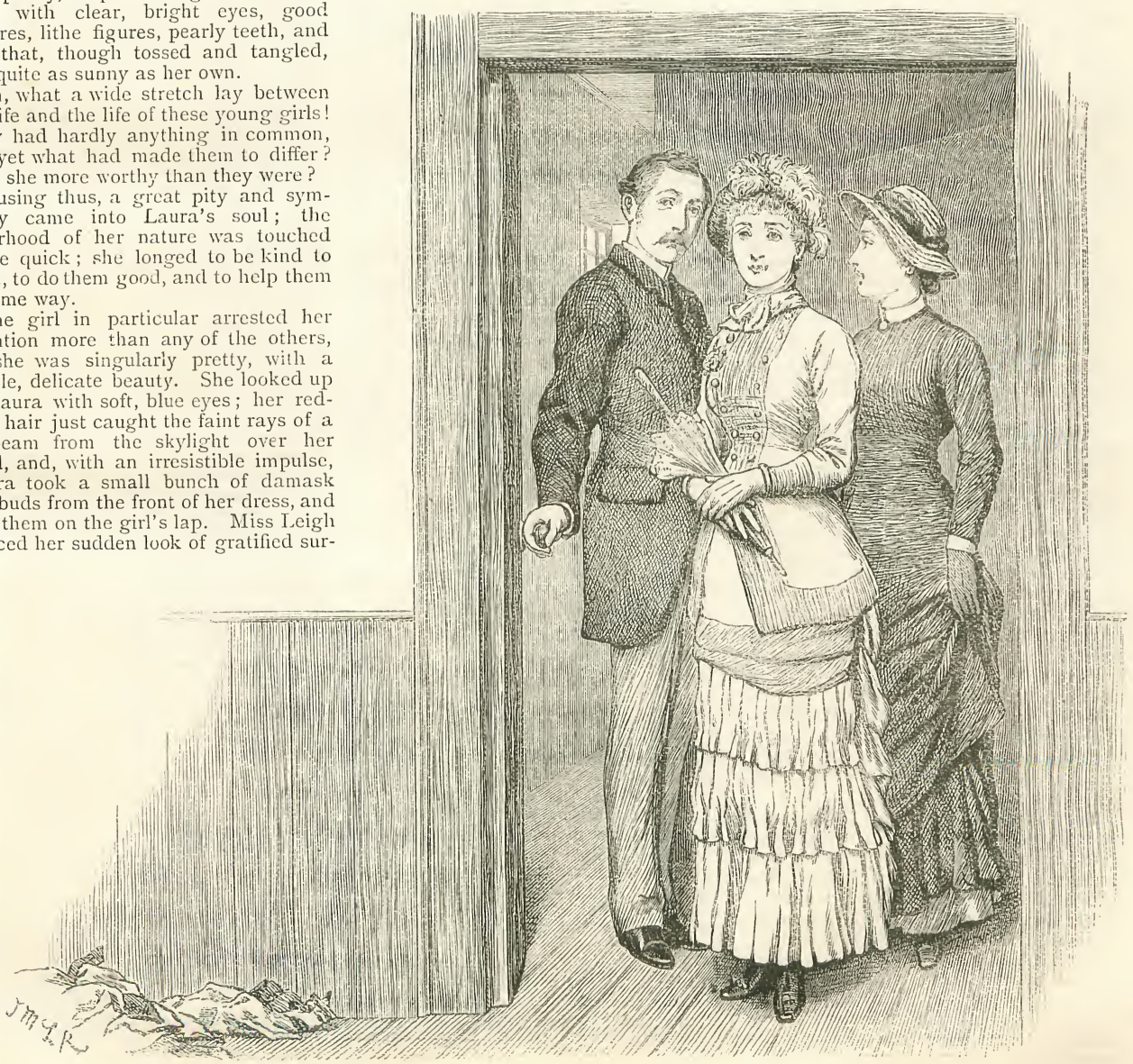
"But it is such dreary work!"

"They can graduate to higher tasks after a while, if they are steady and diligent."

"I am glad of that—glad there is hope for them, and that picking over old rags is not their life-work," replied Laura.

"I suppose their life-work will be what they make it. If any of them are worthy of success they will rise to it. If not, they must remain where they are, thankful it is no worse for them. Who can tell what one's life-work in the future may be?" he asked.

"Yes, who can tell? Do you know, Mr. Ashton, I felt it quite a bitter sting-



"'IT IS IN HONOUR OF MISS LEIGH,' RETURNED MR. ASHTON."

ing reproach to me when I contrasted those girls' lot with mine. It seemed like a lesson to teach me how to value my blessings more, and never again to be impatient at trifles, or dissatisfied when I cannot exactly get my own way."

"I am sure *you* can never be accused of any of those shortcomings," said Mr. Ashton, emphatically.

"You little know! You have not discovered my faults yet, or you would never say that; and you call the things I mention only 'shortcomings.' Would you not apply a harder term if any of your work-girls were discontented or impatient? But here comes my cousin, Marion. She will tell you what a petted, impatient creature I am—hard to please, and selfish to a degree."

Mrs. Hayward had lingered behind in the loft. She had discovered one of her "patients" there, a girl who had sprained her arm a short time before, and she was stopping to speak to her, and inquire how she was getting on.

She heard the last part of Laura's speech, and replied, laughingly—

"I am not going to be enticed into giving any opinion of you at all. People must judge for themselves. Or, perhaps, you are only 'fishing' for compliments."

"I should not expect 'compliments' down in this remote part of the world; surely, these are beyond the regions of flattery?" said Laura.

"I think not," retorted Marion, gaily.

Mr. Ashton did not reply, or take up the gauntlet that was evidently thrown at him by the fair London lady. Perhaps he did not hear her words, so intently was he watching her.

He thought what a fair picture she made as she stepped out on the smooth grass from under the shadow of the mill walls.

The sun shone on the jewelled handle of her parasol, played in the tresses of her golden hair, and brought out yet more clearly the tints of her clear pink-and-white complexion.

"Petted, selfish, impatient, dissatisfied!" evident misnomers when applied to one so lovely and so gracious in her manner. It was well her own lips had used them, he decided, or he should have contradicted such assertions at once.

"Have you any wish to see more of the mills?" he asked presently.

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Hayward. "You are not tired, are you, Laura?"

"No, I should like to see the rest; you have only shown me the 'rag loft' yet, you know."

They went on from place to place, and their guide pointed out this, explained that, in a courteous but rather shy manner. Laura seemed to have fallen into a dreamy mood. She watched, rather languidly, the creamy-white pulp flowing in at one end of the machine; and then, as though gradually transformed by the touch of a magician's wand, appearing at the other end in the form of an endless sheet of paper, only wanting the cutting, the pressing between copper plates to be ready for use.

By-and-by, they wandered through a long gallery, into which the summer breeze came through the open windows, and there they saw many more women, in clean white caps and aprons, who were finishing off the paper that looked like sheets of snow glistening in the sunlight.

At a word from Mr. Ashton, one of these bright-faced workers brought Laura a small specimen packet, and presented it with a smile.

"This is the aristocratic part of the business, the branch I should like best," said Mrs. Hayward, as they emerged from the gallery.

When the party had passed out of the large iron gates that shut in the mills, Marion held out her hand to Vincent.

"I must say good-bye now, for we have a long walk back to the village."

"Surely you will come in and speak to my mother? She will be dreadfully disappointed to find you have been to the mills and never called to see her," said Mr. Ashton, eagerly.

"Our visit must only be a short one then. Mr. Hayward is coming to meet us, I hope. Do you think your mother well enough to receive visitors this afternoon?"

"She is no worse than usual to-day. Hers is a life-long sorrow, Mrs. Hayward. She seems as though she never *could* get over the shock of my poor father's death. All her energy is gone, and she hardly takes an interest in anything."

"Ah, it is very sad when elderly people are thus separated, and yet even the most attached couples cannot expect to go all the way down the hill of life together. The parting *must* come, sooner or later, in this uncertain life," said the curate's wife, with a sigh.

"Come, Laura, this is the way to Mr. Ashton's house," she added, as they stood before a massive iron gate that opened into extensive grounds some distance from the mills.

(*To be continued.*)

HIGHER THOUGHTS ON GIRLS' OCCUPATIONS.

By Alice King.

Teaching the Young.

There are some plants which we see blooming in the midst of surroundings which seem most utterly and entirely unsuited to them—such as an orange tree blossoming under glass, with a thick grey wall of English mist hedging in on every side the hothouse which is its dwelling; or the slender blue campanula peeping down into the waters of some rushing, foaming, thundering torrent; or the Alpine rose which smiles amid the barren, snowy mountains. On the other hand, there are some plants which appear to be exactly the fitting and natural growth of the spot in which they flourish—such as the rose-tipped daisy springing up in the meadow which the April shower has just dressed in freshest green; the delicate fern nestling in the bank of the deep, warm, Devonshire lane; the red holly berries laughing in the keen, frosty east wind.

And what can be a more sweet and natural thing to spring from and grow out of a bright, earnest, well-regulated girl's mind than a desire and an aptitude for guiding and teaching children? It was such a little while ago that our girls were children themselves. There is so much of the freshness, and grace, and simplicity of childhood still clinging to their natures; there is such attraction for very young eyes in their fair, radiant faces: such sympathetic music for very young ears in their clear voices and chiming laughter, that the education of our little ones seems to be one of the most suitable occupations to which early womanhood can turn her active thoughts and hands. She will do it with ease, she will do it with success, she will do it with delight; for it is most certainly a portion of the world's work which her Master in Heaven intended her to do. When she is thus employed she is not like the flower hanging over the torrent, as she is when she strives to assume masculine habits and ways. Nor is she like the orange tree shut up in the stifling hothouse, as she is when she lives for nothing but accomplishments, and adornments, and luxury in a drawing-room. But she is like the daisies and the ferns filling exactly their right places in the field and the sheltered hedgerow.

A girl who has a real taste and talent for teaching, but still is prevented by home circumstances from making it the entire business of her life, may use her gift most beautifully and profitably without leaving parents' or guardian's side. Perhaps there are little feet pattering up and down a nursery floor upstairs, the feet of younger brothers and sisters; little feet to be led in through the door of knowledge, to be guided into the path that goes upward towards the golden city. A star to which her sisters look up, a guardian angel of her brother's life, may the eldest daughter of a family thus become! But if she would be all this in her home, she must set about her task of teaching deliberately, seriously, and earnestly, and, above all, she must do it in a prayerful, Christian spirit.

Though a girl may have no younger brother and sisters, still, if she has a gift and a will for teaching the young, she need never be at a loss for opportunities of using them, and using them with rich and precious results, whether she dwells in town or country. An open door, through which she may pass to employ the talent given her, is certain to be not very far off from the door of her home, and this is the door of one of the many schools found throughout the length and breadth of the land, where the children of the poor are taught. What gracious wonders may she not work here with her higher cultivation, her steadfast Christian principles, her lady's ways and manners! How little faces brighten and sparkle as she passes down between the well-ordered ranks; what a high honour it is counted to be allowed to form a member of her class; what flashes of keen intelligence her delicate yet skilful touch brings out of the young minds; how intellects which hitherto have lain half sunk in a sleep of idleness or inertness waken up at her call and peep out in smiles and glances full of meaning! And the Sunday-school is a still better and nobler field of industry for the Christian girl than the week-day school, for there she may entirely give herself to the work of the sacred vineyard, even the vineyard of the Heavenly King. There she may put her talent for teaching to the best account to which any human talent can be put, by making Bible scenes and Bible characters vivid realities to childish fancies; there she may show the young soldier of the Lord how first to buckle on his armour; there she may put tiny fingers into the loving mighty hand of Him who took the little children in His arms and bade them come unto Him. Thus, if a young woman has a real gift for teaching the young she never need say

that she is prevented from using it, for on every side she may find work for it lying close to her hand.

The girl who means to make the teaching of the young her real calling and her means of gaining a livelihood has, no doubt, chosen well her walk in life, but she must recollect that it is far from a thing to be taken lightly in hand. Less than any other vocation, perhaps, in the whole list of honourable, and beautiful, and useful female occupations, can the teaching of the young be undertaken in a careless, dilettante, amateur-like spirit. If a girl means to be a governess or a schoolmistress, she must mean it most entirely and thoroughly with her whole heart and mind, and with her whole heart and mind set about preparing and training herself for it. Many and great advantages in the way of lectures, &c., are now offered to young women who wish to learn how to teach, and on all of these they must seize with eager hands; they must store their brains with every sort of knowledge, for little students are apt to be curious, and to want to go deep down into everything; and if the teacher cannot give full and lucid explanations, respect for her and trust in her will gradually begin to grow weak and to fail. A girl, then, who is educating herself for instructing children must be very thorough in all branches of learning. There must be no outside varnish with ignorance below, no mere superficiality, no gilding, with copper underneath. But she must go with energy, and will, and force into each study, and really master it before she attempts to teach it to others.

A second way in which a young lady must fit herself for the task of teaching the young before she begins it, is by gaining a complete control over her own temper and passions. A hasty, violent teacher, to whose lips words of reproach rise in a fiery, rapid crowd, whose eyes flash in an instant with anger at every smallest fault, will never enjoy much success with her pupils. Nothing is more essential in guiding and instructing children than calmness and patience. The teacher who has not these two inestimable qualities will frighten her timid pupils into a normal state of dulness and dumbness, and rouse in the bolder and more resolute children a spirit of opposition which will be far from conducive to the peace of the schoolroom, and will very likely end in preventing any good work ever being done in it.

When a young woman has fully and earnestly schooled and prepared herself for the work of teaching, she must not think that her own learning time is over; on the contrary, she must go on educating her own intellect in every possible way she can, that she may keep pace with the requirements of her pupils. Besides this, she will find, even under the most favourable circumstances, that she has a deal to learn in the mere matters of managing the children and imparting knowledge to them; she will soon see that to know a subject herself and to make it known to a child are two widely different things. Whenever she is going to begin to teach anything new, she must first be sure that she has a very clear and distinct idea in her head of what she wants her pupils to learn. Then she must strive to put it before them in a plain yet attractive form. If the child is slow in getting hold of a new study, she must instil it into its mind in small portions, regularly and gently, just as in recovery from dangerous sickness, when the body is weak, we give little quantities of food at a time; there is never any use in trying to force a boy or girl to go beyond their mental powers.

A teacher will also be certain to find some difficulty at first in want of knowledge of the varied characters and capabilities of her pupils. She must recollect that what is strengthening meat and drink to some young minds is poison for others. She must therefore study each pupil as earnestly and thoroughly as she studies a new, difficult book; not a single page of the young mind, and heart, and soul should, if she can possibly help it, be left unread; and to do this well and completely she must cultivate in herself sympathy for the feelings and habits of children, and sweet, gracious, winning manners with which to make her path easy into their confidence. It is impossible to calculate what suffering has been secretly endured in the minds of children, how many good and noble qualities have never blossomed into more than pale buds in young natures, through a want of sympathy between them and those who have educated them.

A teacher who has a real gift and love for her work will often make the daily walk with her pupils, or the talk by the fireside in the winter twilight, as full of instruction as any of the appointed lesson-hours. There are few fairer sights than a bright-faced, earnest-eyed young woman, who has made teaching the work and duty of her life, passing down a woodland path, where the summer sunshine twinkles in and out among the leaves, with a merry, eager, busy-minded, busier-handed, little band around her. How active the tiny fingers are among flowers, and mosses, and ferns. How the small, red mouths prattle about the birds which are singing and fluttering overhead, how full of keen delight the glances are which follow the many-tinted, many-shaped insects that go darting, and whirling, and sailing by; and into what a wondrous new volume, full of greater marvel and interest than the most fantastic fairy tale that ever was written, does the teacher turn the greenwood, as, making birds, and insects, and flowers the heads of her chapters, she unclasps our Heavenly Father's mighty, beauteous book of Nature, and shows her pupils how to read in it, making them find a strange, rich store of knowledge even in their hour of play. The teacher who can thus lead her pupils, almost without their knowing it, into a fresh kingdom of learning is fortunate and highly gifted for her calling indeed. This faculty of teaching by word of mouth instead of from books will also be found a powerful instrument to arouse the interest of the younger children in their lessons; a small pair of ears will often take in readily instruction given in this way when idle little eyes will turn from a printed page.

It is very necessary for a teacher to find out quickly what each pupil does best and has most talent for. Nothing is more vain and foolish than to spend hour upon hour in trying to make a girl, who has not an artistic spark in her, learn the first rudiments of drawing; or the boy, who has no head for classical studies, weary his poor little brain over a Latin grammar. Therefore let the teacher be sure that she sets each pupil to work on the right branch of knowledge, and does not force the young plant in a wrong direction.

To have a little boy to teach is often the height and summit of the ambition of a bright young girl governess as she enters upon her calling; and it is a worthy ambition. For, if she does her work aright, she will leave on that boy's character an impression which will reveal itself in reverence and tenderness for womanhood as long as his life on earth shall last. But, in her pride at having a male intellect entrusted to her, she must be sure that she does not spoil the little lad by letting him see in how high esteem she holds him. The boy pupil, yet more than a girl, will need to be trained in that obedience to discipline without which all education of children must be a failure. When we speak of discipline, however, we mean no excessive strictness, no harsh severity of punishment; such things, thank God, have passed away with the dark days that are gone; but simply subjection to a certain number of reasonable rules, which will become the law of the child's life. The teacher must always keep in mind that all discipline is intended, when used among children, to guide them in the use of their own wills, and not to take from their hands all free will and power of choice.

This latter expression, "free will," brings us to another important thought about teaching the young, and this is, that the teacher should value all individuality of character in her pupils, and strive to give it room to develop. The teacher who sets about her work with the fixed notion that, like a machine, she can cut out a certain pattern of children, which will result in a row of boys and girls as exactly resembling one another as pins in the same paper, may produce an effect when a visitor come into the schoolroom, but will find that she has made a sad mistake if she watches her scholars in after life.

There are three different careers open to the woman who wishes to make teaching the young her life's calling. These are, the situation of governess in a private family, that of teacher in a higher class school, that of a certificated mistress under Government. The remarks made above apply to all of these, though each one, of course, must modify them to suit her own special position and circumstances. The governess will have most opportunity to study closely her pupils; the certificated mistress will need most the regular, even discipline of which we have spoken.

Finally, let the woman who would become a teacher of the young look upon her calling as a very high and holy one; for she is about to lay her hand upon young souls, to mould them for time and for eternity. What she makes the boys and girls in the schoolroom they will be as men and women; if she leads them to God now, there is good hope that they will be His for ever. Into every lesson she must strive to instil a high Christian teaching, always and in everything with prayer, with love, with watchfulness she must be guiding her young charges to the Master; then will she be fulfilling the most noble and glorious purpose of all education—that of preparing citizens for the everlasting city.

VARIETIES.

ADVICE TO LADY VOCALISTS.—In going out of hot rooms into the open air much pains should be exercised to keep the chest and throat covered up with an overcoat or cloak, however warm the weather may be. In very severe winter weather the singer will derive much comfort by wearing a flannel chest-protector. Sitting about in gardens and on lawns in the evenings, or even in the warmest days, is not a safe indulgence for the student who is in earnest in the pursuit of her art.

TO PRESERVE THE THROAT IN SINGING.—One caution is necessary as to "wrapping up." Do not overdo it. The constant use of a "comforter" renders the throat delicate and susceptible. All that one has to fear is damp, not cold, in the atmosphere. A comforter closely wound round the throat promotes perspiration, and the risk of chill in removing it is greater than not wearing it at all. Common sense is the best guide for everyone. It is impossible to make a rule for all.

ANSWER TO CHARADE (page 15).—Carmine: the most beautiful shades of this colour are eliminated from coal-tar.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

SAPPHO.—All governesses are not expected to assist in the nursery, inasmuch as all are not hired as "nursery governesses." The highest and certificated class holds a different position. Governesses of this latter description are wholly occupied in the tuition of girls who are no longer in the nursery; while of the former, only reading, writing, spelling, geography, grammar, arithmetic, and the rudimentary teaching of music, French, and drawing is expected; in addition to more or less personal attendance on their young scholars—not on those whom they do not teach. Housemaid's or parlour-maid's work does not in any case devolve on a "nursery governess." The salary of the latter may vary from £20 to £30 per annum, according to proficiency, age, and experience. Be careful to make written arrangements, not only as to salary and work required, but in reference to the taking of compulsory holidays.

LOVER OF MUSIC.—You had better obtain a master (or mistress) rather than trust to self-tuition, as you have much manual difficulty to contend with. Why not select an instrument in playing which you will not have to stretch an octave with the right hand? The violin only demands the fingers of the left hand.

JEANIE.—We advise you to read the History of England, Dr. Angus on the "English Tongue," and the "Bible Encyclopædia," all of which you can procure at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. Be careful never to speak crossly or to look disagreeable when declining to join in objectionable conversation.

TRUE BLUE.—The facility required in speaking a foreign language is very quickly lost, and reading silently would not suffice to keep it up; reading aloud would tend to do so. Sometimes a foreigner may be found who would gladly pay an hour's visit of an evening for the purpose of conversing in the language with you, for a small sum, once or twice a week. Select some hand that you admire, and correct your own by it.

ART.

PUSS IN BOOTS, CAPTAIN CROSSCUTT, RUBY RING, and FAITH.—The best washing material on which etchings may be made is white jean, and the medium to be employed in the pen is Indian ink. No. 1, your hand is not sufficiently flowing; No. 2, a trifle better; No. 3, less good; No. 4, poor and unformed. All are thanked for their good wishes.

SUSSE HEIMATH.—You appear to have some natural taste for drawing, but from the specimens enclosed we consider that you need teaching and practice in "freehand drawing." The perspective of the face in the hat is incorrect, which distorts it, and the other face is hard and without expression. We think, however, that you give promise of doing well by-and-by. Your kind words in approval of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER are gratifying.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. B.—We should advise you to consult a lawyer, who would at once inform you if such an action could be taken against anyone after so long a time has elapsed. We do not know enough of the facts to judge.

M. M. V.—The urn should be rubbed with a leather while the metal is hot, to take out any spots; if this does not succeed, you must procure some proper powder for cleaning it, from the shop where such articles are bought.

A. T. G.—We suppose there are some painful associations connected with the celebration of her birthday on the proper day. If so, Her Majesty has a perfect right to *fix another day* (as she does) for the purpose.

POLLY.—We fancy from your letter that the colour has worn off the leather of your chairs, and we think your only method of doing them good is to try and re-dye them with Judson's dye, which you might apply with a brush. Carefully test the effect on a small portion first. We fear we cannot accept your suggestions for the conduct of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

APPLE BLOSSOM—The words *ad cælum* are Latin, and mean "to heaven."

LAURA.—You do not tell us of what material your dress is made, so we scarcely know how to advise you. Bicycle grease, we suppose, is like that on other wheels, and to remove this the use of spirits of turpentine is usually effectual. We are glad our paper has won your good opinion.

BETSY TROTWOOD.—We cannot advise you better than we always have hitherto all those who have complained to us of round shoulders or a stoop. Get a backboard and faceboard, and wear this when reading, daily, standing your book at a suitable elevation. We have had ample experience of the good results obtained from their use. It is a pity that you did not employ them earlier. Your writing is legible, though not pretty and graceful.

LADY FERN.—See page 335, vol. i., for directions "How to Make an Æolian Harp." We also advise you to send for a catalogue for Sunday-school use from the Religious Tract Society's office, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., addressing Mr. Tarn. You can then make a selection such as you desire for a child of that age. The prices are given. We do not think that translations are likely to be taken by the society. We feel obliged by your kind appreciation of our work.

DESOLATE JO.—1. We think you are troubled with morbid fancies. Why should you imagine that every one hates you? If so, have you sought out the cause, and endeavoured to remove it? 2. You have, at least, mistaken some observation of ours, for we are not contemplating the closing of this series of papers.

MURIEL HASTINGS.—Your warm appreciation of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is gratifying, and we thank you sincerely with our best good wishes.

M. C. D.—We are obliged to you for the lines enclosed, and regret that they should not be suitable for this paper, although the sentiments are very good.

ETHELEEN S.—Seventeen is too early an age for marriage in this country. Physically, your bones are not hard till past twenty or twenty-one. Mentally, you are too inexperienced; and in such matters, more especially, you cannot be sure that you know your own mind. Be consistent in telling your guardian and this gentleman to whom you have been forced to engage yourself that you have no wish to carry out the arrangement; and be firm in declining absolutely to the taking place of the marriage while a minor. Say that "when you are of age you will give a definite answer." There can be no force employed as regards matrimony in a free country; were it attempted, you could apply for protection to a magistrate, or at the worst, say, "I will not" at the altar. Never take a false oath. Besides, a man who would marry a girl against her will must be utterly unworthy of her respect or love. He must be a most unmanly creature.

EARNEST COMMUNICANT.—Act according to the custom of the church which you habitually attend. We could not prescribe for you the frequency with which you should avail yourself of the opportunities afforded you; it is a subject on which there is a great diversity of opinion amongst equally God-fearing and exemplary people.

HOUSEMAID.—We feel obliged to you for your letter, which is very creditable to you; as, likewise, the fact that you have lived so long in one situation. You have our congratulations and good wishes for your future.

THE UNREADY.—We think your choice of a name unfair to yourself. You have certainly been very ready to assist both "Juliet" and ourselves with a new idea in regard to rendering pork digestible to all alike. For the benefit of all our readers, we give the old and little-known recipe you have sent us. "Let it boil for ten minutes before roasting it; by so doing the phosphates, which exist so largely in pork, are reduced, if not wholly removed." Your hand is rather angular, but is legible, and not like the "park palings" so much in vogue. We are sorry for your failure in the competition.

AMY PORTER.—Is it possible that you have overlooked the glorious promises of everlasting life, or of eternal banishment from the world of blessedness, throughout the Old and New Testaments? For what reason was that mysterious sacrifice on the cross made, if not for our redemption? Take a concordance and read all the passages containing the words "eternal" and "everlasting," "for ever," "resurrection," and "rise again." Does not our Saviour say, "Because I live, ye shall live also," "they shall never perish," "I will that they may be with me where I am," and "they shall reign for ever and ever?" Even the heathen nations of the world believed in the immortality of the soul, and retribution in a future state.

BOHEMIAN GIRL.—We are pleased to hear from a New Zealand reader, and especially to receive so gratifying a letter. You may ask two questions in each communication, but the number you may write to us within any given time rests with yourself. The verses you enclose are very pretty. You ought to obtain advice from a doctor for rheumatism, as it is a serious complaint which may increase. Wear flannel, employ friction; rubbing with turpentine and oil, or with opodeldoc, are to be recommended, and the state of the blood should also be attended to.

ROSEBUD.—Your kind letter is acknowledged gratefully. We regret that we cannot praise the hand in which it is written, which is unformed. Copy a small, regular, and rounder hand; amongst those of your friends you may find such.

DOT.—No, it is not incumbent on you to bow to any lady because a companion in your walk does so. Were you a gentleman in the case would be otherwise, as he should raise his hat and bow slightly and formally. Your writing is too large and upright, and lacks artistic grace.

MARGARET MC.—In a Turkish bath you lie in a room where the temperature is raised to a great heat, and the attendant shampoos you. If able to bear it, you are removed to a room still hotter, and thence into a third not heated, where you are washed and rubbed, and have a tepid or cold douche applied all over. You proceed then to a fourth apartment, where you lie on a sofa to cool gradually, and are covered with a sheet, and coffee is supplied to you if you please, as you may feel a little in need of refreshment. We should imagine that Turkish baths might be of service to you, but advise you to consult a doctor, and to show him the appearances on your leg. We thank you for your sympathy in reference to some of our correspondents.

BEDLAMITE.—You should not adopt such a name. It is not a mere breach of etiquette for a girl to ride or take country walks alone, it is absolutely unseemly and dangerous, even for a lady of middle age. There is always a chance of meeting tramps, and gipsies, or even drunken and ill-conditioned men of their own neighbourhood. Married or single no risk should be voluntarily run of insult or robbery. A lady of our acquaintance, the daughter of a colonel in the army, rode out alone one day some years ago in the neighbourhood of her father's country place. Her horse was first found riderless, and then her dead body was brought home to her family.

HENRIETTA.—Write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., enclosing the money for postage, and missing numbers. Thank your sister for the verses, of which, we regret to say, we cannot make use.

BLUE OCEAN.—You have our best thanks for your kind letter and pretty card, and we are gratified by your assurance that THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is so much appreciated.

B. G. H.—If you are to be guided by the private opinion of every pious and sincere Christian on all points, you would represent a mere weather-cock; the diversity of opinion which exists amongst persons equally devout, God-fearing, and consistent is so great. For ourselves, we regard those which you name as fanatical, but we should respect such persons' scruples, and desire to sit in judgment upon no man. See what is said in the epistle to the Galatians of the charity with which Christians should regard all minor differences of views.

ELEANOR TURELHELD.—Your letter deserves our best thanks, and does you credit, your writing and composition very good for your age. It is a great pleasure to us to hear that our efforts to interest as well as to instruct our young readers have proved so successful to you, and to so many besides. You have our best wishes.

ZIELA RAA.—We sympathise with you both in reference to the sorrow you have suffered, and your desire to devote your life to soothing those of others. Accept our warm thanks for your kind and gratifying letter, and our best wishes for your future success. As you are collecting all information on the subject of nursing, we refer you to a small work from which an extract was made in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, viz., Sick Nursing at Home. (L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, W.C.) Your writing would be improved by altering the angular form of the tails of your "y," and "g," and by sloping the letters in the orthodox way.

M. C. WAREHAM.—It would be necessary for you to obtain leave of the painter, or owner of the copyright of the picture, to reproduce it for the purposes of sale, whether executed in oils or water-colours.

IGNORANT EVA.—The sacrifice of Christ was foreordained and typified in that of animals, whose deaths were accepted in anticipation of His—being offered in view of it by the faithful, prior to His advent. See Book of Revelation xiii. 8. The sacrifices of Abel and other God-fearing men were offered in token of their acknowledgment of sin, and of deserving God's wrath, and in the faith of that perfect atonement by Christ, through which they hoped prospectively to obtain salvation.

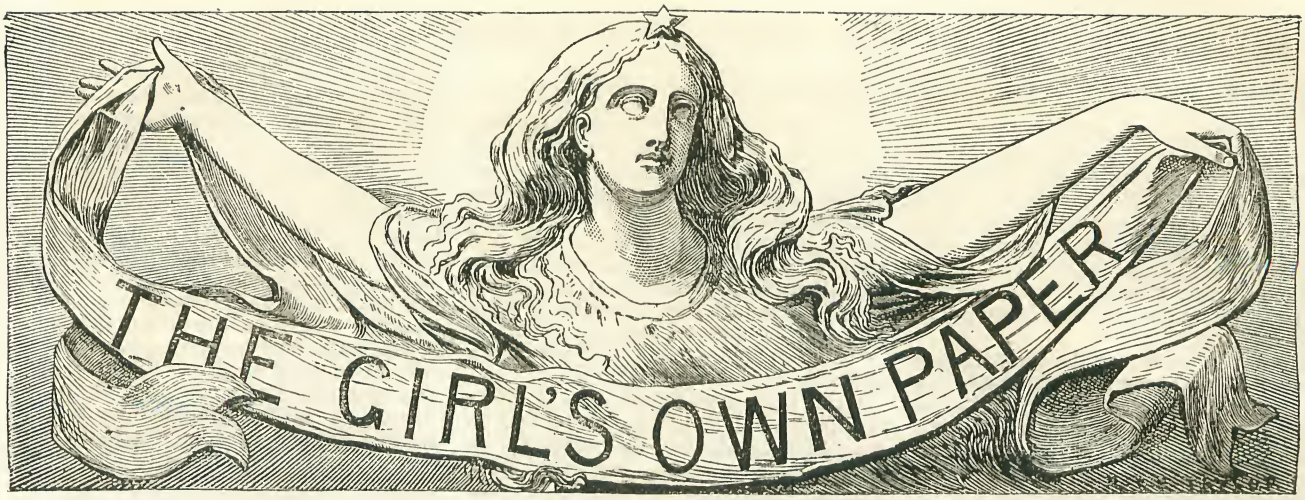
CORA GREEOAK is referred to our reply to "Nara," which is equally deserved by her most unladylike and ill-spelt letter. The redness and heat in her nose on returning home to the warm house from the frosty outer air is owing to the sudden heating of the external skin when the circulation has been checked underneath it. She should first go into a room without fire or stove and rub her nose well. We never heard of keeping the face cool by rubbing it with oatmeal, or washing with vinegar!

NAMRO.—It is true that you may say, "Is much cheese made in such a county?" or, "Is it a great cheese-making county?" But as cheese is produced and prepared for sale in distinct and separate forms, each complete in itself, and not merely in pieces cut from a single huge block, you were equally correct in saying. "Does So-and-So sell many of his cheeses?" We thank you for so politely offering to wait for an answer, in consideration of the great difficulty we experience in replying to such an enormous circle of correspondents.

NARA has written us a very ill-bred and impertinent letter. But she only injures herself by making such a lamentable exposure of her ill-temper. The higher your social position the more is expected of you in courteousness of manner and conduct, and there is no position so humble but that it can be degraded to a far lower level by rudeness of speech and uncouth behaviour. It exhibits a want of self-respect likewise. Little girls should endeavour to learn this lesson early. See 1st St. Peter iii. 8.

E. JAMES.—It is not given to all of us to choose our own position in life, nor the vocation by which our bread is earned, but we can always serve God in it whatever it be, and as a general rule it is better to endeavour to raise our vocation and serve God there, than to leave the duties that have fallen to our lot. "Ye do serve the Lord Christ." We could not say what your chance would be of procuring a clerkship in your native town, but if not that, perhaps you might find the duties of a nurse more congenial. Meanwhile "Be content."

FINETTE.—Many thanks for your letter and its kind and courteous contents.



VOL. IV.—No. 147.] OCTOBER 21, 1882. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

BOUND TO EARTH.

By the Author of "Phil's Fortune," &c.

CHAPTER III.

THE girls were so late for dinner that Grace had only time for the barest introduction to Mr. Leslie and one other guest staying in the house—the artist of whom Fanny had spoken.

Mr. Leslie was an oldish man, grey-haired and stern-looking. He spoke in a sharp, jerky way that conveyed to Grace the notion that he was of an irascible disposition. He had, too, rather a grand air, which a little over-awed her, especially when he placed her hand on his arm

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"'HE IS NOT AT ALL A LADIES' MAN, IS HE?'"

and led her off in state to the dining-room.

It was a little overwhelming for one so unaccustomed to strangers to find herself placed on the right hand of her host, and only Edward Leslie as an alternative resource on the other side. Still, the position was not devoid of advantages, for it enabled her to take an occasional glance at Mr. Conway Mackenzie, an artist, whose name she had heard mentioned before.

He was by no means the typical artist her schoolgirl fancy had depicted. So far from being interesting, he was barely tolerable-looking. Instead of flowing locks, there was the closely-cropped head of present day fashion, and a face which, without looking old, had lost all its youthfulness, and was marred and seamed as if by some hard struggle.

Grace need not have been apprehensive at the close proximity of her stern-looking host. He took very little notice of her, addressing his remarks principally to Mr. Mackenzie, with whom it appeared he had spent the afternoon in a sketching expedition.

When dinner was ended, and the girls had brought various pieces of dainty work to the drawing-room, the conversation turned upon the artist.

"He is not at all a ladies' man, is he?" Helen asked, a little impatiently. "I suppose, like all clever people, he despises such ordinary individuals as ourselves."

"He is very different from what I imagined he would be," Grace remarked. "He looks so careworn, and so very——" Grace blushed and hesitated.

"So very what?" cried Helen.

"I am afraid it is rude, but I do not mean it so. I was going to say commonplace."

Helen laughed with malicious delight.

"The very thing," she cried, only I never dared say so for fear of offending Fanny, who has a most extraordinary way of running Mr. Mackenzie down herself, and yet is always most indignant if anyone else does so."

"I don't pretend to go into raptures over every view that he says is perfect, just because he admires it," Fanny returned. "I don't know anything about his art. I know about his life, and that I respect because he has worked hard and perseveringly, knowing his own strength and not caring for the world. In that he is what a man should be."

"You don't know how much sarcasm lies hidden in that speech," chimed in Edward, who had entered the room softly and stolen upon the trio unperceived.

"I am glad you think so," Fanny added, abruptly.

"Come along, Helen, let us have a game of chess," Edward remarked unheedingly, "while Fanny and Miss Hardinge discuss abstruse matters beyond our poor understandings."

"I told you this afternoon that Edward was poor," Fanny said, when the others had moved to the chess table and they were practically alone, for Mrs. Leslie was writing a letter at her davenport. "I wish—" she paused a moment, then added abruptly, "but I don't know why I should wish such a thing. How difficult it is to be unselfish, is it not?"

"It very often is," Grace replied. She from long training and natural disposition had less temptation in this way than many others. "But you have not said what you wish."

"No, no," Fanny added hastily, and then went on quickly. "Little as you may imagine it of me, I am very much exercised in my mind about my brother Edward. I suppose I am fond of him."

"Of course you would be," Grace exclaimed, "your own brother."

"Oh, I don't go in for natural affection and sentiment," Fanny replied, in the cold cynical voice that made her so many enemies and alienated most of her friends. For how was it possible that any but the keenest observer, or what often is a more subtle detective, the ready, far-reaching sympathy of a warm heart, could guess at the yearnings of a really nobly formed soul, the strong nature shrivelled and stunted by an atmosphere too enervating for so hardy a plant to flourish in? The growth of Fanny's disposition had been crooked. Honesty and fearlessness had degenerated into unamiable sharpness, and the effect of luxury had been to produce a cynical discontent with her surroundings that those around her were quite incapable of understanding or tracing to its true cause. "I should be quite capable of hating my own brother if he were a villain," she added emphatically, and in so distinct a voice that Helen, who was waiting silently while her partner deliberated a move, caught the words and turned round to Fanny with troubled, reproachful eyes.

"But he is not by any means that," she continued, with a little laugh, and quite ignoring Helen's remonstrance. "He is only a weak, undecided, somewhat aimless individual, who needs to be taken in hand by some one who possesses all the firmness of character he lacks, but who, at the same time, would be so animated by a great affection for him as to hide the powerful influence under a gentle, yielding demeanour. It is the iron hand under the silken glove that he wants. My father has the iron hand without the silken glove, and the result is—well—not happy. I have no patience; besides, a sister is of small account."

Grace sat silent and thoughtful. Fanny had evidently expected some comment, and it was with a tinge of contempt in her tone that she added—

"I fear my conversation is tiresome. These kinds of topics are not agreeable. Shall we talk about the dresses for the *fête*?"

"The dresses would not interest me at all," Grace said, gently, but with a certain dignity that pleased her companion. "I was only thinking about the 'iron hand in the silken glove.' That seems to me such a base, cowardly idea. The good influence ought to be openly, fearlessly exerted with patience and gentleness, but unswervingly."

"My meaning is the same as yours," Fanny replied, "but my expressions are not happy." She went on without any more allusion to the dresses: "Ted, you know, was designed by my father for the Church; John is in the army and is all right, for he has an inheritance to fall back upon. Ted's portion is a mere nothing—worse than nothing—enough only to make him discontented and idle. But there is a living in the family which he could be sure of, and which would have provided for him nicely. I am giving you the plain history of the matter—not my sentiments. Well, Ted at the last moment actually refused to enter the Church, and says the living may go. My father is furious, and replies that he will do nothing else for Edward, and that so far as he is concerned he may starve on his miserable inheritance. Neither will budge an inch, and though there is no open quarrel, there is plenty of bad feeling between them. Now, Edward is light-hearted and contented enough. He has enough for his own wants while my father lives and things remain as they are, but he will not look ahead, and that is where I lose all patience with him. If you ask him what plans he has for the future, he answers aimlessly that the future cannot be decided on in a hurry, and so on. He is determined not to take anything up without a fair prospect of success, and is keeping his eyes open. There are open eyes that see nothing, I tell him, at which he grows angry, and we verge upon a quarrel."

"What does Mrs. Leslie say?" Grace asked.

"Mamma?" Fanny reiterated, impatiently, in a tone that seemed positively shocking to Grace. "She seldom says anything; but I know her remedy. She hopes Edward will marry a wife who will supply his needs. That is a kind of arrangement that society thinks highly of, I can assure you. I should not be surprised to find that the idea is a new one to you, and not the most pleasing."

"It cannot be right to marry for that purpose," Grace replied, with the air of one who is carefully considering. "I have never heard papa or mamma talk about it, but I feel sure they would not have done such a thing. You see, papa has been poor all his life, and yet I know he would never have dreamed of marrying anyone but mamma; I expect they married only for love."

"It is quite refreshing to meet with such simple, unorthodox ideas," Fanny remarked, in a tone that might mean either contempt or approval. "But let me warn you not to publish them too freely, or you will get pretty well laughed at. The world has a very different code."

"I am not likely to publish them," Grace replied, a little hurt. "I should not have spoken, but in answer to you."

"Oh, you need not be alarmed with me! I am unorthodox enough in my sentiments. I love to think and act differently from other people. When I see their annoyance and horror, it is like a strong puff of wind from the hills blowing across my face on a hot day."

"*Why should* we think about other people, so long as we try to keep right before us?" Grace asked, conscious of something very wrong as well as something to admire in Fanny's sentiments.

Fanny laughed her short, sarcastic laugh—offensive to most people.

"You and I are different," she exclaimed, "yet we have some similarity. My remedy for Edward was a very different one. I had hoped he would fall deeply in love with a gentle, high-principled girl, not an amiable doll like Thackeray's Amelia, but one who would be really fond of him, yet not blind to his faults, or else how could she help him against them?—one who would influence him to work for her sake, and be content to wait perhaps for years, for such a reformation is not to be worked in a day. It is a Utopian character, is it not? I have come now to the conclusion that such a girl does not exist—at any rate, among my acquaintances. Helen Dalrymple is a good girl, much less worldly-minded than many I know. But she is not the strong character I had thought of, and, moreover, she has money, which is a fatal element, to my mind."

Grace looked up hastily with a quick, sensitive blush on her face. She was indeed an unsophisticated, simple-minded girl, for the suggestion that Fanny had spoken out so broadly came to her almost with a shock. And yet anyone else must have guessed at a first glance what had come to her as a revelation.

"Will he ever work for her?" Fanny went on, quite unconscious of the tumultuous confusion throbbing in Grace's heart and brain. "My mother, I think, is contented, believing that he is doing wisely; at any rate, she sees nothing which would not be the case if she objected," she added in a whisper. "I am half-contented, half-disappointed. It is a settlement of his difficulties, and he might have made a far worse choice."

"I am very fond of Helen," interrupted Grace, indignant for her friend. "She is a thoroughly good girl, far different, as you well know, from the girls at Granville House. She never did a mean thing, and was always upright. She was kinder to me when I first came than you were, Fanny. You snubbed me very much at first because I was poor."

"There you are mistaken," Fanny replied, by no means offended. "It was my nature to snub. I cared nothing for poor or rich so long as a girl behaved as a lady, and you will allow that when I took a fancy to you I never allowed any other girl to snub you."

"That's true enough," Grace admitted, laughing in spite of herself, "but I always considered that it was Helen's good offices that gained me your friendship in the first place."

"Was there ever such modesty!" Fanny remarked, turning from Grace with a half-dissatisfied air as her father and Mr. Mackenzie entered the room and the former demanded some music for his friend, who was an enthusiast about that as well as his own branch of art.

(*To be continued.*)

MARGARET'S NEIGHBOURS.

By Dora Hope.

"I WONDER what is going to happen to us next!" said Lulu Lancaster, breaking into the silence which had reigned in the room for some quarter of an hour.

No one responded to the ejaculation, which, being addressed to the world at large and no one in particular, could not be supposed to require an answer.

"Oh, I say, do talk, somebody!" went on the young lady, who, by the way, was not noted for her elegance of speech. "It is so horribly dull with everybody but me buried in their books. Winnie, darling Winnie, do look up. Don't *you* wonder what will be the next vicissitude of this family? I feel, for my part, exactly as if we were part of an interesting novel, only I'm unusually anxious to know what the next chapter is about."

Winifred, thus directly appealed to, laid down her book with a resigned sigh, and leaning back in her chair prepared for a chat with her talkative sister.

"I think I know pretty well what we have to do at present," she said, in her quiet voice, "and that is simply to wait till Uncle Wilfred comes. And that will not be very long, for in his telegram from Malaga he says he shall come to us as fast as possible, so that we may expect him to-day or to-morrow, I should think."

"*Poor* uncle!" Lulu exclaimed, in a sympathetic tone, after a moment's pause. "I wonder whatever he will do with us! We certainly are a nice little legacy!" and she looked ruefully round on the other members of the family, who, it happened, were all present.

Winifred, the eldest, a tall, handsome girl of eighteen years, had, previous to Lulu's interruption, been poring over a book of Greek roots, which language she had lately set herself to learn. Her only pleasure was in study, and every spare moment was given to reading, which she did voraciously, devouring every kind of literature which came in her way, and what is more, remembering all the leading facts of what she read. Her face was pale and sad now, for the shadow of a great trouble was still hanging over the household. Some years before their father had died, and now, but a few short weeks ago, their mother had been taken from them and they were orphans indeed.

Evelyn, the second in the family, a pretty, frail little creature of seventeen, lay on the sofa listlessly turning the leaves of a novel which apparently altogether failed to interest or amuse her.

Lulu herself came next in age, and her personal appearance was something of a trial to her, for she was at that trying age between childhood and girlhood, and fancied herself a terrible hoyden. It is true that her curly brown hair was unruly and rarely tidy; her hands and feet were perhaps rather large than small, and Evelyn called her bright, rosy cheeks "very milkmaidish;" but, nevertheless, her face was very pleasant to see, with the clear brown eyes which looked straight at you, and from which honesty and truth spoke out so plainly.

Near her, sprawling at full length on the hearthrug, lay Jack. He was resting on his elbows, with his hands clutching wildly at his shock hair, which was in colour of a cheerful auburn (an enemy might even have called it *red*). He was frowning fiercely, for he was reading of an encounter with pirates as told by his favourite author, and any specially critical juncture was made evident to the rest of the party by the excited waving of a foot in the air, and the utterance of a sort of suppressed growl. Jack and Lulu were twins of fifteen—or nearly sixteen, as they preferred to be called—and much of the latter's roughness of demeanour and freedom of speech were doubtless due to the close comradeship which existed between the two. Their small conflicts were frequent, but their differences were very soon made up, and each found the other a most reliable companion in any favourite pursuit.

The youngest of the girls was Madeline, a small, pale, brown-eyed little damsel of thirteen, always perfectly neat and precise in dress and habits, very industrious and quiet and ladylike, and consequently the joy of her schoolmistress's heart.

The youngest member of the family was at this moment invisible, and a certain ominous silence in the corner of the room where he had last been seen now aroused the ready suspicions of Lulu, who exclaimed, suddenly, "Where is Julius, I wonder?" for such was the name which had fallen to the lot of the most mischievous and unprincipled little mortal of five years that can be imagined. "He's up to some naughtiness or other, I'll be bound."

"No, I'm not, I'm not, Lulu—I'm not doin' nothin'!" cried a shrill, piping little voice from the corner. "Don't you come, Lulu. I thall cry and thcream if you do, and I'm not doin' nothin', only thayin' my hymn and textes over."

"*All* right, there's a good little boy," replied Lulu, meanwhile, however, creeping on tiptoe towards the curtains behind which the child was concealed. Drawing them suddenly apart, he was revealed crouching in the corner, with an album on his knees, the pages of which he was embellishing with original designs, using an old stump of lead pencil which he had abstracted from the pocket of his brother as he lay absorbed in his Marryat, and unconscious of all around.

"Oh, you little imp!" cried Lulu; "saying your hymn, indeed! Winnie, only look at your beautiful book! Now I shall punish you! Come along, sir!" and she began dragging him out, screaming and kicking with all his might, and, considering how elfinly small and thin he was, his powers of resistance were remarkable.

At length, finding he was losing the day, he ceased struggling, and began to wail and call for his mother. "Oh, mam, dear, I do want you tho! Lulu, take me to mam, dear, and I won't be naughty no more."

Lulu at once left off hauling the culprit towards the door, but gathered him up in her strong, young arms, and began to comfort him in her girl fashion. "Poor, little laddie, you can't go to mam just now, but never mind, Lulu will give you a sweet, and two biscuits as well." (The cries ceased at this.) "And if you will be good and smile at her, Lulu will let you wind up her little clock—there!"

This was irresistible, and the spoilt child departed radiant and smiling. Such scenes were too common in the house to attract much notice, though Evelyn was heard plaintively saying, "Oh, how nice it will be

when Julius is old enough to go to boarding-school!"

Mrs. Lancaster was a half-sister of Wilfred Trent's, some years his senior, and having married very young, not altogether according to the wishes of her parents, there had been very little communication between the families since. It was a surprise and shock to Wilfred Trent to receive a letter from her, in a faint, tremulous hand, written from her death-bed, and, indeed, not posted till after her decease. In it, she besought her brother to be a friend to her children. "When life is ebbing away," she wrote, "one naturally turns and clings to one's own people"; and though years had passed since they met, she still felt she might trust in him to guard her children, praying that heaven would reward him for the kindness she knew he would show. "I have, perhaps, been foolish," she wrote, "in not preparing them better to face a rough, work-a-day world, but I loved to see them happy and free from care; I have always been so strong, this illness has come so suddenly, I have never thought that I, too, should be taken from them. So you will find that they are ignorant of much that they will now require to know, and if they do not find friends in you and your wife, I dare not think what will become of them."

Upon receiving this letter, Wilfred, who was abroad at the time, telegraphed to his nieces to say he was coming as fast as he could, and then set off with all possible despatch, staying on the way at his own home to talk over with his wife this new care and anxiety.

It is eight years and more since we last saw Margaret and her husband; Margaret looks a little older, and there are some grey threads showing among the dark of Wilfred's hair. Things have prospered with them, for they now occupy a more imposing and commodious house than the little modest, semi-detached cottage in which they began their married life.

Dorcas, the sometime general servant, is now cook, and has two companions in the housemaid and nurse, which the increased family has rendered necessary. For there are now three bonny children in the household—Claud and Hugh, and baby Cecily, who, with the unsteadiness of two years old, totters and staggers in her progress to meet her father at the door.

"Poor, poor things!" sighed Margaret, when she had learnt the cause of her husband's premature return home. "How very sad for them! I have heard you speak of that sister, Will, but you never mentioned any family."

"I really knew very little about them, for there was a sort of estrangement between poor Kate and our parents, and though I was too young to be concerned in it, still she and her husband never appeared anxious to have any more communication than we had by the exchange of a letter perhaps once in a twelve-month," returned Wilfred. "I have been thinking the matter over, and I believe the best thing would be (unless the children have other plans, which is not likely, as they are so young and inexperienced) for them to come and live near us. They might take one of those small new houses on the Estwood Estate, as it is called, for they have all possible modern improvements and conveniences in the way of bath-rooms and hot water laid on, and are to let at a very moderate rental."

"Capital!" cried Margaret, "if they will agree to come. But is their income very small?"

"They have been well off hitherto, and now I imagine they will have enough to live comfortably if they are strictly careful, but they will certainly have to be economical; and, as I gather from Kate's letter, they have been taught nothing of how to manage, but have left everything to their mother, it will be a great advantage to them to be near you, for there was a time when you had to be content with a tiny house and one servant—wasn't there, Madge?"

"Yes, and very contented I was, too. But I really think I might help these poor girls. Do you think I had better go with you to them?"

"No, I think not; but if you will be here to receive two of the girls, I will send them to you to decide upon a house, and see that it is ready for the furniture and the rest of the family when they come; I shall have plenty to do there, I dare say, in settling their affairs and arranging for them."

"Yes, and Wilfred, if they have a great deal of large, old-fashioned furniture, do let them sell it there, so as not to have the useless great expense of moving it up here, for you see they cannot expect to find room in a little, cheap house for very large pieces of furniture. And do not let them bring *rubbish*, for the moving costs so much that it is really cheaper to give away doubtful things. And——, but I think I had better write to them, for I'm sure you wouldn't remember all these details if I told you; and having moved twice in the last few years, I can tell from experience that these little things are worth knowing."

So Margaret wrote to her unknown nieces and nephews, beginning by heartily and affectionately offering her sympathy and help, for her kind heart yearned over these poor children left so alone in the world. Then turning to more practical matters, she advised them to pick and reserve furniture enough for an eight-roomed house, which was the size of those upon which she had fixed as likely to suit them, and to consult their Uncle Wilfred about selling all the rest. They were not to waste time and labour by having anything cleaned before removing, for the things would be tenfold dirtier by the time they reached London. The carpets they decided on keeping (Margaret advised that only enough, and that really good carpet, be kept to make squares for the centres of the rooms) were to be sent direct to an upholsterer in the neighbourhood of the Estwood Estate, who would clean and remake the carpets to fit the new rooms. "Then when we have found a nice little house near here, we shall put a charwoman in to finish cleaning it nicely, for the landlord does not always quite do that, and we shall send for the furniture *and* the rest of you. Some of us will be at the house when the vans arrive to tell the men where to take each thing as it is unpacked, and thus you will very soon be straight and settled down, as I hope and trust, very comfortably and happily."

(*To be continued.*)

STRONG AND TRUE.

By L. C. SILKE, Author of "In Mischief Again," "Loving Service," &c.

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning when Hattie, before she left her room, opened her window to let in the fresh, sweet, morning air, she remained standing before it for a few moments drinking in the beauty of all around her.

It was the lovely month of May, and the laburnums and hawthorns in the garden below were in full bloom. The sun had not yet had time to disperse the dewdrops which glittered on each blade of grass, whilst the soft shadows cast by floating clouds lay here and there upon the distant hills, which otherwise were bathed in sunshine. The birds were making a perfect chorus of song, and the tinkling of sheep bells and other rural sounds might be heard, for Hattie's window looked far away over the country, and not towards Refton. All was so still and peaceful, she felt soothed for the moment. But she had awakened with a troubled sense of something weighing heavily upon her mind, which could not be altogether accounted for by the news Agnes had told her the evening before. However, in a few moments the breakfast bell rang, and she hastened to descend to the dining-room. Agnes followed a minute or two later.

"Father is not as punctual as usual," remarked the latter, after they had waited a little while, and still he did not appear. "He generally is here almost before the bell has finished ringing."

"Yes, he is always a model of punctuality," rejoined Hattie. "I think I will go and see if he is coming."

"Oh, he is sure to be down in a moment."

But two or three minutes more went by without bringing any signs of him, and then Hattie, unable to wait longer, and with an undefined sense of dread upon her which she tried to shake off, proceeded upstairs and knocked at her father's door. She fancied she heard him say, "Come in," and accordingly entered the room. Then she understood the reason of his non-appearance downstairs. He had had a paralytic seizure, and was helpless for the time being.

What a changed aspect life wore at the Hollies that day! Agnes's radiant face of the evening before was changed into an anxious, tearful one; and though Hattie shed no tear, her heart was sore and heavy. The weight of the trial fell chiefly upon her as the days went by, for Agnes proved but a broken reed, being too nervous and wanting in self-control to be of much use in the sick room. Besides, Captain Egerton expected his claims on her to be acknowledged, and considered he had a right to a good deal of her society. Hattie often sent them off for a walk together, "to put some colour into Agnes's pale cheeks," as she said, whilst she remained at her post beside the invalid, though her cheeks were far paler than her sister's, and her face was looking worn.

But it was very sweet to her to wait upon her father, and to feel that he liked to have her by him, which he certainly did. Her beloved studies had been abruptly interrupted, and now were laid aside altogether, at any rate, for the time being. With the same

earnestness that she had pursued them she now gave herself up to nursing, and proved herself so efficient that Mr. Warlow remarked more than once he should have thought she had gone through a regular course of training at some hospital, had he not known to the contrary. But it was love which helped her to be so quick in reading his wants, and so skilful in ministering to them.

As soon as the first shock was over, and she realised that there was no danger, but that, as the doctor assured her, her father would in all likelihood eventually regain the power he had lost, if not entirely, yet almost so, Hattie had struggled to regain her cheerfulness and to keep up a good heart. And she succeeded, though in a strength not her own.

"They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength" was the promise that kept continually recurring to her mind, and was her stay in those early days of dismay and trouble and temptation to anxious foreboding. Every morning, as she opened her window and gazed out over the peaceful landscape spread before her, she pleaded that promise and claimed its fulfilment for the coming day, and then went forth, calm and bright and strong, to meet its duties and its cares; to cheer Agnes when desponding; to take upon herself the responsibility of the sick room and the charge of the invalid—to be, in fact, the prop and mainstay of all, and the sunbeam of the house.

As the days went by and turned into weeks Mr. Warlow began to make decided progress; his naturally vigorous constitution came to his aid, and his recovery was more rapid than they had ventured to hope.

It was a day of great rejoicing to Hattie and Agnes when he first came downstairs; whilst the next step was to get out into the garden and there sit under the shade of the spreading trees, drinking in renewed strength and vigour and hopefulness from the fresh air, for illness was a new thing to Mr. Warlow, and he had felt his confinement greatly.

He was a fine-looking man, with a massive forehead, pleasant open face, and gentlemanly bearing. A great lover of Nature, it was a treat to him to be able once more, with the help of Hattie's arm, to take a turn round his garden, and watch the unfolding of his beloved flowers whilst inhaling their sweet fragrance. Hattie enjoyed it even more, if possible, on his account, and many a pleasant hour was spent by the two during the beautiful summer days in the large old-fashioned garden, with its many rustic seats in shady nooks, its wealth of flowers and birds, and free, unimpeded view over the open country.

Sitting in some chosen spot, Hattie would read aloud out of some of their favourite books, and then would take up her work whilst they entered into a lively discussion upon what they had been reading, for Mr. Warlow's mind still remained vigorous and clear, and his tastes had always been of an intellectual nature, in which respect Hattie took after him. When Agnes joined them the conversation became more general, whilst frequently Captain Egerton also made one of the party.

Those days of convalescence were very pleasant ones to Mr. Warlow and Hattie, who had been drawn together, if possible, even more closely than ever by this illness, which, having brought out so strongly the latter's power of devotion and self-sacrifice, had shown Mr. Warlow, even had he not already known it, what a treasure he possessed in his younger daughter. And now that he was so much better, and there was the hope of still more complete restoration, so that anxiety on his account was allayed, Hattie enjoyed the having so much more of her

"HATTIE WOULD READ ALOUD."

father's company than formerly, when he had been accustomed to go off to his office for a good part of the day.

But often there comes a time in one's life when one change rapidly succeeds another. For many a year existence at the Hollies had flowed on in a smooth, easy course, with no violent breaks or upsets. But much had already been crowded into the last few weeks —Agnes's engagement, followed closely by Mr. Warlow's illness. And now, having begun to settle down in a new groove, a fresh interruption came to the existing state of things.

There are many of us who need this emptying from vessel to vessel; many whose natures are so prone to cling to earthly objects, to make a little nest here below and rest content with it, that the Great Husbandman sees it necessary to subject them to this painful process of uprooting, or else causes to wither the gourd under whose shadow they had sat down with overmuch satisfaction. Then oftentimes the soul, brought to see its error, mounts heavenwards, and makes its nest, its dwelling, right under the shadow of the Almighty wings; and finding there complete and full satisfaction and delight, blesses the hand which severed it from earthly joys, that it might learn the immeasurable superiority of heavenly ones.

One day the postman brought a letter to the Hollies, addressed to Mr. Warlow; a letter which was to upset the even tenor of the present life there. He and Hattie were sitting together in the garden under the old plane tree, enjoying the beauty of the lovely summer morning and the coolness of the gentle breeze, which played upon their cheeks, and wafted to them the sweet scent of the roses and honeysuckle which clustered over the porch, and climbed up the walls of one side of the old house.

Mr. Warlow perused his letter in silence, and then handed it to Hattie.

"Read it, my dear," he said.

"From Aunt Julia, I see," she remarked, as she glanced at the handwriting.

And then she too read the letter in silence.

Mr. Warlow had two half-sisters, maiden ladies, many years older than himself, who lived together in an out-of-the-way country village, where they had, in the first place, settled for the sake of being near a favourite brother, who was then rector of the place, but who was now dead. Both Miss Warlow and Miss Julia were advanced in life, and always having been delicate, had now become confirmed invalids, with many crotchets and little peculiarities, which considerably tried the patience of their young nieces during the visits – never very long ones—which they were accustomed to pay them at regular intervals.

Miss Julia wrote now to explain how matters stood with them. The lady who for the last seven years had lived with them as companion had been obliged to leave them hastily and unexpectedly, summoned home by the sudden illness of her mother—an illness of such a nature as to necessitate her daughter's remaining at home. A friend of hers would be glad to succeed her, and they much wished to secure her services, as she seemed so exactly to meet all their requirements; but she would not be able to come to them for another two or three months. Meanwhile they were feeling their helplessness very much, and sorely needed someone to look after them and the household. So Miss Julia wrote to ask if one of the nieces could be spared, and would be willing to come and fill up the gap during this interval of waiting for Miss Cole.

Hattie's heart sank as she read the letter. Of all uninteresting places on the face of the earth Nutford was, in her opinion, the most so; and life with the two aunts was to her not living, but vegetating. The two Misses Warlow had but few pursuits, their delicate health exempting them, as they considered, from any active work; whilst their mental capacities being of a limited nature, they had but few, if any, intellectual resources. Their minds did not appear to soar above a little fancy work, or the making small garments to be given away in the village; the newspaper forming their chief reading, and the concerns of their neighbours and friends, their own ailments, or the state of the weather their chief topics of conversation.

Yet they were kind-hearted, and did not mean to be selfish or unmindful of others; but they had allowed themselves too easily to slip into invalid ways and a narrow circle of interests, which had a tendency to become narrower and narrower.

Altogether, they presented as decided a contrast as could well be to their niece Hattie, whom they regarded as a strong-minded if not wilful and independent young woman, with rather masculine tastes, as evidenced by her love for deep studies, such as mathematics and scientific pursuits.

"What does a woman need of such things?" Miss Warlow had more than once remarked to her sister. "We have got through life so far very well without anything of the sort."

Hattie, could she have been there to defend herself, would have been tempted to reply, had she spoken out her thoughts, that her ideal of life was a different one from theirs; that she did not so much aim at "getting through it" as at living it for some purpose, and getting all she could out of it, using and turning to good account every faculty with which she had been endowed, enlarging her interests and cultivating her talents; that such was her aim and standard, however far short of it she fell.

But Miss Julia, who was an echo of her elder sister, was accustomed to chime in with the latter's opinions and sentiments, and to such remarks was accustomed to respond, "I wonder George allows her to spend so many hours over books and studies which can be of no particular use to her. Much better give the time to household duties, or making and mending her own clothes."

If Miss Julia could have seen Hattie's unremitting attention to her father, and the unselfish way in which, when duty required it, she had put aside her favourite pursuits and devoted herself to practical matters, showing that she had, if anything, gained, not lost, even in these things, by the habits she had formed over her studies of concentration of mind and thoroughness in whatever she undertook, she might not have so lightly condemned her young niece for having tastes so different from her own, or a mind of such different mental calibre. But, not knowing all, she, as so many of us are apt to do, passed a hasty judgment.

Hattie was well aware that the two old ladies gave but scant sympathy on most of the topics in which she was interested, and that Agnes was far more of a favourite with them than herself, for she could sit contentedly by the hour together busying herself with a bit of needlework, the trimming of a hat, or the making-up of laces and ruffles, keeping up, meantime, a flow of talk over the veriest trifles. All this to Hattie was irksome in the extreme. At Nutford she always had the sensation of being mentally starved. Still, she respected her aunts, whom she acknowledged to be very good in their way, even though they tried her patience, and were continually rubbing her up the wrong way.

But to spend three months with them! She shrank from the very idea of it.

Having read the letter in silence, she handed it back to her father without remark. Only her eyes sought his face with a questioning glance in them. He was looking grave, evidently pondering the matter over; but he too kept silence.

"Well, father?" Hattie said at length.

He turned towards her, as he answered gently—

"I should like one of you girls to go to them. I think it would only be right. I do not see that we can do otherwise. They are not fit to be left alone, or just to servants. I think one of you should go."

"And leave you, father!"

The words escaped Hattie's lips almost involuntarily, as she half-unconsciously moved closer to him on the garden bench on which they were sitting, and slipped her hand into his. There was a plaintive ring in her voice, and an appealing look in her eyes for the moment. Then, as if remembering herself, and summoning back her courage and self-control, she went on firmly—

"If either of us is to go, I must be the one. Agnes could never stand it. Besides, Captain Egerton would enter his protest against such an arrangement."

Mr. Warlow pressed the little hand which rested in his, as he said, tenderly—

"The sacrifices always seem to fall to your share, my child. But I must own Agnes would not be of much use when it came to be a question of taking care of the old aunts. Only I don't like the thoughts of parting with my watchful little nurse—my brave, unselfish, little daughter," he said, fondly.

Hattie felt a great lump rise up in her throat, and her lips quivered, so that she could not trust herself to speak. She felt inclined at that moment to lay her head down on her father's shoulder and cry like a child. Such rare words and tokens of endearment were very sweet to her; and hard as it would have been at any time to tear herself from her father for a three months' absence, it was ten times harder now that in his weakness and feebleness he seemed so dependent on her, and had grown to lean so much upon her. It was gratifying to find her loving care so much appreciated, but it only made the thoughts of a long separation the more painful.

At that moment the voices of Agnes and Captain Egerton, who were returning from a walk, were heard approaching, and Hattie, feeling she could not face them at that moment, but must be alone to regain her composure, rose and fled into the house. She went straight up to her room, and then, having locked the door that she might be secure from interruption, she took up her position by the open casement, leaning her elbows on the window-sill, and gazing out upon the fair prospect upon which her eyes had so often rested, and of which she had grown so fond.

"Must I really go to Nutford? Is it my plain duty?" she asked herself, longing to be able to reply in the negative to her own question. "I can't bear the thoughts of leaving father, for he still needs much care and looking after, and Agnes is apt to be forgetful, sometimes. I know she would not mean to neglect him, but it is only natural that her thoughts now should be a good deal called off in another direction, and she always was rather given to doing things by fits and starts.

"But father wishes it to be so; that is enough," she mused. "I am afraid I am getting very selfish, to be so unwilling to give up watching over him for the sake of taking care of the aunts. Am I getting *too* fond of him? too much wrapped up in him? Certainly, he is more than all the world besides to me; but that is only natural. But am I making an idol of him? Have I been placing him on the throne of my heart, which ought only to be occupied by the King Himself? Would it seem so very hard to leave home and go to Nutford if I were thinking first and

foremost of pleasing Christ, and not myself? For *He* 'pleased not Himself,' and His followers must imitate Him. It is not for them to be choosing their own paths. Perhaps He sees that I am in danger of hewing to myself 'broken cisterns which hold no water,' of sitting down too contentedly under my gourd, and so He calls me away to less pleasant scenes, that I may learn to look to none but Him for happiness."

Her eyes had a far-away, dreamy look in them as they rested on the distant hills, which, with their graceful curves, bounded the horizon, and at this point in her musings she dropped her face upon her hands as she breathed a prayer for help and strength. When she raised her head again there was a new look of earnest resolve upon the young face.

"If this is a sacrifice He calls upon me to make, I will try to make it gladly," she was saying to herself; "if this is the work He has for me to do, I will try to do it bravely and cheerfully, and let no one know how much it costs me. For He loves a cheerful giver. So He alone shall know how real a sacrifice it is."

When the luncheon-bell rang, Hattie emerged from her room and took her seat at the table with a calm face that seemed to have a new look of sweetness on it which made it very winning; and Mr. Warlow, as he glanced at her again and again, felt how much he should miss such a sunbeam from beside him. Yet more than ever he realised what a comfort she would be to the two helpless old ladies at Nutford; and he, like his young daughter, resolved not to think of self, but to obey the command to "look on the things of others."

(*To be concluded.*)

GIRLS' CHRISTIAN NAMES.

EVERY name has a history; and, with very few exceptions, to which we shall presently return, every name has a meaning. And sad mistakes are often made by those persons who try to find out the meaning without paying attention to the history. The girl who imagines that Eunice must mean "you are nice," because it sounds something like it in English, is not much further wrong than she who supposes Arabella to signify "fair altar," because it will divide into the two Latin words, *ara bella*.

The first thing to be done in translating a name is to find out *when* it came into use; then *where* it came from originally; and, lastly, *how* it came. Those who follow these rules will find much to astonish them. They will discover that the apparent origin of some names is quite different from the real one; that some of our commonest names are among the newest importations; and that some names, supposed to be quite new in this country, are very old friends indeed. The remarks which follow must be understood to refer to the history of Christian names in England only.

The earliest class of names is the British, and very few of these have survived to the present day. Those which have are Boadicea, Guendolen, Guenllian, Guinevere, Kathleen, Malvina, Mona, Sabrina, and Una.

The second class may be termed Romano-British. When the Romans conquered England, it became customary for every man and woman to have both a British and a Latin name, the one having the same meaning as the other. Agnes, or Ignatia, became Nêst in British; Cæcilia became Isoult, or Isoude; Claudia became Gwladis, or Gladys; Helena became Ilan; Innocentia (probably) became Imogen, or Innogen; and Julia became Guala. Of these Gladys, Imogen, and Isoult alone survived.

Then came the Saxon period, to which belong such names as Alice, Bertha, Edith, Elfrida, Emma, Rosamond, Winifred, and all that numerous class which begin or end with *hild*, *adel*, and *ethel*.

The Normans changed our nomenclature completely by bringing in what are known as the names of the chivalric period. British and Saxon names alike disappeared, leaving only a few special favourites to survive; and such names as Amabel, Arabella, Beatrice, Blanche, Isabel, Juliana, Margaret, Petronilla, and Sybil came to replace them. This state of things lasted, more or less, until the Reformation, many of the names dying out as time went on, and a few fresh ones finding their way in, to which latter category belong Anne, Elizabeth, and Mary.

Many long, strange-looking names belong to the earliest part of this period, such as Mazelina, Matacisa, Licontia, Frethesancia, Florianora, Anillesia, Inglytha, Richemaia, Senicula, Galiena, Pelagia, Orgoylosa, and Preciosa. Few of these were in use after the thirteenth century.

With the Reformation in the sixteenth century began a complete change again, which was still further carried on by the Puritans in the seventeenth. The names of the chivalric era vanished like Saxon and Norman, and a long array of Biblical names superseded them, along with English words used as names. On the one side we find Abigail, Dinah, Drusilla, Esther, Eunice, Hagar, Hannah, Jerusha, Jochebed, Keturah, Leah, Magdalen, Naomi, Phœbe, Rachel, Rebecca, Ruth: on the other, Charity, Faith, Hope, Prudence, Temperance. No great alteration followed this until the present century, when all at once, within the memory of persons not yet old, there was a sudden revival of names of all the ages past—British, Roman, Saxon, and chivalric overwhelmed us together in a deluge. In the year 1800 it would have been pretty safe to guess that any woman would answer to some one of about twenty names; but now she may be called by any one of four hundred.

There are two classes of names which are exceptions to the rule that all names can be translated. The first is, names derived from lost languages, which, of course, have a meaning, but in the present state of knowledge it is not possible to discover it. Of the names used in England, there are three of this kind, two of which are Etruscan and the third probably so—Emily, Lucretia, Lavinia. The other sort are purely invented, fancy names, usually originating with some poet, such as Jessica, Nerissa, Saba. These have no meaning, and never had, though meanings may be found for them in words of different languages which they resemble.

There remains the further category of names which cannot be traced with absolute certainty. Of this kind are Idonia, Muriel, and Theresa. We can only say that they seem likely to come from this or that source. Two of these could be readily traced to the Greek language (Idonia to ἡδονή, pleasure, and Theresa to Θερίζω, a reaper); but it is very unlikely that they had any such origin, since all old English names of Greek derivation have come to us either through Italy or France. Theresa, on the contrary, reached us from Spain, where it is extremely ancient, while the origin of the others is lost in the mist of antiquity—a fact which, as regards Christian names, generally points either to a Celtic or oriental source, and not unfrequently to the latter conveyed through the former.

Concerning Muriel, Amabel, and Arabella, a few words more must be said. The first is in all probability a softened form of Mirabelle or Marabel. These names, Amabel or Mabel, Arabella, and Mirabel or Marabel, can be traced up, as will be seen by reference to each, to a very early period, when they were represented in Latin by Latin words, and their derivation would, therefore, seem to be from that tongue; but it is desirable to add that their derivation from the Latin may be a mere coincidence after all. Every other name ending in *bel* has a Phenician origin, and it is far from improbable that these also follow that rule. If we are to derive these names, not from the Latin words to which they are traceable, but from Phenician or Hebrew roots, then Amabel is doubtless *Am-Baal*, People of the Lord; Arabella is *Ur-Baal*, Fire of the Lord; and Marabel is *Mar-Baal*, Bitterness of the Lord. On this point we cannot be absolutely certain without more evidence than has yet come to light. This Phenician derivation would make of Amabel the (heathen) feminine of Eliam or Ammiel, and Arabella would occupy the same position with regard to Uriel, or Urijah. How these Phenician names which are not Biblical originally came into England is a very difficult question to answer. One or two can be traced to Spain, where they have existed from the earliest period; Isabel certainly came to us from this quarter. Amabel, Arabella, and Marabel sprang suddenly into being as familiar English names about the reign of King John, and whence they came there is no evidence to show. But Annabel comes to us from that source whence we might most naturally expect them all—straight from our aborigines, a far echo sounding down the centuries of that old eastern tribe of whom we know so little—the Iberii, who reached us from Spain, and emigrated to Spain from Syria, or its immediate neighbourhood.

Some readers will very likely feel disappointed at the uncertainty which hangs over their names; but this cannot be helped. It is the nature of all things human. Fresh evidence may be found yet—the lost tongue may be recovered, the doubtful derivation settled, the alternative meanings decided, in time to come. But in the present state of knowledge no more can be said than is said here.

It only remains to give a short explanation of the terms and abbreviations used before we pass to the alphabetical list of names.

Celtic includes Erse or Irish, Gaelic, and British or Welsh, which are cognate languages (that is, sprung from the same root, and very like each other), and in many cases the same name, or two names varying very little, will have the same meaning in all the cognate languages.

Date signifies the time, or about the time, when the name was first introduced into England.

Modern Date indicates that the introduction was some time in the present century.

Dim.—Diminutive, or pet name.

Fem.—Feminine. Many more female names are derived from male ones than is generally supposed; and much error is abroad as to which female name is the true feminine of a given male one.

Gothic includes the cognate languages, Anglo-

Saxon (the parent of English); Friso-Saxon (one of the sources of French); and Old German.

Each girl is recommended to look out the *text* attached to her name, as it has been chosen with reference to it, and contains something which she will do well to think about.

ABIGAIL. *Hebrew.* My father's joy. *Date* 1650. Prov. xxiii. 15.

ADA. The *Hebrew* name Adah is the second female name mentioned in the Bible, and means congregation or assembly: but historically, the English name Ada is the *dim.* of Adama, *fem.* of Adam, signifying earth, soil. *Date* 1145. Gen. iii. 19.

ADELA, ADELAIS, ADELICIA, ADELINE, ADELIZA. These are all variations of one *Gothic* root, *Adel* or *Ethel:* meaning primarily, king; and secondarily, noble. *Date* 1066. Rev. iii. 21.

ADELAIDE. *Gothic.* Heather Queen. *Modern date.* Jer. xvii. 5-8.

ADELGUNDA. *Gothic.* Gracious Queen. *Modern date.* Rev. xxii. 5. Aldegunda is the same name.

ADRIANA. *Fem.* of Adrian. *Latin.* Belonging to the Adriatic Sea. *Modern date.* Isaiah lviii. 11.

AGATHA. *Greek.* Good. *Date* 1150. Matt. v. 48.

AGNES. *Greek.* Pure. (Not, as some think, from the Latin *agnus*, a lamb.) *Date* 1102. Matt. v. 8. This name has many cognates which look unlike it. The Spanish form is Ines; the Portuguese, Inez; the Welsh, Nêst; its old English *dim.* is Annis.

AGRIPPINA. *Fem.* of Agrippa. *Greek.* Painful. Psalm xxv. 18.

ALBERTHA or ALBERTINE. *Fem.* of Albert. *Gothic.* All bright. Prov. iv. 18. *Modern date.*

ALEXANDRA (*date* 1155), ALEXANDRINA (*date* 1819). *Greek.* Helper of men. Gal. vi. 2. *Fem.* of Alexander.

ALICE or ALICIA. *Gothic.* Noble. *Date* 1105. The original name is Athelis or Adelais [*see* Adela]; the old French spelling, Alix; the Scotch *dim.*, Alison. Rev. iii. 21.

ALINE or ALINA. In many cases, and probably in all, *dim.* of Aveline. *Gothic.* Always gentle. *Date* 1123. Col. iii. 12, 13.

ALMA. *Latin.* Chaste. *Date* 1854. Matt. v. 8.

ALMERIA or ALMIRA. *Fem.* of Maurice. *Gothic.* Heavenly riches; or the Kingdom of Heaven. Matt. v. 3. *Date* 1118.

ALTHÆA. *Greek.* Huntress. *Modern date.* 1 Tim. vi. 11.

AMABEL or MABEL. *Latin.* Amiable. *Date* 1205. 1 Peter iii. 4.

AMELIA. *Gothic.* Heavenly. Col. iii. 2. *Date* 1714. This name has no connection with Emily, as is commonly supposed.

AMICE or AMICIA. *Latin.* Friend. *Date* 1067. Prov. xvii. 17.

AMY. *French.* Friend. *Date* 1332. Prov. xviii. 24. Amy is derived from *amie*, a friend, not, as is often fancied, from *aimée*, beloved. It was constantly used as the *dim.* of Amicia, and perhaps of Amabel.

AMYNTA. *Greek.* Defender. *Fem.* of Amyntas. Psalm v. 11.

ANASTASIA (*dim.* Anstace). *Greek.* Resurrection. *Date* 1176. John xi. 25.

ANDROMACHE. *Greek.* Conqueror of men. Prov. xvi. 32.

ANGELA, ANGELICA, or ANGELINA. *Latin.* Angel. Job. iv. 18, 19.

ANNE or ANNA. *Hebrew.* Grace. This is the Greek form of Hannah. The English *dim.* is Nanny, Nancy; the Scotch, Annie; the French, Annette or Nannette; the Spanish, Anita. *Date* 1272, but not common before 1390. Eph. ii. 8.

ANNABEL (often, but incorrectly, spelt ANNABELLA). *Fem.* of Hannibal. *Phenician.* Grace of the Lord. *Date* 1246. The heathen equivalent of the Jewish name, Jane; the former meaning "Grace of Baal," and the latter "Grace of Jehovah." Isaiah xxvi. 13.

ANNIS. (*See* Agnes.) Anice is quite incorrect.

ANNORA. (*See* Eleanor.)

ANTONIA or (French *dim.*) ANTOINETTE. *Fem.* of Anthony. *Latin.* Flourishing. *Modern date.* Psalm i. 3.

ARABELLA. *Latin.* A praying woman. *Date* 1200. Phil. iv. 6. This is one of the names misinterpreted by popular error. Because it can be divided into two Latin words, *ara bella*, which mean "fair altar," it is always so rendered, in disregard of its history. It was a favourite name about the reign of Edward I., when it was spelt Orbel, or Orabel. Then, in the fifteenth century, it became Arbel, and later, Arbella (the famous Lady Arabella Stuart always signed Arbella). The introduction of the remaining *a* is quite modern. (See previous remarks on this name.)

ARIADNE. *Greek.* Most excellent. Prov. xxxi. 29.

ARSINOE. *Greek.* Friend. Prov. xxvii. 6.

ASENATH. *Egyptian.* Devoted to Neith (the Egyptian Minerva). Acts xxvi. 18.

ASPASIA. *Greek.* Delighted. Isaiah xxxv. 10.

ASTRÆA. *Latin.* Star. Psalm cxlvii. 4.

ATHALIAH. *Hebrew.* Afflicted of the Lord. Isaiah lix. 2.

AUDREY. (*See* Etheldreda.)

AUGUSTA. *Fem.* of Augustus. *Latin.* Royal. *Date* 1714. Rev. i. 6.

AURELIA. *Fem.* of Aurelius or Aurelian. *Latin.* Golden. Prov. iii. 14. *Modern date.*

AURORA. *Greek.* Dawn of the Morning. 2 Sam. xxiii. 4. *Modern date.*

AVICE, AVIS, or HAWISIA. *Gothic.* Happy wisdom. (Not, as some fancy, from the French *avis*, advice). *Date* 1150. Prov. iii. 17.

AZUBAH. *Hebrew.* Forsaken. Ps. xciv. 14.

BARBARA. *Latin.* Stranger. *Date* 1474. Isaiah lvi. 6, 7.

BATHSHEBA. *Hebrew.* Daughter of the oath. Heb. vi. 13, 14.

BEATRICE, or BEATRIX. *Latin.* Blessing. *Date* 1090. Gen. xii. 2.

BERENGARIA or BERENGUELA. (The former is the Portuguese, the latter the Spanish spelling.) *Fem.* of Berenger. *Gothic.* Commanding honour. 1 Sam. ii. 30. *Date* 1191.

BERENICE. *Greek.* Bringing victory. Rev. xii. 11.

BERTHA. *Gothic.* Bright. *Date* 1143. Dan. xii. 3.

BLANCHE. *Spanish.* White. *Date* 1245. Dan. xi. 35.

BLANDINA. *Latin.* Mild. Prov. xxxi. 26. *Modern date.*

BOADICEA. *Celtic.* The Latinised form of the British word *woda*, woad, the plant whence the Britons derived the blue colour with which they painted or tattooed the bodies of their soldiers before going into battle, with the view of terrifying the enemy. Joel ii. 11. *Date* about Christian era.

BONA. *Latin.* Good. Psalm xxxvii. 3.

BRIDGET. *Gothic.* Bright. Job xi. 17. *Date* 1480.

CAMILLA. *Fem.* of Camillus. *Latin.* Camel. Matt. xix. 24. *Modern date.*

CAROLINE. *Fem.* of Charles. *Gothic.* Tiller of the soil. Gen. iii. 17-19. *Date* 1714.

CASSANDRA. *Fem.* of Cassander. *Greek.* Sister. 1 John iv. 20. *Date* 1219.

CATHARINE. (*Dim.*, Kat (up to 1600), Kitty (up to 1800), Kate or Katie, modern.) *Greek.* Clear running water is the primary meaning: pure or clean, the secondary. The spelling Catharine only dates from about 1660; but under the older spelling, Katherine, the name has been common from 1233. Heb. x. 22.

CECILIA. (Old English, Cicely, which ought not to be spelt Cecily.) *Fem.* of Cæcilius. *Latin.* Blind. Matt. vi. 22, 23. *Date* 1066.

CELIA. *Latin.* Heavenly. *Date* 1700. Phil. iii. 20.

CHARLOTTE. *Gothic.* Honour to the people. Prov. x. 7. *Date* 1682. This is one of the names usually misinterpreted, being commonly supposed to be the *fem.* of Charles, with which it has no connection. Charles comes from *ceorl*, the word which gives us churl and carle: Charlotte from *Gar-lent.* It is the same name as Arlette. The old English spelling was phonetic, Sharlot.

CHLOE. *Greek.* Green herb. Isaiah xl. 6, 7. *Modern date.*

CHRISTIANA or CHRISTINA (older form, CHRISTIAN). *Latin.* A Christian. *Date* 1210. 1 Pet. iv. 16.

CLARA (*dim.* CLARICE, CLARISSA). *Latin.* Famous. Luke i. 15. *Date* 1152. Clarissa is, in England, much older than Clara, which last was hardly known before the sixteenth century, and was then spelt Clare.

CLAUDIA or CLAUDE. *Fem.* of Claudius. *Latin.* Lame. *Modern date.* Heb. xii. 13.

CLEMENTINA or CLÉMENCE (French spelling). *Latin.* Merciful. *Date* 1230. Matt. v. 7.

CLEOPATRA. *Greek.* Glory of the country. Prov. xxii. 29.

CLOTHILDE. *Gothic.* Famous woman. Prov. xxxi. 30.

CLYTEMNESTRA. *Greek.* Renowned for sobriety. Phil. iv. 5.

COLUMBINA. *Latin.* Dove. Matt. x. 16. *Date* 1230.

CONSTANCE. *Fem.* of Constantius. *Latin.* Faithful. Luke xvi. 10. *Date* 1066.

CORA. *Latin.* Heart. Matt. xii. 35. *Modern date.*

CORALIE. *French.* Coral. Mal. iii. 17. *Modern date.*

CORNELIA. *Fem.* of Cornelius. *Latin.* A horn. *Modern date.* Psalm cxii. 9.

CRESSIDA. *Greek.* Surpassing. Prov. xxxi. 10.

CRISPINA. *Latin.* Crisped, curled. 1 Peter iii. 3, 4.

CUNEGUNDA. *Gothic.* Gracious queen. Prov. xi. 16.

DAGMAR. *Danish.* Bright as the day. Isaiah viii. 20 (marginal reading). *Modern date.*

DAMARIS. *Greek.* A wife (literally a tamed woman). 1 Tim. ii. 11. *Modern date.*

DAPHNE. *Greek.* Laurel. Hosea xiv. 5, 6.

DEBORAH. *Hebrew.* Bee. Prov. x. 4, 5. *Date* 1650.

DIANA. *Latin.* Light. *Date* 1251. Rev. xxi. 23.

DINAH. *Hebrew.* Judgment. *Fem.* of Dan. Psalm cvi. 3. *Date* 1650.

DIONYSIA or DENISE. *Fem.* of Dionysius, or Dennis. Touched by God. *Date* 1162. John vi. 37, 44.

DOMINICA. *Latin.* The Lord's Day. Isaiah lviii. 13, 14.

DOMITIA. *Fem.* of Domitius. *Latin.* Conquering. Rev. ii. 7.

DORA, DORIS. *Greek.* Gift. James i. 17. *Modern date.*

DORCAS. *Greek.* Wild roe. Psalm xlii. 1. *Date* 1650.

DOROTHEA, DOROTHY. *Greek.* Gift of God. John iv. 10. *Date* 1487.

DRUSILLA. *Greek.* Oak tree. Matt. iii. 10.

DULCIBEL (*dim.* Dulcie). Old spelling, Doucebelle, Dowsabel. *French.* Fair sweetness. 1 Tim. ii. 9, 10. *Date* 1240.

(*To be continued.*)

BIRTHDAY WISHES.

By ANNE BEALE.

SOME think that our years, as they gather around us,
Bring only a surcease of sorrow and pain;
That they leave us more desolate still than they found us,
Bewailing the hours that return not again.

But years, like these autumn days, bring with them pleasures
To balance the pains we endure from our birth;
The storm passes by, and the sun opes his treasures,
And wakens to gladness a gloom-oppressed earth.

And thus may thy days, if a sorrow should cloud them,
Have a bright ray to cheer where the dark shadow fell;
And when the dull mists of affliction enshroud them,
Let the warm beams of friendship the chill damp dispel.

As the autumn's first snow on the mountain falls lightly,
And sparkles with gold as it melts in the ray,
So may all the chill cares that oppress thee end brightly,
And fade into joys as they vanish away.

And as years wander past thee, oh! blest be the dwelling
Where thou and thy loved ones upgrow side by side;
May the hearts it enshrines, with true sympathy swelling,
In unison keep time whatever betide.

So that He who looks down from His mansions above thee
May crown with His mercies thy peaceful abode,
And while thou hast dear friends and kindred to love thee,
Thy home may be watched by the eye of thy God.

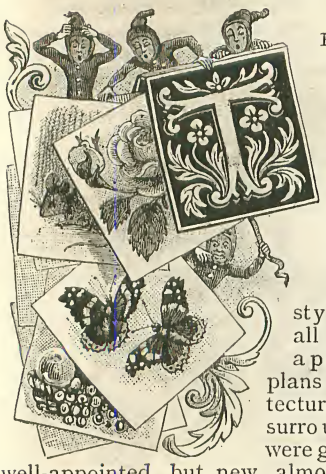
LAURA LEIGH.

A TALE OF HIGHBRIDGE PAPER MILLS.

By M. M. POLLARD, Author of "Three Years of a Girl's Life," "Only Me," &c.

CHAPTER III.

VINCENT ASHTON'S HOME.



THE house before which they stood was large and handsome, built in a modern style, with all the most approved plans of architecture. All its surroundings were grand and well-appointed, but new, almost obtrusively new and fresh.

The gravel walks that led to it were hardly yet firm and level, the gardens so lately planned had but a stunted display of growth, and the groves of young trees had not sufficient shelter to attract the summer birds.

Such were Miss Leigh's first ideas of Vincent's home, as she stood on the broad terrace before the hall door, looking over the fair prospect, and glancing back at the mills, which were divided from the private grounds by a couple of fields, a broad river, and a bridge.

Inside the house the same impressions remained on her mind. The rooms were stately and imposing, hall and staircase to match.

The furniture was in perfect keeping as far as it went. But there was a bareness, a want of ornament, a dreariness that seemed to suggest some master mind had planned much that was noble and grand, but had left his work, ere the designs had been fully carried out.

Mrs. Ashton was a small, thin woman, with dark hair slightly turning grey under the shadow of her widow's cap. She wore a black crape dress, unrelieved by any touch of white or colour, except the gold eye-glass that hung at her side. Her eyes were large and mournful, like her son's in hue, but very unlike them in expression. A singular combination of mildness, mingled with weakness, was visible in the expression of her face.

She appeared lonely and shrunken as she sat in a bay window of the huge, lofty dining-room, that had a table down its centre that looked long enough to entertain seventy guests.

The low wicker chair on which Mrs. Ashton was seated, in the depths of the bay window; the little round table before her, on which lay her patterns, her knitting basket, and her finished squares of quilt border, were both of a very different fashion to the rest of the handsome massive furniture of the room.

One could easily imagine they had been brought from some time-honoured, far smaller house than that the widow now inhabited; and one could believe they were treasured, not for their intrinsic value, but for the sake of old associations and long use.

There sat Mrs. Ashton in utter silence, save for the monotonous click of her knitting-needles. She was apparently absorbed in thought, never heeding that the world was very bright out-of-doors, or that two visitors were advancing towards her, and were already half way down the long room.

Her son went towards her and laid his hand gently on her shoulder—

"Mother, I have brought some friends to see you."

She started, and half rose from her chair.

"Vincent! is it you? What has brought you home so early? Is anything wrong—tell me at once?"

"There is nothing wrong, mother."

"I am glad of that, and glad to see you so much sooner than usual. Here I was, knitting and thinking—knitting and thinking all by myself."

"You think far too much, mother. Here is Mrs. Hayward come to see you, and also her cousin, Miss Leigh."

Vincent half hesitated as he spoke Laura's name. It seemed so trying to have to pronounce it loud enough for his mother to catch the sound exactly, and he turned towards the young lady with a word of apology—

"My mother is very deaf, I am sorry to say. We are almost obliged to shout sometimes when we wish her to hear," he explained.

"What a pity for her! It must make her feel very lonely."

But somehow Laura found very little difficulty in making Mrs. Ashton understand all she said.

Her voice was rich and musical, her enunciation perfect; each word came out clear, rounded, and distinct, aided wonderfully by the expression of her mobile lips, her speaking eyes. Mrs. Ashton was soon roused to interest, so charmed was she by her guest. She forgot her weary "knitting and thinking," her sadness and sorrows, and for the time gave herself up to making her visitors welcome, and entertaining them with cordial hospitality.

By-and-by she went with them over the mansion-like house, pointing out all that had been done, telling of all that had been left undone, speaking in a low, regretful voice, and with a slight northern accent that gave a pathos to her words.

"It is just as *he* left it, and I cannot bear to see any alteration made yet, though *he* had planned so much that was never finished."

Laura soon discovered the *he* that was the burden of her speech was her departed husband, the late Mr. Ashton, who had been called to lay down his life, just when it was fullest of duties, pleasures, and ambitions.

They were standing in a long, incompleted picture gallery that had yet no paintings hung on the walls, though the rods and hooks were all prepared for them. Mrs. Ashton took Laura to one of the huge cathedral-like windows, and pointed out a large, enclosed piece of ground a short distance off, on the spur of one of the fir-fringed hills opposite.

"Do you see that large enclosure, Miss Leigh? My husband intended to build a chapel there, a chaplain's house, and schools for his workpeople. Their interest was very dear to his heart. And further off from here, but nearer the mills, he had planned out whole rows of cottages. But all that is over now," she added, with a deep sigh.

"But why should it be over? Will not your son carry out his father's plans?" asked Laura.

Vincent was talking to Mrs. Hayward near the lower end of the room, but he heard the question, asked in rather a high distinct pitch of voice to suit Mrs. Ashton's difficulty of hearing, and he paused to hear his mother's reply.

"Vincent is still very young. He can hardly yet grasp the greatness of the work that has descended to him. By-and-by, perhaps, an impetus may be given to his aspirations; he may more fully comprehend the value of his birthright. I do not know, I cannot even conjecture in what form the impetus will come. It may be ambition; it may be a conscientious desire to fulfil his duty; it may be——. But there, I will not speculate on the subject any more. I can watch and wait—watch and wait."

Her voice died away in a kind of regretful echo, for her thoughts had gone back to her husband.

The brightness of the afternoon sun had for some minutes been obscured by a passing cloud, but just then the slant rays came streaming in through the large stained-glass window, and fell like a ray of gold on Laura's slightly-bowed head, for she was stooping to speak to the little mistress of the house. The sudden burst of sunshine seemed to surround her with light. Her sunny hair, her sweet face, stood out in relief against the somewhat dark background of the walls. She seemed a centre of brightness in the gallery.

Vincent Ashton was startled. To his momentarily overwrought fancy here was the answer to his mother's hopes for him; here was a visible form, young and fresh and beautiful, that would have power to give any amount of impetus to his aspirations, that would have power to be the ambition, the joy of his life.

What might he not become under such an influence?

Laura turned towards him suddenly and caught his rapt gaze of admiration fixed on her, and somehow it vexed her with its significance. She moved aside, a little impatiently, but not before he had seen the quick blush that mantled her cheeks, and mounted even to her brow.

"You must come and see me again," said Mrs. Ashton at parting. "Your visit has been such a pleasure to me that I shall be anxious to have it renewed."

"Oh yes, I will come again if you will let me," said Laura, with a laugh. "Marion will be glad to get rid of me sometimes."

As they returned homewards shortly afterwards Mr. Ashton accompanied the cousins up the lane, which twisted, and curved, and turned in so many crooked ways that scarcely a hundred yards of its length could be seen at one time, and in one of its most crooked nooks, where the wild roses and honeysuckles trailed luxuriantly in long wreaths over the top of the hedge, they discovered the Rev. Henry Hayward, half way up its verdant heights, a penknife between his teeth, and his spectacles, as usual, on his nose.

He was evidently employed in some arduous enterprise, for his arms were stretched far above his head, and he seemed in imminent danger of slipping down by the run.

A second glance explained the mystery of his position, for at the foot of the hedge, where the ferns grew thickly, stood his little daughters, Mysie and Trot, who were calling out to their father, and urging him on as they scrambled for the pale, sweet-scented blossoms that fell at their feet.

They already had their hands full of flowers, but with childish rapacity were still pleading for more, more!

"Just this one bunch over here, papa; it's splendid — three big, open, pink roses and four buds," called out Trot.

"No, no; this other one; it's far larger! and there's a great spray of honeysuckle you can cut at the same time," asserted Mysie.

The curate's wife ran towards her husband, her eyes full of anxious fear.

"Oh, Harry, do come down! what a dangerous place to climb!"

She turned to her little daughters, angrily—

"How could you persuade your father to scramble up to such a height, you naughty children? There! I was sure something dreadful would happen," added she, as, hearing her voice, the curate turned quickly round towards her, forgot his hazardous footing, and came to the ground with a sudden slip and struggle, more rapid than dignified.

"Oh, Harry, my love! are you hurt?" exclaimed Marion.

"I don't think so, but I have hardly had time to find out yet," retorted he, as he picked up his bruised hat from the road, and began brushing away the dust.

"How *could* you fall like that?"

"Well, my dear, people generally do fall without being able to explain the why and the wherefore, or how it exactly happened. I rather think your voice startled me, for I did not know you had come. How are you, Ashton? Take warning from me, and never try to gather roses without counting the cost."

Laura laughed merrily, and began snatching some of the blossoms away from Mysie, as she exclaimed—

"Greedy children! to give your papa such trouble, when there are dozens of roses in your own garden only waiting to be picked."

"But those are only tame flowers, Miss Leigh. We can get them any day—can't we, Trot? We like the red, wild ones best," said Mysie, pouting her rosy-red lips.

"Of course you do. Like the rest of the world, you prefer what costs most trouble in getting," said Laura, sagely.

"Does that rule always stand good?" asked Mr. Ashton.

"I suppose so, or the idea would not be so hackneyed. We are supposed never to value what we can obtain easily."

"Rather discouraging, I think," replied he.

"The very discouragement gives a zest to enterprise, no doubt—that is, if one is worthy of success. See, there is Miss Leigh proving the truth of her own assertion. She is up the hedge gathering roses for herself," said the curate, as he wiped the last speck of dust from his glasses, and glanced up at the young lady, who had just snatched off a long trailing thorny wreath of roses from the bushes, unmindful of her delicate pale kid gloves.

It was pleasant rambling along that rugged hilly lane, with the grey old trees here and there nearly meeting over their heads, with the slanting rays of the setting sun falling in great splashes of light on their pathway.

The sound of the river was heard winding its way some distance off—over boulders and rocks—and the birds were giving a farewell chorus while the sunshine lasted. Then came on the sweet June twilight, with its calmness, its warm purple mist, that hung like a transparent veil over the hayfields, the orchards, the cottage gardens, and Mr. Ashton was still loitering along with them.

He and Mr. Hayward were in a deep discussion about "strikes," and the ladies listened, adding a word or two as they felt inclined.

"You have had no further dissatisfaction amongst your people?" Mr. Hayward was saying.

"No, they found out I was in earnest, and have given in."

"How did you convince them of your earnestness?" asked Marion.

"I fixed my attention on the ring-leaders of the movement, for I found out Isaac Syke and about half-a-dozen others led the rest of the men—made them their tools, and compelled them to do as they pleased. Soon after my father died Syke thought it would be a good opportunity for organising a strike. Because I was young and inexperienced he imagined I could be frightened into yielding all that was demanded—higher wages, shorter work hours, and the like. But I knew my father had been noted for his just dealing with them, his liberality, and I had altered none of his plans that were intended for their benefit, nor did I intend to make any change."

"I suppose you told them so?"

"Yes, Mrs. Hayward, I called up Syke and the rest of his set, told them they had nothing to complain of, and that I never intended to yield to their intimidations. When they persevered in their coercive measures I dismissed the whole of them from my employ."

"That was settling the question in a very summary way."

"It proved the best way, after all, for though there was a talk of personal revenge towards me, a rumour in the air of the machinery in danger of being destroyed, the mills being burnt down, the cloud has passed over, I am thankful to say, and we are all satisfied with each other now."

"What became of Isaac Syke?" asked Mrs. Hayward. "I remember him quite well—a plausible, conceited sort of man, with a smattering of book-education, a lawyer-like genius for argument, and a thorough revolutionist in idea. He used to wear black, seedy-looking broadcloth clothes after work hours; one might have imagined him to be a broken-down gentleman."

"They called him 'gentleman Syke' at the mills, but there was very little nobility in his character. He went to Manchester after he left Highbridge, got into some scrape there, and I heard afterwards he had emigrated to the States of America."

"He may get on in the States," said Marion, with a laugh. "They like plenty of 'push' and 'go' over there, I believe."

"But his is hardly the right sort of enterprise, I am afraid," replied the curate.

By-and-by, after Mr. Ashton had taken leave, and they were slowly rambling towards the village, Mr. Hayward turned to Laura and said—

"How did you enjoy your visit? And how do you like the Ashtons?"

"Which question am I to answer first?"

"The last, if you choose. Did you see Vincent's mother?"

"Yes, and think her charming. She looks as if she has a history."

"So she has, though perhaps you would not call it romantic. Her history is that of a fond wife, a true woman. Both she and her husband were lowly born. They began life at the foot of the legendary ladder, and mounted its rungs one after another by their own industry and integrity. Truly God-fearing people, they well deserved the success that crowned their efforts. It seems to us short-sighted mortals a great pity that poor Mr. Ashton was called away just in the midst of his usefulness—before his work was done; but we are only imperfect judges of what is best."

"Vincent comes more to the front in consequence of his father's death," suggested Marion.

(*Continued on page* 46.)

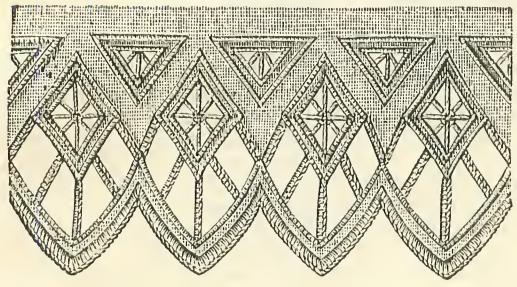
MY WORK BASKET.

By MARY LAYBOURN.

Embroidered Bordering for Brackets, etc.

This embroidery is worked on coloured cloth or velvet, with gold and silk cords, and thick filoselle.

The band has the design drawn on it with prepared chalk. A sharp pair of scissors is required to cut out the open parts (after being worked) of the pattern.



BORDERING FOR BRACKETS.

A rich claret or ruby velvet looks well worked with a gold and dark blue silk cord laid side by side, and sewed across with slanting stitches, not too close but evenly, with a paler shade of blue silk. The French knot in centre of the lozenge is of gold only.

The broad buttonhole stitch edge is worked with filoselle the colour of the cloth or velvet.

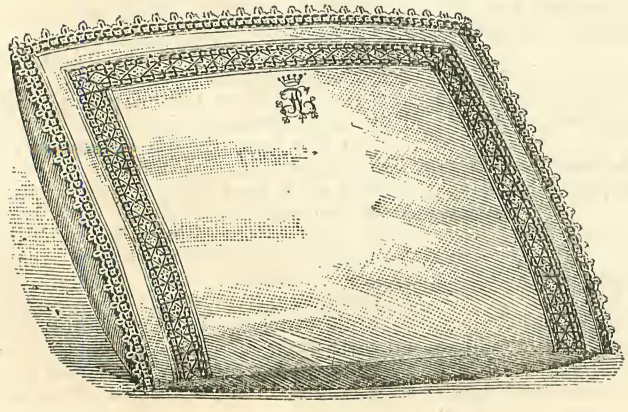
Pillow Cases.

The case is made in fine Irish linen the width and length required to cover the pillow for which it is intended.

A band of Madeira insertion is felled on above the broad hem, and a border to match sewed round the edge. The monogram and crest may be embroidered in white or coloured flourishing cotton. Buttonholes are made in the hem at one end of the cover, and fancy buttons put on to fasten it behind round the pillow.

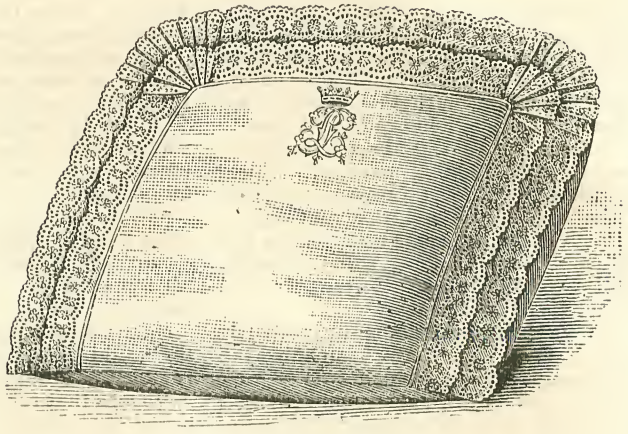
No. 2.—Also of fine linen and fastened in the same manner.

The two sides and one end are trimmed with a double row of Torchon lace (the lower one half as broad again as the upper), laid in plaits at the corners. One end of the cover is hemmed and the buttons sewed on; buttonholes are made between the two laces at the opposite end.



PILLOW CASE, NO. 1.

Large initials and crest embroidered in white French cotton or coloured flourishing cotton.



PILLOW CASE, NO. 2.

Embroidered Footstool.

The frame of the stool is plain deal, fitted with a firmly stuffed cushion of canvas. The legs are ebony, or wood, to match the rest of the furniture.

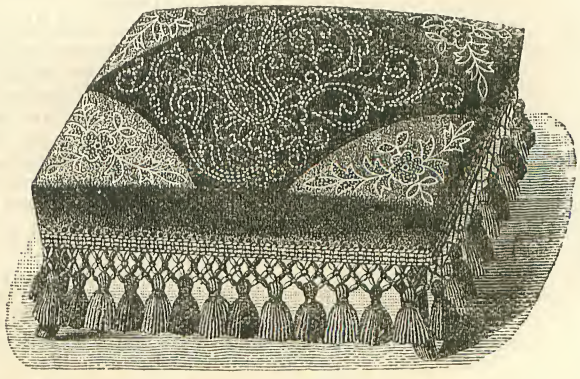
The embroidery is done on woollen plush. The centre square is in peacock blue, the corners in pink. The embroidery is in chain stitch, worked with coloured silks and silver thread. When each of the corners and squares of peacock blue are worked, they are stitched together (the square being placed so that a corner is in the middle of each of the four sides of the stool) on the wrong side. A band of peacock blue plush, edged with a deep netting of coarse silk to match, is put plain round the flat framework of the stool, and variegated tassels of wool, silk, and silver thread fastened into the loops of the netting. The seams are covered with a fine twisted silk cord, mixed with silver.

Isa Smith has been kind enough to send the following, in the hope that it may be of use to some of our readers:—

How to Make a Warm Night-cap for an Old Lady.

Take four ply fingering wool of a pretty shade—pink. Use bone hook.

Work seven chain, join into a circle, crochet round into chain, make outlets every second stitch for three rows. As it gets larger the outlets may be fewer, but keep flat. Outlets are made by working twice into one chain-stitch. Work double crochet. Make twenty rows all round. Then leave eighteen stitches (this forms back of crown). Return the contrary way, always leaving the eighteen, and work backwards and forwards for sixteen or seventeen rows to form the front. When the right side is towards you pick up the chain from the back, or furthermost away. Returning row—When the wrong side is



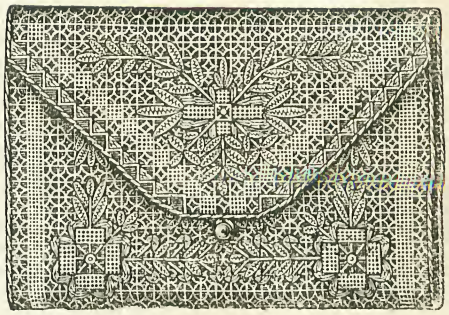
FOOTSTOOL.

towards you, pick up the chain-stitch fronting you. This will make the work all the same. A border may be added. Work triple crochet into one hole three times, missing one always, one triple into one. Repeat all round the cap. A double border may be put on if wished. Triple crochet into the chain-stitch at the back of the front border. Ties done separate. Nine chain for width enough. Double crochet like cap until it is long enough. Two and a half finger-lengths are long as required. A finished border will improve it. Work one triple into every second stitch. Sew or crochet on the ties.

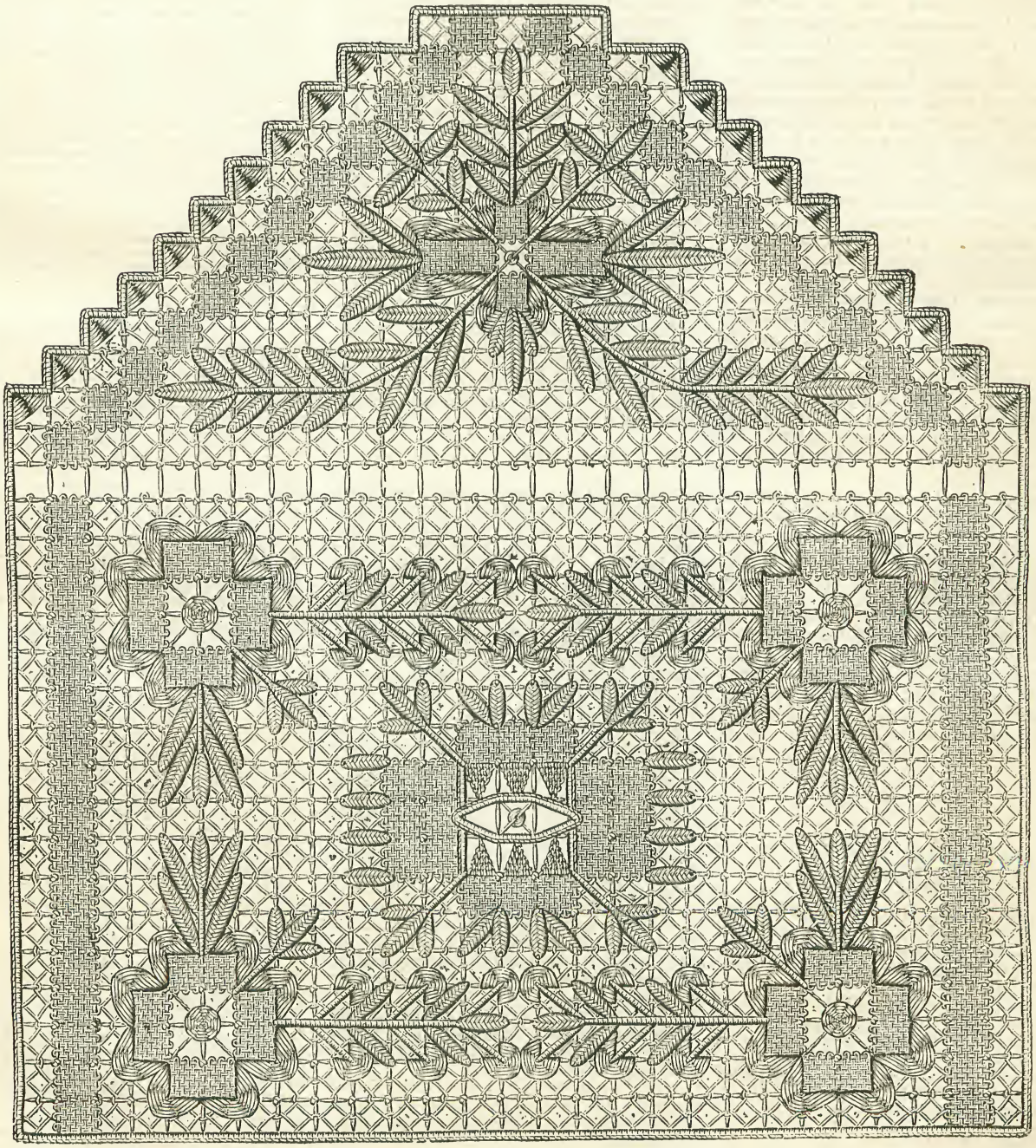
This could be made a nice cap for a baby, but made less by not making the crown so large. Leave from four to five rows less.

Work Case of Guipure Net.

This case is made of pale blue silk interlined with white flannel and quilted. The size of half the case and flap is given, and the pattern carefully illustrated, showing the different stitches employed. The work is tacked on the outside of the case under a narrow blue silk fancy braid, and is closed by two small silver buttons and blue braid loops.



WORK CASE.



WORK CASE OF GUIPURE NET.

(*Continued from page* 43.)

"The son seems rather clever and very good-looking," said Laura.

"Good-looking! Is he? I have never formed any opinion yet about his looks. Only the other day he was merely a shy, awkward boy, too tall for his years, who never knew what to do with his feet or how to dispose of his hands; but, then, young people change very rapidly."

"Vincent is decidedly handsome. He has regular features, fine, dark eyes, and a splendid physique," said Marion, promptly.

"Oh, I do not dispute his personal charms. You ladies are of course the best judges in that respect," replied the curate. "But instead of pronouncing him to be 'rather clever,' as Laura does, I would pronounce him to be '*very* clever.' He has already made a wonderful start. He stepped into his father's place in a wise, practical manner, and the way he stamped out dissatisfaction—or rather, I should say, disorganization—amongst his people was something to marvel at, something worthy to be made an example of. He will be sure to add to the success the Ashtons at present enjoy, and he will make good use of it—be no 'unworthy steward.' You see, I have observed his mind, his character, and have left his looks for the judgment of his fair friends."

Somehow, Laura Leigh thought a great deal about the Ashtons on that evening, and why she did so much puzzled her.

It was not that they were gay or fashionable, or particularly entertaining, nor did they resemble any of her London friends, nor was their conversation at all like that she usually heard when making a call in Mayfair.

The last set of new novels had never even been once named—the favourite opera never commented on—nor had this year's paintings on the Academy walls been brought on the *tapis* for criticism or admiration.

"The Ashtons are altogether different from people one constantly meets—different, and yet nice," was her last conclusion, ere she fell asleep on her pillow. She dreamt that night she was a factory girl, and had to pick over rags in Mr. Ashton's loft.

(*To be continued.*)

NEW MUSIC.

A. Cox.

Happy Moments. By Arthur C. Faull.—A very easy and simple little piece, written in the key of C, changing into three sharps, then one flat, and returning to its original key. Suitable for beginners.

The Rippling Stream. Valse de Salon. By James Downey.—The fact of this valse having passed to the third edition bespeaks its appreciation. It is graceful, and by no means difficult. A brilliant presto introduction of two pages in common time precedes, and softens down to the valse.

Weekes and Co.

La Sarolta. Mazurka. By B. Felder.—A nice, swinging little mazurka, in the key of D. The theme is smooth and pleasing, and the style graceful and well marked.

Souvenir de Bath. Polka élégante. By B. Felder.—The character is well defined, and the arrangement bright and agreeable.

Souvenir de St. Leonards. By B. Felder.—Another of Felder's polkas; an easier arrangement than the "Souvenir de Bath," but well marked and taking.

Heloise. Caprice, for the pianoforte. By Wilfred Bendall.—A useful little practice piece in five flats, requiring careful reading and playing.

Lady of Shalott. Melody, for pianoforte. By B. Felder.—A soft, andante movement. A little "song without words," and thorough exercise for the right hand, where the bass takes the air and the legato double notes form the accompaniment. A smooth, even touch is necessary for the proper playing of the "Tempo 18," this being the only difficult passage, and well worth the time spent over it.

Marche Brillante. By C. J. Duchemin.—A very easy military march, quick and decided, in the key of G, and without any difficulties.

Un écho Ecosse. Fantaisie de Concert, upon the air, "Charlie is my Darling." By C. A. Ehrenfechter.—The air is well sustained and accompanied in a very brilliant style. This piece must be a great favourite when well performed, but requires a somewhat advanced performer. It is both good and pleasing practice.

Vol. 505 of Weekes and Co.'s editions. Duet Album. A selection of Schubert's songs, arranged as duets for the pianoforte. By Luigi Golfieri:—

No. 1. *Das Fischermädchen.*
Nos. 2 and 3. *Morgengruss.*
No. 4 *Danksagung an den Bach.*
No. 5. *Ungeduld.*

Easily and shortly written, preserving the character of Schubert's well-known songs by means of the four hands.

W. Morley and Co.

Shadow and Sun. Song by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Alfred J. Caldicott. Written in two keys: C to E and D to F.—A pretty and graceful melody set to simple and interesting words—not difficult.

The Snow-clad City. Song by Glover. Music by Arthur Carnall, with harmonium accompaniment *ad lib.*—An oft-told story of a poor little street arab, perishing with cold and hunger on the steps of a church while the organ is being played. The melody is well arranged to the words. It is written in two keys—D to E and E to F.

Unsaid. Written by Julia Cartwright. Music by Jacques Blumenthal.—We have been favoured with another of this celebrated composer's songs. They are always welcome. The touching story is most ably and graphically set, and we think will compare favourably with the author's previous compositions.

Liberty Hall. Song by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A bold and effective song, written in three keys. The style and character rather uncommon.

Two Wings. Song by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A graceful and refined song; the light and airy accompaniment is most appropriately united to the charming melody.

In the Heart of London Town. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—Very pathetic words, most artistically set by the accomplished composer.

The Old Cathedral and *The Land of Rest* we had the pleasure of noticing in a most favourable manner a short time since. We can confidently say that all the above will prove a welcome addition to the vocal repertory of our musical young friends.

By the Abbey Door. Song by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Berthold Tours.

The New Kingdom. Words by M. Mark Lemon. Music by Berthold Tours, with harmonium accompaniment *ad lib.*

Both these songs by this favourite composer are fully worthy the reputation he has gained with the musical public. They are set in three keys, and the harmonium accompaniment, we need hardly say, will greatly add to the effect and beauty of their composition.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ART.

Phœbe.—An article on painting on silk and satin will shortly be given in this magazine.

White Snowdrop.—An excellent series of articles on "Sketching from Nature in Water-colours" was given in vol. ii., and the same clever artist will write in the new volume on "Painting in Oil Colours." Your pen and ink are both indifferent, and your writing is too irregular to be pretty.

Young Antiquarian.—A good recipe for copying inscriptions on stones is given at page 402, vol. ii.

Field Marshal.—Very excellent landscape copies for water-colours can be obtained either on sale or for hire at the artists' colourman's. There is no difficulty in obtaining them. Why not cover the tables with ruby to match the rest of the furniture, and have a fringe of red and greyish green?

David and Charlie.—The cards you send us are beautifully done. You do not say if they are original in design or not. In order to dispose of them you must take a selection of your best and go round to the publishers and show them. Nothing in this way is attained save by individual effort and determination.

MUSIC.

After Years of Waiting.—We suppose you will obtain the cheapest music at a second-hand shop. We do not give addresses. We do not make any promises about answers to correspondents, and as they are a matter of kindness and courtesy on our part, we expect civility and gratitude from our correspondents when their questions are answered.

Poma Parva Matura.—There is no setting that we know of to the words of Tennyson's song. The spider is said to make her first bridge by means of leaping and allowing herself to be floated by the breeze in the direction she desires to go.

Musical.—Constant practice will give you facility in the transposition of music at sight; supposing, of course, your knowledge of the rudiments is good.

Letitia.—Have you studied Czerny's exercises? They are of the description you wish, and are very useful.

Dormouse.—Inquire at any music-seller's. Your writing is very pretty for your age, and is more formed than is usual.

Trotty Green.—The new volume of The Girl's Own Paper began October 7th. Every great public singer has had her own opinion on "clearing her voice," and how to do it. Read "How to Sing in Public."

EDUCATIONAL.

The Honorary Secretary of the Students' Branch of the Christian Women's Education Union begs us to announce that the next admission of new members will be at the end of January. No applications should be made before that month. No notice can be taken of any communication which does not enclose a stamped and directed envelope. Address Miss Petrie, Hanover Lodge, Kensington Park, London, W.

Elma.—We should think you quite fitted for the post of nursery governess if you have passed all your examinations as pupil teacher. The rudiments of French and music are generally required, and sometimes, if there are boys, a little knowledge of Latin.

Perplexity.—There is no possible reason why you should not begin a small private school if you are likely to make anything by so doing, and have such a connection as will ensure your getting pupils. But do not give up a *certainty*, such as your present situation, until you are quite sure you have a chance of success. Your mother might try to find out by inquiry. If you live near enough to her, could you not make your present situation a day one and go home at night?

Marguerite.—Greek and Latin are required, but not Hebrew. We hould advise you to write to the Registrar, University of London, Burlington-gardens, W., for the papers.

Anxious.—There is a class of resident pupils from fifteen to thirty years of age, and one of non-residents from twelve to seventeen, at the Home and Colonial Schools, Gray's Inn-road, King's Cross, W.C., who are preparing for situations as teachers and gover-

nesses. Write to the principal. We should strongly advise you to join one of them for proper training.

VIOLANTE C.—For the Oxford Examination, address G. E. Baker, Esq., Magdalen College, Oxford.

KATHLEEN C. SPENCER.—1. The Cambridge Senior Local Examinations are for girls *under* eighteen; the Higher Local for those *over* eighteen. 2. The two examinations you speak of would be of the same rank, provided the candidate had passed in the department of languages. It would be advisable to go in for the Edinburgh Senior, we should think, in your case.

A CONSTANT READER. — French history is not obligatory. Why not write for the papers?

MAGETTA.—It would be impossible to say. Compare the papers for yourself. Why not have a bodice of jean well starched, instead of having whalebones?

TOTTENHAM ANNIE.—Apply for all information on the University Extension Lectures to the secretary, E. Myers, Esq., 22, Albemarle-street, London, W. The terms begin in October and January, and are of three months each.

PUGNASICUM and HOPEFUL.—You had better become a member of the Christian Women's Education Union. Write and ask for information and report as to the students' branch, stating your wishes to become ultimately a medical missionary. Address, Miss Petrie, Hanover Lodge, Kensington Park, W., London. The expenses are very moderate. There is no prize competition for Christmas cards this year, so far as we have heard. To "Pugnasicum" we give the same advice about the Union, but her branch would be the Bible Students'. The secretary is Mrs. C. H. Waller, 16, South Hill Park Gardens, Hampstead Heath. The recipe will be found on the preceding page, 270, vol. ii.

PETITE.—We do not know Macaulay's method of learning languages, but we fear it would be hopeless to emulate what Mr. Trevelyan calls "his extraordinary faculty of assimilating printed matter at first sight. To the end of his life he read books faster than other people skimmed them, and skimmed them as fast as anyone else could turn the leaves." His memory also appears to have been peculiarly valuable and accurate as to dates and events. You would find his life and letters by his nephew, George Otto Trevelyan, very interesting.

WORK.

ETHEL M. A. BOWRA.—Read "Uses for Shells and Seaweed," page 99, vol. ii. The glue you used was not strong enough.

HAWTHORNIA.—"Screens and How to Make Them," page 224, vol. iii., contains full instructions, and in it you will find your questions answered.

A LOVER OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.—The pattern for knitting double is given on page 655, vol. iii. Your writing is very legible.

M. A. A.—The pattern you enclose is the Virginia creeper, and must be worked in crewel stitch, and shaded in green and red. If you procure some leaves and dry them you will soon see the colours you ought to use by studying the originals.

SISSIE IVY.—See "Knitted Designs," page 596, vol. iii., in June of this year. The step pattern is suitable for a petticoat or for a necktie. See also page 719, vol. iii.

ADA.—To make a stitch put the wool over the needle; in this way when you knit the next stitch you find two stitches on your needle instead of one.

A. B. C. kindly writes a beautifully neat note to tell us how successful she has been in knitting some black wool stockings with the rose-leaf pattern, given at page 596, vol. iii., for which we are much obliged.

A MAID OF KENT.—To transfer patterns you must use transfer-paper and tracing-paper—the former either black or coloured. Both may be obtained at a stationer's, and in our articles on crewel-work we have given careful descriptions of how to use them.

AN ENGLISH COLONIST. — "Veining" is otherwise termed "fancy hem-stitching," the lines being crossed where the thread is drawn below the hem. We have failed to find the flowers in your letter, and suppose you did not enclose them.

EDGAR'S LASSIE. — To wash crewel-work, see pages 46 and 431, vol. ii. Your letter is a very good one for a little girl of nine years old, and we are much pleased to receive your father's kind message.

KATHLEEN H.—Many thanks for the crochet pattern. Your writing is not quite good enough for your age. The meaning of "Mary" is "bitter," or "star of the sea." The meaning of "Frances" is "free."

SALLY SIMPSON.—Your search was evidently neither long nor careful. Instructions for drying and curing skins were given on page 368, vol. iii. A full answer to your second question also will be found on page 761, vol. iii., in "Seasonable Clothing," and also instructions where the suitable patterns may be found in the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THISTLE.—You would be shown the true colours and correct tartan at any Scotch house. There is a very old established one in Regent-street going towards the Quadrant on your right.

BEATRICE H.—We think you must be guided by your doctor's advice, as *he knows your constitution*. Winnipeg, though very cold, is very healthy. We see no reason why your husband could not come down to the milder part of Canada, Ontario, and settle there, if you fear to follow him to the extreme north-west provinces.

A RECTOR'S ONLY DAUGHTER.—There is no doubt that Pope was a Roman Catholic, both by birth and education, and also remained so to the time of his death. Your handwriting is very pretty indeed.

TOPSY GEORGE.—The medal appears to be one struck to commemorate some musical event, such as the founding of a college or society. It is probably German.

DOLORES MORRISON. — We do not give addresses, which may be found without difficulty in any London Directory. Your writing is so difficult to decipher, that few people (including ourselves) will wish to receive another specimen. If you are young enough to make a reform, we counsel you to do so.

HUDIBRAS.—The value of such books is decided by recent sales. If you take it to several of the first class second-hand booksellers, such as those in Piccadilly, you would soon find out what they think of it. We could not give an opinion in the dark, so to say.

AN UNSATISFIED ONE is advised to study her Bible. Such texts as the following are an answer to her question. St. Luke vi. 45, John xiii. 2, Romans x. 10, 2 Cor. iii. 3, Eph. vi. 6. We have lately seen in a paper that the Russian ladies wrap their feet over their stockings in paper before putting on their fur boots, which is said to be perfectly efficacious in keeping the feet warm. Frequent bathing and rubbing with exercise are the only other cures.

POLLIE.—The best conductors of lightning placed in the order of conductivity are—metals, gas coke, graphite solutions of salts, acids, and water. The best non-conductors, ending with the most perfect insulation—indiarubber, gutta percha, dry air and gases, wool, ebonite, silk, glass, wax, sulphur, resins, and paraffin.

PERSEVERANCE.—Certainly, give the present to the bride whenever you please. The monogram would make no difference. We advise you to procure Messrs. Novello's primers on music.

AN INDIAN GIRL.—The seven wonders of the world have already been given. Tell your new maid how you choose to be addressed. If the mistress of the house, she should say, "Ma'am," not "Miss."

BARGROVE.—The tale of Melibeus will be found in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." The original story was French.

PUELLA AMICUS.—We judge from your letter that you need a doctor's advice, and that the trouble you complain of will only yield to proper remedies.

A LINCOLNSHIRE LASS.—It is a very good thing, we believe, to sleep with the window a little open at night, especially if the bedroom be not well ventilated. The 1st December, 1863, was a Tuesday.

ALBERTA.—Some very good cements for mending china and glass are sold by chemists and others. You must try them for yourself. May 3, 1866, was a Thursday.

CAPE WILDFLOWER.—Read "The Eyes and the Eyesight," by Medicus, page 805, vol. ii. Your writing is large and legible.

KATTIE C.—"Who steals my purse steals trash" is from *Othello*, act iii. scene i.

TATA.—Clean the metallic hairbrush with flour or bran well rubbed in. Your writing is untidy.

A. Z. (Harrow).—The author of the enigma on the letter H, beginning—

> "'Twas whispered in Heaven,
> 'Twas muttered in Hell,"

was Lord Byron.

FOUR EYES.—Shere, Shier, Sher, or Sheer Thursday, is the Thursday before Easter, called also Maunday Thursday. The word Shere is supposed to be derived from a Saxon word meaning pure, and may have some allusion to the washing of the feet on that day. It is also said to be derived from the practice of shearing or clipping the head and cutting the beard on that day in preparation for the Easter festival. The day is not Wednesday, but Thursday.

DRESDEN CHINA.—The origin of the name "City of the Violet Crown," applied to Athens, is found in Pindar. It probably has reference to the situation of Athens in the central plain of Attica, surrounded by mountains on every side but the south, and to the gorgeous rosy and violet tints in which they are bathed by the rising and setting sun. You have been answered before; please look for it.

PURPLE VIOLET.—Many thanks for your kind praises of our paper. The quotation is, "Generosity is not known to him."

GUMBER CORNER.—We should advise you to procure some insect powder from a chemist. Your writing is untidy.

DORE KENT.—Many thanks for your kind offer; we regret we cannot avail ourselves of it.

MARY.—We must acknowledge your kind letter and wish, and while declining to comply with it, to thank you warmly for the interest you take in us and our work.

VINNIE.—We think Miss Eliza Cook, the poetess, is alive still.

INQUISITIVE.—"'Tis only noble to be good" is a line from Tennyson's poem, "Lady Clara Vere de Vere."

DAISY DUMMEL.—Many thanks for your information. Your handwriting is legible and neat.

TABBIE.—"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever" is a quotation from Keats's "Endymion."

SOPHIE.—There is no reason to prevent any person being of full age and sound mind making over their property to whom they will. The property was left to her absolutely, with only one condition, which she avoided by divesting herself of it in a legal manner.

ABERDEEN AIVA.—You would find the poem probably in some of Norman M'Leod's published works. We could not promise to repeat it.

JEANNIE PINKERTON.—It is not usual for ladies to take off the hat or bonnet at luncheon at present. Of course, if especially asked to do so you can comply. Write for the general catalogue of the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row.

C. M.—We did not give the information upon our own authority, but upon that of an unknown correspondent. It would have been better before taking any action on it to have written and discovered the truth of the matter for yourself. Our opinion of old postage stamps has been frequently stated—*i.e.*, that they are worth nothing save to those who wish to paper a room or screen with them.

WEBLAND.—Blue, some shades of green, grenat and wine colour, and violet would all of them suit your complexion, we should think. The secret of pressing flowers so as to retain their colour lies in the use of blotting-paper to press them in, and in the constant changing of it when it gets damp.

BLUE PETER, K. M. Y. C.—There are two recipes given on page 407, vol. ii., for removing spots of mould; others will be found at page 480, vol. iii. Your writing is good and well formed for your age.

PERAMBULATOR.—We have read your long letter with much interest and sympathy. We foresee you will be much occupied at home, and as this is the case could you not look out for some boarders to replace the income that your brothers take away? You will probably procure them by advertising. If you cannot do this, perhaps you can procure fresh employment as a daily governess or for a few hours as a bookkeeper. We think the boarders the most feasible.

DAME DURDEN.—The following is an old recipe for cleaning and scouring carpets:—Dissolve an ounce and a half of alum in a quart of warm water, also one ounce and a half of Fuller's earth in another quart of warm water; put a little of each into a bucketful of soft water, adding a little oxgall and rubbing in some common brown soap; then wash the carpet little by little with this mixture till rather wet, rubbing it well with a coarse cloth. The carpet will appear as fresh and bright as new.

PHILIPPA.—The fourth vol. of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER has already commenced. Your hand appears to us sufficiently good for a public office clerkship. We thank you for the kind things you say of this magazine.

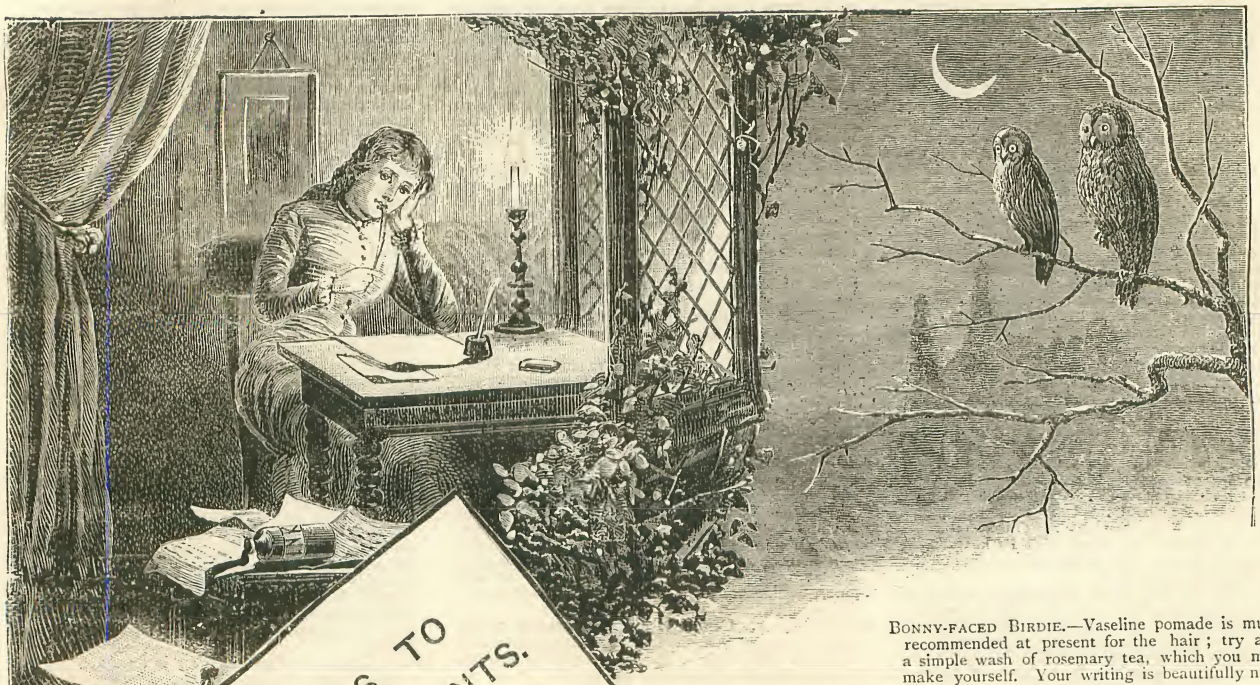
TUTUS DUM RECTUS.—1. The visitors who come to luncheon, and sit with you at the same table, would be very remiss in politeness if they failed to bow to a lady who was evidently a resident in the house where they were guests, and regarded as a suitable neighbour at table, whether the mistress of the house introduced her or not. Likewise, when in the schoolroom, which is the special domain of the governess, it would be highly ill-bred to ignore her presence when presiding there. If merely sitting in the drawing-room, amongst other persons, probably an introduction would not be thought necessary, although a member of the household. 2. No gentleman nor any other man should presume to shake hands with a lady, nor even with a woman in a humbler position, as a stranger, without an introduction. 3. The name "Beauchamp" is pronounced as if written "Beech-am."

LOO R.—Flirting does not consist in accepting the escort of gentlemen friends when alone and needing protection, after an evening class. It consists in a certain flippant and bantering style of conversation and style of demeanour which may be described as a spurious and unseemly kind of love-making, and which is often mistaken for the earnest and innocent reality. Take care that no friends who thus afford their escort be not mistaken in your motives. We thank you for such a kind expression of your approval of our paper.

H. T. L.—"There came a mist and a weeping rain, and life was never the same again," is from a tale by George Macdonald, called "Phantastes."

MARIELLE.—"Sermons in stones, and good in everything," is a quotation from Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, act ii. scene i. Your writing promises to be good by-and-by.

M. T. R.—Why do you eat black-puddings and strangled birds and rabbits? You are by no means obliged to do so. It is true that some people imagine that the prohibition given in the xvth. chapter of the Book of Acts was designed only for the times of the first preaching of the Gospel to the Jews, whose consciences would have been wounded by the use of blood as food. But these practices were classed with the grossest of crimes, when their prohibition was extended to Christians, and to say the least of it, the use of blood rests on very doubtful authority, and not only so, but is known to be productive of disease. We have a plentiful variety of wholesome food, and there is no necessity for our eating black-puddings, nor for strangling our poultry and rabbits; this at least must be admitted by those even who can conscientiously take the liberty of doing both. One thing, however, is certain—that while acting as our own consciences require, we must beware of judging those of others.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Flue Bell.—1. It is very commendable to be so ready to trace the cause of the rudeness and slight you experience from your young friends to your own fault, rather than to their ingratitude and ill-breeding; but we feel disposed to think that they have never been instructed in the common principles of good manners, not to say deficient in amiability. 2. Take your ulster to a dyer's, and consult him; you do not say what the colour now is.

Jenkins.—We imagine that you begin to tell your story before having given yourself time to collect your thoughts, or that you think more of your manner of telling it, and of the words to be used, than of the plain facts themselves. Shorten your sentences, and try to make six words do instead of a dozen.

Era.—Gymnastic exercises will be good for you, but we could not recommend the "trapeze." It does not follow that you are really crooked because you find the left shoulder a little higher that the right, because it is a very common trick or habit to hold the right shoulder down. The strongest men are often seen to do so, who on its being pointed out to them can at once rectify the position, and show themselves to be really straight in formation. But it should be attended to at once, or the habit may become very difficult of cure.

Auntie.—Your wish to obtain advice on the training of children (having to act a mother's part at so early an age) is very wise on your part, but the subject is of too wide a range to be dealt with in the brief space allotted to a correspondent. Encourage her to speak the truth freely—not by punishment, but by inviting confidence. As a rule, telling falsehoods is a fault proceeding from timidity of character, and to beat a horse for shying is to prove that his fears were not groundless, and he will shy again at the same object. Teach her by telling or reading her pretty instructive stories, and such little books as "The Peep of Day" and "Line Upon Line," and by showing her pictures, such as of animals, birds, and insects, and explaining all about them. Teach her about the Lord Jesus, so far as she can understand, and to say a little suitable prayer night and morning; and when you put her to bed at seven o'clock, kneel by her side and pray God to bless and take care of her and to make her a good child—aloud, in words that she can understand. Never let her see you ill-tempered and hasty with her. Avoid saying, "Don't do this or that," on trifling occasions, but when you see fit to forbid or to command, insist on absolute obedience. If rebellious, stand her in the corner and tell her you are sorry to keep her there for a time, but never tell her that it is to be "until she say she is sorry,' as this will result in a trial of strength between you. We will give you a few more suggestions another time, if you desire them. The rule of love is beneficial in its influence on the character, and far more powerful than the rule of force and intimidation.

A. G. I. A.—1. The name of the poet to whom you refer is often pronounced as it is spelt—"Cow-per." But the proper way, as used by scholars and by the Cowper family, is as "Cooper." 2. See all the answers on the question of weak eyes in The Girl's Own Paper, referring to the indices. Also the article by "Medicus" on the "Eyes and Eyesight."

Little Marjorie Gwynne.—For a relaxed and husky throat gargling with a solution of alum, or taking tannin lozenges may be found of use, but we know nothing of the symptom which you describe as an "aching" in the throat towards evening. If very painful you should let a doctor see it, and prescribe for you, as it may be symptomatic of some state of your general health, and not merely a local affection. We thank you for your very nice and kind letter, and consider your writing fairly good.

Bonny-faced Birdie.—Vaseline pomade is much recommended at present for the hair; try also a simple wash of rosemary tea, which you may make yourself. Your writing is beautifully neat and legible.

Lily of the Sea.—1. We thank you for so kindly assuring us that you think our patience in replying to our correspondents "is more lasting than Job's!" It is pleasant to correspond with one so kindly appreciative. You write a very fine hand. If, on introduction to anyone, they say, "I am pleased to have made your acquaintance," you may either say, "Thank you, you are very good to say so," or you may say, "I assure you that the pleasure is mutual." 2. Pronounce the name "Rizzio" as if written "Rit-ze-o."

Old (?) Maid of Twenty.—We should imagine that you were threatened with a future of rheumatism or gout. If the increase of your finger joints be only of recent date—that is, within your own recollection—we think you need the taking of immediate and very decided measures to prevent any further enlargement, and the chalk-stones which may be formed and deprive you, more or less, of the use of your hands. You are suffering from acidity in the blood, and should have your diet prescribed for you. Besides this, you should put yourself under treatment at Buxton, taking the baths and waters, or else at Vichy. The enlargement of the joints—especially at your early time of life—is a grave matter, and indicates a condition of the blood that may produce a variety of evil results.

Printing.—Pass the ribbon all round the square of glass for the glass shade, lapping one end, with the raw edge turned in, over the other, and sewing them neatly together. Then holding the glass exactly in the centre of the ribbon like a casing, on each side of a corner, fold in the ribbon and sew it so as to fit the corner tightly. Do the same at each corner, so as to bind the edges of the glass compactly. When the two side pieces and the two ends are thus prepared separately, lay one end against one side and oversew them together, and do the same with the corresponding side and end. Then sew all together, and lastly sew on the top. We thank you for all your good wishes.

Sunshine is not worthy of her name, for she writes a rude and unladylike letter. We shall be glad to hear from her when she has recovered her temper and her good manners.

July.—It would be a question for her minister to decide. You do not say if the person has been publicly received or not into the church you mention. We could not answer without knowing the facts.

True Jeannie.—A "Triad" is three subjects, connected more or less, formed into one continuous poem or subject—thus, the Creation, Redemption, and Resurrection would form a triad. An imperfect triad is one lacking one of its numbers. They are also musical terms used in Harmony.

Billy.—1. It seems to be the fashion to wear tan gloves until they are quite unfit to clean, otherwise they could be cleaned like others, we should think. 2. Rub the stone smooth by means of another hard stone, and water and sand.

Muriel.—Read "The Eyes and the Eyesight," by Medicus, page 805, vol. ii. It would be better for you to consult a doctor on your general health.

Fixative.—If the tray be wood, why, varnish anything but the painting, and polish the rest carefully. We know of nothing but that. Dinner mats are no longer used except perhaps under the table cloth, where the table is a valuable one and may be spoilt,

VOL. IV.—NO. 148.] OCTOBER 28, 1882. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

STRONG AND TRUE.

By L. C. SILKE, Author of "In Mischief Again," "Loving Service," &c.

All rights reserved.] "'LITTLE ENOUGH I DESERVED YOUR LOVE,' HE SAID, SADLY."

CHAPTER III.

FEW days later Hattie bade adieu to the Hollies and started for Nutford. She struggled hard to preserve a cheerful demeanour to the last, though she almost broke down when reminding Agnes of her promise to write very frequently and to tell her particularly exactly how their father was.

"I shall so long for news. I shall be wanting to know all day long how you are getting on here."

"I promise you shall be told all that goes on, and have lots of letters," replied Agnes, lightly, scarcely able to enter into Hattie's yearning over her father, or to understand all she felt at leaving him. "And don't stay a day longer than you are obliged, dear, because we shall want you back, you know, as soon as ever you can come," she added, with a kiss.

It was a dismal rainy afternoon when Hattie arrived at Nutford and proceeded to the Manor House, the abode of Miss Warlow. It was a stiff, ugly house, with a stiff, formal garden in front, whilst within there was the same air of precision and stiffness, presenting a great contrast to the Hollies, with its picturesque exterior and traces everywhere of taste and refinement.

She found Miss Warlow confined to bed with an attack of rheumatism, whilst Miss Julia was in a very complaining state.

"I am not fit to be anywhere but in bed myself, and have only kept about the last few days from sheer necessity," she explained, in rather querulous tones. "It is a good thing you are come, for I could not have gone on like this much longer, with everything resting on me; and though I don't suppose you are much of a housekeeper or nurse either, yet you will be better than nobody, and you must do the best you can."

Taking no notice of the unflattering comments on herself, Hattie quietly replied, "Yes, I will do the best I can, and I hope to be of some help to you."

"Anyhow, it was good of you to come, my dear," went on Miss Julia, in softer tones, "and it was good of your father to spare you."

Thereupon she at once proceeded to make over everything into Hattie's hands—house, servants, her sister, and indeed herself too—with a sigh of relief that the late unwonted strain upon her energies was over. Having thus rolled her burden on to the shoulders of another, she proceeded to give herself up from that moment to the enjoyment of the rest of which she affirmed herself to be so much in need, and took to her bed. Hattie thus found herself with her hands full—responsible for all that went on in the house, whilst the care of the two invalids also devolved mainly upon her.

But she set herself to her task with a brave, earnest spirit, wearing a cheerful face and an unclouded brow, whilst a look of sweet content shone in her eyes, which showed that whatever her sacrifice had cost, or was still costing her, she made it willingly, and was evidently finding how sweet a service and how light a yoke His whose wont is ever to repay a hundredfold anything that we give up for Him or expend upon Him.

It was clear that there was sunshine in Hattie's heart—a sunshine which remained undimmed even by her longing for her father and anxiety on his account, now that she was away from him and could not tell from hour to hour how things were going with him. Nor was it disturbed by the countless whims and unconscious exactions of the two old ladies, who were selfish without knowing or dreaming that they were so; but by the help which she sought and obtained she was enabled to be the sunbeam of the Manor House as she had been of the Hollies, brightening and cheering the whole household, and seeming to introduce a new element into it, of which all were conscious, though they could not have defined it. The two aunts soon grew to lean upon the stronger nature of their young niece, who proved herself so thoughtful and capable as to astonish them and cause them to reconsider the hasty verdict they had been accustomed to pass upon her.

Without neglecting any of her duties, Hattie often found a spare hour for her studies or her own special reading, to supply food for her active mind, whilst in the afternoon, when the sisters were accustomed to take a prolonged siesta, she was able to enjoy a good ramble through the fields and lanes, sometimes alone, but more often in the company of Mary Morris, the rector's daughter, between whom and herself a warm friendship was springing up. They had many tastes and pursuits in common, and many a pleasant stroll they took together during the bright sunny days of summer and early autumn.

Mary, who was a favourite at the Manor House, by degrees got into the habit of looking in at all hours, ostensibly to consult Hattie about this or that, often only the veriest trifle, so that it was evident it was merely an excuse. But that did not matter, as it served the purpose of bringing them together.

Before Hattie left Nutford, the two girls had grown very fond of one another, and it was agreed that as soon as things had settled down into their usual course at the Hollies after the bustle of the wedding, Mary should come to pay her friend a long visit.

So the three months which had seemed so long a period in prospect, slipped away more quickly than Hattie beforehand could have imagined possible, and the time of her return home drew near. The thoughtful, unselfish way in which she had devoted herself to her aunts, never allowing her own pleasure to interfere with their comfort, and yet doing everything so cheerfully that no one guessed when she was making a sacrifice, had not been unappreciated by them, and they quite mourned over the thoughts of losing her.

But her own heart gave a great bound at the prospect of so soon seeing home and the dear ones there again, and the journey back to Refton was very different from the one in the opposite direction three months before. It was with a very radiant face that she stepped out of the cab on arriving at the Hollies, and found herself folded once more in her father's arms. As her head sank on his shoulder, whilst she drew a long breath for very happiness, she almost wondered how she had managed to live away from him for so long a time, and yet she acknowledged that it was almost worth while to have had the pain of separation that she might know the exquisite joy of reunion.

No happier girl than Hattie Warlow lay down to rest that night in Refton, not even Agnes, dreaming of her coming happiness and the wedding day which was so fast approaching. The two sisters had sat up having a long talk in Hattie's room before they could make up their minds to separate for the night, there was so much to be said, and their time together would be so short, as owing to a change of plans, Captain Egerton would have to return to India sooner than he had anticipated, and the wedding consequently must be hurried on. Thus it was to take place in two or three weeks' time.

"How much better father is looking!" Helen had remarked in a tone of satisfaction, as soon as a little pause in her sister's flow of talk gave her an opportunity of putting in a word. "He seems quite himself again. Has he kept well all the time I have been away?"

"Oh, yes, he has gone on steadily improving. And he has grown quite fond of Arthur during all this time. The two get on capitally together, which is a great comfort."

* * * * *

The wedding was over. All had passed off beautifully, and the happy pair had set off for a fortnight's tour among the lakes, after which they were to return to say good-bye before starting for India.

The day had seemed a long one to Hattie, for she could not but feel the blank left by her sister's loss. She had had her afternoon tea alone, for her father had gone out to spend an hour or so with a friend who was in Refton for a few days. Bright rays from the setting sun were streaming in through the large west window of the drawing-room, where she was sitting with a book in her hands, which she was reading in a more absent fashion than was her wont, when she suddenly became aware of a man's footstep on the gravel path outside. What was it that made her cheek flush, and caused her to look up with a half-startled expression? She held her breath and listened. There was something peculiar in the tread; it was one that might easily be recognised, and the footstep, instead of pausing at the hall door, was coming on towards the window, which was a large bay opening on to the lawn.

Some impulse made Hattie leave her seat and approach the open window, just in time to find herself confronted by the figure of a man, tall, with a worn-looking countenance and drooping mien expressive of weariness and languor; but in spite of shabby attire and neglected appearance the stranger looked every inch a gentleman.

The two stood face to face for one second in silence. Then in a low voice—a particularly musical voice—the new comer uttered her name—"Hattie!"

"Is it James?" she exclaimed, eagerly, the bright colour mounting into her face. "Can it possibly be our long-lost James?" And then, as he bowed his head in assent, she threw herself into his arms with a low cry of joy.

"Oh, why have you never let us hear from you all these years?" she cried, reproachfully. "Eight years without a word from you! We have all long since thought you must be dead."

"Do you think father has forgiven me, Hattie; or that he can now be induced to forgive me?"

James Warlow had flung himself down in an easy chair just within the window, and Hattie was kneeling beside him, eagerly scanning the face of the brother she had ever loved so well.

"I never quite understood why you went away," she said.

"Ah, you were too young at that time to be told all, I suppose. But we parted in anger on both sides—my father and I. He was indignant when he found out that I had married without letting him know anything about it beforehand. The fact was, I felt sure he would disapprove, and I was determined to go my own way, and would brook no interference. We had some bitter words over it, and when he said that henceforth I must go my own ways and take the consequences of my wilful doings, I answered that I was prepared to do so, and secretly vowed I would

never come to him for help, even if he would give it, after the slighting way in which he had spoken of my wife, and then we went off to Australia."

"And you never wrote once, and we did not know where to write to you. How many a cry I have had over it! To lose my only brother in that way was such pain, for you know how I always loved you, James. You always came next to my father."

"Little enough I deserved your love," he said, sadly, as he drew her closer to him, "though I carried away the remembrance of my little sister with me, and I have always felt she would be the first to forgive her worthless brother. And now I want you to plead my cause with our father."

"It was not kind of you to behave as you did."

"It was inexcusable—wholly unpardonable and unjustifiable—I know I quite deserve to be cast off by you all."

Hattie's caressing gesture showed that she at least had no thoughts of casting him off.

"My pride and temper took such possession of me at that time," he went on, "that I seemed to be blinded to all sense of right. But I am come back to you a very different man. Sorrow and trial and sickness and loneliness have done their work upon me, and though a broken down fellow, with ruined prospects and shattered health, I am a happier because, I trust, a humbler and a better man than when I quitted the walls of the old home. I sometimes doubt whether I shall live much longer, and I have come back in hopes of effecting a reconciliation with the father and committing my little boy to your care. Hattie, will you be a mother to him? He lost his own mother two years ago. You know you were my favourite sister in the bygone days, and I would rather entrust him to you than to anybody."

Hattie could scarcely reply. Her heart was too full for speech. Had she recovered this dearly loved and only brother—who was almost as one come back from the dead—only to lose him as soon as found? But at length in a choked voice she replied—

"It will be one of the greatest delights I can have to undertake the charge of your child. I am so fond of children, and *your* little boy will be very dear to me."

Then James had many inquiries to make respecting his father and Agnes, and Hattie had to relate all about the former's illness and the latter's marriage. Then she had many questions to ask about her little nephew, who had been left sound asleep at the hotel, tired out with his journey; and before all these could be answered, her quick ear detected Mr. Warlow's step coming up the drive.

"There is father! I must go and break the news to him gently, for he must not be agitated. You will wait quietly meantime, will you not, James?"

"Yes, I will wait; but don't leave me in suspense longer than you can help."

"James, dear, you wrong our father to doubt his forgiveness," she said, with gentle reproach. "At least, it shows you don't know him as I do. Whatever indignation and disappointment he may have felt in those bygone days, I know his heart has often yearned over his only son, for Agnes and I, finding the mention of your name always brought a look of such deep pain into his face, at length agreed not to speak of you before him. But there he is, I must go to him."

The sun had set behind a golden bank of clouds, but the happy trio at the Hollies, scarcely noticing how time was passing, sat on in the deepening twilight in the pleasant drawing-room. Mr. Warlow was looking a younger man by many years than he had done an hour ago; certain lines which had come into his face eight years before seeming to have been suddenly smoothed out by this new joy; whilst Hattie felt she could not yet realise the unexpected happiness that had come into her life: it all seemed so like a dream.

She was longing to clasp the little unknown nephew in her arms, and wanted to fetch him then and there to the Hollies; but his father decided that it would be best to let him have his sleep out quietly that night, and so it was settled that they should both come over to breakfast in the morning, and henceforth take up their abode at the Hollies.

"And you will see what my good nursing will do for you," said Hattie, as she walked beside her brother down the drive when he was leaving. "We must put you into the hands of our clever doctor, and your native air and, above all, my care," she added archly, "will do wonders for you, I know."

"I feel a different man already," he replied cheerfully. "A great load has been lifted off my mind, and happiness often does more than physic to restore one to health. At any rate, my poor little Walter will be in good hands; and I trust he will never grieve and wound those who love him as I have done. He must try and make up to his grandfather for all the pain his father has caused him. Though indeed I trust, if God will, that I myself may live to be his comfort and prop in his declining years and help you in watching over him."

"Oh, how happy we shall all be together!" cried Hattie, with beaming eyes. "And Walter must be my little pupil. I am so fond of teaching, and now I shall have an opportunity of bringing into use my favourite mathematics and Latin and Greek. I shall do my best to inspire him with a love of study, and shall look forward to seeing him senior wrangler some day," she added, with a little laugh at herself for letting her imagination run on so fast.

[THE END.]

OUR GIRLS AND THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By ANNE BEALE.

As many kind contributions have been sent to the Princess Louise Home by the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER since the bazaar, we again come forward gratefully to acknowledge them. Should the interest in this good work continue, we have permission from the Editor to publish the result; and thus we hope, from time to time, to give "our girls" encouragement in well-doing. For it is encouraging to have our labours crowned with success; and offshoots of the bazaar-tree are continually springing up. One of these we have lately again had the privilege of transplanting to the home. Thus we have now two seedlings growing up in this garden of flowers, once so wild, now, we will hope, being "Trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." The last was uprooted from a strange wilderness—a girl of twelve, living with father and brothers in an old railway-van, in or near a small country town, and mercifully rescued by Christian charity. A kind gentleman residing in the same locality, and going to London on business, made inquiries concerning a suitable refuge for this poor child, and was told of the Princess Louise Home. Returning to his own house, he found that his young daughter knew all about this national society for the protection of young girls, for she was an earnest reader of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. So they and their good neighbours set to work and collected £20 as a donation, and, after certain preliminaries, we had the happiness of recommending their candidate as a free inmate of Woodhouse. We shall hope to make her acquaintance there some one of these fine days, and will not fail to introduce her to our readers, permission being obtained.

The said readers will like to know that there is a prospect of the gradual sale of the overplus of their work sent to the bazaar. As none of it was undersold on that occasion, so its value has been since kept up. Their friend Miss Tidd has disposed of many articles privately, and Mrs. Beffit and the Misses Corfield, patronesses and stallholders, have each sold to the amount of £6 and £4. It is only right to add to this that Mrs. Russen, a third kind helper, caused to be removed from the Riding School, free of expense, all the goods that remained after the bazaar, having previously had them similarly conveyed thither. Mrs. Murton, of Anerley, and her daughters have had a sale of a portion of the work in their dining-room. Miss Tidd took the articles down and helped to dispose of them, and £43 11s. 3d. was realised. All concerned are truly grateful. We have to thank Emily Louise Tench for £1, part of the fruit of a little bazaar held by herself and sister in their garden. As she is a pupil-teacher of fourteen years of age, and her sister eleven, we would bid them God speed.

We wish our dear girls to believe that none of their contributions shall be wasted, but that all will benefit their less fortunate sisters. And it is in contemplation to dispose of what still remains at another "sale of work" to be held, D.V., at Christmas.

We have again to thank them for the undermentioned kind contributions received since our last "Report," and to assure them that Miss Tidd hopes to utilise them all, and is still working hard at "54, New Broad Street."

Fan, 5s.; M. E. Craig, 5s.; Sunshine, 4s.; Sale of work of a few schoolgirls per A. J. Brooks, Hob-hill School, Stalybridge, 5s.; H. Bell, 1s.; Geranium, 1s.; E. C. S. and C. L. S., 2s.; B. Soper, collected, 2s.; Marget, 1s.; Nannie, 1s.; Pollie, 1s.; Gerty, 6d.; S. B., 1s.; Nelly, 1s.; Master Davison, 6d.; K. C., 1s.; Evangeline, 1s.; One of the Girls, 2s.; B. Clews, 5s.; Grace, 6d.; Kentish Girl, 1s.; Mabel and Florry, 2s.; Cowslip, 10s.; Ethel Roberts, 2s.; M. W., 1s. 6d.; Henry Cordwell, 5s.; A Reader "G. O. P.," 2s.; L. M. R., 2s.; Anon., 2s.; Ada Brown, collected, 15s.; Reader "G. O. P.," 1s.; Misses Scott, 3s.; Hilda (Malta), 2s.; Adeline Speedwell, 4s.; E. P., 2s.; Nellie Burghead, 1s. 3d.; Lizzie P., 10d.; Mary Turnbull, 1s. 6d.

Since the above account was written the following letter has been received by Mr. Gillham, the Secretary:—

"DEAR SIR,—I will give £500 to the Princess Louise Home if you will get two other five hundreds, in any sums, within two months, to be invested.—Yours truly,

"R. BARLOW KENNETT,
"Petersfield, Hants."

Who can and will help?

THE COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The Girls' Own Tour. Personally conducted by Mrs. BREWER.

INTRODUCTION.

OUR girls know already that Great Britain has possessions in all parts of the world. These possessions are called colonies or dependencies. Some of them we obtained by conquest, some became ours by discovery or purchase, and some were ceded or made over to us. These various colonies are like a family of children, our Queen being the mother of them. When they first become ours they have to be supported and taken care of by the mother country, and gradually they learn to go alone, till in time they become giants in their strength, and are kept in submission simply by the love they bear their Queen-mother and their mother country.

When our friends leave us to go to these far-off lands, either as colonists or emigrants, we like to feel that although they will at first have to live a rough, hard life, and give up many of the comforts of the old home, yet that it is really to another part of England they go, and that they will hear and speak the same language, be governed by the same laws, and worship God in the same way as in the dear old home. We call that home where the mother dwells, and when colonists and emigrants speak of home it is that special part of our land where dwells our good Queen.

There are always to be found enterprising and restless people glad to go and make homes in our colonies; they can, by so doing, often greatly improve their position if they are industrious; they can buy land very cheap, and the soil, which is rich, gives them an abundant return for the labour bestowed on it. Labour is the commodity of value out there; money can do but little at first; intelligence and industry are the fairies who bring them success and happy homes.

We think our girls will like to make some excursions to these far-off homes in our colonies, so that when they write to or receive letters from their relatives and friends who dwell there, they may be able to picture in their mind what the places are like, what the habits and occupations of the people are, what the produce of the land is, and what becomes of it—for many of our luxuries and even daily necessaries of life are obtained from these thriving children of the mother country.

It would be difficult to make such a selection of our colonies as would please all our girls, some being interested in one and some in another, so I propose we start for Canada, taking Newfoundland, the oldest of our colonies, on the way.

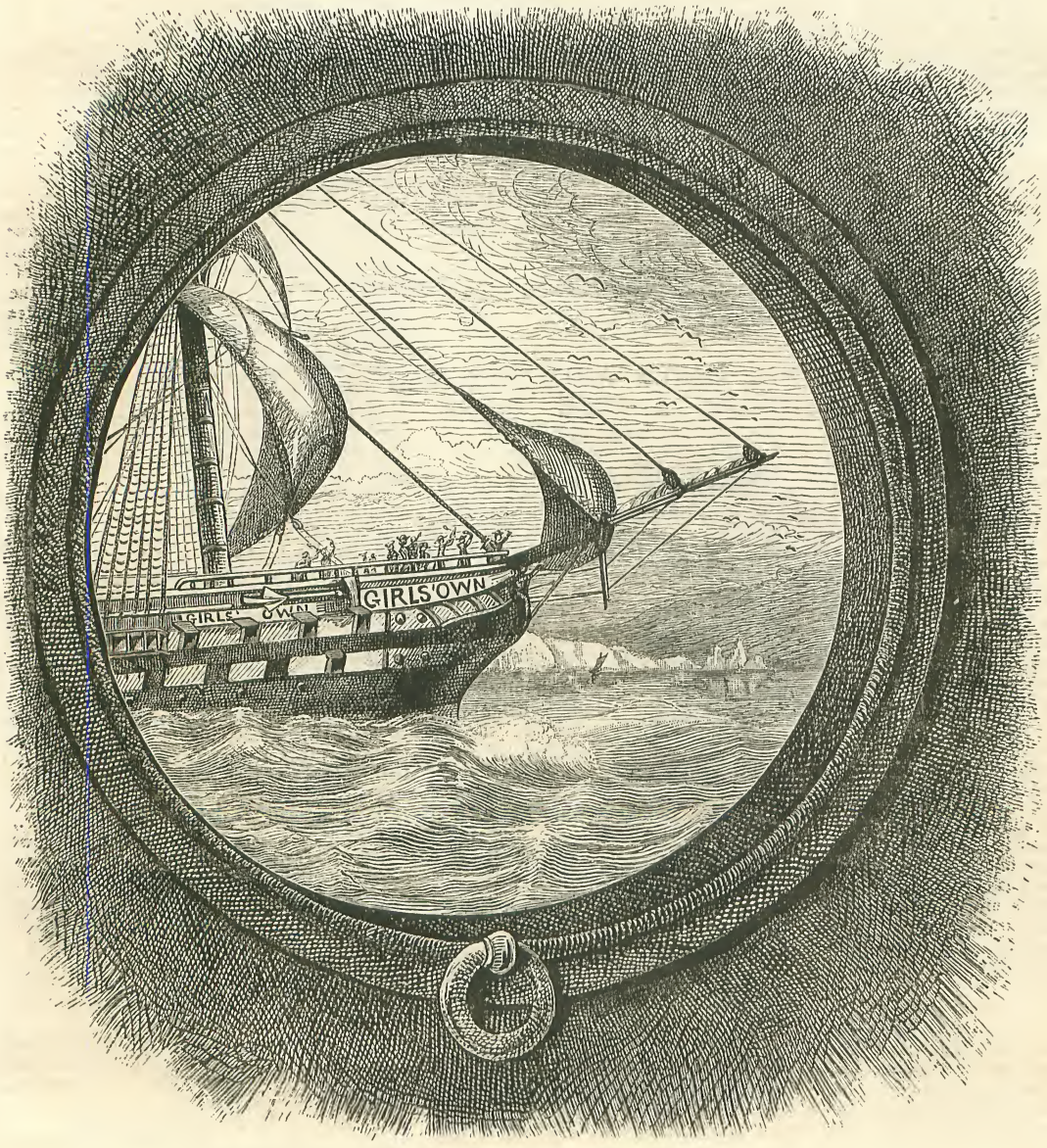
NEWFOUNDLAND.

While we are on our voyage to this ancient and important colony, we shall have some leisure hours, I hope, on deck, to look into its history; and to those who are not good sailors, I would say that Newfoundland lies nearest to us of all our colonies, being only 600 miles from harbour to harbour.

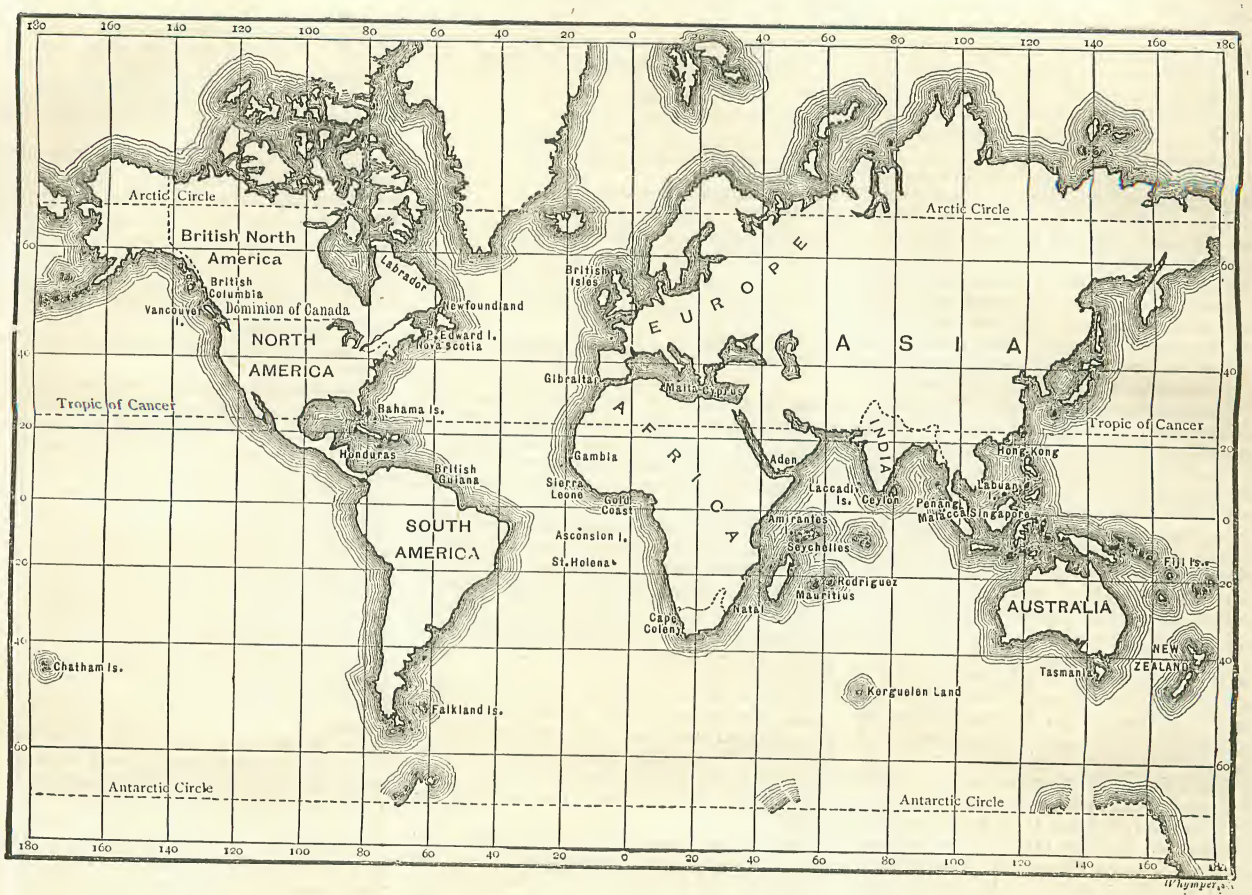
According to tradition, this island was discovered by a sea-king or pirate of Ireland named Biarne, who, being driven thither by contrary winds, took shelter near Port Grace Harbour about the year A.D. 1000. Others assert that the Norwegians discovered it in the time of our King Alfred; but as they made no practical use of their discovery, we cannot tell if it be correct.

It was not until the year 1497—that is, five years after Columbus had discovered America—that we learn anything definite about Newfoundland.

Among the navigators to whom Henry VII. gave employment in the hope of adding to his wealth and extending his kingdom was Giovanni Gaboto, a Venetian—or, as we call him, John Cabot—who, with his three sons, sailed from Bristol in May, 1497, expecting to reach China; but, to his surprise, on the 24th of June he made the coast of America, and discovered Newfoundland. You would like to know what it was he discovered. Well, an island everywhere indented by broad and deep bays, a large number of harbours, coves, creeks, and rivers; the shores all rocky, with pebbly beaches, and covered with stunted wood nearly to the water's edge. After taking possession of it in the name of England, he returned in August with ten natives (for



OUTWARD BOUND.



ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

at that time the island contained two distinct races of men, viz., the red Indian and Esquimaux), and brought such an enthusiastic account of the enormous quantity of fish on the coasts of the island as to induce many private adventurers to try their fortunes there.

When I was a little girl I used to wonder how John Cabot would have known so much about the quantity of fish by merely sailing about the coasts, and that for so short a time, until I heard something which explained it to me. It was that the water in the island and about its coasts is so marvellously clear that when the surface is still one can see the crabs, lobsters, fish great and small, and thousands of sea creatures moving and floating as distinctly as if they were in the air.

England made many attempts to colonise Newfoundland. In 1597 Queen Elizabeth, who desired to reap some advantage from Cabot's discovery, granted to Sir Humphrey Gilbert (brother-in-law to Sir Walter Raleigh) a patent for "the discovery of or occupying and peopling such remote heathen and barbarous countries as were not possessed by any Christian people."

This Sir Humphrey was celebrated for courage and prudence, genius and learning, eloquence and patriotism. He was a great favourite of Queen Elizabeth, who gave him a small gold anchor, with a large pearl at the peak, which ever after he wore upon his breast. Sir Humphrey's first expedition to Newfoundland failed, and he was compelled to return to England. This gallant man did not like failure. He therefore sold his estate in England to get funds, and set sail from Plymouth on the 11th June, 1583, with five ships and 250 men. On the 11th of July the fleet arrived off Newfoundland, and on Monday, August 5th, they proceeded in state to take possession of the island, in the presence of the masters and merchants of thirty-six vessels of different nations then in the harbour of St. John's. A tent was pitched on shore, the commission of the Queen of England was read in different languages; *a turf and twig* were then delivered to Sir Humphrey, and he declared the island of Newfoundland to belong to his Sovereign. Obedience having been promised with loud acclamations, a pillar was erected having on it a plate of lead on which were engraved the royal arms of England. Sir Humphrey then sailed away in the Squirrel, which was his ship, accompanied by the Delight and the Golden Hind, to reconnoitre the coast. Unfortunately the Delight was wrecked on a sand-bank, and Sir Humphrey, who keenly felt the loss, declared that he would return to England and fit out an expedition right royally and return in the spring.

He was urgently persuaded not to venture the voyage in such a nutshell as the Squirrel, but to go aboard the Golden Hind, which was much larger. His reply was, "I will not forsake my little company, with whom I have passed through so many storms and perils." They reached the Azores in safety, but they were there overtaken by a storm so terrible that the sailors quaked with fear. Sir Humphrey alone maintained a calm demeanour; he sat quietly reading on deck, and bade his crew be of good cheer, "For," said he, "we are as near to Heaven by sea as by land." At night, black darkness fell upon the ocean, the lights in the Squirrel were seen suddenly to disappear by the crew of the Golden Hind, and that is all we know of the death of this brave gentleman who sought to extend the dominion of England in the Western World.

A friend who is accompanying us on our voyage begs me to call to your memory Longfellow's beautiful poem on "Sir Humphrey Gilbert."

Alas! the land-wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night;
And never more, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand;
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
He said, "by water as by land."

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold!
As of a rock was the shock;
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.
Etc.

The first effort to colonise which can at all be called successful was in 1623, when Sir George Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore, obtained a grant of land, and went out with a number of his countrymen in order to enjoy the free exercise of his religion, which was Roman Catholic. He gave the name of Avalon to the settlement, from the ancient name of Glastonbury, where Christianity was first threatened in Britain. Ten years later some colonists were sent out by Lord Falkland from Ireland, and from time to time followed others from England, Scotland, Ireland, Jersey, and France.

In the reign of Charles I. a law was issued, "that no person should set up any tavern for selling of wine, beer, etc., to entertain the fishermen." As long as this law was strictly maintained the fishery flourished; directly it was dispensed with, the trade sensibly declined.

In 1635 the King (Charles I.) granted permission to the French to cure and dry fish on the island, and in 1660 they formed a colony in the Bay of Placentia, which they long continued to occupy. In those days there was not the kind feeling between England and France that now exists, and you will not be surprised that the bickerings and quarrellings between the English and French went so far as to endanger the safety of the colony.

In spite of disadvantages, colonisation began to make rapid strides in the year 1729, and the colony continued to increase in population and importance, until it received a severe check from the revolt of the American colonies, who, having renounced all commercial intercourse with the mother country, were excluded from the fishery. These colonies had furnished Newfoundland with produce to the amount of £350,000 annually, and it was supposed that they would gladly continue the supply; but, contrary to this hope, the supplies were discontinued and the people almost starved. Up to this time nothing was known of the interior of the island or its capabilities of supplying its inhabitants with vegetable and animal food, therefore, as you see, the people were entirely dependent upon its imports for daily food and clothing.

In almost all other colonies the cultivation of the soil is the first object of the settlers; here, the occupation of the people was confined to the fishery, and agriculture was discouraged as injurious to its interests; indeed, it was an offence against the law of the fishery to clear, to inhabit, or to cultivate the waste lands of Newfoundland.

Previous to 1814 farming as an occupation was unknown. In 1815 the governor of the island was authorised to make small grants of land, not to exceed four acres; in 1824 more liberal grants were made, and in 1825, Sir Thomas Cochrane, the governor, took great interest in agricultural improvements, and made grants varying between 250 and 500 acres. During his government the first main road in the island was projected and completed (from St. John's to Portugal Cove). From this time hundreds of poor and industrious people became possessed of land, which now affords a comfortable subsistence to their children and children's children. Wherever industry and skill have been exercised in clearing and cultivating the soil, it has never failed to repay the labour.

The first explorer of the interior of the island was Cormack, who, in 1823, succeeded in traversing it from east to west. He found lakes, ponds, and rivers all over the face of the country, so that you see it is well watered; the soil he found covered with a thick moss, and in the centre of the island an abundance of fir, beech, ash, and birch, and, what the girls will appreciate, plenty of wild strawberries, raspberries, currants, gooseberries, and blackberries.

The boys will expect to hear something of the dogs, which are associated in our minds with beauty, sagacity, and fidelity; and will be sorry to learn that they are neglected in the island. On the north coast there are still some splendid dogs to be seen, but those that will meet us at every turn are, as a traveller has remarked, "the most ill-looking set of mongrels that can be conceived." Their habits adapt them as much to the water as to the land, they all like fish better than any other food, and do not mind whether it be fresh, salt, or putrid. They are very fond of children. When very ill and past cure, it is no unusual sight to see them drag their weary limbs to the woods, that they may die unobserved.

As we are now approaching the island, I hope the fog, which is often very dense on the banks of Newfoundland, will permit us to see the grand entrance to the harbour of St. John. The harbour itself is very large and secure; it is land-locked by high hills—the south side has no shore, the north has a strand, which is built over with warehouses and wharves; the entrance to it, called the "Narrows," is very remarkable, and requires very careful navigation; it is about a mile long, and its greatest width is 900 feet. On the right, as you enter, you will see a precipice 300 feet high, nearly perpendicular, above which a citadel is built; on the left, a broken, abrupt, and picturesque mountain 600 feet high, and on a promontory of solid rock near the water's edge is perched the harbour light. When we have sailed through three parts of the "Narrows" we shall get a glimpse of the town of St. John's, which, as we gradually get a fuller view, seems as though it were climbing up a hill.

Having arrived and selected our abode, our first care must be to see and learn something of the fisheries of the island.

Fish of every kind swarm about the coasts; the smaller sort, which come in armies, attract the larger fish, who seek them for food. Even fish have their favourite food, and to the cod and the whale there is nothing like the "capelan" (*Salmo articus*), which has a green back, a silver belly, and scales tinged with red. In June and July they crowd into the shores in countless myriads to spawn; wherever there is a strip of beach at the head of a bay, every rolling wave strews the sand with hundreds of them, leaping and glancing in the sun till the next wave sweeps them off and deposits a fresh multitude. The white foam and the peculiarly bright colour of the fish form such a beautiful sight that I hope we may all get a view of it.

A gentleman, resident on the island, has given such an interesting account of the arrival of the capelan that I think you will like to hear it. He says, "It is impossible to conceive, much more to describe, the splendid appearance on a beautiful moonlight night at this time. The vast surface of the bay (he lived at Conception Bay) is completely covered with myriads of fishes, of various kinds and sizes, all actively engaged, either in pursuing or avoiding each other; the whales, alternately

rising and plunging, throwing into the air spouts of water; the cod-fish bounding above the waves and reflecting the light of the moon from their silvery surface; the capelans hurrying away in immense shoals to seek a refuge on the shore, where each retiring wave leaves multitudes skipping upon the sand, an easy prey to the women and children who stand there with barrows and buckets ready to seize upon the precious and plentiful booty; whilst the fishermen in their skiffs, with nets made for that purpose, are industriously employed in securing a sufficient quantity of this valuable bait for their fishery."

And now for the fisheries themselves. First, then, the seal abounds round the island, and its fishery employs a large number of mechanics and labourers, beside the eleven or twelve thousand men actually employed in catching them. The fishing season does not last more than six weeks, and in this short time a sum is realised varying between two and three hundred thousand pounds. The seals, as you know, are captured for their skins and the oil that is expressed from the fat.

In the year 1879 the seals captured yielded 6,233 tons of oil, worth £124,660, and the number of skins 457,855, whose value was £66,770.

The most important of all is the *cod* fishery. This commences at the beginning of June and continues until about the middle of October, and during these months forms the staple occupation of the island. The liver of the cod yields a large quantity of oil; the amount exported in 1879 was 4,466 tons, the value of which was £96,196.

If we desire to see for ourselves anything of the process of the cod fishery we must be down at the shore by earliest dawn—this being the time the boats start for the fishing ground. These boats land their cargoes at least once a day at the stage, which is a platform raised on posts, and juts out into the sea far enough to allow the boats to come close. On this stage, which is covered to prevent injury to the fish from rain, is the salting house, which contains benches for the *cut-throat*, *header*, *splitter*, and *salter*, all of whom have their special work to do on the fish, which they execute in the most rapid manner. The quantity of cured fish exported in 1879 was 994,334 cwts., valued at £727,184.

Newfoundland, you see, draws riches from the depths of its waters, which furnish subsistence to several countries of both hemispheres. A ship filled with cod is like a ship filled with gold, the difference being that the mines may be exhausted, the fisheries never; gold is not reproductive, but the fish are.

Fish is not the only supply we obtain from Newfoundland. The land is giving up treasure as well as the sea: coal, copper, lead, and salt are among its productions; one-sixth of all the copper in the English market is exported from this island. Of course, these treasures have been there since the day that Gaboto discovered the island, but the intelligence and labour of man had not acted upon the soil.

You will understand how advantageous the mines are in supplying employment to the people, who formerly suffered great distress from the enforced idleness when the fishing periods were past.

Shipbuilding is another occupation of the people; a hundred vessels of 4,079 tons burthen were built in the winter months of 1875 and 1876, and what I am sure you will think interesting, the same men cut the timber, built the vessels, and afterwards manned them.

There is a telegraph connecting the mining districts with the capital, and another from the capital to Cape Bonairsta.

There are savings banks to encourage the people to put by their savings. In 1879 there were 2,765 depositors. There are nearly 400 schools, and the Church of England, the Roman Catholics, the Wesleyans, the Presbyterians, the Congregationalists, all have their places of worship here.

You have in this short visit seen for yourselves how different is Newfoundland at this present time with its population of 161,374, from the time when the first settlers made their homes there. Scarcely can you imagine, when you look around you, that the island was ever considered barren, inhospitable, and quite unfit for the habitation of man. Equally strange does it seem that a clergyman, who, about eighty years ago, visited the villages scattered about the island, spoke of his visit as one of great danger, both by sea and land; and that many of the people whom he visited were, owing to the want of education and religious knowledge, little better than savages.

In saying farewell to this our oldest colony, you will rejoice with me that here, as in other parts of the world, England has been the instrument of extending civilisation and spreading the blessings of the Gospel.

USEFUL HINTS.

QUINCE MARMALADE.—Take the quinces that you have boiled for jelly and mash them with a spoon; to a pound of quinces take a pound of sugar; boil them together until they are well softened; then strain through a coarse sieve and put up in small jars.

APPLE MARMALADE. — Take any kind of sour apples, pare and core them; cut them in small pieces, and to every pound of apples put three-quarters of a pound of sugar; put them in a preserving pan and boil them over a slow fire until they are reduced to a fine pulp; then put in jelly jars and keep in a cool place.

CRAB APPLES. — Select perfect ones; pour boiling water over them, which removes the skin; lay them in water enough to cover them; let them simmer slowly until soft; take them out and drain; make a clear syrup, pound for pound; boil them in it till clear, lay them on dishes to cool, and place them in jars; cook the syrup a little longer, and pour it over the apples when hot; seal.

QUINCE JAM.—Peel the quinces and grate them on a coarse grater; and to one pint of quince add three-fourths of a pound of sugar; boil it half an hour; put in small jars and cover as other preserves.

PINEAPPLE JAM.—Peel, grate, and weigh the apple; put pound for pound of pineapple and sugar; boil it in a preserving kettle thirty or forty minutes.

TOMATO JAM.—Peel ripe tomatoes, taking out all seeds; put in preserving kettle with one half pound of sugar to each pound of prepared tomato; boil two lemons soft, and pound them fine; take out the pips and add to the tomato; boil slowly, mashing to a smooth mass; when smooth and thick put in jars and tumblers.

UNIQUE PRESERVES.—Gather young cucumbers a little longer than your middle finger, and lay in strong brine one week; wash them and soak them one day and night in clean water, changing this four times; line a bell-metal kettle with vine leaves, lay in the cucumbers with a little alum scattered among them; fill up with clear water; cover with vine leaves, then with a close lid, and green as for pickles. *Do not boil them.* When well greened drop in ice water; when perfectly cold wipe, and with a small knife slit down one side; dig out the seeds; stuff with a mixture of chopped citron and seedless raisins; sew up the incision with a fine thread; weigh them, and make a syrup, allowing a pound of sugar for every pound of cucumbers, with a pint of water; heat it to a lively boil, skim, and drop in the cucumbers; simmer half an hour; take out; spread upon a dish in the sun, while you boil down the syrup with a few slices of ginger root added; when thick put in the cucumbers again; simmer five minutes and put in glass jars, tying them up when cold.

GREEN TOMATO PRESERVE.—Take one peck of green tomatoes. Slice six fresh lemons without removing the skins, but taking out the seeds; put to this quantity six pounds of sugar, common white, and boil until transparent, and the syrup thick. Ginger root may be added if liked.

PEAR BUTTER.—Cut the fruit in small pieces, removing the core, skin, and all imperfections; allow a quarter of a pound of light brown sugar to each pound of fruit, and half a pint of cold water to every two pounds of pears; do not add the sugar until they have cooked an hour or so; then put it in with a quart of cider to each two pounds of sugar, and let all cook slowly until a thick, marmalade-like substance is formed, which will be in about four hours. If it should seem too dry while cooking, add more cider.

PRESERVED GRAPES IN BUNCHES.—Take out the stones from the bunches with a pin, breaking them as little as possible; boil some clarified sugar to nearly candying point; then put in sufficient grapes to cover the bottom of the preserving kettle, without laying them on each other, and boil for nearly five minutes merely to extract all the juice; lay them in an earthen pan and pour the syrup over them; cover with paper, and the next day boil the syrup, skimming it well, for five minutes; put in the grapes, let them boil a minute or two; put them in pots, and pour the syrup over them, after which tie down.

BLACKBERRY JELLIES.—Bruise and boil the fruit, then strain; add half a pound of sugar to each pint of juice; then boil from ten to twenty minutes.

PEACH JELLY.—Wash without removing skins or pips; cover with water; *boil* until soft; strain; add one-half pound of sugar to a pint of juice; boil twenty minutes.

PLUMS.—Plums are excellent preserved in molasses, but if sugar is used take an equal portion of fruit and sugar; make a clear syrup and boil the fruit gently forty minutes; they will require heating over once if they are to be kept.

QUINCE JELLY.—Slice the quinces without either paring or coring; put them into a preserving kettle and just cover with water; put over the fire and boil until soft; remove from the stove and strain off the liquor; to every gallon add four pounds of white sugar, and boil very fast until it becomes a stiff jelly.

QUINCE AND APPLE JELLY.—Cut small and core an equal quantity of apples and quinces; put the quinces in a preserving kettle with water to cover them and boil till soft; add the apples, still keeping water to cover them, and boil till the whole is nearly a pulp; put the whole into a jelly bag and strain them without pressing; add three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pint of the juice, and boil together until it jellies.

AUTUMN CLOTHING.

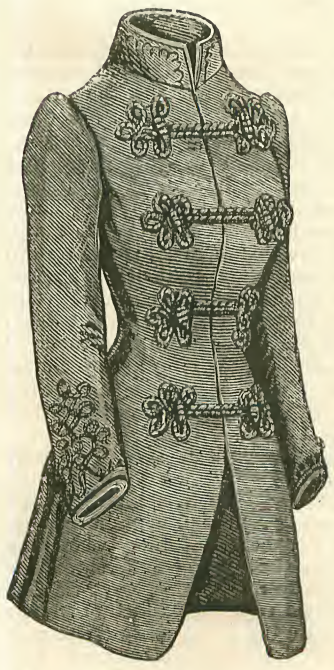
"BY THE SAD SEA WAVES."

SEASONABLE CLOTHING, AND HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

THE winter fashions are as yet unformed, and everyone seems inclined to wear out their old clothes until opinions and styles are quite settled. The various illustrations of this article this month give an accurate idea of everything that is worn, both for young girls and little children, and it will be gathered from them that there is little novelty in the styles and shapes of either mantles or dresses, and it seems likely that the especial favourites of last year—fur capes for the young, and large cloaks and mantles for the more advanced in life—will be the favourites of this year also. The illustration, "By the Sad Sea Waves," shows the much-worn sailor-hat and the tight-fitting jacket of tweed or cloth, which may match the dress or not, just as the wearer chooses. The centre figure wears the only decided novelty of the present season—a pretty and rather graceful little mantle of a cape shape over a jacket, the cape being slightly draped up to the waist at the back, and sometimes long ends of satin ribbon three inches wide are fastened on. The cape is sometimes plain on the shoulders and in front, and sometimes it is pleated up and carried in a curved line to the neck. The same kind of bow of long ribbons ornaments the neck in front, and it has a roll collar, which may be either of velvet or cloth. Fancy cloths are used for them, made with a rough face flecked with colours (such as red, yellow, or green), and sometimes a small checked design is added, as it were, beneath the surface. The upper part of these small mantles should fit well, and they are more becoming plain than gathered at the neck. They have no sleeves, and the arms come out between the jacket portion and the cape.

From this it will be seen that quiet colours, such as grey and brown, or black, are not much in favour, and the same tendency is shown in the large cloaks, of which a single illustration is given. They are made of loosely woven cheviot, in colourings which may be almost called gay; but whatever the ground, the surface is flecked with the brightest hues, red predominating. The linings of the frills, sleeves, and the edges of the cloak are of the same hue as these bright specks. In shape, as will be seen, they rather resemble the Mother Hubbard cloaks of last year; they are quite as long, and the back is tied into the waist beneath. But instead of the gatherings of the Mother Hubbard cloaks, the backs of the new ones are laid in flat pleatings, three or four on each side, facing each other in the centre. The shoulders are carefully fitted by darts from the neck, and



CHILDREN'S DRESS.

the sleeves are open, and are either flat and untrimmed, or else resemble the gathered sleeve of the Mother Hubbard. The edge of the cloak may or may not be finished with a flounce or frill, put on in small, single box-pleats with a heading, as the wearer pleases. Otherwise, the edge is cut into battlemented tabs, and piped with a colour.

These mixed cheviots are manufactured this winter in great variety, and are in squares, plaids, speckled, and cross-bar patterns; the linings of the cloaks made of them are always of the prevailing colour of the pattern. The cheviot itself is sometimes frayed out to form a fringe, and at present very few applied or put on trimmings, such as velvet, lace, beads and gimps, are to be seen on such cloaks as these.

Ulsters and Newmarket coats are still in existence, but the sleeves of the former have grown very large, and the latter has lost its extreme plainness and has become more of a paletot or mantle.

The sailor hat, as will be seen from the illustrations, is still in much favour, and when made large and lined with velvet, like that in our picture of the large plaided cloak, is both pretty and becoming to a young face. The next figure wears one of the favourite fur capes of last winter, made with a small fur collar at the neck, and a pair of silver clasps to fasten it. The hat is of a pretty shape, and is trimmed with beaded lace and feathers.

The illustration of the four figures and the children by the seaside show the smaller changes of mantles, cloaks, and hats, as well as the new idea of wearing a plaided petticoat under a plain overskirt and bodice.

I think in the last month's chat on dress I mentioned that braided dresses had made their welcome appearance in some of the best of the West-end shops. The last idea is semi-military in style, and consists in braided out-of-door jackets, to which is added the frogs and cordons and the hussar braiding of the soldier's tunic. These jackets are made close and tight-fitting, high in the throat with a straight stock-like band, and they have few and very beautifully shaped seams.

The prevailing fashions for children are shown in the accompanying design. The little boy wears an out-of-door pelisse like his under dress, made to match, and intended to give additional warmth in the autumn days. The little maiden with the skipping rope has a plain little tweed or serge frock with a wide band of the same closely braided, and a circular yoke braided to match. The pelisse of the third little child is of white diagonal cloth, made with rows of machine stitching round its edges, and a band of coloured velvet placed in folds low on the hips. The hat is of white felt, trimmed with feathers to match, and coloured velvet like that on the cloak. The comfortable-looking little dame on the extreme right wears a pelisse cloak of fur or of rough cloth edged with fur. The bonnet is of the colour of the linings of the cloak, and is made in a modified "Grannie" shape.

My last notice of the month's pictures must be given to the charming velvet satin bodice depicted for evening or dinner dress. It is made in a long, cuirass shape, with slightly pointed fronts, and the gauged front is of white silk, and the shoulder and elbow puffs are of white silk crossed with bands of velvet.

The report of the Rational Dress Society just issued shows that the society has unlimited faith in the divided skirt as *the* "rational costume" at present. However, with a view to fresh inventions and improvements, they intend to hold an exhibition of rational dress in London during the coming winter, and if any profits are left from the expenses of this, they will be devoted to a fund for promoting similar exhibitions in the provincial towns. So every one of our readers will have an opportunity of judging for themselves how far the changes proposed will suit them. A prize of £30 is offered for the dress which best accords with the following requirements:—

1. Freedom of movement.
2. Absence of pressure over any part of the body.
3. No more weight than is necessary for warmth, and both weight and warmth evenly distributed.
4. Beauty and grace combined with comfort and convenience.
5. Not departing too conspicuously from the ordinary dress of women.

Also four prizes of £5 each for the best lady's dresses for tricycling, lawn tennis, cricketing, boating, or yachting.

The address of the hon. sec. of the Rational Dress Society is 34, Cornwall-road, Bayswater, W., to whom all letters should be addressed.

I have given this notice at full length, for I have no doubt many of our girls are quite clever and inventive enough to "go in for" and win some of the prizes offered, and they are certainly much interested in helping forwards any improvements in dress, which can be made within the very small limits of the requirements. It is evident that no eccentricities are desired, and the society, while desiring reforms, do not wish to encourage any fancies for being conspicuous or "loud."

Two reforms are certainly needful, and we shall have cause to bless the day when high heels and pointed boots are considered both wrong and ugly, and when tight-lacing is given up universally as an offence against God and man.

BOUND TO EARTH.

By the Author of "Phil's Fortune," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

FANNY went to the piano, and, striking one or two bold chords, sang in a high, clear voice an Italian bravura song, which had been the delight of the girls at Granville House. It was full of trills and runs, and every kind of vocal display.

"Does Miss Hardinge not sing?" Mr. Mackenzie asked, as soon as Fanny had ended her performance, which seemed to Grace rather a want of politeness.

"No; or at least, not well enough for strangers to hear," she replied, coldly, not caring to receive even the suspicion of a compliment at the expense of a friend. "Fanny was our prima donna at school."

"Indeed," he remarked, provokingly. "Yes, I have heard her sing very well. You play, I have no doubt?"

"Yes," said Fanny, coming up. "She plays Beethoven. I have all the sonatas. Come along, Grace."

Grace would rather have done anything than play her beloved Beethoven before all these strange and unsympathetic people. He, the great sublime master, whose very handiwork she approached with reverence almost amounting to awe, whose sad, disappointed life she had many a time pondered over, and, sitting in the twilight at the old piano at home, had been moved almost to tears by some passage that seemed to express a whole world of unspoken yearnings and dreariness; yet she was too really modest to refuse.

"Not the Funeral March," she said, as Fanny opened the book at the sonata, quasi fantasia, the beauties of which the most untrained ear cannot fail to hear.

"Leave out the Funeral March," said Mr. Mackenzie, who had risen from his chair and strolled leisurely across to the piano.

"The work is incomplete without it," Grace remarked.

"As regards the sentiment, perhaps so. But few even cultivated musicians would be offended by such an omission. He might rather appreciate the feeling that would not touch it at an inappropriate moment. This sonata is a universal favourite. It is the touch of nature that brings the great heaven-born genius within the comprehension of the most ordinary mind. Please play it."

Grace glanced up with a pleased expression, and her eye noted with surprise a sort of metamorphosis in the artist's ordinarily unattractive face. It was glowing with a new light, as if a world of beauty suddenly had dawned before and transfigured it. Many of us have seen a rough, uninteresting countenance transformed in this way by the magic sway of the divine art, hardly by any other in like degree. Is it that music rouses the emotions and passions, while other arts appeal mostly to the intellect?

"I will play it for you with pleasure," she said, hastily dropping her eyes upon the music, with a feeling of having unwittingly looked upon what she was not meant to see.

Strangely enough, the close proximity of this stranger seemed to encourage rather than frighten her, his sympathy to be a sort of wall of protection between her and her hearers. She could play well unless she lost her self-control, for the standard of doing her very best was in her eyes a right demanded of her by the spirit of the great master she was essaying to interpret to others, who had given his best to a thankless generation in spite of every discouragement. The

first few lines were played with a little tremor and hesitation, but soon all self-consciousness was merged in the music, and Grace really played her best.

"Thank you a thousand times," Mr. Mackenzie said, with much feeling, while Mr. Leslie, from a far-off chair, thus spoke his approval—

"Very well played. When Julia or Fanny treat us to this new-fangled music there seems to be no tune in it."

After this a sort of uncomfortable silence fell upon the party. Mr. Leslie sat self-absorbed, and seemed to freeze all attempts at genial conversation; Mr. Mackenzie, too, appeared little inclined to talk; Helen had begged Fanny to sing again, which that young lady had declined to do in an abrupt, almost rude manner, whereupon Mr. Mackenzie had remarked, "Those meaningless Italian songs do not suit you," and Fanny had replied, sharply, "They suit my mood!" and Grace, feeling that some annoyance had come into her friend's mind, ventured to whisper, "Do you think we might go to bed? I am accustomed to very early hours."

Fanny assented with apparent eagerness, not heeding the annoyed glances of her brother when Helen rose to follow her example.

Grace's room being reached first, they all three turned into it for the few minutes' chat so dear to girl friends.

"What a hidden power there is in music!" Fanny said, ponderingly and half sadly. "You quite transformed your 'commonplace' man with your music. That was something to be proud of. To conquer a cold, unapproachable, undecipherable creature like that."

"He was right about your song," Grace replied, evasively, for this light banter seemed to jar upon a feeling that was too strong and deep to be spoken of. "Why did you sing in that cold, hard, defiant way? I know that you can sing very differently, and so does Mr. Mackenzie. He said so."

"Did he?" Fanny asked with some interest, and then added carelessly, "I felt defiant. You will not believe that I love music. I have such a contrary spirit in me—a sort of demon. Because I love it, and feel that it may betray so much of one's mind, I seem to disdain to let it speak my true thoughts. But what nonsense I talk, enough to frighten a timid little thing like you."

"I think I understand," Grace said in a low voice, which betrayed much sympathy, "but you know, Fanny, it is so very unfair to music, as well as to yourself."

"What dreadfully upright notions you have!" Fanny exclaimed, laughingly. "You put things in such a queer way. Anyhow, it is well I am no rival."

Then "good-night" was said, and Fanny left Grace alone

It was with a feeling hardly of enjoyment that Grace knelt down to say her prayers. The very act brought home vividly to her mind, and she thought with the deepest affection of the peaceful atmosphere of love that pervaded it, so different from what she had found in this home of wealth and luxury. In these few short hours, and without any event to betray it, she had seemed intuitively conscious of something that chilled and wearied her. It seemed so easy to do right, so utterly heinous to be wilfully wrong at home. Here all was so different. No fear that she would be weaned from home affections by such a life as this, she thought with tenderest love.

Her meditations were interrupted by a soft footfall. It was Helen in dressing-gown and bedroom slippers.

"I have seen nothing of you, not exchanged half a dozen words, dearest Grace," she cried, affectionately, "and I have so wanted you. Fanny is kind, but she is not my 'dear, grave, old Grace.'"

"It has not been my fault, has it, Helen?" Grace asked.

Helen blushed and laughed.

"At any rate you were very much occupied with Fanny. What fast friends you seem to have become. She will never take to me in the same degree. You are so quiet and thoughtful, and you understand her so well. To you I will confess that I am always half afraid of Fanny. You can never tell exactly what she means; but I shall always like her."

Here Helen, who appeared to have a reserved corner in her mind, glanced nervously at Grace, and stood twisting her fingers in and out the bows of her pretty dressing-gown. It came out presently with a rush.

"What do you think of Edward?"

"I think that you seem to know him very well. Edward and Helen is very familiar, is it not?" Grace said, somewhat at a loss.

"I do know him very well. You know I stayed with Fanny at Christmas, and when he wrote to Fanny at school he always sent me a few lines. It seems as if I had known him ever so long."

"A week or two at Christmas, and two days now," Grace said, gravely. "Did your mamma know that he wrote to you at school?"

"Fanny knew. I have not told mamma yet, but I mean to," Helen replied, hanging her head. "I so often wanted to tell you, but forgive me, dear Grace, you are so very strict I was afraid, and so I waited, but now you are here and must see for yourself, I could not hide it from you any longer."

"I do not think he ought to have done it," Grace said, gravely. "It was not fair to you."

"Don't look so fearfully grave, darling," Helen said, putting her arm round Grace with an affectionate gesture. "I have so reckoned on your sympathy. I have thought always when Grace knows, how glad she will be. You don't know how good and sober I am going to be. You don't know what ideas I have in my mind. It seems too soon to speak of it, but I am always thinking how I can be a good wife, and I have said to myself over and over again that Grace will teach me, she will know all about it."

"I!" echoed Grace. "I who am younger than you, and have never so much as thought of such a thing."

"You are angry with me, and not even glad of my good fortune," Helen cried, in a tone of deep disappointment.

Grace's face wore a troubled expression. How could she share Helen's happiness or give her sympathy where her conscience withheld its approval? She called to mind her conversation with Fanny, and was more inclined to be grave than glad.

"What do Mr. and Mrs. Leslie say?" she asked.

"Oh, it has not come to that yet. Indeed, Edward has not said anything very definite even to me, but we understand each other, and of course both our parents will be consulted very soon. But you know Mr. Leslie is very unkind to Edward, and I think he dreads the interview, and even fears that his father will withhold his consent, for no reason but to annoy him."

"Yet how can delay mend the matter?" Grace asked. "And can it be possible that a father would be so cruel and so wicked? It seems too dreadful to be spoken of."

"You little know Mr. Leslie. He is not like Dr. Hardinge," Helen said, apologetically. "And please do not think those were Edward's words. It is what I have guessed from one thing and another. Edward is very anxious that I should impress his father favourably, and I know it is for this he is waiting. To him I am still a comparative stranger."

"Although you know Edward so well," Grace could not refrain from saying.

"Edward cultivates my acquaintance more," Helen replied, laughingly.

"But seriously, Helen," Grace continued. "There being, as you have said, an understanding between you and Edward Leslie, ought you not to urge him to speak to his own parents and yours? It is not putting you in a fair position."

"It is a delicate matter for me to urge," Helen replied. "It would seem as if I were over anxious, or as if I doubted him. Indeed, I could not speak on such a subject. You forget that I have known him comparatively a short time."

"Indeed no," Grace said, laughing in spite of herself. "It was I who made that remark just now."

"Comparatively," Helen said, in some confusion.

"Could you not get Fanny to suggest it?" Grace urged.

"Fanny! No. She would certainly misunderstand me. Indeed, Grace, it must be left to settle itself. I am sure I shall be glad enough when it is all settled."

"And then, if it makes you happy, dear, I shall congratulate you heartily enough; as it is, I wish you every happiness and good that life can bring you."

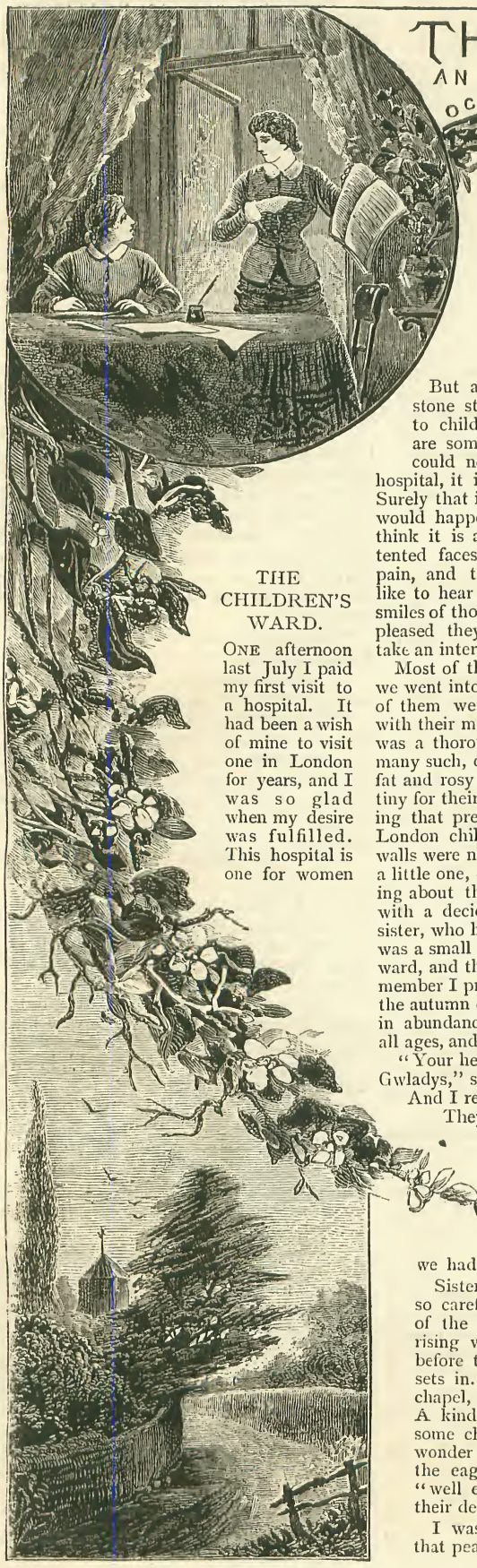
"Thank you for even that," Helen said, a little disconsolately.

Tired as she was, it was long before Grace could sleep. The day had been too eventful. So much had dawned upon her, leaving behind a feeling not altogether of peace. But one thing she was bent upon. She would endeavour to set poor Helen's affairs on a more satisfactory footing. No one could suspect her of any unworthy motives in the matter.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GIRL'S OWN

AN OCCASIONAL PAGE of AMATEUR CONTRIBUTIONS



THE CHILDREN'S WARD.

ONE afternoon last July I paid my first visit to a hospital. It had been a wish of mine to visit one in London for years, and I was so glad when my desire was fulfilled. This hospital is one for women and children; it is small, and is cared for by several devoted sisters. One of these good women I know, and she was very pleased to grant me my first glimpse of her work. We passed through several cool passages, and entered several wards with women of all ages in them.

But at last we went up some winding stone stairs and into the ward devoted to children exclusively. I know there are some people who declare that they could not bear to go inside a children's hospital, it is so dreadful to see them suffer. Surely that is rather a selfish reason. What would happen if all women said that? I think it is a pleasure to see the little contented faces — for they are not always in pain, and they like to see strangers, they like to hear the kind words and see the kind smiles of those who love them; and, oh! how pleased they are if you speak to them and take an interest in their toys.

Most of the children were having tea when we went into the large, cheerful room. Some of them were seated round the table, busy with their mugs and bread-and-butter. That was a thorough nursery scene. I have seen many such, only these little ones were not so fat and rosy as others. One or two were very tiny for their age, their little, pale faces bearing that precocious look so common among London children. But the cots around the walls were not all empty. Here and there lay a little one, contentedly gazing at us all walking about the room. Their faces lighted up with a decided welcome when they saw the sister, who had a word for each one. There was a small conservatory opening out of this ward, and there were many ferns in it. I remember I promised to send some more when the autumn came, for I know where they grow in abundance. I am very fond of children of all ages, and perhaps we lingered longest here.

"Your heart goes out to these little ones, Gwladys," said the sister, smiling.

And I replied earnestly that it did indeed. They were all so little and helpless, who could help loving them?

At last I tore myself away, for I had to get back to London before dinner, and we had some way to go.

Sister Salome showed me the garden so carefully tended by the loving hands of the sisters, who are in the habit of rising very early to do some work there before the ordinary routine of the day sets in. We saw the little gem of a chapel, too; it was so quiet and cool. A kind of dim light which one sees in some churches was there; and I did not wonder when Sister Salome told me of the eager desire of the patients to be "well enough to go to chapel," and of their devotion when there.

I was very sorry to go away from all that peace, and to drive back again into the hurrying streets. I hope it will not be long before I am able to go there again, and I would advise all those girls who have a kind of fear of seeing suffering to go into a children's ward—there are very few faces there that will not smile at them for coming.

GWLADYS (aged 18).

JANUARY 15, 1882.

THE birthday of a little child
Who scarce three years had known,
A little guileless infant she,
A summer rose half-blown.

Oh, what a happy birthday this!
She knows not toil nor care;
Oh, that all birthdays might be like
This little one's third year!

* * * * *

The child to womanhood had grown,
Her brow was marked with care;
Maturer years had left a trace
Upon that golden hair.

Where, where is now the merry child
Who long ago beguiled
A loving mother's heart?—Ah! she
No longer is a child.

WINIFRED HOUSMAN (aged 10).

THE MAMERTINE PRISONS.

NEAR the arch of Septimus Severus and the Roman Forum is a church dedicated to St. Joseph, built in the 16th century over the Mamertine Prisons and the chapel above them. These prisons, built by Ancus Martius, are particularly interesting, for it was here that St. Peter and St. Paul were imprisoned, long after the reign of Ancus Martius.

It seems impossible to me that I could have been, only a few weeks ago, in the very place where St. Peter had stood—where holy angels had watched over and encouraged him, lighting the dark cell with their bright wings. Indeed, all the time we were in Rome I found it so very difficult to realise that we were in the city of the mighty Romans—of the Imperial Cæsars; even when gazing at the beautiful Sabine Hills, and at the ruins of the heathen temples and palaces of old Rome, from the highest tier of the great Colosseum. It was, perhaps, natural that I should find this much less difficult when the pale moon shone upon these ghosts of Rome's ancient glory, throwing dark mysterious shadows between the numerous arches of the Colosseum, and among the broken pillars of the Forum.

But no ray of moonlight can ever force its way into the Mamertine Prisons—there is not even a grating in the thick walls.

We were shown those wretched dungeons, by the flickering light of a candle and an oil lamp, by a strange man who looked as if he had spent all his life down in them. He thrust the candle—regardless of the trail of grease it left behind—through an iron grating at the back of the altar in the upper cell, that we might see the two painted figures of St. Peter and St. Paul; waved round the long swinging lamp to show us the circular hole

through which the prisoners were let down into the lower cell; and as we went cautiously down the steep narrow steps leading into this smaller chamber, he again thrust the candle through a grating, and pointed out the impression of St. Peter's face in the wall!

This lower dungeon was even colder and more damp than the one above it; our feet slipped on the slimy ground. There, by the little altar, is the stone to which St. Peter was chained, encased in a grating of iron, and covered, like the altar cloths, with candle grease; and the well which sprang up miraculously in order that St. Peter might baptise his gaolers (which was more probably constructed by Servius Tullius); and the hole in the wall, where I think the guide said the rope had been passed with which Cicero strangled Catiline. But I am not at all sure on that point, as the strange man had such a confusing habit of using French, English, and Italian words in the same sentence, which was sometimes difficult to understand; and was not Catiline slain while fighting bravely in the battle which followed his conspiracy? It must have been the followers of Catiline who were put to death there by Cicero's order.

It would take a long time to write about all the captives of historic interest who have entered these frowning prison walls, never again to see the clear light of day.

EDITH (aged 17).

"VESPER ERAT; PHŒBO SPLENDEBANT PRATA CADENTI."

I LAY upon a grassy lawn
Where kingcups caught the setting sun,
And as I watched them one by one
Close their sweet cups that love the dawn,
I heard amid the scented grass
The rustle of Love's garments pass.

Oh, Love, that in deep ferny dells
Doth teach wild hyacinths to spring,
That, riding on the south wind's wing,
Dost shake faint fragrance from their bells;
Let me once more hear 'mid the grass
Thy garments rustle as they pass.

ISABEL C. FORTEY (aged 18).

HOSPITAL NURSING.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE GIRL'S OWN."

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Having often noticed in the "Answers to Correspondents" part of your valuable paper that many readers of THE GIRL'S OWN seem desirous to take up hospital nursing, I thought perhaps a few hints from an old girl who has been two years in the work might not prove quite unacceptable.

I was 21 years of age when I entered nursing, and I think a girl makes a mistake if she goes in for it younger. Most hospitals, however, do not take probationers under 21. The regulation age of St. Thomas's—the best nursing school in the kingdom—is 27.

I entered a small hospital (only 50 beds) as a lady-probationer, paying £30 for a year's training. The second year I received a salary of £20, which increases as I advance in my work.

Our day begins at seven o'clock a.m., at which time we rise. We breakfast at half-past seven; prayers at ten minutes to eight, read by our lady-superintendent. We enter our wards at eight o'clock. We find the beds made by the night nurses, the stoves cleaned, and the floor swept. We proceed to scrub the tables, brighten the brass work, finishing up by putting on the day quilts, and dusting the lockers, which stand by each bed, containing each patient's little necessaries. At half-past nine the ward must be ready for the visit of the house-surgeon, the nurses in attendance. At ten the medicines are given and the "dressings" changed. At twelve the patients' dinners are served; the nurses dine at one. At two the medicines are again given, beds straightened, and preparations made for the visit of the visiting physician or surgeon. At four the patients' teas are given round; an hour later the nurses take tea. At six p.m. medicines and dressings are again given and renewed, and all vessels are emptied. At eight the patients have supper, the day quilts are changed for the night, the night pills and draughts given, prayers are read, and at nine p.m. the day-nurse goes off duty and the night nurse goes on.

Of course, beside the duties I have already mentioned, which are only the ordinary routine of the ward, a nurse must always be prepared for an emergency—a bad case or an accident might be brought in at any moment.

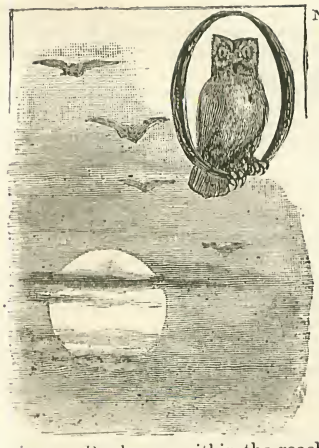
A good nurse will have all her appliances ready to hand; her medicine cupboard, linen presses, and splint drawers will be in perfect order. Two hours a day "off duty" is allowed to each nurse alternately morning and evening. We are expected to take walking exercise each day, and it is highly imperative, from the nature of a nurse's duties, that she should get out into the open air for some little time at least every day. We attend service once on Sunday, and have a day off once in three weeks.

Such is our daily work, and I do not think that a girl with a moderately robust constitution and willing hands will find the duties I have mentioned above at all too much for her strength. In my own case, I am much stronger than before I took up nursing. One has no time to take notice of every little personal ailment; by degrees they retire into the background and are forgotten. Half the ailments that girls suffer from are mostly nervous, which could be soon cured by giving the sufferers plenty to do and plenty to think of, and cutting their corset laces.

AN OLD GIRL OF 23.

OUR FRIENDS.

BY DORA HOPE.



"ONLY three things," wrote Lacordaire, "are necessary to make life happy: the blessing of God, books, and a friend."

The first is offered us by God Himself; it is ours; we have but to accept what is freely given. Books are within the reach of all; he must be poor indeed who cannot afford at least a few writings of the best authors. A friend! Ay! there's the rub. Many of us can number a host of acquaintances, but not a single friend.

What is a friend? Literally, it means one who loves or "befriends" us, not necessarily one who agrees with us; for some of the closest friends differ in opinion on almost every point they discuss. No; the friend we would seek for may disagree with our views, may blame us for our actions, nay, *must* blame where she thinks we are wrong, for an insincere or flattering friend is no friend at all; but she is one to whom we can go in trouble or in joy, to whom we can speak our thoughts freely, from whom we are willing to receive either praise or reproof, knowing that whatever view she may take of our actions we are sure of loving sympathy and of real, warm interest in our pursuits.

Nor is that all we look for. Our chosen friend must be one whose influence over us (and her influence will be great) must be for good. Not a perfect character—for that we should look in vain—but one who has a high ideal before her, and who will help to strengthen our aspirations after a better life as we should hope to strengthen hers. There are some people from whom we never part without feeling that in some way or other we are better and happier for having been with them; it is such an one we must seek to "befriend" us.

Far different are those false friends who,

"Like insects on a summer's day,
Bask in the sunshine, and avoid the showers."

They are willing enough to be our friends as long as we are rich and happy, and it is to their advantage to be our intimate associates; but wait till we are in trouble, and all our gay "society" friends vanish—the tie which held them to us is broken, and in a short time they forget our very existence.

It is easy to test who are the true friends and who the false. After an interview with one of these doubtful folks, who are ready enough to profess their devotion to you, ask yourself: Are we really in sympathy with one another? Can I speak to her freely about sacred subjects, or is our conversation entirely gossip and nonsense? She must be doing me either good or harm—which is it? Does her influence tend to strengthen my good qualities or my bad ones? A little honest self-examination of this sort will easily enable you to see whether this acquaintance is worthy the name of a friend. But do not misunderstand me. I know some people who never make a friend, simply because no one they meet is ever *exactly* congenial in every particular. Now, that is not what I am advising you to do. You never will find anyone who fulfils your ideal in every respect. If you expect your friend—though she sees your failings, and blames them—to go on loving you in spite of them, you must be prepared to do the same with her. Her failings will teach you charity, and her differences of opinion help to rub off the angularities of your own character. Perfection is not to be found in this world. All I want you most carefully to consider is whether the general influence of her company is to help you upwards or downwards, for it cannot fail to do the one or the other.

"But," you say, "we know the kind of friend we want, but how is she to be obtained? Where may she be found?"

Perhaps amongst your acquaintances, whom you know but slightly, there may be one who, so far as your knowledge of her goes, seems to be the friend you want. Her sympathies respond to yours, and even on first meeting there was that strange feeling of affinity between you which tells you you might be good friends; but she makes no sign, and takes no steps to become better acquainted. If she would make overtures of friendship, you would gladly respond; but she does not, and you say, of course, you will not push yourself forward where you are not wanted.

There is a French proverb: "Chaqu'un veut avoir un ami, mais on ne s'occupe guère d'en être un." "Everyone wishes to *have* a friend, but never troubles himself to *be* one."

If everyone waited for someone else to make a beginning, friendships would never be made at all. The Bible says, "He that would have a friend must show himself friendly." So perhaps it is for you to take the first step—to begin acting the part of a friend. Very likely the girl you have taken a fancy to is just as much in want of a friend as you are, and is wishing you would appear more inclined for further acquaintance, as, "of course," she will say, "she will not push herself where she is not wanted."

A girl said to me once that when she was writing letters she always looked at her correspondent's last letter to see how she signed herself, as she was always afraid of appearing too affectionate, and liked to regulate her expressions of friendship by those of her correspondent.

But these severely cautious people are not the kind of friends we should most care for, nor is it the kind of affection others would care to find in us. A real friend is one to whom you can write or speak exactly what you feel without fear of being misunderstood; and if you want anyone to be your friend you must not take offence because she is not always at the same pitch of demonstrative affection. If you want to have a friend, remember you must be one, always ready to render a service, and equally willing to ask one of others. Nothing so soon begets a kindly feeling as the performing of a kind action, far sooner than the receiving one; so if your friend has it in her power to do something for you, have no scruples in asking it.

If you have done your part, and still your friendship does not prosper, consider if you deserve a friend. Have you endeavoured to make yourself lovable, to overcome those failings which estrange the affection of those about you? Are you honest and straightforward, or affected and silly? Are you always courteous and considerate to others, or do you sometimes, in your anxiety not to be overlooked yourself, forget the feelings of other people? Try for a moment to imagine yourself another person, and consider what it is in that person that makes her so unlovable; what fault or folly is it that she gives way to. Look over the events of this very day, and see if she has given way to bad temper, or laziness, or boasting, or any other wrong thing; and if you find her guilty of any such, take the besetting sins, just one at a time, and ask God every morning to help you conquer that one special failing. Try to win at least three victories over yourself every day, and each conquest will make the next easier. Then, when that temptation to evil has become less strong by this constant watchfulness and prayer, take another, and you will find that as you overcome your faults and become more lovable, people are sure to love you.

Having found your friend, do not be too exacting; do not expect her always to be exactly the same in her manner; do not accuse her instantly of fickleness and coldness because there is a shade less of her usual demonstrativeness. Perhaps she has toothache, and in consequence is in very low spirits, and writes what you consider a cold letter; but that is a reason why you should be more affectionate than usual, rather than less so.

Above all things, never believe a report about your friend till you have been straight to her and asked her the truth about it. The longer you live the more you will find how quickly evil and untrue reports are spread, and how unsafe it is to believe them without carefully tracing them back to their source. Solomon says, "He that repeateth a matter separateth very friends," and it is the same at the present day. Telling and listening to tales against other people is an unfailing source of mischief, and breaks up more friendships than anything else.

But I cannot close without saying a word to some girl who may read this, and who, through no fault of her own, is so situated that she cannot make a friend, and whose yearning for sympathy and love meets no return. Dear girl, let me remind you that perhaps our Lord is withholding human friendship from you because He wants to draw you nearer to Himself. If you had a friend who fulfilled all your desire, you might be satisfied with earthly happiness, and forget to look upward, for where your treasure is there your heart will be also. Jesus is longing for your love; if you will go to Him with all your worries and your pleasures, telling Him about all your interests as simply as you would an earthly friend, you will find that your longing for sympathy will be satisfied at once. In Him you will find no changeableness; your affection will never meet with a cold return; but He will be to you "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

CHATS ON THE CALENDAR.

OCTOBER derives its name from the Latin words *Octo*, eight, and *imber*, a shower of rain, and was the eighth month in the calendar of Romulus, but was changed to the tenth month by Numa. The number of its days in the time of Romulus was the same as at present. Numa reduced them to twenty-nine; but Julius and Augustus Cæsar each added one day, so that the original number was restored, and has not since been altered.

By our Anglo-Saxon ancestors this month was called *Wyn Monath*, or wine month; "and albeit they had not antiently wines made in Germany, yet in this season had they them from divers countries adjoining."

There are not many notable days in this month. The 11th is Old Michaelmas Day, on which a custom formerly prevailed in Hertfordshire for young men to assemble in the fields, and choose a leader whom they were obliged to follow through fields and ditches. This occurred every seven years, and every publican then supplied a gallon of ale and a *ganging cake*—a plum cake—so-called from the day being termed a ganging-day.

The 25th is dedicated to St. Crispin, the patron saint of all the cobblers. Formerly St. Crispinian's name was coupled with St. Crispin's, but it has long been disjoined from it. These two saints are said to have been two Roman youths of good birth, brothers, who in the third century went as Christian missionaries to France, and preached at Soissons. In imitation of St. Paul, they supported themselves by working at the trade of a shoemaker by night, while they preached during the day. Shakespeare has immortalised the day in the speech he has given to our King Henry V., before the battle of Agincourt (which was fought on this day), and which some of you may perhaps remember. King Henry says, addressing his soldiers:—

"This day is called the feast of Crispian;
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian:
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
And say—To-morrow is Saint Crispian."

Allhalloween occurs on the 31st of this month and is the vigil of All Saints' Day. Many curious customs are connected with this festival. Burns informs us (in a note to his poem on Halloween) that "the first ceremony of the festival is pulling each a *stock*, or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with: its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune; and the taste of the *custoc*, that is, the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems are placed somewhere over the head of the door; and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house are, according to the priority of placing the stems, the names in question."

Some of the very old Saxon calendars have marked the character of this month by the figure of a husbandman, carrying a sack on his shoulders, and sowing corn, as expressive that October was a proper time for that important part of agricultural labour, when the weather was cool and dry. In later times October has been depicted as a young man, dressed in a garment of carnation and yellow, indicative of the hues of the trees at this season; his head is decorated with a garland of acorns and oak-leaves, and his face is "full of merry glee." In his left hand he holds a basket of chestnuts, medlars, and mushrooms, while his right hand grasps the sign *Scorpio*, the scorpion, symbolical of the sun entering that constellation on the 23rd of the month.

NEW MUSIC.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

March of the Old Brigade. By Odoardo Barri.—A stirring military march in the key of B flat. Brilliant and showy, at the same time easy to play.

Dame Margery. Rondo gavotte. By G. J. Rubini.—A pretty, simple, graceful piece, in the key of G, well suited for moderate players.

ASHDOWN AND PARRY.

The Three Fishers. Song for contralto or baritone. Written by the late Canon Kingsley. Composed by W. A. C. Cruickshank.

My True Love Hath my Heart. Words by Sir Philip Sydney. Music by W. A. C. Cruickshank.

Love Me Little Love Me Long. Poetry anonymous. Music by W. A. C. Cruickshank.

Love Song (Liebeslied). Music by W. A. C. Cruickshank.

The four charming songs before us by the above composer will be especially welcome to many, for they are the composition of a scholar and of a refined composer. "The Three Fishers," although set before by several well-known musicians, is excellent, and if taken up by the public will deserve equal favour.

ENOCH AND SONS.

Paradise Square. Song by Frederick E. Weatherly. Music by Frederic N. Löhr. In two keys: E flat and F.—A rather melancholy

story, artistically set to music by F. N. Löhr; of moderate compass, and within the capabilities of most amateurs.

On the Beach at Ballantrae. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by Joseph L. Roeckel. In two keys: D and E.—A loyal and true maiden, waiting the return of her sailor lover after a long absence; set to a quaint and tuneful melody. This song presents no difficulties to moderate performers.

Ages Ago. Words by Hugh Conway. Music by Frederic H. Cowen.—A well arranged composition, out of the common style, to very pretty words. Sung and played with feeling and expression, would become a favourite.

Cowslips. The words by Helen M. Burnside. Music by Joseph L. Roeckel. Keys E and C.—A love story in three verses. Words and music cheerful and superior.

Forget, Forgive. Words by Cotsford Dick. Music by Milton Wellings. With violoncello or flute accompaniment *ad lib.* A pretty, simple song, set to sympathetic words. Requires feeling and expression in the rendering of it.

The same may be said of *Dreaming*, also by the same composer. Words by Edward Oxenford.

These songs are set in two keys, and present no difficulties to the performer.

Charity. Song by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—Pathetic words, set to extremely pretty music, commencing in the minor key. The end of the first and third verses changes to the major, and is brighter and more animated. Altogether this song well maintains the reputation of this celebrated composer.

WEEKES AND CO.

My Lips Shall Greatly Rejoice. Sacred song, with piano and violoncello accompaniment, by J. Matthews, organist of St. James's Church, Swansea.—A fine majestic song. The cello accompaniment will greatly add to the beauty and grandeur. Requires a good soprano to sing it in the original key, which is A flat; the transposed edition is F natural.

Sere Tints of Autumn. Words translated from the German by M. A. Henderson. Music by J. Matthews.—A most charming composition, wedded to very pretty words. The accompaniment is most effective. This song requires good playing and singing. In the eighth bar of the third page the B should be natural.

Torch Dance. For the pianoforte. By Cotsford Dick.—A short, easy piece for moderate performers.

Gavotte, in D minor and major, for the organ. By J. Whewall Bowling.—Very good and effective; not difficult.

CRAMER AND CO.

Dance Album.—Many of our young friends will welcome the book before us, containing ten dances—viz., waltzes, quadrilles, polkas, schottisches—from the popular music of the day, at the low charge of one shilling. The book is well got up, and the type clear and distinct.

C. LONSDALE.

Take, oh! Take. Words by Shakespeare. Music by C. A. Macirone.—A refined and beautiful setting of Shakespeare's well-known words. We can confidently recommend it.

HUTCHINGS AND ROMER.

Dreams. Song written by Frederick Langridge. Music by C. A. Macirone.—We are favoured with another of this talented lady's productions. The melody and flowing accompaniment, combined with soft and tender words, will make this song a general favourite.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER AND CO.

Hesperus. Canzonet. Words from the Greek of Sappho, by Edwin Arnold, M.A., F.R.G.S. Music by C. A. Macirone.—A clever and artistic song, requiring good singing.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE HONORARY SECRETARY of the Students' Branch of the Christian Women's Education Union begs us to announce that the next admission of new members will be at the end of January. No application should be made before that month. No notice can be taken of any communication which does not enclose a stamped and directed envelope. Address Miss Petrie, Hanover Lodge, Kensington Park, London, W.

BOY.—Your father gives the wisest advice in every way. Go to a good training school. Write to the Principal, Home and Colonial School Society, Gray's Inn-road, King's Cross, London, W.C., for papers. The class of non-resident students would answer for you. Terms, £15 per annum. You could reside with your brother.

COOKERY.

ALMS and FLO.—We suppose you mean putting down or canning tomatoes. When done in this manner, the tins or glass jars are filled with them, and they are placed in a large flat saucepan in cold water. This is placed on a slow fire till the water heats; when the contents of the jars have come to the boiling point they are ready for the covers to be put on and tightly sealed up. See also page 560, vol. i.

BIRDIE.—We give you Phillis Browne's excellent recipe for savoury pudding, to be cooked under a goose, or else roast pork. Break into small pieces as much bread as will fill a pint basin, and pour over it as much boiling milk as it will absorb—that will be a little more than a pint. Cover the dish and let the bread soak till soft. Beat it well with a fork and remove all the hard lumps there may be; put with it four good sized onions, boiled and chopped; a quarter of a pound of chopped suet; a teaspoonful of powdered sage; and a tablespoonful of oatmeal, and plenty of pepper and salt; mix thoroughly, and add two eggs well beaten. The pudding should be a thick batter. Pour it into a greased dripping-tin that it will fill to the depth of about three-quarters of an inch; bake it in the oven for half an hour, then put it under the goose, and turn it round till brightly browned all over; let it stand a minute, cut it into squares, and serve as Yorkshire pudding is served with the goose. It will take in all about one hour and a half to do it properly. Your letter is not a very neat specimen, nor is your handwriting quite formed, but in both of these matters you can improve yourself.

HOUSEKEEPING.

LILY PAULINE MONTEUR.—Equal parts of oil and vinegar mixed are said by old housekeepers to form the best furniture polish. The chief secret lies in the rubbing on. Your writing is not formed.

ROSE MARIE.—Perhaps Judson's dye might restore the colour to the leather of your chairs. You might make the experiment with a very little at first.

THE AMATEUR GARDENER.—We do not quite understand what advice you expect us to give. Can you not keep the ferns where they are, and when the gas is lighted move them to a hall where there is no gas?

FLORA.—See page 407, vol. ii. The acid must be very much diluted with water, we believe. The address of the Poor Clergy Relief Society will be found at page 542, vol. ii. We must point out to you that both these answers might have been supplied by yourself with very little trouble.

ANXIOUS YOUNG COOK.—You probably take your cakes out of the oven, or open the oven door before they are properly risen, in which case they fall at once.

MOI-MEME.—Spots of paint may be taken out with turpentine, which must be applied frequently till the paint be softened.

LA BASQUAISE.—We cannot say why the jam became musty, unless it was not enough boiled, or perhaps the fruit was picked too soon after rain, before it was dry. Perhaps it was put away hot. Your writing requires forming.

BOWIE.—Rubbing the leather with the white of an egg may help you a little, but, judging from your note, it requires redyeing, we should say. Use the recipe for "Vegetable Marrow Jam," page 399, vol. i.

MY QUEEN.—Where there are enough servants the cruet and sauces are usually handed round to each guest. A large cruet is no longer used for the centre of the table; small ones for the corner, or a pepper-box and the salt being considered sufficient on the table. The length of the invitation depends on the size and importance of the dinner. A fortnight is a very usual time in London. "Mrs. So-and-So requests the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs.——company to dinner on Wednesday, November 20th, at half-past seven o'clock."

H. M. N.—Inkstains in a carpet, if of long duration, must be treated with oxalic acid. Inquire of your chemist.

FRAS kindly writes and informs us that black silk which has become "greasy" may be restored by sponging carefully with water and ordinary washing blue, or the blue may be rubbed on with a damp cloth, care being taken to apply evenly on the surface.

MISCELLANEOUS.

L. HOLT.—It is quite contrary to our practice to give an opinion on what we publish, but we are really grateful to you for yours, and shall keep it in remembrance.

C. R. B.—We could not publish the name of any author writing under an assumed name. We are not aware that the greenfinch needs any higher temperature of atmosphere in the winter than any other bird; only beware of draughts.

C. L. and E. K.—"A sorrow's crown of sorrow" is from Tennyson's "Locksley Hall."

H. E. J.—1. Once, in the course of an interview you should address the bishop as "My Lord Bishop," but clipping the word "My." 2. In a large proportion of churches it is the custom for the congregation to rise when the clergy enter, so as all to commence worship and kneel together simultaneously, but we have not seen a congregation rise up at the entrance of a bishop where the custom above-named was not habitual in his absence.

NESCIEUS.—The twelve tribes of the Israelites remained united as one people and under one monarch until after the death of Solomon. Then ten of the tribes revolted from the house of David and set up Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, as their king, and only those of Judah and Benjamin remained loyal to David's grandson, Rehoboam. Then idolatry was established and the golden calves set up in Dan. Subsequently Tiglath Pileser carried away as captives the tribes of Reuben, Gad, Naphthali, and half Manasseh, and subsequently Shalmaneser destroyed Samaria and carried away captive beyond the Euphrates the rest of the ten tribes that had revolted from their faith and their king. Judah and Benjamin remained much longer in their own land and under the house of David; but at last Nebuchadnezzar took Jerusalem, burned the Temple, and carried away captive these two remaining tribes to Babylon and to the other provinces of his empire. This period of captivity lasted seventy years. The end of the kingdom of the ten tribes is calculated at 717 years B.C., and that of Judah and Benjamin at 584 B.C.

"FLOSSIE."—These were Apostles—that is, those who were regarded as such and held the position and dignity of the office—besides "the twelve" originally appointed. Amongst these was St. Paul, and St. Barnabas another. We are gratified by what you say of our paper.

BELLE.—Feed your canary with the food you would give to a nestling, if he ceases to sing after regaining his feathers, subsequently to moulting—viz., grate a plain biscuit and mix it with some pounded hemp-seed, moistening the compound with a little raw yolk of egg and water. You write a good hand.

IDA GILFORD.—Julius Cæsar was born B.C. 99, and assassinated B.C. 44. His successor was Augustus Cæsar—this you ought to have known, after reading the Gospel of St. Luke ii. 1.—whose successor was Tiberius Cæsar (St. Luke iii. 1). You ask why all the various historical circumstances that intervened between the writing of the prophecies of Malachi, B.C. 397, and the birth of our Lord were not made the subject of another inspired book. You must suppose us to be inspired prophets ourselves to be able to answer such a question! The events intervening may be seen by reference to a chronological table of ancient history. For instance, Rome was taken by the Gauls, Thebes destroyed, and Alexandria built by Alexander, the conquering of all Italy by the Romans, the taking of Jerusalem by Antiochus—B.C. 203. Judas Maccabeus was born and flourished, Carthage destroyed, Greece made a Roman province, and Julius Cæsar landed in Britain, &c.

WILD BIRD.—Young linnets fresh from the nest should be covered up warmly, and should have scalded rape-seed, mixed with bread soaked in warm milk, and squeezed nearly dry, a meal to be repeated every two hours, beginning from 6 a.m. till dusk. They do not feed themselves until about four weeks old, when they commence the attempt. While feeding them yourself you should give four mouthfuls at each meal. At a month old you should mix the white part of a hard-boiled egg with the soaked bread and scalded rape-seed, which should be fresh every morning in the winter, and given twice daily in summer without fail, or you will probably lose your birds. The "weaning" from nestling food should begin as soon as they feed themselves, and as a substitute for the

sopped bread, bruise rape, flax, and canary-seed together, and strew it about the cage, giving the old diet in a less soft condition. You may also give them German paste. When past their extreme youth, their chief food should be good old rape-seed, ounce weekly, a thimbleful of canary-seed and hemp-seed only as medicine. Twice a week give them each a head of groundsel. (We should think the latter should be fresh.) Give plenty of water for drinking and bathing—the former changed twice a day—keep the cage very clean, and let it be a good-sized one, and beware of hanging it in a draught.

JOSEPHINE.—1. The books of the inspired prophets are not arranged in the consecutive order in which they were written. According to Blair's Tables they followed each other thus—viz., Jonah, Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Joel, Micah, Nahum, Zephaniah, Jeremiah, Habakkuk, Daniel, Obadiah, Ezekiel, Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi. 2. When you flavour soup with what is called "mignonette flavouring," a quarter of a saltspoon should be the most employed for a soup-tureenful, and when you employ celery-seed instead of celery stalks, for the same purpose, half a saltspoon will suffice. They should respectively be thrown into the soup while on the fire, and half ready for the table. Perhaps rather a shorter period of boiling would be long enough for flavouring it.

PINK-TIPPED DAISY. — The word "*Philopena*" is derived from the Greek, a friend, and the Latin, *pœna*, a penalty, and the custom denoted by it originated in Germany. Two persons, being respectively of different sexes, eat each one half of a double almond, and on the occasion of their next meeting, the individual who is the first to remember the circumstance, and to exclaim "Philopena" or "Phillipeen," is entitled to receive a present from the other, one which has previously been suggested as the forfeit between them, usually a pair of gloves. In Germany it is called "*Vielliebchen.*"

SUMMER CHRYSANTHEMUM. — In a wild state the food of the blackbird consists of caterpillars, grubs, worms, insects, and small fruit; and, indeed, all fruit. When caged you should give him finely shredded lean beef, either raw or dressed, mixed with breadcrumbs. You may also give him the following paste, viz., composed of half a pint of oatmeal, two ounces of sweet almonds, a tablespoonful of rape oil, a teaspoonful of brown sugar, and another of caraway seed; beat all up before the fire and rub through a fine sieve. This is good for him at any time but when indisposed add to it the white of an egg cut up finely, and a pinch of hempseed, and give him a tablespoonful of it. A scrap of any kind of dressed vegetable will be suitable for him, but without salt. The thrush should be supplied with a stiff dough made of barley-meal and equal parts of milk and water; adding to it, twice or three times in the week, some finely shredded lean beef. He may also have a scrap of boiled potato or carrot, and, above all, a snail, providing a smooth stone to lie in his cage on which he will break the shell himself.

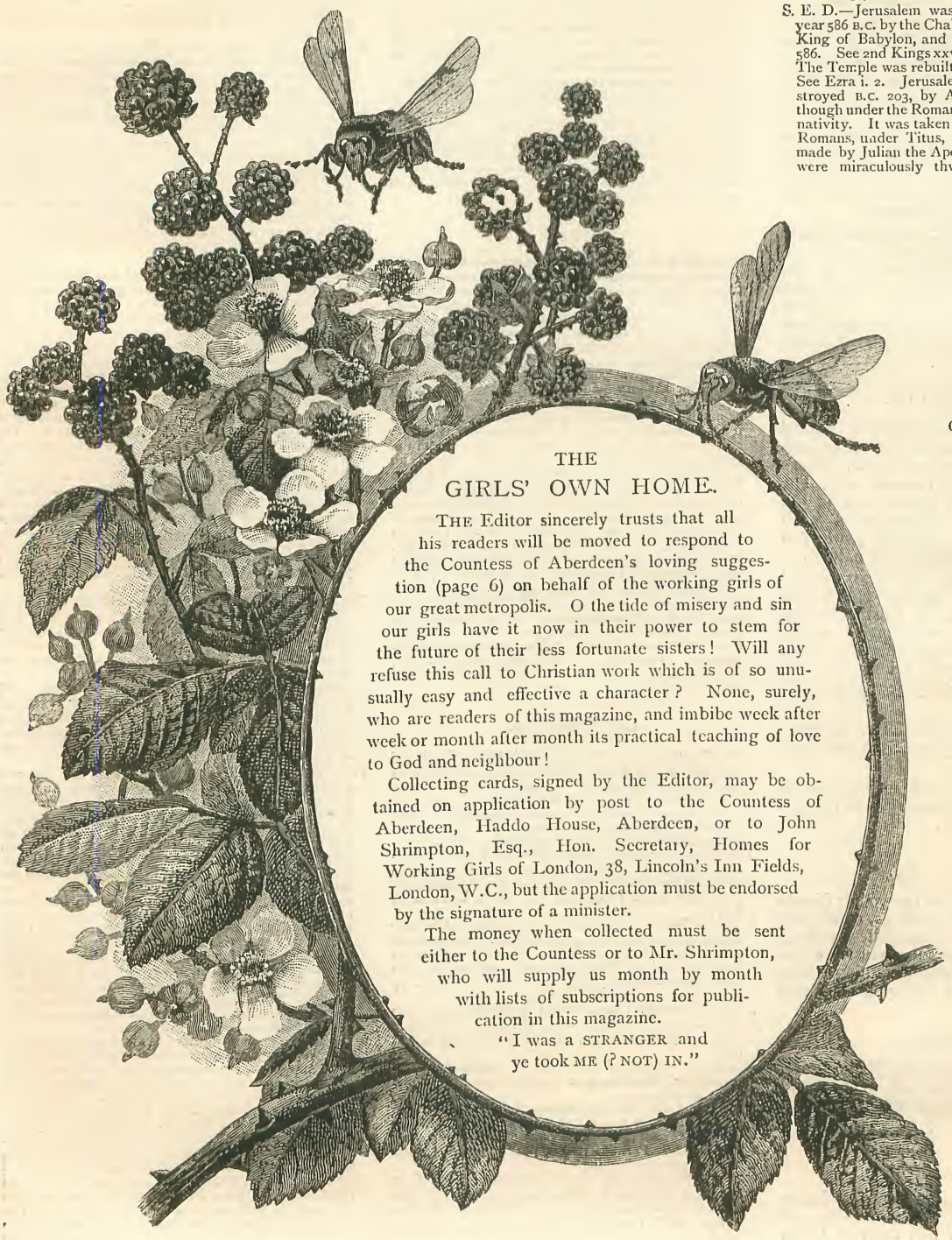
ANXIOUS ORPHAN.—We could not undertake the work of a Registry Office, but we recommend you to apply to the Female Middle-class Emigration Society, addressing Miss Jane Lewin, secretary, 12, Portugal-street, Lincoln's-inn, W.C., or else The British Female Emigration Society, Miss Tipple, secretary, 43, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, W. You will obtain advice from them, and perhaps assistance in obtaining your desire.

S. E. D.—Jerusalem was taken and destroyed in the year 586 B.C. by the Chaldeans, under Nebuchadnezzar King of Babylon, and Solomon's Temple burnt B.C. 586. See 2nd Kings xxv. 9, and 2nd Chron. xxxvi. 19. The Temple was rebuilt by Cyrus, King of Persia—See Ezra i. 2. Jerusalem was again taken and destroyed B.C. 203, by Antiochus, but restored again, though under the Roman rule, at the time of our Lord's nativity. It was taken and destroyed A.D. 70, by the Romans, under Titus, and the subsequent attempts made by Julian the Apostate, to rebuild the Temple were miraculously thwarted. See Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," vol. i., page 358, being the testimony of one by no means friendly either to the Christian or the Jewish faith, and thus all the more remarkable. The fact was that Julian wished to restore Judaism, as a means of destroying Christianity. Jerusalem was again rebuilt A.D. 130, and a temple raised, dedicated to Jupiter, but was taken by Omar II., Khalif, A.D. 636, subsequently by the Crusaders, A.D. 1099, and by Saladin, A.D. 1184.

ONE WHO STRIVES.—If you went to a different church you would be likely to be still more troubled with the thoughts which in a place of divine worship you desire to banish, besides which you would make yourself an object of notice, and awkward comments would be made on your leaving your own church. We advise you to make a greater effort to abstract your thoughts from all considerations apart from your religious duties, and concentrate them (by the aid of prayer) on God alone.

MARGERY.—Your case is a hard one. Your desire to make a provision for the future, creditable; and your mature age entitles you legally to freedom of action. Nevertheless, we could not recommend you to adopt a line of action so much opposed to the wishes of both parents. So long as they be willing to support you—and by honest means — under their roof, consider those wishes, and do not violate their prejudices, however antiquated and unwise. Wait your opportunity; but at the same time you may let them know that you consult their wishes for the present solely through a dutiful feeling towards them, and you hope for their consent some time hence.

*** The Editor is glad to be able to announce that the next monthly part will contain the names of the prize winners at the last examinations in story writing, painting, and needlework, and that the subjects of future competitions will be published. Also that the next Part will contain an article on singing sacred music, by Madame Edith Wynne.



THE GIRLS' OWN HOME.

THE Editor sincerely trusts that all his readers will be moved to respond to the Countess of Aberdeen's loving suggestion (page 6) on behalf of the working girls of our great metropolis. O the tide of misery and sin our girls have it now in their power to stem for the future of their less fortunate sisters! Will any refuse this call to Christian work which is of so unusually easy and effective a character? None, surely, who are readers of this magazine, and imbibe week after week or month after month its practical teaching of love to God and neighbour!

Collecting cards, signed by the Editor, may be obtained on application by post to the Countess of Aberdeen, Haddo House, Aberdeen, or to John Shrimpton, Esq., Hon. Secretary, Homes for Working Girls of London, 38, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C., but the application must be endorsed by the signature of a minister.

The money when collected must be sent either to the Countess or to Mr. Shrimpton, who will supply us month by month with lists of subscriptions for publication in this magazine.

"I was a STRANGER and ye took ME (? NOT) IN."

VOL. IV.—No. 149.] NOVEMBER 4, 1882. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

BLANCHE TRENT'S LESSON.

By the Author of "Madgie's Hero," "Her Only Fault," &c.

CHAPTER I.

"I DON'T like Miss Lyster, there! She's an old frump, and she don't know how to pronounce German," and Blanche Trent flung her grammar on the floor and threw herself into an easy-chair in a most unladylike manner.

"Blanche, dear, you shouldn't speak so," Mrs. Trent said, in a feeble voice, from her invalid sofa near the fire. "You know your Uncle Derwent took great pains to secure Miss Lyster, and he thinks her a very competent person!"

All rights reserved.] "'I DON'T SEE WHAT I WANT A GOVERNESS FOR AT ALL, MAMMA.'"

"I don't, and I mean to tell her so one of these days. I play quite as well as she does, and I'm sure I know German better. I don't see what I want a governess for at all, mamma; I think I'm quite old enough to take care of my own education!" Blanche cried, impatiently drumming with her fingers on the table.

"Your Uncle Derwent does not think so, darling," Mrs. Trent replied, with the same feeble indecision in her voice; "he fancies you require to learn a great many things yet, and I do wish, dear, that you would try to be a little more obedient and attentive."

Blanche tossed her head, turned up her nose, and looked very scornful and rebellious. Obedience to her governess and attention to her lessons were the two things of all others she detested. She was in reality a very bright, clever girl, who could learn easily if she only chose to take ordinary trouble, but she had heard herself spoken of as bright, sharp, quick, clever till she began to consider herself quite a genius, and the routine and restraint of the schoolroom an insult. Her mother foolishly fostered and encouraged the idea of her having unusual abilities, and whenever visitors came to The Dingle, as their house was called, Blanche was sent for to play, or sing, or exhibit her drawings or paintings. She was very pretty, too, and inordinately vain of her appearance as well as of her accomplishments. In short, at fourteen, Blanche Trent was as spoiled, selfish, wilful, conceited and, despite her varied accomplishments, as ignorant a girl as one could easily meet. Governess after governess had left in despair or disgust, Mrs. Trent being always too weak to be just in her decisions, and the result was that Blanche always had her own way and thought she was going to have it for ever. Her father died when she was a baby, and her mother had never been able to manage her, being naturally a weak, loving, nervous woman, and rendered still more so by continual ill-health. Indeed, Blanche ruled the whole household till her Uncle Derwent returned from India. Captain Haughton was Mrs. Trent's brother, and The Dingle was his home. Mr. Trent had died young and poor, and his wife's income would scarcely have defrayed the expenses of their only child's education. However, Blanche knew nothing of that; she seemed to regard The Dingle as her own personal and absolute property. It had been her grandfather's, and was now her mother's; in the ordinary course of events it would be hers some day, and with that notion in her head, she treated her uncle very much as if he were an intruder.

Captain Haughton smiled good humouredly, and thought what a fortunate thing it was for his niece's future happiness that he had come home. The first thing to do, of course, was to find a suitable governess, and Helen Lyster seemed the very person suited for the task of reducing a refractory young lady to order. She was the daughter of an officer, highly cultivated and accomplished, but quiet and unobtrusive in her manner. She came very highly recommended, and Captain Haughton liked her appearance, and decided she at least should have a fair chance with Blanche, and that Mrs. Trent was not to interfere.

"Remember, Miss Lyster, all complaints, if there are any, are to be brought to me, and the very next day Blanche went with a budget—

"Uncle Derwent, I don't like Miss Lyster. I don't think she's a good governess," she cried, in her usual way, expecting her uncle to reply, "Then, my dear, we must try to secure a better."

But Captain Haughton only just raised his eyes from his writing for a moment with a look of grave surprise—

"*I'm* quite satisfied with Miss Lyster, Blanche. You are not capable of forming an opinion; go back to your lessons."

Blanche went, and the result was a weary morning for Miss Lyster. She was supremely patient, and bore all her pupil's waywardness and rudeness—for Blanche could be very rude when she liked—with calm dignity; still, it was a relief when the morning's work was over.

"I'm afraid I shall have a great deal of trouble," was her mental comment; "the girl has been completely spoiled; she has everything to learn, and much to unlearn, but she has great capacity, and I think a fairly good disposition at bottom. I must only try to reach her heart; once that is accomplished, the rest will be easy."

But that was a very difficult task. Blanche was not naturally of a very affectionate disposition. She loved people and things by fits and starts in an uncertain sort of way, and just so long as she could patronise them. She was habitually more than constitutionally selfish, and she was vain. To win her affections it was necessary to praise her all the time, and that Miss Lyster could not conscientiously do. The result was she made very little progress with Blanche, and Blanche made still less with her, for she was determined not to learn, and one day she burst into the drawing-room, and declared that Miss Lyster didn't know how to pronounce German. While Mrs. Trent was feebly remonstrating, Uncle Derwent entered the room, and stumbled over the German grammar.

"You've dropped your book, Blanche," he said, quietly, pointing to it. "Pick it up, my dear."

Blanche obeyed, sulkily, and left the room, and then Mrs. Trent repeated what she had been saying.

Captain Haughton looked and felt really provoked. Ringing the bell, he sent for Blanche, who entered the room with a frown of defiance.

"What's this you've been saying about Miss Lyster, Blanche?" he said, gravely. "Your mother tells me you say your governess cannot pronounce German!"

"She can't, uncle; she makes the most ridiculous mistakes," Blanche cried, eagerly, glad of an opportunity of airing her grievances.

"My dear, it is you who are ridiculous. Miss Lyster speaks German perfectly; she has spent her entire youth in the country. Once for all, Blanche, let me have no more of this fault-finding, for you only display your own ignorance. I have perfect confidence in your governess's ability, and so has your mother."

Blanche tossed her head scornfully, but remained silent. She had much greater faith in her own capacity for judging.

"And I think it would be well," her uncle continued, gravely, "if you bestowed more time and attention on your studies. You cannot hope to have the advantage of such a teacher always, and you may some day have occasion to turn your talents to practical account."

"I'm quite as well able to teach as Miss Lyster," Blanche muttered, sulkily. "She never tells me anything I want to know," and anything Blanche Trent did not want to know that thing she would not learn. So two years passed away. Miss Lyster was patient, painstaking, careful; Blanche wilful, obstinate, often unruly, blindly rejecting opportunities that could never be recalled, wasting precious days and hours that could not be lived over again, however much she might desire it. She had learned much that she could not help with such a teacher, but not a tithe of what she might have acquired had she been so minded. She still considered herself a genius, quite capable of doing anything, which so often resolves itself into doing nothing, and was pleased to fancy herself totally unappreciated and misunderstood. Sometimes, in spite of herself—or, rather, quite unconsciously—she would unbend a little under Miss Lyster's genial, unvarying influence, and be amiable and almost industrious; but at the slightest symptom of reproof or correction, she flew back to her old defiant position of idleness, as far as her lessons were concerned, and studied rudeness in her demeanour. More than once her uncle endeavoured to point out to her how extremely wrong her conduct was, and how very unpleasant she made it for her governess, but Blanche only tossed her head in a way that seemed to say plainly she would make it unpleasant for her Uncle Derwent, too, if she dare.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW TO PAINT UPON SILK AND SATIN.

We live in an age when all the world is doing something, and every girl is just as busy over her particular occupations as her father, which, though they may not have much result in the money market, are as important to the worker in their way—first, because they tend to keep her mind active and cheerful, and secondly, if such a result is required, they will in the end help her to support her part of the family burden. There is no greater enemy to vanity and sin than wholesome hard work and the feeling of usefulness it encourages; and we ought all to be thankful that we live in times when occupation is admired, instead of in the bygone days of gentility, when a lady was considered to lose caste if she attempted to be useful, and was therefore compelled to be idle from the force of public opinion.

Now that drawing and painting have made such rapid strides among the educated classes, they have become the means, besides being remunerative, of introducing much beauty into our homes. Many a girl can design and paint prettily for decorative purposes whose finished pictures might not be considered sufficiently good for exhibition, and this talent will add much to the uniqueness of a sitting-room, or of articles of dress, and will relieve both from that bugbear of all true artistic natures, namely, universal sameness in attire and furniture. Rooms and dress generally give some index to their possessor's mind, and quiet originality or picturesqueness in both is more appreciated than the most expensive copies of another's thought.

Painting upon silk or satin is a favourite mode of decoration, and one that can be used in many ways about a room. The best objects to ornament are curtain borders, mantel and table covers, screens, piano-backs, and brackets. We have seen extremely elegant screens designed to fill in the front of a grate in summer time ornamented with painting upon satin. The screen is made as high as the grate and not quite as broad, and looks like a simple square frame of black wood an inch and a half broad, supported upon two black feet. The satin is stretched within the framing and protected at the back with a deal board, and the make of the screen is so simple that any working carpenter would turn it out at a very moderate price. Brackets against the wall can also be devised in an inexpensive way by using the same kind of framing for the outside, filling the centre with black or coloured silk painted with flowers, and making a small shelf to hold ornaments across the centre. A back will be required for the bracket, both to keep the silk

clean and to help to support the shelf. The other articles that can be painted on need no description as to mounting. The best articles of dress to ornament are fans, muffs, parasols, pockets, and trimmings down the front of a dinner dress.

We will now turn to the actual painting. The first thing to be done after deciding upon the object to be decorated is to fix upon a design and upon the silk or satin. The flower selected should be sketched out carefully upon cartridge-paper and made perfect as far as its main outlines upon that, ready to be transferred to the material, it being a mistake to draw directly upon that, unless the artist can do so without any erasures, as mistakes and corrections will show if left untouched, and when taken out bring up the surface. The choice of the silk should be a careful one, as much of the beauty of the painting will depend upon a good selection. A good, close-made plain silk is the best; corded and ribbed textures are liable to greasiness, and the paint often cracks when laid thickly upon them, particularly when they are used in fan painting. Select the colour of the silk according to the use that is to be made of the article, choosing deep rubies, blues, and browns for furniture, and pale pinks, lemons, citrons, creams, gold colours, and greys for fans and dress trimmings. Avoid a black foundation, if possible, as the tint is too hard for a flower background, and other colours can now be purchased in such deep, rich tones that black can easily be discarded. Always buy more of the silk than necessary, as a margin to stretch it by is required, and a little spare piece is very useful to try colours and effects upon. The silk is first prepared to receive the paint, and to do this it is necessary to take away any greasiness in its texture that would resist the application of paint by a wash or sizing, which is applied after the silk has been stretched either upon a drawing-board or in an open frame. The open frame is the best to use, as then the silk is free upon both sides, and the washes dry better; but as each frame should fit the article stretched, it is not always convenient. Four pieces of wood, made to fit into each other and to expand by means of pegs and holes after the manner of woolwork frames, are good, while a little ingenuity can manufacture a frame the size required out of four strong, straight pieces of deal. When the silk is stretched upon a drawing-board a piece of white paper should be put between it and the board. Stretch the silk in both cases very tightly, and fasten it down with drawing-pins half an inch apart. There are many recipes for sizing, each painter having a favourite size, and all the following are good—namely, isinglass, gelatine, and white of egg—if the worker will only put them on properly. For gelatine or isinglass put in an ounce of either in water enough to cover it, and allow it to soak for an hour. Take it out and pour over it a pint of boiling water and mix until the isinglass is quite dissolved, and run it through coarse muslin, so that no sediment or undissolved matter is left in it. While still hot, apply this to the silk with a sponge, rubbing it thoroughly over the surface, so that every part receives it, and an even coating is given. Dry the silk by rubbing it gently down with an old piece of white silk, and dry the back of the silk in the same way. If there is any doubt about the size not having been put entirely over the surface, or if the silk slackens in the frame, stretch the silk more tightly and re-size it. When using white of egg, only take the liquid part, which sponge well into the silk so as thoroughly to penetrate, rub this dry with an old silk rag, and let no wet remain on the surface, as any place left damp will change in colour.

When the surface is dry, draw in the design selected, using a fine pencil, or transfer it from the sketch by laying a light-coloured transfer paper on the material, and then the sketch, and pin both down. Then put down the frame so that the silk is supported by some hard surface, and with a fine knitting-needle trace the chief outlines of the design through to the silk. Use the least prominent shade of transfer-paper, and rub it over with bread to remove any superfluous colour before using it. Never attempt to trace more than outlines, and lay these in as lightly as possible. Trace in the design so that a spray of flowers starts from one side of the silk and flows towards the other, rather than always starting from the centre; but endeavour to place the greatest mass of flower or colour near the centre, while upon the side left plain relieve any blankness by inserting a bird, butterfly, dragon-fly, or tufts of reeds, grasses, or single flowers. When preparing a fan, stretch the silk evenly in a square frame and draw a half-circle with a pair of compasses upon it, and see that the horizontal line at the bottom is even with the line of the silk, and make it correspond with the outer radiants of the fan, draw a straight line through the centre of the fan with white chalk, and bring your design across this. The lines of the radiants of the fan can be drawn in white chalk on the silk, as they rather help the designer to place the outline.

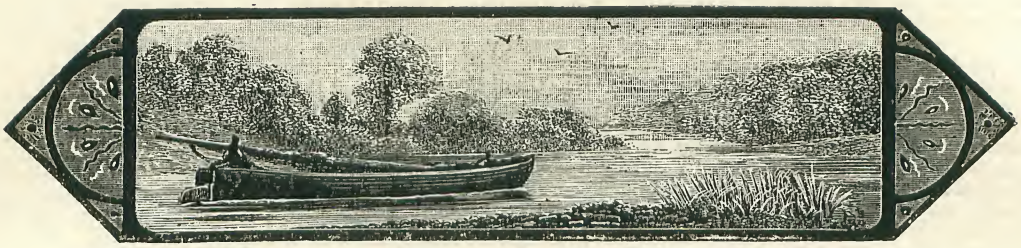
Painting upon silk or satin is done in two ways—one in which the colours used are simple water-colours, and the effect obtained dependent upon the softness of the shading and the beauty of the design; and the second, where body-colour is freely used, and the effect attained with broad washes and colouring. For the first kind of painting: after the silk has been stretched, sized, and the outline put on it, use the very best water-colours and put in all the shadows of the design with neutral tint, to which a little of the colour of the flower or leaf has been added, then lay on a wash of each of the chief colours, and soften these into the shadows with the deeper tints of the flowers. Make the highest lights by mixing Chinese white with the colour, and deepen and bring up the darkest shadows. In copying natural flowers, be careful that no hard and dark edges are given to leaves or petals, and always look for and paint the bright light that is to be found near a shadow, particularly where curves are made; and also be careful to show the underlight that will be found where a leaf curves over and the under part of it is in shade. The correct colouring of the lights and shades will give the necessary roundness and boldness to this kind of painting, which is really water-colour flower painting, and whose effect, though not so brilliant as body-colour painting, is more lasting and less glaring. Most of the beautiful French fans are painted in this way, as the colours so applied will not crack and split. Put a little sugar into the water used, add a small quantity of gum water to any colour that will not dry—never use gamboge—a drop of Eau de Cologne to colours that are too dry, and a little oxgall to bring up their brilliant tints; but in using the latter, if too much is put on the opposite effect will be the result, as it will deaden, not improve the shades. Only paint with plain water-colours upon light silks, such as bunches of violets upon pinky creams, carnations of various shades upon lemons and citrons, Gloire de Dijon roses or Austrian briars upon yellows, whites, creams; pale pink flowers upon Eau de Nil; and groups executed entirely in terra cotta or Payne's grey upon lighter shades of their own colours. If gilding is to be added to any part of the picture, paint that part first over with cadmium, and then gild with the best cake gold or shell gold, no other kinds being good enough.

Body-colour painting is used chiefly for furniture decoration, and for any colouring that is wanted of a bold and effective character without much work. After the silk has been stretched and sized, and the design drawn, paint over the whole of the design—if upon a dark silk—with a wash of Chinese white. Take the Chinese white (sold in bottles, and not in tubes) and mix it with water, in which a little gum has been put. Lay the wash on quite smoothly, and when it is dry, should the white at all peel, put on a fresh coat, to which more gum has been added. When the white is quite dry (it should be sufficiently opaque not to show the silk through, and yet not so thick as to rise above the silk) paint over it. For faded leaves, and leaves painted grey colour and in shadow, lay over the white a simple light red, Payne's grey, madder brown, or olive lake tint, according to their shade, mixing them with Chinese white, and putting them all over the surface of the leaf in one continuous shade. For leaves in the foreground make three shades of green—a dark, a medium, and a light. Put on the dark first and shade to the light, but do not attempt any elaborate colouring. Mix all with white, and rely for effect upon the broadness of colouring and the brilliancy. Tint the leaves in various shades of green, but use but three shades to each. Paint the flowers in the same way, making white the highest light and leading up to it, but use such a high light sparingly, or the result will be chalky. Leave the painting until quite dry, then strengthen the deepest shadows with a dark colour unmixed with white, and to which add a little gum as a glaze, and paint over with a faint wash of the colour of the flower, unmixed with white, any part of the composition that looks too white or glaring, and is not sufficiently blended. Use the glycerine, oxgall, and Eau de Cologne for the same purposes with the paints as before mentioned.

Painting upon satin in water-colours differs but little from painting upon silk. The satin should be chosen of a fine and good make, with a smooth and even surface; it should be stretched, and gone over with a thin solution of isinglass, most carefully applied over its surface, unless the medium, known as Veloutine, is used, which contains a mucilage that counteracts the greasiness of the material, and so dispenses with the sizing. Extra care is needed when tracing the design on to the satin, as the carbonised part of the paper is so apt to dirty so delicate a material, and paper must always be kept under the hand during the painting, to counteract the heat of the hand. When the design has been traced, mix Chinese white with Veloutine instead of water, and lay it as a wash over all the parts to be painted, and when this is dry paint over it in the same way as in body-colour painting upon silk, adding the Veloutine to each shade, and dispensing with all other mediums, except water.

Oil colours are sometimes applied to satin and silk backgrounds; they look well if only coarse and large work is attempted, such as sunflowers, bulrushes, foxgloves; but water-colours are better for fine work. They are laid on as in oil painting, and require no preparation, turpentine being used for their medium. Oil colours look to greater advantage upon stiffer materials than silk or satin, such as coloured and strongly made twills and sheetings that are not fluffy, but are hard and smooth, and partake of the nature of canvas. High three-fold screens of navy blue sacking, painted with oil colours, are most effective, the background being supplied by the colour of the material, and the panels of the screen painted with hollyhocks, foxgloves, and iris, or with birds of tropical plumage; and brackets can be painted in the same way.

B. C. SAWARD.



TIME AT THE FERRY.

Words by JETTY VOGEL. *Music by* LADY BENEDICT.

Allegretto. mf

PIANO.

mf

Old Time was a rov - er the whole world o - ver, And once by his wan-der - ings

mf

rall. *a tempo.*

(*ccl. 8ve.*)

led,..... Came where there did gleam a broad roll - ing stream—Fair mea-dows be - yond it out - spread,— And

p rall.

p rall.

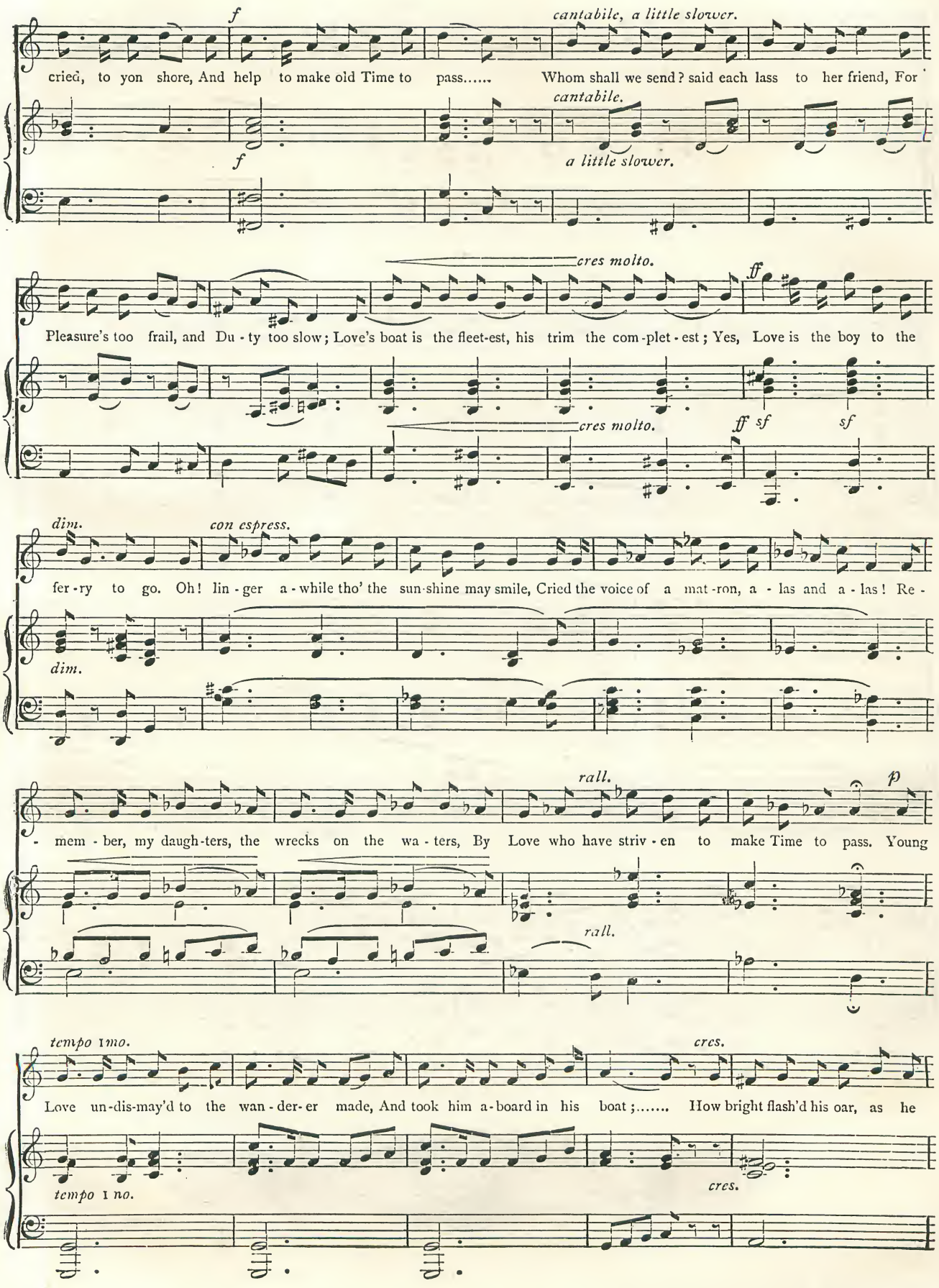
a tempo.

there at their play at the fall of the day, Saw he ma - ny a lov - er and lass,..... Come, fer - ry me o'er, he

cres.

a tempo.

cres.


f
cantabile, a little slower.
cried, to yon shore, And help to make old Time to pass..... Whom shall we send? said each lass to her friend, For
cantabile.
f
a little slower.
cres molto.
ff
Pleasure's too frail, and Du - ty too slow; Love's boat is the fleet-est, his trim the com-plet - est; Yes, Love is the boy to the
cres molto.
ff sf sf
dim.
con espress.
fer - ry to go. Oh! lin - ger a - while tho' the sun-shine may smile, Cried the voice of a mat - ron, a - las and a - las! Re -
dim.
rall.
p
- mem - ber, my daugh-ters, the wrecks on the wa - ters, By Love who have striv - en to make Time to pass. Young
rall.
tempo 1mo.
cres.
Love un-dis-may'd to the wan - der- er made, And took him a-board in his boat;..... How bright flash'd his oar, as he
tempo 1mo.
cres.

launch'd from the shore, And was soon in the ra - pids a - float ; Then cried he tri-umph-ant, in ac - cents ex - ult - ant, Oh !

list to my sing - ing, fair lad and fair lass, For all the world o - ver, since Time was a rov - er, 'Tis

Love, kind-ly Love, makes Time ev - er to pass.....

LAURA LEIGH.

A TALE OF HIGHBRIDGE PAPER MILLS.

By M. M. POLLARD, Author of "Cora; or, Three Years of a Girl's Life," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

"ON THE BRINK."

FEW days after her visit to the paper-mills, Laura Leigh put on her hat, twisted a black lace shawl round her neck, placed a bunch of scarlet geraniums in the belt of her white morning dress, and thus equipped for walking, started on a journey of discovery.

She was becoming accustomed to Highbridge village and its neighbourhood by this time, had found out many striking points of view and, as she herself expressed it, "had done no end of exploring."

On this day she took a sketch-book and artists' paint-box with her, intending to begin a series of sketches to carry home as a reminder of her visit to the country.

Laura had heard of the Chorley Woods, and determined to plunge into their depths to enjoy to the full their solitude and beauty. Not a thought of fear had she. What could harm her in that retired country place, where the small boys touched their caps when they met her? where even the grown-up villagers were almost servile in their demonstrations of respect—at least, so it seemed to her. What could she see in the woods more terrible than a few startled rabbits, or a blackbird or two feeding in the grass?

Gaily she plunged into the shade of the forest trees, where the dancing leaves in all their rich June splendour softened the bright glare of the sun and made a kind of delicious twilight.

Laura hummed a lively tune as she went briskly along, stepping over the verdant undergrowth of tangle and leaves, and sprays of wild strawberries and soft green moss. She wondered much where all the regular pathways lay, for she could not discover any of them.

The wood sloped downwards towards the middle, and finally broke away into an abrupt gorge, through which the river—there deep and full—rushed along its course.

The sides of the gully were steep and rocky, and in the interstices grew immense ferns, which drooped their long fronds almost to the water's edge.

A short distance off was a stone bridge that spanned the water, and was the thoroughfare from one part of the wood to the other.

Laura was delighted; here was just the scene for a sketch. A fallen tree stretched itself far out over the water, with its green leaves yet unfaded on its branches.

In an instant Miss Leigh had scrambled her way out on the trunk, had perched herself on a strong bough—a bower of greenery at her back, another bough for her footstool.

Large trees nearly met over her head, casting a soft green hue on her paper, a thrush sang aloud from a thicket near, and a lark, still higher up in the azure, sent down a trilling gush of warbles.

Leaning back in her seat, Laura gently swung herself backwards and forwards with a slow rocking motion in the pauses of her work, and thought her tree bower far surpassed any hammock she had ever seen or heard of. How long she remained there she could not tell; time passes rapidly when the brush is busy, eye and mind on the stretch. It was grand to sketch away to the music of the birds, to the deeper tones of the running waters below.

Already she had portrayed the river, its steep banks, the arching trees above the bridge, and she was putting some effective touches to the bridge itself, bringing out into view the yellow stonecrop, the clinging ivy, when she became aware someone was watching her over the parapet—someone she knew, for she presently saw it was Mr. Ashton. Laura nodded smilingly to him, and was very much surprised he neither returned her bow nor her smile.

"How very unmannerly!" she thought.

But still she watched him, for he stood as if transfixed for a moment or two, then came towards her, his face ghastly in its pallidness, his large eyes staring with a wild intensity. At first he walked slowly, hesitatingly, then came on with a swift bound.

He jumped on the further end of the fallen trunk, flung one arm round a fir tree that grew near by, and held out a long pole, he had hurriedly caught up, within Laura's reach.

"What do you want me to do?" she called out, much surprised at his manœuvres.

"Take a firm hold of the pole and guide yourself towards the bank. Have you a steady head? Do not be afraid, Miss Leigh. Grasp the pole firmly. There! you are within my reach now. Be thankful you are safe!"

"Why! what do you mean? Was there any danger?" exclaimed Laura, as she scrambled up amongst the nettles and wild periwinkles, and at last found a firm footing.

"Was there any danger?" she repeated, as she saw Mr. Ashton's cheeks were still blanched, his hands trembling.

He could not answer for a moment; then he said, gravely—

"The tree on which you were sitting has no support—not a fibre in the earth. The roots were torn from the ground in the storm last week. It was a mere matter of balance. Had your weight exceeded that of the broken root, you must have fallen."

"Fallen where?"

Mr. Ashton did not reply, but he looked down over the bank.

"What! into that dreadful water?"

"Nothing could have saved you from it."

"Is it deep?" asked Miss Leigh, with a shudder.

"Near the bridge there is a very deep pool, and the current is strong just now—the river still swollen from the storm that wrecked the tree. Watch this pole," added he, throwing into the water the staff that had been Laura's support.

The unfortunate stick whirled about, was caught by the eddy as by a whirlpool, was hurled along, was dashed against the buttresses of the bridge, and finally swept rapidly into the deep midstream, under the arch, and carried away out of sight.

"Oh, that might have been my fate! and I never knew there was any risk in sitting there," exclaimed Laura, turning every whit as pale as Mr. Ashton had been just before.

"Did you not notice how insecure the tree was?"

"I never even looked. What an escape I have had!"

Laura flung herself down on a low bank overgrown with wild strawberry plants, covered her face with her slim white hands, and burst into a sudden fit of weeping. Her whole frame shook with emotion, and while the storm of tears swept over her, Mr. Ashton stood beside her, silent and awed.

Fain would he have seated himself by her side and have wept tears with her—tears of joy that she was safe, that her fair face and dainty form had been spared a doom too terrible to contemplate.

A quick, earnest prayer of intense thankfulness rose from his heart, that he had come there in time to save her from perhaps an awful death in the deep solitude of the woods.

After a time Laura got up from her lowly seat on the strawberry bank and looked at Mr. Ashton, her eyes shining through her tears.

She held out her hand to him frankly.

"Thank you so much for being kind to me, and caring so much. But you must be amused at my city ignorance, and think me either mad or an idiot to perch myself in such hazardous places without counting the cost."

"That tree ought not to have been left in such a dangerous position. It was just the sort of thing to tempt children and strangers to a feat of

climbing. I will write to Squire Cross, and draw his attention to the matter. These woods belong to him, and he has sole control here."

Mr. Ashton picked up the forgotten sketch-book that was lying on the grass.

"Ah, you were sketching the bridge, I see, and splendidly you have done it. I think I can show you a place a little higher up, from which you can get nearly the same view without the danger, so that you will be able to finish your picture at your leisure."

"Oh! I could finish it from memory now. Every stick and stone of the place is fixed in my recollection, and will never leave it. Do you think I could ever forget a place where I might have met a horrible death, but for you? When I even think of it I shudder," said Miss Leigh, earnestly, and she turned away from the leaping, gurgling waters with a shiver.

Mr. Ashton followed her.

"Allow me to see you safely out of these woods, and if you will take my advice, never venture here alone again. The sides of the gorge are steep and slippery, and to strangers not used to our rugged country-side, particularly intricate. Should anyone chance to fall into that river, and even have time to call for aid, the chances are their voices might echo in vain through these lonely shades. Very few people walk here in the mornings, for the woods are considered partly private—I mean they are not thrown open to the public altogether. It was the merest accident—or rather, I may say, a special Providence—that brought me over the bridge just now. I had been out near Squire Cross's place, and came that way as a short cut to the mills."

They were still standing near the fallen tree, and Laura said—

"I shall be glad if you will go part of the way home with me. My nerves have been strangely shaken."

She was still trembling, and her face had not yet recovered its bloom.

And so they picked their way through the tangled undergrowth and passed under the shade of the trees together, with the noise of the rushing river still sounding in their ears, the leaves rustling lightly in the soft breeze.

Mr. Ashton carried Laura's sketch-book and paint-box, thinking all the while, as he glanced now and then at the fair face beside him, how dark the world would have grown had the light of those sweet eyes been quenched for ever.

When at last they reached the curate's house, Laura invited Mr. Ashton to come inside and tell Marion of her adventure. She looked somewhat impatiently into the two sitting-rooms on either side of the narrow passage, but both were deserted.

"There is not a creature visible, and I want you so much to see my cousin," Laura said, with a perplexed air.

The little servant-maid came running in from the kitchen, and said, with a quick bob and a grin—

"Please, Miss Leigh, they be all out in the back garden."

"Oh, then, we will soon hunt them up. Come this way, Mr. Ashton."

Laura, followed by the young man, went through the study and out of a low glass door into a porch that was festooned with wreaths of jasmine and roses.

The curate, in a white linen jacket and white straw hat, was busy planting out some celery, and, with a shovel in his hand, was preparing the trenches. Marion, with a huge gardening apron upon her light dress, was standing near him, holding a measuring line, and Mysie and Trot, in their sun-bonnets, were making a great noise and chatter as they pulled up weeds from a bed of lettuce.

A pretty rural picture of simple country life the curate and his family made in the June sunshine. They might have posed thus for effect, had such an idea entered their minds, but they were all actively employed in actual gardening work, and were not thinking of picturesque grouping.

With the curate's limited income, that did not admit of his keeping a gardener, such help was really needed if the garden was to be made available for use or ornament. And so they were all employed, and all happy with pure innocent joy, that leaves no sorrow and has no sting.

Mr. Hayward looked up through his spectacles and saw Miss Leigh leading the way down the garden, past the gooseberry bushes and rows of green peas, laughing and talking with Mr. Ashton, who still carried her painting materials.

"Who are these coming? Laura and Vincent Ashton, I see. I had no idea they were on such intimate terms. Marion, I hope your London cousin is not going to fascinate and bewilder our honest country neighbour?"

"Nonsense, my dear! There is no danger of such a thing. Laura Leigh is so fenced about with pride and prejudices, that she would never seriously think of any one in business. The Leighs are *very* proud people—her sister Blanche particularly so, and of course Laura shares the same notions."

"Well, if she is not, as you say, 'seriously thinking' of Ashton, she had better leave him alone."

Even as they had been talking Mrs. Hayward could not help watching Laura and Vincent come down the garden path; and thinking what a nice-looking couple they would make, and being, as most motherly, lovable women are, a bit of a match-maker at heart, she felt inclined to despise those prejudices of which she had been hinting, and to hope her two young friends might really think well of each other. There was a smile yet lingering on her lips as she gave Mr. Ashton a friendly greeting, and turned with a word of reproof to Laura.

"Where have you been, child? We waited dinner for you a whole hour, and then were compelled to take ours without you, or everything would have been spoiled. Jane is keeping your share hot in the oven."

"You may be thankful I have come home at all. Had I been a stone or two heavier in weight, you would never have seen me again, most likely."

"What do you mean? Pray explain yourself!"

"I was very near falling into the river that runs through Chorley Woods—that was all," Laura said, with a grim attempt at a laugh, that ended in a trembling of her lips, a dimming of her eyes.

Mr. Ashton then took on himself the task of explanation, for it was evident to him that, despite all Miss Leigh's attempts at indifference, her nerves were still shaken, and that she could scarcely allude to the subject without a return of agitation. The remembrance of the danger through which she had passed made her shudder as she spoke.

"You must never ramble away again into strange places," Mrs. Hayward said, gravely.

"So Mr. Ashton has been telling me."

"And never again seat yourself in a pleasant bower of greenery, without being quite sure it rests on a solid basis. We are all far too apt to take our pleasures without examining their foundation," added the curate, as he plunged his shovel into the earth, shook the red clay from his shoes, and prepared to follow his wife and her guests into the house.

But though, in that little parlour, with its peaceful home-look, with the sunlight glancing through the windows, and with the sweet perfume of roses stealing in on the soft breeze, it was very easy to talk, and even laugh, about Laura's adventure—very easy to try and make the best of it, and persuade each other there might not have been so much danger after all—yet each one at heart felt how differently the adventure might have ended, and felt what a matter of thankfulness it was that nothing worse than a fright had come of it—a fright and a lesson of caution the city cousin would do well to remember.

Mr. Ashton held out the sketch to Laura with a look of regret.

"I suppose it is very wrong to covet anything, but I really think I have some right to that picture of the river bridge," he said.

"Do you? Then you shall have it. But I will give it some finishing touches first and send it to you. You may call it 'On the Brink,' or any name you like better," said Miss Leigh, smiling.

"The name will do nicely; but please, never mind the finishing touches. If I may have the sketch, I much prefer it as it is, for it tells its story best without further addition."

And so the page was torn from the sketch-book, and Vincent Ashton carried it away with him.

(To be continued.)

AMY.

By Sasson C. J. Ingham.

With the sunshine and the flowers,
And the music on the air,
Comes the thought of one whose sweetness
Made it summer everywhere.
Amy! oh, my well beloved!
Aimée! how my heart-strings flew
When I bade my tears and kisses
Speak the word "Farewell" to you!

How the years roll back and bring you
In your girlhood's flower-like grace,
Sitting where the boughs would fling you
Wreath for brow and veil for face!
In your hand a tress of jacinth,
Columbine, or foxglove bells,
While below the bee sought treasure
'Mid a maze of golden cells.

But your eye upon the beauty
That was near you could not rest;
"Far away" had visions fairer
Than the flowers your lips carest!
Ah! I placed the veil and blossoms
Fondly on my sister's brow;—
Strangers for the grave arrayed her,
And my heart is breaking now.

ETIQUETTE FOR "OUR BROTHERS."

It is a source of much satisfaction to the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper, and no less so to the members of his staff, to find that the magazine has proved acceptable to the brothers of our girls. We feel proud of their approbation, and in return desire to offer a few words for their especial benefit. The two sexes of mankind are so mutually dependent, for the pleasures and comforts of life, the one on the other, for an interchange of services, of sympathy, and counsel, that neither would prosper nor lead a happier existence without such a congenial association. Each sex respectively makes up for the deficiencies of the other; the weak and timid are strengthened, and the hard and rough softened through the influence of a divinely-ordained intercourse.

Having experienced what it is to have enjoyed the daily and intimate companionship of a beloved brother in my own childhood, the reciprocity of a thousand little confidences in youth, and of the greater cares, hopes, and interests of mature age, I can speak in the strongest terms of the advantage derived in after life from preserving a close intercourse between brothers and sisters in their childhood and youth. The intimacy and the natural affection which bind a brother and sister together form a description of friendship unlike that which exists between persons of the same sex. On the one hand, there is a sort of chivalrous feeling, and a pleasure experienced in the early realisation of that natural right of protection, which adds an element of much tenderness to the affection of a brother. On the other hand, there is a feeling of support as early appreciated, and a peculiar admixture of romance in his sister's love, and thus the bond is of a peculiar and very sweet character, and is often found to compensate to a very great degree for the absence of that still closer union obtained in married life.

Were there more of such friendships as these, replete with the pleasant reminiscences of a happy springtime together, all the more bright, tender, and treasured when regarded wistfully from the cloudier days of later life—I say, were there more such friendships as these, there would be fewer disputes and difficulties experienced over the disposition of property, and wrongs would be righted without appeals to legal adjudicature; there would be less need of charitable societies to take the place of family affection and benevolence, and we should have more equitable laws to settle all questions of justice between the sexes. There would be fewer "unsexed," self-asserting, and masculine women, who speak — and not without some grave reason—of "the opposite sex" as if in natural antagonism to their own, and fewer unchivalrous, unmanly men, who take a coward's advantage over "the weaker vessel" in private life; or, by virtue of their right to make the laws, would devise them for their own advantage, rather than for her protection and well-being to whom it is his duty to "give honour."

I have already treated the subject of good breeding, as carried out in the rules of etiquette, in a very circumstantial way, and it is scarcely possible to enter into such a question for the guidance of one sex, without directly, or by inference, pointing out the duties of the other. Most of the rules hold equally good for both, as, for example, those to be observed at table, those in letter-writing, and conversing. However, a few hints may be given in a more direct way to "the girls' brothers."

First, as "the boy is the father of the man," the former cannot learn too early all the obligations that devolve upon him as he develops into manhood. He should bear ever in mind that the higher his position amongst all created living things on earth, as "the lord of the creation," the more is expected of him to keep up such a dignity, and to show himself worthy of his power. "*Noblesse oblige*," and the more dignified and exalted the position, the greater the sense of honour should be, the uprightness in every action, the refinement of the manners, the kindly and generous condescension towards those in a less advantageous and fortunate position. We do not expect in a noble the coarseness of an untrained, uneducated clown; we do not expect in the lion the cowardice and treachery of the hyena or the wolf.

Thus, when we hear of one of these young "lords of the creation" bullying a weaker boy, showing off his power to torment him, or combining with a number of others to make an attack on one who has to stand alone, and resist them till overpowered single-handed, we feel a contempt for such ignoble sport. We regard such boys as baser than the very dogs—for no big dog will contest his strength with a little one; he has more magnanimity in his poor, untutored nature than that. Sir Walter Scott makes his heroes decline to cross their swords with "foemen unworthy of their steel"; and so in the days of duels (which, thank God! are over in this country) it was not etiquette for any man thus to meet another who was of lower degree. This grand rule should be carried out in reference to a boy's conduct and whole bearing towards his sisters. The greater your strength, influence, or dignity, the greater your magnanimity, benevolence, and the courteousness and gallantry of your demeanour towards the "gentler sex."

Thus, a boy should always, voluntarily, take the outside of a pathway, especially in the streets, where there may be danger from droves of cattle, or vehicles in the road, or of being pushed off into the gutter by any rude people occupying more than their fair share of the pavement. Any gentlemanly boy would, of course, prefer to be driven himself off the footpath, to seeing his sister, or any woman there, were she young or old, rich or poor. Just as a Cavalier would have "fought for the Crown if it hung on a hedge stake," seeing in it the office, and supporting a principle—so a man who had the proper feelings of his sex would see a woman, the "help meet" of his sex, in a garb however poor and worn—a woman in a form however faded, plain, or old. To her he must, by mere natural instinct, "give the wall;" to her, if he have one atom of noble manliness in his composition, he must concede the place of safety in all perils; and from her he should receive, rather than inflict, a wrong. And so, my dear boys, in your intercourse with your sisters, remember that, as the stronger, and the most independent in your position, it would be simply beneath your dignity—were that the only consideration—to resent a girl's act of "tom-boy" rudeness, or to carry on a sort of coarse "horse-play" with her, tearing, pushing, or pulling her about, and giving what is understood by "tit for tat."

Even amongst yourselves there is the fair contest between boys well matched—the brave struggle in which no mean, underhand advantage is taken, and when, therefore, skill, endurance, strength, and courage may win well-earned and real laurels; and there is also the base triumph of the strong and cowardly over the weak, to which no credit is due.

A boy at school, in a soiled, torn suit, with hair cropped like a convict's, and hands apparently oblivious of the use of soap, may prove himself a gentleman through and through, and likewise—that to which all in every rank of life may lay an equal claim—brave, generous, and open-handed. In your plays one with another there is no fun in mere rudeness: in practical jokes; in injuring each other's clothes; in pushing and shoving each other about, for lack of anything more entertaining to do; just like a drove of donkeys or calves. It looks so awkward and ungainly. And yet, amongst small boys, it is the most that they appear wise enough to do when invited to spend a day with some young companions at a neighbour's house.

It is not easy to look at school, or even to act, as you would at home; but when the holidays come round, you can make up for lost time, and take more pains with both your manners and your appearance. It is then that you can pursue a different course of studies—those in good manners and gentlemanly deportment.

Some of the "girls' brothers" may politely exclaim either "rubbish!" or "bosh!" To myself I say, never mind; for they are out of ears' reach to me; and I can prove my point to any who have patience to read, and intelligence enough to take in a new idea. A gentlemanly address, well-put-on clothes, a head held up, and honest eyes that can look you in the face, yet without audacity or impertinence, will combine to win a young man's way into many a desirable appointment, from which a slouching-looking fellow, with dirty nails, and a coat looking as if hung on a nail, would be hopelessly excluded. Some boy may say that he does not care to be a "drawing-room man," and "fine manners" would be out of place in him. Believe me, you make the greatest mistake. It is not alone in a drawing-room that good breeding and a "presentable" appearance "pay." They are to be regarded as a part of your "stock in trade"—a means towards your advancement in life, for the obtaining of whatever appointment you may desire. A good address is invaluable to any young man; and he will prove a successful candidate when a young fellow—perhaps as worthy and respectable in position and character, who looked a mere "lout," or such as I have heard described as an "unlicked cub"—would stand no chance of selection.

I repeat again that, as "the boy is the father of the man," it is in early youth that the training must begin, for the habits then formed cling to him till the end of his life. So, first of all, break yourself of any tricks; keep your hands away from your face and hair; do not make a tattoo with your feet, nor fiddle with anything, unless it were a puzzle; and keep your nails clean. At dinner time, or at least, in the evening (if a substantial tea should replace that meal), make some change in your dress. It is a rudeness to the ladies of the household, who make, or ought to make, some change in theirs, to come into the drawing or dining-room in the same coat in which you have been pursuing your avocations of the day—dusty with walking out of doors, and unsuitable for evening wear. Even if the coat be an old one, and scarcely fit to be seen in daylight, still, if black and kept well brushed, and only worn in the evening, it will last you long, and will be suitable for the occasion. A fancy tweed, check, or light-coloured "morning coat" should never be worn at night in the society of ladies, even at home; and when young men do wear such they are only credited with ignorance of the usages of society, or of wilful disrespect. Even school boys should follow this rule, and keep a jacket, if not a full suit, especially for evening wear. The thick shoes or boots worn by day should always be changed for slight house shoes that make no heavy pounding about; but never for bedroom slippers, which should only be worn when wearing a dressing-gown.

When the gong is sounded, or dinner bell rung at home, the boy (or man) nearest the door should at once rise to open it for his mother or sisters, and then follow them, shut-

ting the dining-room door, in case the servant in attendance should omit so to do. It is the place of the youngest boy to ring the bell, and to be on the watch to do so at the right times, during meals. Supposing this boy to be yourself, dear "brother of our girls," remember that in your masculine character, as a protector of your sisters, and some day, perhaps, of your mother, too—it is your business to see (or help your brothers to see) that they have all that they want at table, and not to be taken up with appeasing your own appetite, so as to forget your privilege of caring for them. But in this attention never stretch across anyone, much less a woman, to take or hand on a plate or to help any dish; but if unable to avoid so doing, ask to be excused for it. I have already given very circumstantial rules to direct your conduct at table, which rules must apply, in most respects, to both sexes alike, and they need not recapitulation here. But I may say that, when the ladies rise to leave the room, if you should be the only boy or man in the room, or the nearest to the door, open it wide for them, and stand holding the handle until they have all passed out, and the lady of the house has gone some few steps from the threshold. No man nor boy should remain sitting when the ladies rise; nor resume their seats till the door be closed behind them.

We will suppose that you are only a young lad out for the day at a friend's house. When you enter the drawing-room, walk up at once to the lady of the house and shake hands with her before noticing anyone else. Do not think to show extra cordiality by grinding her rings into her fingers; this is a very ungentlemanly habit. Take her hand, if she offer it, gently; and let your cordiality, and your recognition of her hospitality in inviting you, be shown in the pleasant smile with which you return her greeting—not in showing that you have a hand like a pair of nutcrackers. Young men are very apt to shake hands in this most objectionable way, and with everyone alike; but in the highest ranks of society it is a rule never even to press the hand of one of higher rank than yourself, and on no one—even below you in social standing—are you licensed to inflict a torture like the thumb-screw. When your hostess has said all she has to say, and you have answered her questions, you may ask leave to accompany your young friends to the garden or elsewhere. But do not go without that permission, and if asked by a young friend to leave, at least look towards her for her assent, as it would seem like taking possession of the house and making yourself too much at home to walk off, taking "French leave." However noisy your young entertainers may be, moderate your own voice when in another person's house; and, lastly, remember that you have an obligation to fulfil. You are not to take all the pleasure, and all the good things provided, and give nothing in return. In our dealings with our fellow men and women there is a grand system of "give and take" to be maintained. It is not to be all "take," but "give" also. Thus, when you are accepting hospitality, you have a duty laid upon you of making yourself as agreeable as possible. Do not sit "mumchance," never opening your mouth, except to put something into it; but watch the eyes of your entertainers, to be ready to answer when they address you, avoiding replies in monosyllables, but adding a few words, and when there is a pause in the conversation, describe something that you have seen, tell where you have been, or whom you have met, or expect to see. Turn yourself always towards the person who addresses you, or to whom you make a reply, and look as pleasant as you can. Do not wear a surly, "glum" expression; and if you have a face of the bull-dog, or black-muzzled pug description, you must only make the greater effort to assume as agreeable an expression as you can. Be assured such an effort will not be lost on those who speak to you, but will meet with the appreciation it deserves.

We will suppose my readers to be old enough to accept a formal invitation to a dinner or evening party. Let me draw your attention to the ill-mannered and *gauche* practice into which shy or ignorant young men are apt to fall on such occasions. Not content with sitting alone with their fellow men for a time after dinner, they herd together like a flock of geese or turkeys in the drawing-room, leaving all the women to themselves. Now, as the latter cannot get up and introduce themselves into your circle, it is incumbent on you to disperse yourselves about the room and talk to them, being ready to assist your hostess in any arrangement of her's for the general entertainment, or to lead to the pianoforte, or fetch the music for any guests who may consent to perform upon it, or to sing. Do not stand idly on the hearth-rug, making believe to button your gloves fifty times over, when they are buttoned already; or to force your fingers through the tops of their stalls, when they can really go in no further. If you only could see how feeble and silly it looks, you would learn to manage your hands better, and to appear more self-possessed.

After accepting any hospitality—such as a dinner, or an evening entertainment—never omit to call within the next two days to inquire after the hostess. The idea thus expressed is, that you think she may have been fatigued by her exertions for your benefit, and you, in your turn, are neither unappreciative of them nor unmindful of her health and comfort, but are ready and at her disposal whenever called upon for your services. As I have always endeavoured to point out to my readers, there is always some good reason at the foundation of almost every little rule of good breeding. Very few, indeed, are merely arbitrary and unreasonable.

Should visitors call at your own home, and you chance to be in the reception-room, do not take to a hasty flight as if a mad dog were making straight for your heels. Put any litter straight which you may have made, and so be useful to your mother. If a second set of visitors should call, and the room begin to fill, provide them with chairs; but do not get up and offer your own to anyone, unless there be no other to give. Then, when they rise to leave, and the bell is rung, open the door, and offer your arm to any middle-aged lady and escort her downstairs; and if a carriage be waiting for her, lead her out to the door of the latter and see her in. If the ladies be young you only need to escort them, without offering your arm. In this case hold the door of the reception-room open until they have passed out, and follow them down to the hall door. Should the footman or maid be late in coming, you must open it for them yourself.

Should any ladies come to spend the day, however intimate, friendly, and even playful, you may be with them, take care never to forget yourself, and to become "free and easy," and "off-hand," nor short and abrupt in your manners. Never lie upon the sofa, nor put your legs upon two chairs, before any lady. I have seen such an exhibition, and in that instance the act was that of one who ought to have known better. But it stamped him as a vulgar fellow, unfit to set foot in a drawing-room. It is too "free-and-easy" a style, and not consistent with that certain amount of courteous reserve which should exist between men and women. I do not lay down this rule as being a "hard-and-fast" one when brothers and sisters only are concerned; a greater degree of licence is accorded in the privacy of the home-circle. But were any other lady present, it would be unseemly to force her into a position of familiarity, to which only your own mother or sisters should be admitted.

Again, to take off your coat, and sit in your shirt-sleeves, because you feel the heat, is an ungentlemanly habit, even at home. Procure a thin linen coat, or blouse, or Norfolk coat with a belt, if the weather be oppressive.

When meeting a lady on the stairs, even if one of your own family, wait on the nearest landing, or retire back to it, so as to let her pass—never push by her; and if you enter a house, or be leaving it, as female visitors are either entering or leaving, being strangers to you, raise your hat, and hold it thus, standing still in the hall until they have passed you; but never look in their faces while raising your hat, as it would have the appearance of forcing your acquaintance on them, whereas, in so doing, you only show a gentleman's recognition of the sex—not the individuals.

Should you meet a friend—man or boy—who is walking with a strange lady, raise your hat as you pass, in the same way, without looking at her, and then give your nod of recognition, more or less familiar in style, to him. And if when walking with a companion, you meet a lady to whom he bows and raises his hat, raise yours also; but on this occasion likewise without looking in her face. Such salutations are only acts of distant politeness, which only an ignorant person, or one wilfully coarse, would omit to show. They are not the bows of recognition and acquaintanceship, and are not to be repeated when next you meet the lady, unless it were under the same circumstances. I have little additional to say that is more suitable for our boys than our girls. Whatever your social position, endeavour to act, speak, dress, and behave consistently with it. If in that of a gentleman, or at least of a well-educated man, do not behave like a "country bumpkin." But if an agriculturist or labouring man should read this article, do not imagine for a moment, my friend, that I mean to speak of your condition in life with the smallest degree of disrespect. There are Nature's gentlemen—those who would act as such in all matters of honesty, benevolence, and honour, without possessing any acquaintance whatsoever with that code of laws by which the higher circles of society are ruled. A countryman is never "vulgar," for he is, so to speak, a "child of Nature"; and, however rough in manner, and untutored in thought and language, he is simple and unpretending; and he never apes manners that he does not understand. "Vulgarity" consists in a spurious exhibition of etiquette; it is the sham passed off for the genuine. Thus, no peasant can be vulgar. Half-educated and pretentious persons, who try to assume an appearance of being what they are not, are the true examples of the type so denominated. Put on no "airs and graces." Try to be simple and natural, as courteous and as quiet in voice and movements as possible, and avoid the use of slang. Then, if not a polished, "highly-bred" man, you could not, at least, be stigmatised as "vulgar," any more than the noble or the peasant.

Perhaps there are some amongst you who take exception at my counsel, when I urge you to devote yourselves so much to the service of the other sex. Perhaps you say, "if really the 'lords of creation,' we do not care for so much 'dancing attendance' on our sisters and lady acquaintances." My dear boys, believe me, so far from degrading, you elevate your manhood by every act you perform for others, and for the weakest above all the rest. In further confirmation of this statement, I cannot wind up my brief address to you better than by drawing attention to the sentiment which forms the chivalrous and time-honoured motto of the first and highest gentleman in the land—"*Ich dien!*"

S. F. A. Caulfeild.

THE END OF THE WAY.

The following beautiful lines were written by a girl in Nova Scotia, an invalid for many years:—

My life is a wearisome journey,
I'm sick of the dust and the heat,
The rays of the sun beat upon me,
The briars are wounding my feet;
But the city to which I am journeying
Will more than my trials repay,
All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

There are so many hills to climb upward,
I often am longing for rest,
But He who appoints me my pathway
Knows what is needful and best;
I know in His word He has promised
That my strength shall be as my day:
And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

He loves me too well to forsake me,
Or give me one trial too much;
All His people have been dearly purchased,
And Satan can never claim such.
By-and-by I shall see Him and praise Him,
In the city of unending day;
And the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

When the last feeble steps have been taken,
And the gates of the city appear,
And the beautiful songs of the angels
Float out on my listening ear;
When all that now seems so mysterious
Will be plain and clear as the day;
Yes, the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

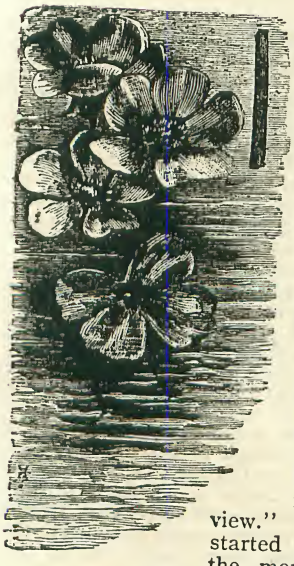
Though now I am footsore and weary,
I shall rest when I'm safely at home,
I know I'll receive a glad welcome,
For the Saviour Himself has said "Come."
So when I am weary in body,
And sinking in spirit I say,
All the toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

Cooling fountains are there for the thirsty,
There are cordials for those who are faint,
There are robes that are whiter and purer
Than any that fancy can paint;
Then I'll try to press hopefully onward,
Thinking often through each weary day,
The toils of the road will seem nothing
When I get to the end of the way.

BOUND TO EARTH.

By the Author of "Phil's Fortune," &c.

CHAPTER V.



"I HAVE never imagined anything half so lovely," Grace said, drawing a long breath of surprise and delight.

She and Fanny were standing on the top of a hill, from which Fanny had promised to show her "a rather nice view." They had started early on the morning after Grace's arrival, accompanied by Helen and Edward, but in their eagerness to reach the hill's summit had left those two dawdlers behind.

It was indeed a lovely scene. All around, far away as the eye could reach, stretched a broken, undulating line of hills. At a little distance the myriad straight stems and sombre crests of a pine wood stood out in bold relief against the clear sky, while creeping almost up to the foot of the hill on which they stood was a wide stretch of forest, displaying the thousand-and-one tints of every conceivable forest tree, from the bronze-leaved iron oak to the tender-hued birch and sycamore. On some of the barer hill-sides the heather blazed crimson in the glowing sunshine. Here and there a little puff of white smoke curled up above the tree-tops, telling of some peaceful hidden cottage or farm. No other sign of life was anywhere visible. As yet no railroad had ventured to drag its serpent trail through the sylvan scenery; there was nothing to destroy the solemn sense—so fast dying out of our little railway-riddled island—of being alone with nature, as God Himself has planned and planted it.

To Grace the majesty and beauty around her were overwhelming. She could not speak, and when at last she burst out with those few poor words, Fanny saw with surprise that her eyes were full of tears.

"I am glad you enjoy it," Fanny said, kindly. "I suppose it is beautiful. Yet sometimes, do you know, I feel so sick of the sight of these hills, that I shut my eyes in positive anger; and still at times I can acknowledge and even perceive their great beauty."

"I have not grown familiarised with such scenes as you have," Grace said, with a sort of reverence. "It seems to make me feel something I cannot describe, as if I were surrounded by some power indescribably great and wonderful."

"I know," interrupted Fanny. "It is the very feeling that so annoys me. One feels like a miserable atom of sand, which must be driven hither or thither, and disappear at last altogether, while these great, changeless hills, and those gigantic oaks stand there for ever, frowning contemptuously upon us in their strength and superiority."

"No, not that," Grace said, dreamily,

"but rather as if God, who has made all this beauty for our enjoyment, were speaking to us in every breeze, and rustle, and bird's song."

"You are quite poetical!" Fanny exclaimed, with a laugh that roused Grace and made her face flush uncomfortably. Grace had indeed something of the poet nature which loses self-consciousness in the presence of any strong emotion.

"Just down beyond those trees," Fanny went on, "there are some sand-pits. Mr. Mackenzie fell in love with them at once. Years ago they dug there for the sand, which is of a peculiar bright colour, and, as there was plenty of space and no one to hinder, instead of digging deep they dug all about for a depth, at the most, of four or five feet, and so the place was left. Nature indignantly endeavoured to cover her wounds, but has only succeeded so far that patches of grass, and heather, and gorse have grown all about, leaving peeps of bare sand of every hue, from pale yellow to deep red. And for some unaccountable reason the grass there is of the bright emerald green, and so fine that it is literally like velvet under your feet. It is impossible to describe the appearance of the place. You must come and see it. Everyone says that the effect of the heather against the bright hues of the sand is very striking. Mr. Mackenzie went into raptures over the gorgeous colouring. I believe he abused his 'dirty pigments' in a most unqualified way."

A pure fiction on Fanny's part. Mr. Mackenzie was not the sort of workman who quarrels with his tools.

"I should love to go and see it," Grace replied, enthusiastically, as Fanny seized her hand and began dragging her down the hill, "but we must wait for Helen."

"Oh! Edward and Helen: we may wait all day for their pleasure. Look, they are still down at the foot of the hill. They will like much better for us to forget all about them."

"But, Fanny, is that right?" Grace asked.

Fanny regarded her in surprise. "It is what all young people do under similar circumstances," she replied, carelessly.

"Supposing we lost them altogether, and we returned at one time and they returned alone afterwards. What would people—the servants, for instance—say about it?"

"That they were engaged to be married most likely," Fanny replied, impatiently.

"And are they?"

Fanny looked at Grace in increasing bewilderment. Well, of course, it is coming to that, as I hinted to you last night, when you fired up at my honest opinion of Helen. They understand it so."

"But what about other people? Is it fair to Helen that she should be made the gossip of servants and strangers, when none of the persons most concerned know anything about it? Suppose

"SEATED ON A CAMP-STOOL BEFORE AN EASEL AND CANVAS."

—of course, I have no reason to say such a thing; but just for argument's sake—that Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple or your father and mother should forbid it. How could Helen bear the pain of knowing that everyone was making perhaps even unkind and unfair remarks upon her conduct?"

"Well," cried Fanny, "talk about the wisdom of the serpent. If you were Helen's mother, seeking a settlement in life for her, you could not be more prudent. I perceive that you will be remarkably well able to take care of yourself when your turn comes."

"I hardly think you know what you are saying," Grace replied, her face flushing with shame and indignation.

"No, I did not mean it," Fanny said, with ready generosity, liking Grace none the less that she resented an insult, as a true, upright nature ever must; "but surely this is Helen's business, and not yours or mine."

"I think it is Helen's, and I told her so last night," Grace replied, gravely; "but it is still more your brother's. Helen urged in self-defence that she could not press it upon him, and I could see that it would be very painful for her. You and he might suspect her of the serpent wisdom or worldly prudence with which you credit me. I don't see why myself, because right is right; and were I in Helen's place, if I supposed that the man who wanted me to be his wife could suspect me of any unworthy motive, I could have nothing to do with him. But Helen sees the matter differently, and that being so, someone ought to help her."

"You have expressed your opinion of Edward pretty strongly," Fanny replied, coldly; but the next moment added more generously, "not but that I believe you are right, though not one girl in twenty would take so strict a view of the matter."

"Then what is to be done?" urged Grace, practically.

"I suppose I must talk to Edward, and get him to bring the affair to a climax, although he is such a vacillating, slippery fish, that I shall have a difficult matter. He lives in the present, and cannot be got to anticipate the future, except in the matter of his income."

"A poor prospect for Helen!" thought Grace, uneasily. But, alas! it was useless, even if it had been warrantable, to endeavour to warn her. There seemed only one course: to put the matter on an honourable footing, and trust that her good influence might make Edward all that he ought to be.

"Well, we had better go down and meet them," Fanny exclaimed, rather resentfully. "You will excuse me, Grace, asking you one question. Pray, when did you begin to study such matters?"

"Never till last night," Grace answered, frankly, and with perfect truth. Well for her that her training had been of such a nature as to show her the right path at a first glance. Some idea of this sort floated through Fanny's mind, as she replied—

"Really, if I hadn't known you so well at school, I should have thought you had had considerable personal experience."

"We want to go over to the sand-pits. Do come along," Fanny exclaimed, as they came near to the other two.

"Well, go then," Edward answered. "We will wait here till you come back."

"Grace considers that a very rude remark," Fanny said, with a meaning glance, and Helen came hastily to Grace's side with a sort of apologetic affectionateness, Edward slowly following.

"It was rude," she whispered; "he didn't mean it."

"I was thinking of you, not of myself at all," Grace replied, in the same low tone. "I will willingly play the ogre for you, dear Helen, if it can save you any annoyance, but do be careful."

Helen well knew in her heart that Grace was right, although her easier disposition made her more ready to yield her better judgment, and think Grace a little over particular. Still, she had a great affection for her friend, the greater that it was founded upon a high, almost reverential, esteem for Grace's character, and so she could forgive her interference.

Fanny, on the other hand, was rather irritated—irritated with her brother for not having acted differently; irritated with Helen for not having imbued him with a better notion of his duty, but more than all irritated with Grace for having pressed the matter so determinedly upon her notice; unreasonably enough irritated in this last instance, for she was at the same time thinking, in a sort of aimless fashion, "What a thousand pities that Helen came here last Christmas, and must needs catch Ted's erratic fancy! There might have been some chance then; and it strikes me, after all, that the iron hand under the silken glove was no bad metaphor, in spite of her indignation."

They had straggled over the hill and into the plantation beyond, all four together, Helen keeping near to Grace as though to conciliate her.

Presently they emerged in full view of the gravel pits. The spot was, as Fanny had well said, beyond description. The varied hues of the sand shown in the steep, irregular cuttings, which time had worn and crumbled into an appearance of natural formation; the glowing crimson of the broad patches of heather and flaming yellow of the gorse, and the bright, soft luxuriant grass, to which the masses of trees and hills beyond served as a background, together made up a matchless picture of gloriously bright colour.

As Fanny led them over a little height of steeply-rising ground, they came suddenly upon Mr. Mackenzie, seated on a camp stool before an easel and canvas. Grace and Helen immediately drew back, unwilling to disturb the artist at his work, but Fanny called out—

"May we not come and look at your picture, Mr. Mackenzie?"

"You do me too much honour," he replied, as Grace thought, sarcastically. But the others went up to the canvas and began an animated conversation on the various points they recognised.

"What do you think of these pits, Miss Hardinge?" Mr. Mackenzie presently asked of Grace, who was standing in the background, taking furtive peeps at the picture.

"I have never seen anything at all like it before," Grace replied, timidly.

"That is hardly an opinion," he remarked, smiling.

"You must not expect Grace to tell you what she thinks of a landscape or pretty bit of country," Fanny said, in her usual sarcastic tone. "Words are no medium for her thoughts. Nature produces in her 'indescribable emotions'—doesn't she, Grace?"

The laugh that could hardly be restrained was cut short by Mr. Mackenzie remarking, nonchalantly—

"Miss Leslie can be very sarcastic, especially to her friends."

"They were her own words," retorted Fanny, abashed, but unwilling to appear so.

"The mistake may have lain in addressing them to the wrong person," continued Mr. Mackenzie, in the leisurely accents of a person who is thinking most of his work.

Grace had caught glimpses of the picture, which was nearly completed, that made her greatly desire to go near and take a good look at it; but after Fanny's unkind remarks, and conscious that her face must betray some of the pain and annoyance she was feeling, she turned away as if impatient to go. The others turned away, too, and Mr. Mackenzie rose and lifted his hat.

As he did so his eye fell for a moment on Grace, and noted the expression of her face. Fanny saw the look, and was more than ever irritated.

"Mr. Mackenzie is insufferable with his cool airs," she exclaimed, indignantly, when they were out of hearing. "A man of thirty behaving himself like a boy of nineteen."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

WHERE do you find men of least weight? In Ireland, "men of Cork;" in Scotland, "men of air" (Ayr); but in London there are "lightermen."

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

On parent knees a naked, new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou mayst smile while all around thee weep. *From the Persian.*

AT AN EVENING CONCERT.—During a concert recently, when the organist was exhibiting the full power of the instrument, a lady was enthusiastically conversing with her neighbour about her household arrangements. She suited the tones of her voice to those of the organ, but reckoned not upon her host this time. The organist made a sudden transition from *fortissimo* to *pianissimo* without giving the lady warning; consequently,

the audience were somewhat amused at being informed by her, in a shout, that "We fried ours in butter!"

DOING GOOD. — Whoever sincerely endeavours to do all the good she can will probably do much more than she imagines, or will ever know till the day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest.

IDLE VISITS.—Visits made or received are for the most part an intolerable consumption of time, unless prudently ordered; and they are for the most part spent in vain and impertinent discourses.—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

THE POWER OF A STRONG WILL.—Everything yields before the strong and earnest will. It grows by exercise. It excites confidence in others, while it takes to itself the lead. Difficulties, before which mere cleverness fails, and which leave the irresolute prostrate and helpless, vanish before it. They not only do not impede its progress, but it often makes of them stepping-stones to a higher and more enduring triumph. — *Dr. Tulloch.*

GOOD WISHES.

SWEET, let thy soul be smooth as is thy skin;
As thou art fair without, be so within.

WHAT IS TACT?

WHAT is tact? 'tis worth revealing—
'Tis delicacy's finest feeling;
It is to scan another's breast,
To know the thought ere half exprest;
If word or tone should waken pain,
To drop the subject or the strain;
To mark each change, each shade to know,
From care's cold brow to pleasure's glow;
To read in the averted eye
Refusal now, or sympathy;
Now catch the sigh, the timid tone,
And make the speaker's thought your own;
To twine around with winning art,
And gently *steal away the heart.*

HIDDEN FRUITS.

1. She brought in the honey, of which he had a teaspoonful.
2. I shall be able to go if I grow stronger.
3. I never spent so happy a month as last.

HIDDEN VEGETABLES.

4 She wore a cape as large as a small cloak.
5. I must ask a lenient view to be taken of the affair.

HIDDEN GRAIN.

6. I often wondered how he attained to so high an office.

HIDDEN RIVER.

7. He came with a message from the Queen.

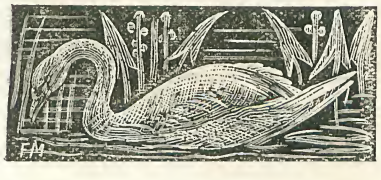
HIDDEN PIECE OF FURNITURE.

8. It was late, so Farmer Rogers started home at once.

HIDDEN BEVERAGE.

9. I saw it in a window in Eversholt-street, London.

M. M. L.



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDITH D. — Apply to the secretary of the Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, W., for all information on the subject of certificates in music. For examination, a fee of one guinea is demanded, which is remitted to those who are successful candidates. The entrance fee is £5, and the fees for instruction £10 per term, of which there are three annually.

WAINWRIGHT.—Apply to the Rev. S. Edwardes, Merton College, Oxford, from whom you will obtain all information respecting the examinations in music, with a view to the obtaining of degrees in the same.

BELTENEBROSA.—Of course a study of medicine would prove a valuable acquisition to you, being connected with your vocation as a nurse. Yet we should rather recommend a study of the various works on nursing itself and of medical periodicals, to keep you informed of all the new cases, and new treatment of them, and of various complications. This kind of study would prove more practically useful to you. You write fairly well.

E. A. SNOWDON.—The Collegiate Institution at Cupar, Fife, N.B., and the preparation there afforded for the L.L.A. Examinations at St. Andrew's University, Durham, will prove a great acquisition to students of small means, who cannot afford the expenses of Girton College and others of that class.

COOKERY.

JULIA B.—The reason why your custard puddings are full of holes, like Gruyere cheese, is because you do not previously boil the milk before adding the eggs. You must also remember that there should be more yolks than whites of eggs, that is in the proportion of three yolks to the white of one.

WEE BROWN MAIDEN. — 1. We acknowledge your grateful letter with thanks. Try to slope your writing a little; it would look so much prettier. We cannot make promises of extra illustrations. 2. Cucumber jam should be made thus:—Slice the cucumbers lengthways, leaving the peel on. Cover them with an equal weight of powdered white sugar. Let them stand for twenty-four hours, and then pour off the juice. Boil the latter to candying height, having placed some whole ginger into it, one ounce to a pound of sugar, and then place the cucumbers into it, and boil all together for ten up to twenty minutes, having placed some vine leaves over all during the time of boiling to preserve the colour. After this, remove the cucumber from the juice, and let the latter stand till cold; when the cucumber and the juice should be placed together again, and left to stand until the next day. It will then be necessary to boil all together once more for a period of ten minutes.

WORK.

NELLIE.—We must refer you to "My Work Basket," the contents of each part being enumerated in our indices, besides those articles of wear or use which you will there find under their own distinctive headings. We cannot undertake to enlarge our correspondence columns by giving knitting and crochet recipes.

NAUTA.—We thank you for giving us the satisfaction of knowing that the articles on dressmaking have been of so much service to you, enabling you to make your own dresses, and so very successfully. This enables you to economise your means very considerably, and we are glad to think that it was our paper that put the good idea into your head, and helped your clever industrious fingers to accomplish the work. We are also pleased to hear that your grandfather and brothers appreciate THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER as much as you do yourself. The walks you take with the young man you mention should only be with the approval of your parents or guardian, and if not engaged to him, you ought to have some other friend, or more, of the party.

MARGARET.—If you have no embroidered materials by you, some pretty striped stuff would be very suitable for covering the canvas of the folding chairs. In any fancy work shop you will find what you require, one stripe being of sateen, in old gold, or any other colour that would match or contrast well with your drawing-room furniture. If you had any cloth and velveteen by you, stripes of these might be sewn together by yourself, as a permanent covering for the old canvas.

LULU must refer to our indices in reference to any recipes for needlework, and when not found under a distinct heading, she should look under that of "Work."

TWENTY.—The sentence which you quote, viz., "One row of simple crochet," means, "one of plain or ordinary crochet-stitch," not a fancy variety of the same. Your hand is very neat and legible.

LINCOLNSHIRE LASS.—Lace should not be worn when crape is employed. The duration of mourning has been greatly shortened. Moiré silk is not suitable for the purpose. See our articles on the subject of mourning, in which all particulars are given. We are glad that those we have supplied on dressmaking have proved of so much service to you.

ART.

MYRTLE.—Your adoption of any particular branch of artistic work should be directed by any special taste or talent of your own. Some excel in landscapes who could not draw, nor care to draw, a figure; and some who have a talent for the latter, or for taking likenesses, have none for trees and flowers. If the choice rest between landscape drawing and flowers, we strongly advise you to take lessons in sketching landscapes from nature, as making a far greater return for any trouble taken in the acquirement of the art.

DUCK.—You ought to take a few lessons *from a painter* in the style called "Genre," the representing of china being included among those articles which, with still life—such as dead game—are classed under that name. A very few lessons would be sufficient to set you in the right way. We are glad that you liked the article entitled "How I Taught Myself Painting."

BLOSSOMS (Burmah).—*Perhaps an article on portrait-painting* may be given, but we are unable to promise it. We are gratified by your kind letter. The sale department in our office is undertaken by Mr. Tarn. He will supply what you require.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALBERTINE.—The style known as the *Renaissance* was that which came into fashion at the beginning of the sixteenth century. The word means re-birth, or the revival of what has fallen into disuse or decay. It is more especially employed in reference to buildings and furniture which were highly decorated and in a florid style, much colour and gilding being employed, and scroll patterns and floriated designs applied to both.

MARY L.—It is by no means desirable to take sleeping-draughts, especially when it is remembered that, like dram-drinking, it is a habit likely to become habitual, and the doses to be augmented as they lose their effect. But sometimes it is essential that nature should be assisted, and thus, if your friend be much troubled with loss of rest, we think the following prescription as harmless as any that could be devised. It consists of thirty drops of tincture *of sambul, in a wine*-glassful of orange flower water. But, to obtain the benefit of any such remedy, the patient should go very quietly to bed in a half-darkened room, and no one should speak nor name circumstances that may give subjects for trains of thought.

A. L. M.—To clean filagree-silver ornaments, make a thin paste of cream of tartar and cold water, and spread it over them thickly, wrap them up in flannel, and leave them thus for a week. Then wash off the paste with water, and the trinkets will appear as clean as they were when new.

EMILY.—1. You will find what you require by going to firms where educational works are sold, and they will supply you with those suitable for self-instruction. 2. The name "Boccaccio" is pronounced "Bok-ka-che-o," and "Savanarola" as written, "Sa-va-na-ro-la."

A DORSETSHIRE MAIDEN.—M. Thiers died *in 1877.*

L. E. E.—Perhaps heat might take the musty smell from the chest. Put in a warming-pan, or some contrivance of the kind, and be careful not to allow it to take fire. You might burn a little scented gum like "benzoin" on the coals.

HELIOTROPE.—Arundel Castle dates from the year 800, when it was built by the Saxons. It is probably the oldest inhabited castle in England at present, but was restored and repaired by the late Duke of Norfolk at a great expense.

S. S. TEACHER.—If you attend divine service in the morning, you had better give your afternoon to the teaching of your twenty little Sunday scholars, than go to church a second time yourself. It would be the best way of employing the day. So long as your strength may permit you to continue teaching, it would be a pity to give it up.

UNA.—Much depends on your age and position, and whether under the protection of your parents, or quite independent. If under home guardianship, be guided by the advice and wishes of your mother, rather than by ours. We do not know the terms on which you are with this gentleman friend, and are scarcely in a position to give advice, being so ignorant of any of your circumstances. You might observe, in a friendly way, that you did not know that it was exactly usual for friends of different sexes to correspond together, and perhaps his reply may serve as a guide to your own.

FIDGET.—When a gentleman is introduced to you, bow and smile politely; and as he will follow up the introduction by making some remark, you only have to answer it, volunteering an observation of your own afterwards. There would be no "rudeness" in saying that you are rather tired, if you be so.

LA BEATA.—"Campbell" was the name of Lord Clive's mother's family, which he assumed; not by any means an uncommon procedure, whether for money or other family reasons.

CARLOTTA. — Captain Absolute is a character in Sheridan's play of *The Rivals.* He is the son of Sir Anthony Absolute, and the lover of Lydia Languish, the heiress. You should practise not less than an hour and a half, or two hours altogether.

RABBIT.—You may remove the stains produced by oil from the oak picture-frame by rubbing them with a solution of oxalic acid. But the "cure may be worse than the disease," for the acid will extract the colour of the wood, and leave a whitish appearance in place of the oil stain. We must also warn you that oxalic acid is a deadly poison, and thus we do not recommend its use. We thank you for the poem by your sister, which we regret that we cannot publish.

REDBREAST.—The quicksilver may be removed from plate by holding the article over a gas jet; less heat than that would not suffice. The quicksilver will evaporate in the influence of extreme heat, but the silver will not look well, and will require repolishing. We therefore think that you had better send the article to a silversmith to be properly restored. Your writing is too uneven.

CAPTAIN EVA. — 1. Try friction with pumice-stone. Had the bricks a glaze, the ink would not have penetrated, and thus the use of pumice-stone may safely be recommended for those unglazed. Possibly the pouring of milk upon the stain might remove it. It will remove ink from a carpet, which fact we advise you to remember. But it should be poured upon it at once. 2. Rinse the woollen shawl in tepid soapsuds—the water being soft—and shake it out before hanging it up to dry.

A COUNTRY CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER. — We thank you sincerely for the high opinion you express regarding THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and gladly give publicity to your wish that its readers should lend their copies amongst the poor, and that "it should be put into the hands of every girl in England." We also wish you may be prospered in your own work amongst them, and enjoy those blessings which you invoke for us and our staff of contributors.

E. S. A. W.—We advise you to make inquiries at the Society for the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street. The secretaries are the Misses King and Lewin, and the office hours are from 11 to 5.

MARGUERITTA.—You had better read our article on "How to Earn One's Living." To obtain a situation out of home is easier than to make money in it. Could you give up an hour or two in the week to going out to give lessons? Hundreds of young people are writing to us for such advice as you have asked, and we regret that we cannot assist them. They should consult their own families and friends, who know more than we can of their private individual circumstances.

ANXIOUS.—Myrrh is employed as a preservative from decay in embalming. The tincture is recommended as a wash for the gums, and is also good for the teeth.

M. E. WATKINS and Miss A. RICH.—We must remind our correspondents that the Editor has nothing to do with the sale of copies of this magazine. This is a separate department altogether. They must write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., who will pay due attention to their wishes.

LILAC must be referred to many replies and advice previously given in this paper on the subject of stammering, as well as on the making of the beverage she names. We think that she may find respectable advertisements respecting schools in France in some of the clerical papers. If not, she should advertise herself.

"'J' PEN" and LOYAL SUBSCRIBER.—1. Although many vegetable substances may be unfit for human food that are eaten by beasts and birds, their providing sustenance for them we should regard as a guarantee that they are, at least, not poisonous. For example, a donkey will eat thistles, which are thus proved to contain no deadly juice. Besides, animals and birds may digest what we could not—such as dried peas and Indian corn. We do not advise you to eat the berries of the mountain ash. 2. Contributions sent to other people for their bazaars are not acknowledged in our magazine. We sympathise with you in reference to your poor sister's scepticism as to the genuine character of this correspondence. We are perfectly indifferent about it ourselves. Whether we shall form any plan for the girls, such as that which you and a "Loyal Subscriber" suggest, we cannot at present determine. The idea, however, does you credit.

GERTRUDE G.—1. We recommend you to wear woven merino vests next the skin. No garment worn outside could compensate for the benefit which the merino next to the skin would afford. Of course, it should not be changed as often as white underclothing. If very chilly, and of feeble circulation, we should recommend, not a vest only, but combination garments of merino. 2. We cannot advertise the corsets of any particular maker. We can only advise you to avoid pressure. The discomfort you feel just at the spot where the ribs part (at the waist) may be symptomatic of some internal obstruction or congestion. You had better consult your doctor about it.

BABY WORSHIPPER may find what she desires in the family of a widow of high respectability, now suddenly left almost destitute. All information desired for the carrying out of her charitable intentions by applying to Mrs. Owen, 75, Beauchamp-place, Warwick.

LIFE BOAT.—See our answer to "'J' Pen" and a "Loyal Subscriber." We are sure that the Home Workers' Missionary Union is a good institution. We are glad to hear that our readers are employed in so useful a way. We are unable to make promises of articles on subjects suggested by our correspondents.

SHYLOCK.—Apply to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., as we have nothing to do with the sale of this magazine.

A. H. H.—The letters and words to which you refer are those of the Hebrew alphabet. You write fairly well.

RAVENHILL.—We regret that the verses will not suit our magazine. If you employed a better pen your writing would be much improved.

LOTTIE.—The harvest moon comes in the month of August, and the Equinox in September and in March.

MARION.—We advise you to read "Clear Shining Light," a slight biography of Caroline Leakey, who was for many years a bedridden invalid, suffering much from most painful diseases, who, throughout her afflictions, felt happy in the consciousness of her Saviour's presence in her heart, so that her very spirit seemed always to shine through her strong, physical agonies. This Miss Leakey was a valued contributor to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, having written many short stories and poems—namely, "Beauty on Crutches," "The Girl's Own Fanfarronade," "The Girl's Own Looking-glass," "The Girl's Own Litany," &c. We are glad to be able to say that we have on hand several of her poems and stories, which will be published in due time.

ESMIE and MURIEL.—Yes, the fashion continues in favour, but higher on the head. There are many local Reading Societies in different parts of the country, but it does not come within our province to recommend any, not being acquainted with their several rules, and the books selected.

GOOD TASTE.

MARY NORTHCOTE.—For your very kind letter accept our thanks. You write too carelessly.

S. A. STANDEN and G. WATSON.—Our correspondents are at liberty to send in articles or stories on approbation, if they desire it, but we by no means encourage them so to do, as we have little leisure for their perusal, and our permanent staff of writers is complete. It is always with regret that we are compelled to disappoint the applications of our readers.

SYLVESTER.—We are sorry that we cannot prescribe for your case, as it is one which demands medical advice and a thorough acquaintance with your constitution and circumstances. You write a pretty hand.

J. PARKER.—We do not consider you competent to teach spelling or writing, and advise you not to profess to do so. You should apply to Mrs. Crawshay, 163, Oxford-street, W., and consult her about a situation as "lady-help."

E. DE TANCZOS.—We regret that being contrary to our rule (as we continually remind our correspondents) to give tradesmen's addresses, we are unable to give you one which you desire. To do so would be to act as an advertising agent for them.

USELESS UNIT.—Do not adopt such a name, however humbly you may think of your private duties and work in life. Had God seen fit to render you capable of doing any apparently greater work, or chosen for you a wider field of usefulness, He would have placed you in it. But when humility and patience have had their perfect work in the heart, with a faithful effort to perform the private home duties, a far greater work has really been accomplished in the service of God than perhaps you are aware of. As to your desire for employment as copyist, you should get your friends to inquire for you in mercantile offices. We are unable to find such a situation for you.

ANXIOUS ONE.—We have advised our young friends who have hasty tempers to pause before giving an answer when irritated. Ask Divine help to reply gently and courteously, and remember that if the expression of your face be cross and unpleasing, it will contradict any peace-ensuring reply you have made.

READER must consult a doctor, or a good dentist, and meanwhile should use a little tincture of myrrh in water, and rinse her mouth frequently.

AN EARNEST HOUSEWIFE.—We fear you can do nothing save consult a carver and gilder, and show him the extent of the damage done.

GRATEFUL PANSY.—A little ammonia or benzine colas might clean your hat, if carefully used; but you do not name the cause of the stains.

PASSION FLOWER.—Yes, we believe so. We should judge from the different accounts of her that she was an unbeliever in religious truth.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—"P.P.C." means "*pour prendre congé*," and signifies a parting or farewell visit. The prefix of the Christian name before a title—as "Jane, Countess of Sydney"—means that the lady in question is the widow of the earl, but not the mother of the heir to the title, who is called simply "Countess of Sydney."

C. R. J. L.—There does not seem to be any security that the seltzogenes will not sometimes explode, and the cause appears unknown. We fear "Christmas Roses" was not ordered as early as it should have been. You are by no means the only disappointed applicant for a copy. Our next Christmas number will be called "The Christmas Carillon," and will be published with the December parts on November 24. Price sixpence. As this number will *not* be reprinted, you and all our readers should immediately give their orders for the supply of copies.

ORMIDALE.—By keeping the plants in a cool room away from gas and free from frost, they would live through the winter; but they would not grow much. Your writing is beautifully neat.

CHARLOTTE.—The three pieces of lace which you send us are all machine-made, and are of little value.

ALICE DIANA, CICERO, CANUTE, and OTHERS.—Write to the office, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for the index and plates of vol. iii. Price 1s.

TOUJOURS TRISTE.—Patent-leather shoes and boots may be cleaned with a little milk and water. Why are you "*toujours triste*"?

AUGUSTA B.—We regret we cannot give such recommendations to any one.

DAHLIA.—"Though lost to sight, to memory dear," probably forms part of an epitaph, the author of which is unknown.

BERESFORD.—A small piece of charcoal in the water is said to keep flowers fresh. Your writing is a little too large.

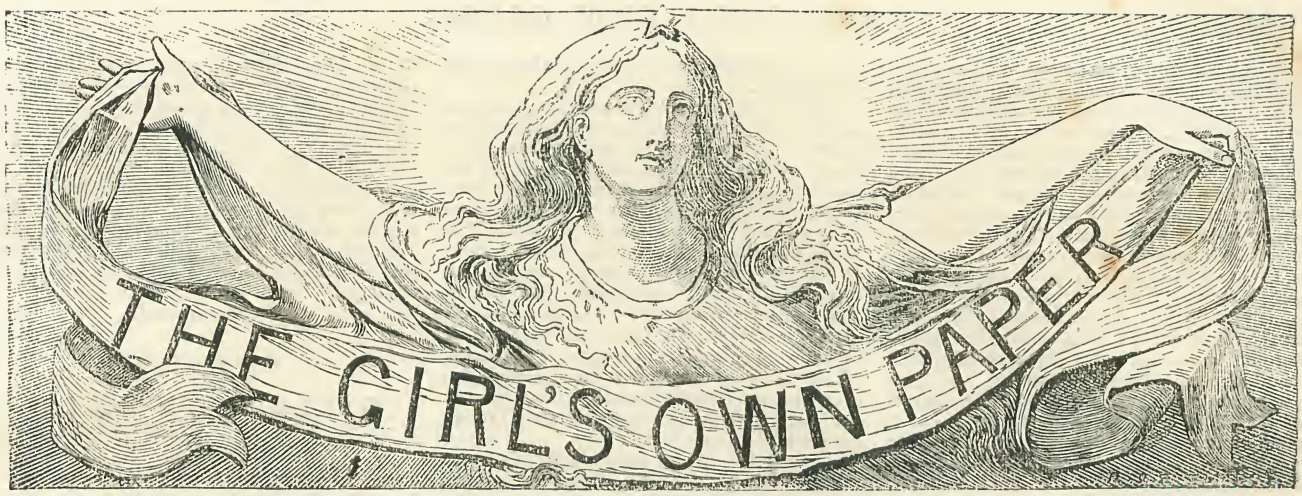
W. BARTON.—Consult the London Directory for the names of Australian agents in London.

ONE WISHING TO SERVE GOD.—It is a serious mistake to suppose that you are not "working in the vineyard" because your place is at home, and your duties lie there. But very few are called away to missionary work, or to join in public enterprises and societies. There are those who will be greeted with the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful in a few things." Take care to overlook none of those placed in your hands within the circle of your own family and friends, and seek first, above all things else, to please God in showing yourself grateful for all His goodness to you at home. If you prefer to write in French, you may do so another time.

PATIENCE.—It is wrong to say Mr. Smith "interpreted his dwelling as Toquet Lodge," and to misapply a word in such a way is an act of vulgar affectation. The word "interpret," as well as "rendered," has, of late years, been used in a technical way in reference to musical performances and recitations, signifying that the performer having completely understood the author's meaning, and entered into his feelings, was able to express them to the full comprehension of the audience. This method of expressing, by action, intonation, and inflexions of the voice, expression of the countenance, or touch as an instrumental performer, explains the author's ideas, as an interpreter may explain words in a foreign language.

E. M. DILLON.—1. The word *Palimpsest* is derived from the Greek, and means "twice rubbed," and in reference to parchment employed for the purpose of writing, it means "twice prepared for writing," being rubbed a second time with pumice-stone, after an erasure has been made. In this way the "*De Republica*" of Cicero has been restored, having been partially erased to make space for a Commentary of St. Augustine on the Psalms. 2. The lamprey, or "*Lamproie de mer*," is a description of eel of the sea, as the French name shows; there is one of fresh water, the lampern, or "*Lamproie de rivière*," which is rather smaller, pale blue and white in colour, and having a yellowish streak round it, whereas the other has a back somewhat resembling the mackerel, very handsomely variegated. Many people imagine that a lamprey is a vegetable, but it was from an indigestion after eating this species of eel that Henry I. died.

CELATA.—We are obliged by your offer, but such an arrangement would not suit us at all.



VOL. IV.—NO. 150.] NOVEMBER 11, 1882. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

BLANCHE TRENT'S LESSON.

By the Author of "Madgie's Hero," "Her Only Fault," &c.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN Miss Lyster had been something over two years at the Dingle, and Blanche was turned seventeen, Mrs. Trent succumbed to a long and painful illness. During the last year of her life it was Helen Lyster who waited on her with unwearying patience and affection; read to her by day, sat with her by night, and devoted every spare moment to nursing her. Blanche did not often visit the sick room, and when she did it was only to grumble and find fault, and incessantly wish that the time would come when she would be free of a governess.

"If Miss Lyster were to leave, do you think you are capable of taking her place with your mother, Blanche?" her uncle said one day; and she hung her head in silence, for she knew

All rights reserved.] "'MARRIED, UNCLE DERWENT!' BLANCHE GASPED."

that she was worse than useless in a sick room, and the restraint was most distasteful to her. She did not really believe her mother was so dangerously ill, because she was able to sit up in her chair every day, and when summoned hurriedly one night to her bedside and found her dying, she was terribly shocked. Blanche's grief was as unreasoning and as unreasonable as the rest of her conduct. She stormed and raved and made herself seriously ill for want of food and sleep, and her uncle was at length forced to call in a physician, who gave her some very distasteful medicine and still more disagreeable advice. But after a few weeks her grief wore itself out. None of Blanche's emotions were very real or lasting, and then she began to think of her position as mistress of the Dingle. "I suppose Uncle Derwent will be my guardian till I'm of age, but that won't prevent me from doing pretty much as I like." So she ordered the servants about, and gave herself a great many airs, at which her uncle first smiled and then looked very grave over. Always ungracious, and often positively unkind to Miss Lyster, Blanche became unbearable, refusing to study with her, and telling her in plain terms that she did not require her services any longer.

"I know, if I were a governess, I should not keep on staying year after year where I wasn't wanted," she said, one day, and then Miss Lyster went to Captain Haughton and told him she really could not get on with Blanche any longer.

"Sorry as I am to leave her, I feel that I must," she said, sadly. "I have made no progress at all, either with her heart or her head, and she makes it very unpleasant for me."

"You have been supremely patient, Miss Lyster," the captain said, kindly, "and done all that was possible for my niece, but she was spoiled before you came. Poor girl! I fear she will have a painful awaking one day to the realities of life. No human being can expect to go through the world as Blanche does, demanding all and giving nothing, not even politeness, in return."

And then followed a long and earnest conversation between Captain Haughton and Helen Lyster, which concerned themselves chiefly, and at dinner that evening Blanche learned that the lady she had so persistently deemed her enemy, and who had endeavoured to be her true friend, was about to depart.

"You will miss her, Blanche," her uncle said, coldly, "and learn her value when she is gone, if, indeed, you are capable of appreciating her at all."

Blanche was silent for the time, but she determined just as soon as Miss Lyster was well out of the house to set herself to please her uncle—exhibit all her accomplishments and native genius, and make herself so pleasant and attractive, that he would be forced to admit that the departure of the governess was indeed a great relief.

"I'll dress for dinner every evening, and play and sing for uncle, and let him see what I really do know. He hasn't an idea of how clever I am, or of how many things I can talk about. Of course, when she's gone he'll have to come into the drawing-room after dinner, instead of going straight off to his study. He can't leave me alone all the evening."

But Blanche discovered that the absence of Miss Lyster caused her to see less of her uncle than ever; and the little she did see was not very satisfactory. He rarely spoke to her, and when she addressed some flippant remark to him, he looked puzzled for a moment, and then smiled somewhat sadly. Occasionally he asked how her studies were getting on, and she replied, "Splendidly!" but in spite of having her own way, she felt very sad, lonely, and desolate; the afternoon and evening seemed interminable, and Uncle Derwent was not to be coaxed or wheedled from the solitude of his study.

Then there began to be certain alterations made in the house which caused her sore perplexity. Painters and paperhangers were at work; great vans of furniture arrived; the drawing-room was turned simply inside out; the room that had been her mother's refitted in very beautiful style—and all without so much as consulting her or asking her opinion. It was very little use for her to turn up her nose at the paper and declare the carpets were hideous: no one took much heed of her. There was a pleasant bustle and subdued air of knowing expectation amongst the servants. Uncle Derwent was graver and busier than ever, and she seemed to be a mere cypher in the house, whom everyone tolerated, but no one seemed to care much about.

At length, just in the beginning of the summer, and six months after her mother's death, her uncle sent for her one evening to his study. She had been poring over a book, and feeling very dull and listless, so she jumped up, fancying her Uncle Derwent felt in the same unsatisfactory mental condition, and obeyed his summons with alacrity.

Captain Haughton, however, was neither dull nor listless. He seemed to be much occupied, and he was grave; but Blanche could perceive in a moment that it was for business, not pleasure, he wanted to see her.

"I have sent for you, Blanche," he said, after a moment's silence, "to tell you that there is a great change about to take place in my life, which will necessitate also a certain amount of alteration in yours. I am going to be married!"

"Married, Uncle Derwent!" Blanche gasped.

"Yes; I thought, perhaps, from certain preparations in the house you might have guessed as much."

"I never dreamed of such a thing. But surely, Uncle Derwent, your wife is not coming to live here?"

"That she most certainly is, Blanche; why should she not?"

"Because it's my house, and I won't have it," was the indignant reply; "I mean to be the only mistress here!"

"You're labouring under a strange delusion with regard to the Dingle, Blanche. It's my house!"

"How can that be, Uncle Derwent? It was my grandfather's, then it was my mother's, and it ought to be mine, and I'm sure it is mine," she cried, passionately.

"That's not reason, Blanche. It was my father's, and *now* it's mine, legally bequeathed me. My dear sister, your mother, was quite welcome to the use of it during her lifetime; but if you think for a moment, you must see you can have no possible right whatever to it. The Dingle and everything it contains is absolutely mine. At the same time, it is your home as long as you are amenable to reason, and do not cause unpleasantness to my wife. I must be absolute master, and my wife must be absolute mistress of my home; at the same time, there is nothing to prevent you from being perfectly happy with us!"

"Have I nothing—no home at all of my own, Uncle Derwent?"

"I regret to say you have not, Blanche; your dear father was a country doctor, and he died young; the slight provision he was able to make for his wife died with her. But, I repeat, this is your home in the fullest and truest sense of the word till you leave it to go to a suitable home for yourself; only I shall exact, at least, respect and consideration for my wife. I fear it is hopeless to expect love or even affection from you. I leave here to-morrow, and shall return at the end of a fortnight with Mrs. Haughton. I am sorry, Blanche, for your disappointment with regard to the Dingle, but it seems to me the misconception must have arisen with yourself. Nobody, surely, could have held you out such false and unreasonable hopes. According to your own logic, it's much more natural that my father's house should be mine than that your grandfather's house should be yours. Now, good night, my dear, and good-bye, for I shall be away before you are awake in the morning, and I hope, Blanche, to receive a cordial welcome on my return at the end of a fortnight."

(*To be continued.*)

GIRLS' OWN PETS.

(SECOND SERIES.)

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

Part I.—Foreign birds, their beauty and colours.—Bird life in an aviary.—Parlour pets.

"Beautiful birds of lightsome wing,
Bright creatures that come with the voice of spring;
We see you arrayed in the hues of the morn,
Yet ye dream not of pride, and ye wist not of scorn.
Though rainbow splendour around you flows,
Ye vaunt not the beauty that nature bestows.
Oh! what a lesson for glory are ye,—
How ye preach the grace of humility."

FOREIGN birds. These are now the theme of my lay. Foreign birds: birds that are by nature dwellers in far off countries, and who prefer to be so. Birds that would never, like the swallow and the nightingale, dream of visiting us in our island home. Birds that are *brought* but never *come* to our shores, but, having arrived, become none the less surely happy inmates of cages and aviaries, grateful for the love that we lavish on them, and brightening our rooms with their splendid plumage, though too seldom rewarding us with a song.

But such delightful pets do these foreign birds make as a rule, and so pleasant is it to study their ways and note all their strange tricks and habits, that even when they do not sing we scarcely miss the melody.

The plumage of many of them is gaudy and even fantastic in the extreme, bedecked as they are in all the hues of the rainbow, arrayed in all colours and tints "that e'er the sun shone on." They seem to have borrowed bright blues and crimsons from the petals of the wild flowers, pinks and carmines from the sun-kissed cheeks of mango or guava, yellows from the ripening lime, bronzes from the pomegranate, and sad greys and greens from the branches or leaves of the forest trees among which they flit. Some seem to have dyed their bills in the juices of the ripe fruits on which they have fed, and in very wantonness wiped them on their wings and left the colours there.

And here is something well worthy of notice. Gaudy though the hues of these birds generally are, they are so placed, so matched as you might say, as not to offend the eye; you need hardly be afraid to copy them in the colours of your dress.

There is, methinks, some food for thought furnished by the appearance of these bright-winged birds. Why are they so arrayed? Why has the hand of nature painted them so? Is it but to please the eye of man? Nay, nay, that would indeed be a selfish, narrow-minded way of looking at the matter. For I do not for a single moment doubt that a kind foreseeing Providence has adorned every creature that moves or breathes in the colours best suited for its happiness, its comfort, and the protection necessary to its existence, from the

enemies with which it may be surrounded. The humble titlark in brown and grey is hardly seen among the heaths and bushes it is so fond of frequenting, even by the keen eye of yonder poising hawk. But place a beautiful weaver bird from the wilds of Africa in the same position, it would be a veritable "ken-speckle;" it would be seen at once, and be at once hunted to death.

But these very colours that make the weaver bird so gay an object help to protect it while flitting among the bright foliage and flowers of its native land. And mark this: there is a time even in sunny Africa when leaves fall and flowers fade, and forests become less gorgeous in colour, and then our lovely little friends doff their glorious plumage, and assume a far more humble, sober garb. I am talking now, of course, of the male birds. The females are all the year round content, so to speak, with the less showy portions of the family wardrobe, and why not? They are not the bread-winners, they are not exposed to so much danger as their partners, and do not require to get themselves up to represent flowers in order to escape the talons of some bird of prey. The law that seems to declare that birds of the moorland or forest shall for their protection be clad in colours assimilated to those of their surroundings, applies to some extent even to the fishes of the sea. In shallow parts of the Indian Ocean, and on coral banks or reefs around the many islands that stud the sea in the neighbourhood of Zanzibar, I have often caught strange, nameless fishes, bedaubed in a perfect patchwork of colours, far more bright and gaudy than those of any bird of the jungle; but down beneath the pellucid waters that lave the coral banks, where these fishes dwell, are gardens of medusæ of hues so radiantly lovely, that were I to attempt to describe them to you I might well be accused of drawing upon my imagination, and endeavouring to depict some submarine fairyland.

Swallows are not unlike the ground they flit across or the places where they perch; but over and above this their speed of flight makes them independent of protective colour.

Meadow larks are similar in colour to the ground on which they build, or the clouds against which they soar, and the height at which they sing is a protection in itself against hungry hawks. If, too, you notice a skylark while singing—which you can only do with the aid of a good lorgnette—you will observe that he is constantly casting glances beneath him. He can sing where he is pretty safely; besides, hawks do not look above them for their prey. I know of no bird that does. The eagle "glances upwards," so the poets tell you, and tries hard to stare the sun out of countenance. Call me an iconoclast if you will, but believe me the eagle is never guilty of any such rudeness. He rises high enough to look down upon his prey—mountain hares, perhaps—and look down upon the pigmy keepers who would fain have a shot at him; but he is not more fond of staring at the sun than you or I am. If you doubt this, turn the sun in a caged eagle's eye some day by means of a morsel of looking-glass, and see how he likes it.

Birds of prey are never brilliant in colours, while, on the other hand, some birds that fly

"O'er the deep, o'er the deep,
Where the whale and the shark and the sword-fish sleep,"

or that float

"Up and down, up and down,
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,
Amidst the flashing and feathery foam,"

are themselves often in colour like the water on which they find a home—

"A home, if such a place may be,
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea."

It would be easy, if space permitted, to carry this theory of the utility of colours much farther, and bring plants and flowers, and even shells, to help to prove its truth. This would be, however, an unjustifiable digression from the subject of these papers. Suffice it, then, to add that no one who studies the pages of nature spread everywhere out before us can doubt the goodness of the great Creator, for not only we ourselves but everything that lives is "fearfully and wonderfully made."

The number of species of foreign birds known and domesticated in aviaries in England is quite bewildering; probably four or five hundred different kinds are known to great amateur bird-fanciers in this country, and in Germany many, many more. They are, happily, divisible into classes, the requirements of each of which, in the matter of food and housing, is similar.

Sailors in days of old, no doubt, were the only bird-importers, not with the view of making profit so much as of giving pleasure to friends at home by presents of rare and beautiful birds. But now bird importation is a regular branch of trade; they arrive in ships at Liverpool, London, and other great ports in tens of thousands, and one cannot help sighing to think of the cruelties which the bonnie wee strangers have undergone on the voyage from overcrowding, from want of water, proper food, and fresh air.

I have already asked myself the question, am I or am I not encouraging cruelty by writing about and thus doing something towards engendering a fancy for keeping foreign birds among the thousands of readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER? Whether rightly or wrongly, I have answered this question in the negative. The trade will go on, whether I or whether you like it or not; and if we have the kindness of heart to rescue a few of these beautiful little slaves from a bird merchant's collection, it is surely right we should learn how to make them comfortable and happy.

You may keep, then, one foreign cage-bird, a single pair, several pairs of several species, or many pairs, in parlour cages, indoor aviaries or outdoor aviaries, according to the number of these pets you have a mind to have about you. But, be that number large or be it small, there are many things to be remembered and attended to if you would have them healthy and happy.

I should not advise any girl to attempt to keep many birds unless she has, first and foremost, the time to attend to them, and, secondly, unless she is pretty much of a stay-at-home all the year round, summer holiday, perhaps, excepted. The time required to keep them nice is not much, but it must be distributed with great regularity; it will not do to look after them well one morning and neglect them next, or to go from home without leaving them in the charge of someone who not only is well acquainted with all their needs and requirements, but who is certain to be mindful of these.

Is the keeping of foreign birds a trouble, then? Certainly not more so than the keeping of a pet of any kind is. In buying a pet, or acquiring one in any way, you accept a responsibility, you impose upon yourself a duty, the performance of which it would be painful to think you ever neglected.

There is no more pretty nor more pleasant pastime, in my opinion, for a girl than that of looking after the welfare of the inmates of a large garden aviary. If it contains but a dozen pairs of different but suitable kinds, she will find very much to amuse her and very much to wonder at while watching their ways, and she will find among her pets many queer traits of character that she could never have believed or fancied existed in bird life. She will find nearly every one of them affectionate, though many shy in showing their love—some modest and retiring, others bold and pert and saucy. She will often see little exhibitions of temper, and exhibitions of both joy and jealousy, and she will not be long in learning that birds caged together in a large aviary are just as fond of playing tricks and perpetrating funny little practical jokes as ever monkeys are. Tyranny too often finds a place in the aviary, but it should never be allowed to be exercised, and one bird that persists in ill-using or cowing another is not fit to inhabit the same cage with him. Small birds sometimes form strange attachments to large ones, and even seek shelter near them from cold; but for all this, in stocking an aviary it is as well to have the birds pretty much all the same size, else war and its dire results may follow. Nor in these cases of in-aviarian conflict are the bigger birds always to blame; the impudence and audacity of the smaller ones often bring grief on their own heads.

Just a word about indoor cages before going on to speak of the necessities of life in the more ambitious garden aviary. The comfort of the former, then, is too often sacrificed to mere appearance. It may be pretty to see a foreign finch or a pair of budgerigars in an open-all-round gilded wire cage with any amount of ornamentation about it. But do the birds themselves like it, and is it good for their health? If they were asked the question, and had the power of speech, they would assuredly answer in words to the following effect—

"Certainly we do not; no more than you would like to live day and night in a room with windows round and round and round. We like a little quiet retirement and a little privacy; our face to the light and our backs to safety and shade is our rule when sleeping in our own wild woods, and we would like to do the same in what you choose to call civilised life, which is only slavery after all."

Bear this in mind, then, dear reader, and while ordering a cage for some lovely foreign favourite, have back and sides of wood, the top and front of wire, and even over the top at night you ought to throw a cloth.

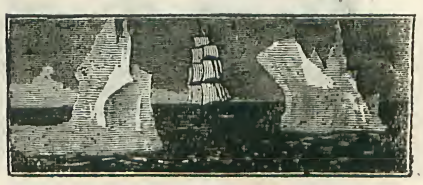
And as to ornamentation, it looks very nice, I grant you, but it is apt to harbour both dirt and insects, and cleanliness is indispensable if you would have your birds in health.

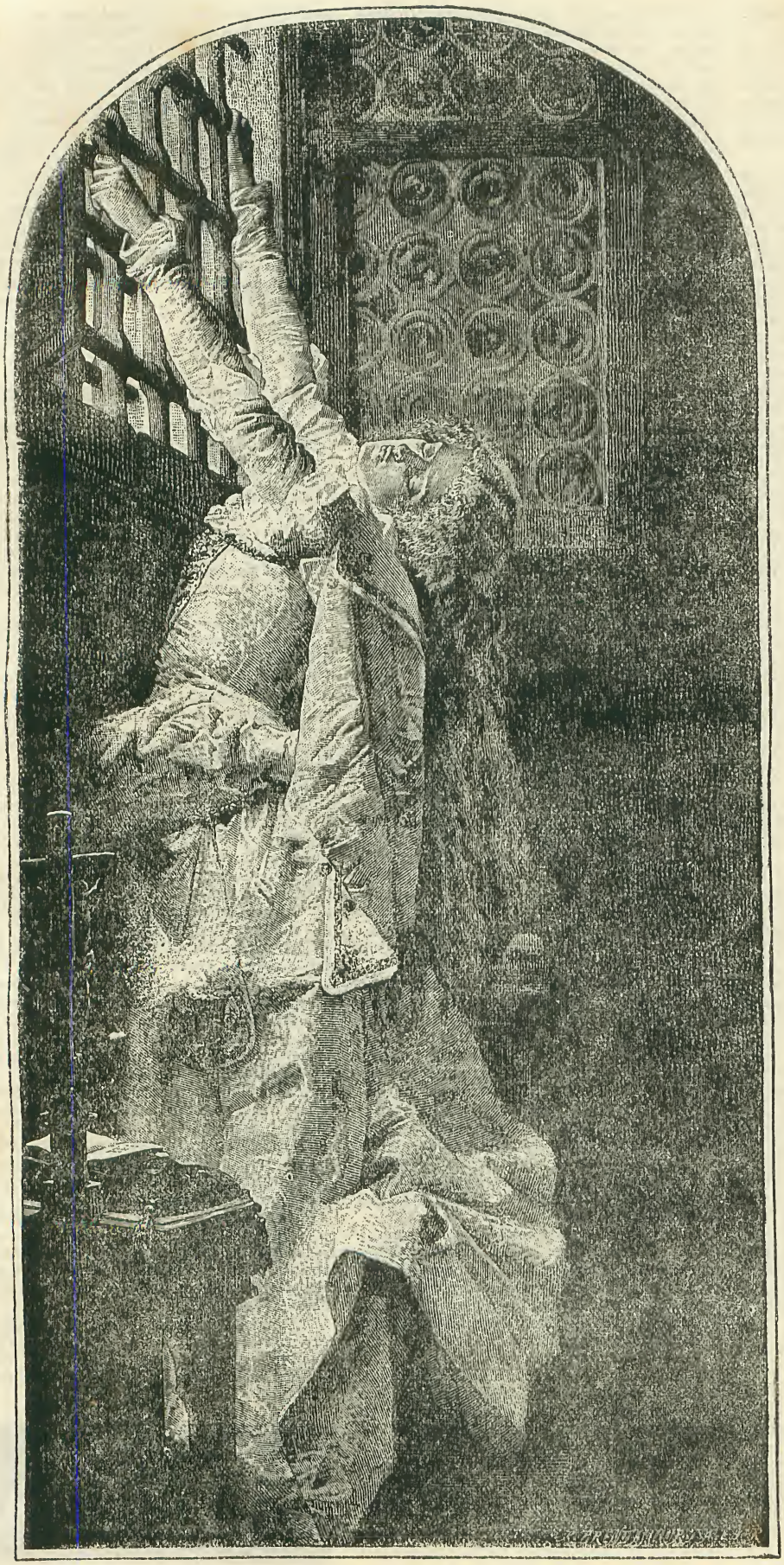
I have one other objection to the usual dandified parlour cage: it is nearly always too small. It is a shame and positive disgrace to our humanity to confine a poor little innocent bird all day long in a cage where it has hardly room to hop about and hardly room to stretch its half-cramped legs or wings without touching something.

But your bird, your own particular favourite, is very likely so tame that it is allowed out of its cage many times and oft during the day to catch the coveted fly, and to take the exercise so necessary for its health. I am glad if it is so, and heartily wish every caged bird were allowed the same freedom.

The parlour cage ought, I need hardly add, to be kept scrupulously clean and dry, and covered on the floor with good sand, and no food-waste or litter of any kind should be permitted to remain about it a moment longer than can be helped.

Too much particularity either cannot be exercised in the choice of seeds for parlour cage birds, nor in the preparation of soft food; but further remarks on this subject I must defer until another month.





LADY JANE GREY.

THE NEW PRIZE COMPETITION.

I.—ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

THE subject of our next competition for Prizes and Certificates is

LADY JANE GREY.

To this subject our girls, one and all, are invited to write a short biographical sketch, in prose or verse.

There will be a Prize of One Guinea awarded to the most successful competitor of every age from thirteen to twenty-three years. For instance, every girl of thirteen years may compete for the Prize to be awarded to the most successful girl under fourteen years of age, every girl of fourteen years and under fifteen can compete for the Guinea Prize to be awarded to the most successful competitor of fourteen years of age, and so on up to the age of twenty-three.

The last day for receiving the essays is Wednesday in Easter week, March 28, 1883, thus affording our foreign and colonial readers an opportunity of competing.

Certificates of the first, second, and third classes will be awarded to girls of any age obtaining the necessary number of marks.

The essays should be written upon one side only of four pages of ordinary foolscap paper. These four pages must be sewn together at the left-hand top corner.

Each essay must bear on its back the full name, age, and address of the competitor; and underneath the same the following must be written and signed by a parent, minister, or teacher:—

"I hereby certify that this essay is the sole work and in the handwriting of (competitor's full name is again to be written), and that her age and address are correctly stated."

(Signature and address of the parent, minister, or teacher.)

Each essay must be sent by bookpost, without letter, addressed to—

The Editor,
The Girl's Own Paper,
56, Paternoster Row,
London, E.C.,

and the words "Competition Essay" must be clearly written on the left-hand corner.

THE RESULTS OF THE PRIZE COMPETITION IN STORY WRITING.

EXAMINER: THE EDITOR.

Subject:—Adversity.

WE are glad to be able to report that the average merit of the competitors' efforts in English Composition has been found to be of the same high standard of previous examinations, and our girls are to be congratulated on having achieved so much success in their attempts to write stories on the picture supplied to them.

The new arrangement of Prize and Certificate distribution will be found a great improvement on previous systems, as every girl's work will be judged by the side only of the work of other competitors of the same age.

THE RESULTS OF THE PRIZE COMPETITION IN STORY-WRITING.

SUBJECT.—ADVERSITY.

AGE 10.

First Class Certificate.

Purcell, Marina Florence, Lee, S.E.

AGE 11.

Second Class Certificate.

Rickford, Edith Rose, Daventry.

AGE 12.

First Class Certificates.

Welch, Caroline, Glastonbury.
Clements, Caroline, Maidstone, Kent.
Thrift, Marion, Finsbury-park.

Third Class Certificates.

Adamson, Elizabeth, South Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Goadby, Hilda, W., New Wandsworth.
Phillips, Mary, New Cross, S.E.

AGE 13.

Prize of One Guinea.

Blakeway, Susie, Wolverhampton.

First Class Certificates.

Rickford, B. M., Daventry.
Enson, Henrietta, Redland, Bristol.
Clerke, Eva, Shibbereen, Co. Cork, Ireland.
Shaw, Minnie, West Bromwich, Staffordshire.
Peatfield, Annie, Chatham, Kent.
Hill, Helen Gertrude, Norwich.
McIsaac, Annie, Edinburgh.

Second Class Certificates.

Cunningham, Lollie, Dalston.
Dege, Florence C., Shepherd's-bush.
Forbes, Constance, Essex.
McMonies, Eveline, Yorkshire.
Creagh, Norah, Bromley, E.
Champion, Lucy, Stamford-street, S.E.
Ware, Alice, Cheltenham.

Third Class Certificates.

Sang, Edith F., Kirkcaldy, Fife.
Couzens, Florence, Cheltenham.
Brown, Annie, Bedford.
Denham, Jennie, Hackney-downs.
Hayward, Alice, Beccles, Suffolk.
Tiiford, Gertrude, Islington.
Jarmain, Emily, Camberwell.
Lidington, Florence, Camberwell.
Welch, Edith, Southam, Rugby.
Pizey, Mabel, Clevedon, Somersetshire.

AGE 14.

Prize of One Guinea.

Paton, Janet, Cambuslang, near Glasgow.

First Class Certificates.

Dickson, Cicely, London.
Matheson, Maynard E., Canterbury.
Leigh, Emma, London, W.
Dart, Alice, Crediton, Devon.
Goodesson, Elizabeth, Co. Galway, Ireland.
Walker, May, Wortley, Leeds.
Hitching, Wilena, Halifax, Yorkshire.
Thompson, Florence, Llandaff, Glamorganshire.
Floyd, Amy, Manchester.
Jones, Minnie, Shepherd's-bush.
Appliton, Jane, Dalston.
Poulton, Isabella, Maidenhead, Berkshire.

Second Class Certificates.

Constant, Elfrida, Smyrna.
Campbell, Annie, Tufnell-park, N.
Burgess, Katie, Haverstock-hill, N.W.
Izod, Margaret, Balham-hill.
Fellows, Annie, Bridgetown, near Cannock, Staffordshire.
Hillier, Thirza P., Tor Abbey Park, Torquay.
Fry, Charlotte, Highbury New Park, N.
Penn, Jessie H., Gloucester.
Heywood, Alice M., Tufnell Park-road, N.
Dillon, Henrietta, Youghal, Co. Cork.
Wright, Fanny E., Heigham, Norwich.

Third Class Certificates.

Burrows, Annie, St. John's-wood.
Fairclough, Mary B., Princes-park, Liverpool.
Buckerfield, Susan, Atherstone, Warwickshire.
Darnell, Emma Jane, Northampton.
Wells, Florence M. Sporle, Norfolk.
Horne, Muriel, Tewkesbury.
Smith, Ada K., Hammersmith.
Endacott, Henrietta, Hove, Brighton.
Fletcher, Susan A., Scarboro'.
McIntosh, Georgina M., Victoria Park-road.
Atkins, Mabel Jane, Ansley, near Atherstone, Warwickshire.
Christie, Mary, Stoke Newington.
O'Brien, Alice A., 13, Oakley-square.
Utley, Jennie, Leyland, near Preston.
Sloane, Mary A., Leicester.
Lewes, Florence M., Llanbear, Talsarn, South Wales.

AGE 15.

Prize of One Guinea.

Abrams, Jane B., Glasgow.

First Class Certificates.

Wolstenholme, Edith, Isle of Wight.
Smith, Louie, Regent's-park.
Hancock, Helena N., Middlesex.
Blakeway, Eunice, Chapel Ash, West Hampton.
Goodwill, Emma E., Lord Mayor's-walk, York.
Finch, Lucy W., Lausanne, Switzerland.

Second Class Certificates.

Bettis, Gertrude M., Doncaster
Gifford, May, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Paxton, Jessie, Kirkcaldy.
Maddick, Edith A, Sevenoaks.
Bradshaw, Grace N., Retford, Notts.
Harris, Helen B., Handsworth, Birmingham.
Allen, Rosie, Newport, Monmouthshire.

Third Class Certificates.

Thomas, Louise B., Woolcot-park, Redland, Bristol.
Sargood, Edith M., Grove-park, S.E.
Nicholson, Florence, Stainland, near Halifax.
McCullagh, Emily, Belfast.
Hartley, Violet, The Common, Plumstead.
Pinnell, Alice M., Hackney, N.E.
Diston, Jane, Stanley, Perthshire, N.B.
Lindsay, Georgina C., Kilmalcolm, Renfrewshire, N.B.
Jones, Clara E., Finsbury-park.
Barrow, Florence E., East Dulwich, S.E.

AGE 16.

Prize of One Guinea.

Alers-Hankey, Evelyn, Bickley-park, Kent.

First Class Certificates.

Kernich, Adeline, Cardiff.
Cartwright, Florence, St. John's-wood, N.W.
Murray, Ethel Isabel, Durham.
Brown, B. M. D. B., Bedford.
Street, Mary Jennie, Kennington Park-road, S.E.
Harrison, Sarah Susannah, Croydon.
Carus-Wilson, Margaret Louise, Truro, Cornwall.
Clayton, Blanche Georgine, Portsea.
Marples, Alice, Sheffield.
Somerville, Hernice, Cheshire.
Mason, Elizabeth A., Leicestershire.
Roebuck, Rosetta B., Wolverhampton.
Welch, Caroline A, North Lancashire.
Budden, Minnie G., Winchester, Hants.
Barlow, Sarah, Preston, Lancashire.

Fyffe, Elsie Jane, Benbecula, Loch Maddy.
Titcombe, Alice G., Clerkenwell-road, E.C.
Woodroffe, Eliza, Somersetshire.
Payne, Isabel H., Devonshire.
Orr, Emily Georgina, Brighton.
Atkinson, Mabel, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Prevost, Annetta Sarah, Somerset.

Second Class Certificates.

Danbuz, Mary E. W., Berks.
Minifie, Annie Derring, Pembroke, R. S. O.
Richardson, Christian, Carlisle.
Jones, Bessie, Kidderminster.
Barnes, Sarah E., Bristol.
Clark, Nellie, King's Lynn.
Lemon, Ida, Shepherd's-bush.
Dunn, Annie Maud, Yorkshire.
Acton, Katie, Moseley, near Birmingham.
Field, Maud, South Norwood, S.E.
Saunders, Blanche, Wallingford, Berks.
Easte, Minnie, South Hackney.
Leakey, Alice Maud, Northampton.
Wynne, Frances A. M., Collon, Co. Louth.
Kingdon, Amy Adams, Derby.
Vassie, Rose Alice, Lanark.
Jobbing, Isabella, Middlesboro'-on-Tees.
Skeats, Ellen, St. Michael's-hill, Bristol.
Hiscox, Georgie, Alethia, Slough.
Welsh, Margaret Helen, near Boston, Lincoln.
Whitehead, Emily Mary, Liverpool.
Walker, Elizabeth Stocks, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Harris, Hannah Elizabeth, Shireoaks, near Worksop, Notts.
Gibson, Louisa P., 10, Belgrave-crescent, Edinburgh.
Metcalfe, Georgina Gordon, Bradford, Yorkshire.
Young, Isabel Ford, Lee, S.E.
Cheeld, Flora McDonald, Clacton-on-Sea.
Godden, Bessie, Wandsworth, S.W.
Ayling, Esther Emily, Highgate, N.
Edwards, Sarah Lavinia, Liverpool.
Smyth, Louisa, Baldock, Herts.
Dillon, Mary Stuart, Youghal, Co. Cork.
Williams, Elizabeth Anne, Chatham
Smith, Edith M., Hammersmith, W.
Plumbe, Laura Kate, Maidenhead, Berks.
Partridge, Annie Philippa, Nottingham.
Coombs, Theodora Reed, Frome, Somersetshire.
White, Helen, Haverstock-hill, N.W.
Thompson, Ada, Swinton, near Manchester.
Hamilton, Emma Margaret, Limerick.
De la Mare, Alice Crichton, Guernsey.
Ager, Blanche, Canonbury, N.
Steele, Jane, Barnard Castle.
Horsnaill, C. Mabel, Maidenhead.
Hielas, Maud Grant, Chalford, near Stroud, Gloucestershire.
Rodwell, Susan Swales, Monkgate, York.
Russell, Dorcas L., Northaim, Southampton.
Nunn, Mabel Persse, Clifton, Bristol.
Hall, Elizabeth Swanwick, Shoreham, Sussex.
Johnstone, Kate, Alloa.
Woodhatch, Violette, Minories, London.
Allan, Agnes, Fordoun, Kincardineshire.

AGE 17.

Prize of One Guinea.

Hall, Margaret Laura, Teddington.

First Class Certificates.

Johnston, Emma H., Shepherd's-bush, W.
Cathcart, Katherine, Drogheda, Co. Louth.
Long, Lilian A., Erleigh, near Reading.
Yeats, Alice Edith, Coventry.
Raison, Clara Sophia, Southampton.
Pattinson, Katherine Isabella, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

Second Class Certificates.

Buttin, Frances Mary, Bath.
Matthews, Maud, St. George's-square, S.W.
King, Lizzie H., Wilford, Notts.
Barrett, F. A. M., Chelsea.
Plumbe, Caroline Ada, Maidenhead.
Harris, Marion F., Upper Clapton.
Boase, Lilian G., Wanford, Heavitree, Exeter.
Wright, Sarah Isabella, Scotswood-road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Green, Annie Henrietta, Laurel-road, Fairfield, Liverpool.
Courtney, Eleanor Margaret, near Warwick.
Leather, Martha, Wandsworth, S.W.
Lethaby, Emily Frances, Sidmouth, Devon.
Bonallack, E. A., St. George's East.
Danvers, Eleanor C., Richmond.
Jellie, Charlotte Leighton, Lower Norwood.
Abernethy, Annie S., Banchory, Kincardineshire.
Paterson, Charlotte Louisa, Bournemouth.
Rich, Elfleda Ethel, Ryde, I.W.
Bearen, Eva Moody, Chalford, near Stroud, Gloucester.
Heath, Constance E., Staffordshire.
Boycott, Mabel Baird, Suffolk.
Greenwood, Gertrude May, Great Torrington, near Devon.

Third Class Certificates.

Finlayson, Helen, Rusholme, Manchester.
Sare, Ada Blanche, Gloucestershire.
Bushill, Beatrice, Woolwich.
Brown, Caroline Margaret, Worcestershire.
Bean, Elizabeth Anne, Doncaster.
Briggs, Mary Alberta, Lancashire.
Tyler, Edith, Essex.
Barnes, Irene Hephzibah, Hornsey-rise, N.
Reynolds, Geraldine E., Kew, Surrey.
Judge, Jessie, Chesham, Bucks.
Tallerfield, Emily, Mirfield, Yorkshire.
Gordon, Edith Catherine, Kirkcudbrightshire.
Foreman, Alice Phillis, Great Yarmouth.
Bailey, Ruth, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, near Manchester.
Ryan, Ellen Laura, Shepherd's-bush.
Locock, Fanny, Hyde-park, W.
Shackle, Annie Maria, Ipswich.
Burgess, Kathleen, Handsworth, Birmingham.
Wilson, Theodora Wilson, Croydon-grove.
D'Ernst, Emily Augusta, Southwark.
Goadby, Edith Mildred, New Wandsworth,
Jackson, Janet Hunter, Coldharbour-lane, S.E.
Fuller, Annie Grant, Maidenhead.
Suche, Ellen, West Kensington.
M'Call, Constantia, Highgate.
McKerrow, Janet, Douglas, Lanarkshire.
Edmonston, Margaret L. H., Shetland Isles.
Saville, Fanny Eliza M., Cambridge.

AGE 18.

Prize of One Guinea.

Lewis, Mary Forrest, Edinburgh.

First Class Certificates.

Steele, Frances Annie, Barnard Castle.
Roebuck, Margaret Elizabeth, Wolverhampton.
Mallinson, Mary Eliza, Barnsbury-square, N.
Jones, Laura Emily, Worcester.
Oats, Katherine, Suffolk.
Carter, Ann Quartly, Withington, Manchester.
Smith, Marion Gertrude, Canterbury.
Palmer, Katherine, Leeds.
Chadburn, Ida F., Sheffield.
Hancock, Sarah Mary Anne, Gloucestershire.
Thompson, Mabel Louisa, Lee, S.E.
Sayers, Edith Elizabeth, Lewisham.
Guy, Rosa, Staffordshire.
Naish, Ethel Mary, Salisbury.
Deck, Helen Mary, Haleworth, Suffolk.

Second Class Certificates.

Dawson, Maud, Bayswater, W.
Eastly, Hilla Elizabeth, Burnt Ash-lane, Lee.
Kershaw, Katherine, Halifax, Yorkshire.
Jones, Edith Beatrice, Herne-hill.
Smith, Annie Rose, Ross, Hereford.
Cooke, Amelia Florence, Clevedon, Somerset.
Dickens, Ethel Maud, Bournemouth.
Ashford, Mary Jane, Surrey.
Holmes, Laura Searle, Handsworth, near Birmingham.
Davis, Emily Kate, Attleborough, Norfolk.
Curtis, Louisa Annie, East Dulwich.
Turner, Frances Sophia, Manchester.
Carus-Wilson, Frances, Cornwall.

Third Class Certificates.

Bullen, Laura Maud, Hastings.
Jones, Gertrude, Salop.
Madden, Ida Maud, Bath.
Cotter, M. L. W. G., Scotland.
Clark, Margaret J. S., Surrey.
Clare, Sarah Ann, East Hartlepool.
Davies, Emma Fanny, Bishopston, Bristol.

Pearse, Violet Beatrice, Banbury, Oxon.
Bacot, Alice Harriett, Clapton.
Macphail, A. C. Phœbe, Edinburgh.
Lewis, Gertrude Maria, Talsarn, South Wales.
Cowing, Jessie Katherine, High Barnet.
Stephenson, Florence Isabella Mary, Newstead, near Nottingham.
Mitchell, Annie, Liverpool.

AGE 19.

Prize of One Guinea.

Bamford, Pollie, Launceston.

First Class Certificates.

Sanders, Jessie Maude, Tiverton, Devon.
Brown, Isma F. L., Limerick.
Vincent, Elizabeth Ursula, Radipole-road, Weymouth.
Whiting, Mary Bradford, Ramsgate.
Pope, Edith Montague, Bath.
Furse, Emilie Frances, Dinan, Côtes du Nord, France.
Legge, Philippa Mary, Derby.
Pierce, May, Essex.
Holl, Florence Julia, Norwich.
Harris, Beatrice Louise, Hawes, Bedale, Yorkshire.
Munday, Florence Kate, Park Village East, N.W.
Gwillim, Georgina, Cardiff, South Wales.

Second Class Certificates.

Smith, Elizabeth Annie, South Norwood.
Spon, Adela Mary, Brockley-road, Forest-hill.
Laurence, Helen Octavia, Hampstead, N.W.
Murray, Catharine Isabella, St. John's-wood, N.W.
Schröder, Mabel, Kent.
Hannaford, Agnes, Marsden, Yorkshire.
Poole, Catharine, Hoddesdon, Herts.
Sprot, Elizabeth, Edinburgh.
Clayton, Dorothy, Chilland, near Winchester.
Sich, Ethel Maude, Chiswick.
Macdonald, L., Fort William.
Martin, Marian Edith, St. James's, Exeter.
Fuller, Florence Emily, East Moulsey, Hampton-court.
Newcome, Julia Mary, Watford.
Ashdown, Daisy Winifred, Kentish-town.
Wintle, Florence Gilbert, Warwick-square, W.
Wigham, Jessie Maud, Sattley, near Birmingham.
Ross, Margaret Mary Dumaresq, Brighton.
Woolcott, Edith, Bemerton, Salisbury.
Mulholland, Jenny, Hampstead, N.W.
Gordon, Nellie, West Croydon.

Third Class Certificates.

Perry, Jenny, High Wycombe.
Constant, Rachel Henrietta, Smyrna.
Wilson, Sarah, Nantwich, Cheshire.
Glanville, Catharine Felicia, Sevenoaks.
Burnham, Emily Maria, Berks.
Burley, Rachel Elizabeth, Plymouth.
Jeffreys, Jessie L., Kew.
Winter, Isabel Edwina, Scarboro'.
Marks, Gertrude C., Ealing.
Reed, Emily, Notting-hill-gate, W.
Ball, Clara, Nottingham.
Davison, Margaret, Halifax.
Robson, Grace Elizabeth, Birkenhead.
Penn, Annie Sarah, Gloucester.
Chaplin, Elizabeth, Berks.
Pitt, Charlotte Alice, Minories, E.C.
Payne, Rosa Hester, Bucks.
Harbord, Emilie Adelaide, Great Yarmouth.
Matthewson, Elizabeth Mary, Stirlingshire.
Mitchell, Lizzie, Glasgow.
Stock, Maud Emily, Ramsgate.

AGE 20.

Prize of One Guinea.

Vynne, Janet Elizabeth, Swaffham, Norfolk.

First Class Certificates.

Andrews, Elise Basilia, Glasgow.
Jones, Louie J., Hampstead, N.W.
Ward, Katharine Mary, South Kensington.
Hughes, Emily, Putney.
Brodrick, The Hon. Albinia, Surrey.
Hewart, Dora Louise, South Norwood-hill, S.E.
Currie, Annie C., Dunfermline.

Second Class Certificates.

Wassell, Marian Jane, Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts.
Rigge, Annie Jane, Maida Vale, W.
Fagan, Mary Frances, Norfolk.
Strang, Florence Jeannette, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Gardner, Lydia, Camden-square, N.W.
Picknell, Katharine, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
Boyd, Martha, Ireland.
Smith, Eleanor Jane, South Norwood, S.E.
Backhouse, Elizabeth Grace, Blackburn.
Palmer, Mary Gertrude, Lowestoft.

Third Class Certificates.

Wade, Fanny Maria, Dublin.
Waind, Ada Frances, Folkestone.
Goulding, Mina E., Nottingham.
Howard, Louisa Charlotte, Surrey.
Humphries, Nellie, St. Pancras-road, N.W.
Franck, Jessie, Ealing Dean.
Blackwell, Maude Annie, Winchfield, Hants.
Baylis, Martha Jane, Edgbaston, Birmingham.
McNicoll, Jeannie, Lisbon.

AGE 21.

Prize of One Guinea.

Preston, Elizabeth, Ulverton-road, Dalkey, Ireland.

First Class Certificates.

Feuvre, Amelia S. L., Lincolnshire.
Quick, Annie Turpin, Bath.
Garrett, Alice Margaret, Warwick.

Second Class Certificates.

Bolton, Blanche Harriett, Sidcup-park.
Wickenden, Ada M., Newbury.
Watson, Eleanor, Canonbury-park South, N.
Clarke, Mary, Southport, Lancashire.

Third Class Certificates.

Fowke, Mabel Bede, Upper Norwood.
Booker, Alice Mary, Leicestershire.
Farmer, Florence Isabella, Manchester.
Cross, Ellen Katherine, Catford-bridge.
Hewan, Isabella Eliot, Belgravia, S.W.
Wade, Mary H. Rochfort, Dublin.
Welch, Mary, Glastonbury.
Nicoll, Emily, Canonbury, N.
Davies, Hester, Bishopston, Bristol.
Burford, Amy, Hampstead, N.W.
Blaxill, Kate, Herne-hill, S.E.

AGE 22.

Prize of One Guinea.

Gough, Katie, Wood-green, N.

First Class Certificates.

Buckley, Jane Hannah, Southport.
Hawkes, Alice Elizabeth Georgina, Wanstead, Essex.

Second Class Certificates.

Urry, Christina, Bonchurch, I.W.
Combes, Christina Mary, Bath.
Ford, Charlotte, New Wortley, Leeds.
Collinson, Nancy, Ripon, Yorks.
Masterman, Mary C., Leyton, Essex.

Third Class Certificates.

Shewen, Mabel Austen, Gloucester.
Blackwood, Alexandra S., Kilmarnock.
Wright, Fanny Jane, Waterloo, near Liverpool.
Hine, Ella, Chiswick.
Nott, Jane Prothero, Bristol.
Lanyon, Bessie, Falmouth, Cornwall.

AGE 23.

Prize of One Guinea.

Philipps, Blanche Elizabeth, Tenby.

First Class Certificates.

East, Annie Elizabeth, Brentwood, Essex.
Hope, G., Exmouth, Devon.
Fisher, Elizabeth Katharine, Tadcaster, Yorkshire.

Second Class Certificates.

Thomson, Marian Mitchell, Edinburgh.
Barton, Mary Stuart, Dorchester.
Skaife, Kate M., Islington, N.

Third Class Certificates.

Fairweather, Jane Anne, Dundee.
Lakeman, Isabel, Seven Sisters'-road, N.
Stafford, Annie Sophia, Oakham.
Tooks, Louisa Mary, Yeovil.

AGE 25.

Second Class Certificates.

Thompson, Ellen, Etwall, Derby.

Third Class Certificates.

Harvey, Mary, Sharrow, Sheffield.

AGE 27.

Second Class Certificates.

Goulding, Annie Frances, Princes-road, Liverpool.

BOUND TO EARTH.

By the Author of "Phil's Fortune," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

FANNY'S bad temper lasted during the walk home, but no longer. When they reached home, the girls flew to their rooms to remove the traces of dust and heat before luncheon. Fanny, instead of lingering about her friends' doorways, as she usually did, went straight to her room and shut the door to with a very decided air. Helen looked at Grace and shrugged her shoulders. Grace began to bathe her face and wash her hands, not in the happiest of moods, and to wonder whether this holiday was so very desirable as her parents had thought.

Fanny, in the meantime, jerked her hat off her head, and began violently brushing her hair, which was cropped close, after the present ugly fashion—a style which lends to a girl of Fanny's age and disposition a certain hard, masculine air, anything but becoming.

"It is very ridiculous of me to be so *enragé*," thought Fanny, brushing her cropped head hard enough to make it smart for a week. "The stupid little thing is right, and Edward is an idiot, and so am I, and so is Helen; but why should they worry one so, and that silly Mackenzie too? Well, well, what a vile temper I've got!"

Poor Fanny! None knew, not even herself, where her better nature had been stranded, and left floundering hopelessly among the shoals and quicksands of life. None knew, nor ever would, save One alone, what the capabilities of that nature might have been.

If she had a vile temper she had also plenty of determination, and having vented her irritation partly on Grace and partly on her own head, she emerged from her bedroom when the luncheon bell rang, placid and amiable.

Fortunately, Mr. Mackenzie was, as usual, absent from the table. His coming and going were not regulated by anything so material as meal-times. The light and the weather were his time-tables, and thus one of the chief causes of Fanny's irritation was removed from her mind.

The afternoon was too hot for walking or driving, and Fanny, with unusual affability, suggested that they should retire to her sitting-room with books, and that Grace should play for them, for Grace was fond of playing, and Fanny's suggestion was intended at once as a compliment and an olive branch.

The room was small, but shady and pleasant, one of those delightful, homely nooks you sometimes find in large, splendid houses, where there are sons and daughters verging on man and woman hood. It was plainly furnished with a collection of nondescript furniture, cast off by other more imposing apartments—not two chairs alike, but many of them ornamented by the girls' own needlework. The pictures were of their own execution, many of them poor enough productions, brought home from school, and displaying all sorts of stages of study. Odd ornaments, brackets, books, and needlework were all over the place in a sort of orderly confusion, and in one corner stood a dear old piano, which had been turned out of the drawing-room to admit a grand, but which Fanny declared went to her voice better than any other in the house.

"Isn't this just the best place on a hot afternoon!" Fanny exclaimed, stretching herself lazily on a couch near the open window. "Now, Grace, please play me to sleep with something soft and low."

Grace opened a book of Mendelssohn's Lieder, which lay on the piano, and began playing the duetto.

"Thanks," said Fanny, when she came to the end. "I must say I would set Mendelssohn against Beethoven any day for peaceful, soothing melody."

"Beethoven had his gentle moods as well, and knew quite as well how to express them," said Grace, beginning from memory a soft, melodious adagio.

"Look," said Helen softly, when Grace had struck the last whispering chord, "the greatest compliment to your adagio: she is fast asleep."

It was true enough. If Fanny had been incapable of experiencing the emotion which had filled Grace's mind while she played, she had at least felt the soothing effect of the plaintive, melodious harmony.

These "gentler moods" of the great master were the ones Grace most dearly loved. Her memory was stored with them, and she played on softly, while Fanny slept and Helen read.

They were all three disturbed at length by the entry of a maid with afternoon tea.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" cried Fanny, opening her eyes drowsily and stretching herself. "What is the matter, Ann? Whatever do you want?"

"It's only some tea, miss," Ann said, with a smile. "It's not me that wants anything, but you, miss, I thought would be wanting your tea."

"Tea!" cried Fanny, sitting up. "When I was dreaming of nobody knows what delightful things. Hullo, there's Mr. Mackenzie just come home through the broiling sun," she added, looking out of the window. "Mamma's lying down, I know. Run, Ann, and ask him if he will come in here for a cup of tea. Come, girls, aren't you dying for the cup that cheers, etc.?"

Mr. Mackenzie was magnanimous and came, perhaps knowing enough of Fanny to read in the invitation the *amende honorable*. He looked hot and tired enough, his face being pretty well scorched.

"You must be roasted," cried Fanny. "How could you walk over those hills in this blaze of sunshine?"

"I had finished my work," he replied simply. "Moreover, it was tolerably hot even under the trees; also I began to find out I was hungry and thirsty, so I returned."

"You will certainly have a sunstroke if you are so reckless," Fanny added.

"My skull is thick," he replied banteringly, "and I am tolerably weather proof. I have knocked about the world. May I ask for a sandwich? Painting is hungry work, you know."

Fanny rang the bell and requested Ann to bring up something more substantial.

"Is the picture finished?" Helen asked, presently.

"Yes, I may say it is. Possibly I may add a touch or two."

"AND BEGAN PLAYING THE DUETTO."

"And you are pleased with it?" Fanny asked.

He looked at her comically. "Is not that rather a deep question, Miss Leslie? Yes, on the whole I am satisfied."

"The original from which you copied was exceptional, was it not?" Grace ventured to ask.

"My picture is the original," he began. "I beg your pardon, I see what you mean; we artists generally speak of man's work as original unless it is copied from a brother man. Yes, it is quite an extraordinary bit of landscape."

"I had never seen anything at all like it before," Grace added. "No one who had not could ever imagine anything so beautiful in its own way, although the hills seemed to me grander, and mountain scenery must be more so still."

"Of course, of course," he replied, "there is no doubt about that. This is lovely rather than grand, beautiful rather than sublime. I heard music as I came across the lawn. Who has been playing?"

Grace was wondering whether he was annoyed by the freedom of her remarks, and supposed that she had intended a criticism upon his choice of a subject. Surely he could not suppose she would be so vain and rude?

"It was Grace who was playing," Helen replied. "She has been conjuring music out of the piano for us the whole afternoon."

"Not I," laughed Grace. "My master, whom Fanny professes to despise, but who soothed her to sleep and gave her delightful dreams nevertheless."

"I shall be grateful for a little music," Mr. Mackenzie remarked. "Pray don't let me put an end to your enjoyment."

"It was tea, not you," Fanny rejoined. "But I am in a musical mood if the others are."

"I think I am, too," he replied, "and music is so much pleasanter in this impromptu, please oneself fashion than in a drawing-room full of people, half of whom don't want it. Is it not?"

They all agreed heartily about that, and in the meantime Grace had been looking through a pile of music for a song of Salaman's, which was a favourite with her.

"Will you sing this, Fanny?" she said, setting the music on the stand.

"Yes, when you have played something while I am getting the bread-and-butter out of my throat. Come, out with your grumpy old master."

"Not for anyone to abuse," cried Grace, laughingly, as Mr. Mackenzie turned over the pages of the book, and finally settled on the "Appassionata" with the question, "Do you play this?"

"I try to," Grace said, diffidently; "but I find that I understand it less than some others."

"You are too young to comprehend all it contains," Mr. Mackenzie said, with a sigh. "A child of your age. It would be monstrous and deplorable if you could. Yet, the first step towards its appreciation is knowing that you do not. You realise that there is something there you cannot decipher. That proves you the true artist. I should like to hear what you make of it."

Fanny gazed from one to the other uncomprehendingly, and remarked to Helen, in a loud whisper—

"What jargon these people talk! Do they really believe in it?"

Grace went obediently to the piano, just as she would have done for her master in the school days. The task was not altogether a congenial one. It was not like playing those "gentler moments," which seemed to speak to her as clearly as the pages of a book. She

was, as she had said, at sea, and compelled to read from the notes merely. However, she was only attempting to do her best, and would not be hurt or offended by criticism. She was too modest and too true a musician for that.

"Well, I don't wonder at your not being able to make head or tail of that," burst forth Fanny, indignantly, when the sonata was ended. "A dryer, more unintelligible piece of music I never heard in my life, even from your precious old master."

Grace made no reply; she was waiting for the criticism, which had not as yet been given. Mr. Mackenzie sat thoughtful, balancing a teaspoon on his finger. Helen looked on, very much inclined to be amused by the whole scene.

"I am afraid I played badly," Grace said, timidly.

"No, not badly," Mr. Mackenzie said, without looking up. "Very well indeed, so far as the mechanical part goes, but it was a child's interpretation. Close up those pages of your book. Don't play it again until you are older, or—have experienced sorrow."

"Well, well," cried Fanny, amused, and not a little delighted, "that is a nice thing to tell her. And so she must needs have sorrow before she dare attempt to play the incomprehensible productions of this divine master. By the musicianly code she should immediately set to work to seek it. Perhaps you can advise her the best way to set about her search, Mr. Mackenzie."

"God forbid," he replied, hastily. "It comes to us all soon enough. It is not a matter to be jested about."

Mr. Mackenzie always snubs me," quoth Fanny, in a determinedly gay temper.

Grace had turned again to the piano to hide the tears that were filling her eyes for some unaccountable reason—a sort of longing to penetrate the hidden depths of that master's mind which had found expression in a language she could not read. Who can understand her disappointment? None but the true artist. Of one thing she was sure: she would not by her temerity merit such another reproof.

She struck out the first few notes of Fanny's song, and Fanny came to the piano and began to sing, doing her best, for she was in a mood she seldom experienced—anxious to please. Her voice was an unusually fine one, and she could sing well, and at times with much beauty of expression. By-and-by Helen, who had a pretty voice too, was induced to join her in a duet. Then a trio was found, and Mr. Mackenzie astonished his companions with the fact that he too had a very tolerable voice, and could take a part at sight. So the time flew by in perfect enjoyment, until the gong in the hall warned the girls to prepare for dinner.

"If any of you young ladies wish to see my picture," Mr. Mackenzie said, as he bowed them out of the room, "I will advise you to come to my room some time to-morrow. On the next day Mr. Leslie has been complimentary enough to invite his friends to see it, and the same afternoon it departs with its owner."

"What, are you leaving us so soon?" Fanny exclaimed. "What about the garden party on Thursday?"

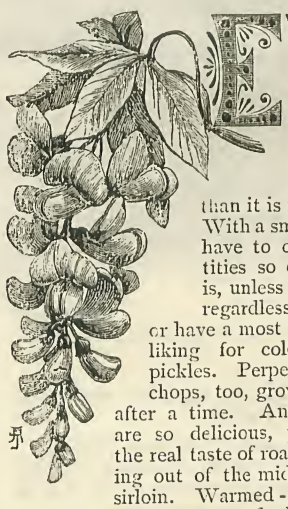
"I shall not be staying for that," he replied, with the air of one who does not intend to be persuaded. "Mr. Leslie has kindly excused me."

"What could papa have been dreaming of?" remarked this inconsistent individual, as she marched upstairs. "Everybody knows Mackenzie. He would have been quite a lion. And what a delightful afternoon we have had, haven't we, 'Grace darling?' I'd no idea he was musical till you came."

Mr. Mackenzie, however, was reckoning without his host. Like many a humbler individual, he found that the planning and the carrying out of an arrangement are sometimes two very different matters.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW TO PROVIDE FOOD FOR SMALL FAMILIES.



EVERYONE who has had any experience in such matters agrees that it is much more difficult to cater for a small family than it is for a large one. With a small family you have to calculate quantities so closely — that is, unless you are quite regardless of expense—or have a most unconquerable liking for cold meat and pickles. Perpetual mutton chops, too, grow monotonous after a time. And large joints are so delicious, you never get the real taste of roast beef excepting out of the middle of a large sirloin. Warmed-up meats are never so enjoyable as meat freshly cooked, no matter how skilful cook is. Then, with a large family, you can always turn things to account; but in a small one people are never hungry when they ought to be, to say nothing of their having such excellent memories. Altogether," and my friend looked quite excited as she made the remark, "I do not think that people who have large families know what the difficulties of housekeeping are."

Now, as I am not in the least inclined to question the correctness of my friend's opinion, but am, on the contrary, prepared to endorse very nearly every word she has uttered, and as I fully appreciate the difficulty of catering for a small family, I think it may be useful if we turn our attention for a short time to the subject of which she spoke.

Properly cooked joints, such as are constantly served at English tables, are most excellent. Moreover, for large or even for moderate-sized families they are economical also. But for small families, no. It is a mistake to cook a joint with the prospect of enjoying it at one meal, and being weary of the sight of it for days after. There is not the slightest occasion for anything of the kind either. By thinking beforehand, and in buying provision for to-day, remembering to-morrow—and perhaps the day after, also—we may have meals of uniform excellence every day in the week; and what a triumph of good management this will be! It is said that, next to being thought handsome, a woman likes best to be thought a good manager. The woman who provides regularly a variety of wholesome, appetising food at an economical rate for a small family may be *thought* I care not what; she *is*, unquestionably, a first-rate manager.

There are, however, joints which need not be cooked whole, but which divide well, and therefore may be turned to good account even in small families. Among these none are more valuable than the universal favourites—leg of mutton and sirloin of beef. Yet it is not everyone who can cook and serve them when divided to the best advantage. With regard to the sirloin of beef, for instance, how often do we find that those who divide it in the orthodox manner—that is, cut off the flap for boiling, take out the undercut for broiling, and roast the upper part—discover that the last of these joints is the only satisfactory one of the three! Yet if all were carefully cooked all would be excellent. I will therefore describe in full how the different parts should be dressed.

First of all, a piece of beef with a good thick undercut must be chosen. The fillet or chump end of the sirloin is the best. A thick undercut is a necessity, for we can do nothing with a narrow little strip of meat which would scarcely be sufficient for one person. As soon as the sirloin comes from the butcher's, take out the thick pipe which runs down the middle of the broad bone, cut off the flap—being careful to do this neatly, not to spoil the appearance of the joint—and, lifting back the fat, cut out the whole of the undercut (with a little fat attached) with a sharp knife, and then replace the fat in its original position.

Lay the flap in pickle such as is usually employed for beef and tongues. This pickle should be kept in every larder. It is inexpensive, and will keep for three months or more in winter, and for some weeks in summer, if only it be boiled up, skimmed, and strained after use. It is exceedingly useful for salting pieces of fresh meat, tongues, pork, &c., and meat thus salted at home is much superior to that which is salted at the shops. The pickle may be made by putting one pound and a half of salt, six ounces of sugar, one ounce of saltpetre, and one gallon of water into a saucepan, bringing it to the boil, skimming it well, and letting it boil for five minutes, then straining it into the pan, and using it when cold. This flap may remain in the pickle for three or four days.

The undercut will serve for the first day's dinner. It must be cut into neat steaks almost an inch thick, and these must be brushed all over with oil and then broiled over a clear fire in the approved way, being careful to turn the steaks frequently. When done, the slices may be arranged in a circle on a dish with the end of one piece overlapping the edge of the other. Have ready in a small stewpan or gallipot a little Béarnaise sauce. Pour this sauce over the slices of meat, and if it can be managed place potato chips or mixed vegetables in the centre, and serve.

The Béarnaise sauce is made as follows:—Allow as many eggs as there are persons to partake of the steak, with an ounce of butter for each egg. Divide the quantity of butter into three portions. Put the yolks of the eggs (the whites will not be needed for this sauce) into a small stewpan, beat them lightly, then stir them briskly over the fire until they begin to thicken. Take the pan off the fire, stir in a third portion of butter, and return the stewpan to the fire for two minutes, beating briskly all the time. Repeat this process

twice, until all the butter is used, being careful to add the butter off the fire. When the sauce is smooth and has simmered two minutes for the third time, lift it again from the fire, add pepper and salt, with a little tarragon vinegar, and pour the sauce carefully over the broiled fillets. Sprinkle a little chopped parsley, or, if it is to be had, a little chopped tarragon over all, and serve.

This dish, thus easily prepared, would be filet de bœuf à la Béarnaise. If we were to use any other superior sauce which was suitable for our purpose it would be filet de bœuf à la—whatever the sauce was. Sauce Hollandaise, Soubise sauce, or Chateaubriand sauce are all good. I am quite aware that many housekeepers would be horrified at the idea of using three eggs and three ounces of butter for a little sauce. It is a good deal, I confess, but then it should be remembered that eggs, even in the depth of winter, are cheaper and almost as nourishing as meat; and if we used six or seven eggs it would be more economical than cooking the joint whole and letting a quarter of it be wasted when cold. However, if eggs may not be allowed, put a little maître d'hotel butter (you remember how that was made?) under the steaks, and with the vegetables as a garnish, you will still form a superior dish. If there should be a little good rich brown sauce in the house (and I do not in the least suppose there will be, for such a thing is a rarity in small households), it might be thickened, mixed with a glass of claret, and a little maître d'hotel butter, and this would be a sort of modified Chateaubriand sauce.

I do not suppose that there is any occasion to say anything about the portion of beef which is to be roasted. If English cooks can do nothing else they can roast. All I would say with reference to this is, let the carver do his work neatly, for if the appearance of the dish is not spoilt, it is probable that for one day cold meat may be acceptable for dinner if it is accompanied by a good salad, preceded by a little soup or fish, and followed by a delicate pudding. Occasional cold meat is by no means to be despised; it is unlimited cold meat and nothing else that we weary of, and from which we would fain be delivered.

The little flap of beef I should boil and press, then glaze and serve for breakfast or luncheon. It must be cooked carefully, put into lukewarm water, allowed to boil, skimmed, then drawn back, and simmered slowly till it has a loose look and is perfectly tender. The beef should then be laid while hot in a small dish, and another dish with a weight be laid upon it. It may then be brushed over with liquid glaze (which has been melted like glue), or a little clear savoury jelly may be poured into the dish with it and left for the night, and this will make the beef, when it is turned upon a dish, look as if it were coated with jelly.

The flap of beef is a very fatty piece, but the long gentle boiling will draw out a good deal of the fat and make what is left less oily. When cold, this fat will taste like butter and really be very good. If, however, the flap of beef is to be served hot for dinner instead of cold for breakfast, let the housekeeper see that a little trouble is taken in dishing it, and also in sending suitable accompaniments to table with it so as to make as much as possible of it. Garnish the dish with small suet dumplings which have been boiled without a cloth, and also with turnips covered with tomato sauce, and carrots. These additions will not only make the beef look appetising: they will make it taste ever so much better and go farther as well.

One word I must say about the glaze. This preparation is a most useful and convenient one to have on hand. It will keep for a long time, both hot and cold meat look better when brushed over with it, and it is convenient for enriching soups and sauces. Glaze may be made by boiling down the liquor in which meat has been boiled until it is very much reduced and is as thick as treacle. If meat is bought for the purpose of making glaze, gelatinous portions, such as knuckle of veal, leg of beef, or pork hocks should be chosen.

The stock in which meat of this kind has been boiled should be flavoured and seasoned pleasantly; boiled down quickly, with the lid off the stewpan, until it is very much reduced; boiled again, and stirred well to keep it from burning till it is quite thick, and then be poured out and allowed to go cold and stiff. In this form it will constitute glaze, and will keep for months. If in any of the standard works on cookery—such as "Francatelli" or "Gouffé"—you see the words, "add a little glaze" (and these words occur very frequently), you may know that the preparation described above is referred to. When the glaze is to be brushed over the meat, it will be necessary only to put a little into a jar; set this in a saucepan of boiling water, and keep the water boiling round it till it is melted, when the meat may be brushed all over with one or two coats of the glaze, being careful always to let one coat dry before another is put on. Meat which is glazed looks as much superior to meat which is unglazed as a mahogany table which is newly French polished looks to the same table after it has been in use for twenty years, and all the brightness is gone from it. Neither the table nor the meat *are* better, you understand; they only *look* so.

If the cook does not care to prepare a quantity of glaze from meat procured for the purpose, she may with great ease make a little for present use. For this she needs only half a packet of gelatine, which has been soaked in cold water for an hour, and a cupful of strong gravy from roast meat; or, wanting this, a spoonful of Liebig's extract dissolved in a little water. Put the gelatine and the gravy together, add a little salt, and boil the mixture, stirring it all the time till it is as thick as cream. Put it into a jar, and it will be ready for use. This glaze also will keep for a long time.

So much for our sirloin of beef. We have from the one joint obtained four dinners—that is, if cold meat is allowed for one day. With the scraps cut from the cold joint after it leaves the table we may make minced meat or potted meat for luncheon or breakfast. The bones may be broken up, and will supply excellent stock, and who will say the joint has not been made profitable?

As with the sirloin so with the leg of mutton. When buying it, get the butcher to cut it into two unequal parts, and ask him to take a cutlet about three-quarters of an inch thick from the larger portion. This cutlet, broiled and served with piquant sauce—that is, melted butter to which pickles finely chopped have been added—will make a superlative dinner for one day; the knuckle end, boiled and served with caper sauce, mashed turnips, and carrots, will be excellent dinner No. 2, while the fillet end, if well roasted and served with potatoes, greens, and Yorkshire pudding, will be a third dinner. If, instead of having the fillet roasted the day after the knuckle was boiled, you can leave it to hang a little longer, and introduce a roast chicken for the intermediate dinner, you will have made an agreeable variety which will be fully appreciated.

I know what old housekeepers will say when they have read thus far: "Your other dishes are all very well, but the fillet end of mutton roasted is a mistake. It looks substantial enough upon the dish, but when you come to carve it you get one or two good slices from it, and then you have done. The rest is bone and disappointment." So it will be if you have the joint roasted as it is, but why not get the butcher to bone it. He will do so if requested. Then all that you need to do is to bind the meat firmly with tape and roast it. In this way you can carve it satisfactorily to the end. The bones stewed down will make excellent gravy, and if you like to insert a little forcemeat in the place where the bone was, all the better.

Birds of all kinds cooked in various ways make a very pleasant change for small families. Poultry is by many looked upon as a luxury impossible to obtain, yet during the cheap seasons, and where plentiful, it is really as inexpensive as butcher's meat, especially now when the facilities for bringing the food from a distance are so much greater than they once were. Fowls which cost 4s. 6d. each are a luxury, but fowls which cost 1s. 9d. are not out of the way. Many poulterers sell what they call Irish poultry, which is quite as tender as English poultry, but which is not trussed and plumped out when offered for sale, as English birds are, and consequently does not look so well.

Salmon, too, when plentiful and moderate in price, is cheaper than the same weight of butcher's meat, even when it costs more per pound, simply because it goes so far, and is so satisfying. A salmon cutlet an inch and a half thick will make an excellent dish. It may be wrapped in muslin, boiled in very little water, taken up as soon as done, then be laid on a hot dish; have some good caper sauce poured over it, and be garnished with cucumber. A circle of cucumber slices, which thickly overlap each other, may be placed round the fish, and the edge can be ornamented with the green rind of the cucumber cut into shapes.

Large joints can only be divided and kept thus in cold weather, and during a large part of the year the small housekeeper is obliged to buy what she wants for the day and no more. I will therefore, before concluding, describe briefly a few dishes which will meet her requirements here. And it will be seen that in doing this I am not thinking of people who have four or five courses every day, but of the far larger number of those who are accustomed to dine off meat and pudding, or fish and meat, with, perhaps, cheese, and nothing more.

Veal Rolls with Broccoli.—Take from one to two pounds of lean veal, and divide this into slices half an inch thick, about four inches long and two wide. Put in the middle of each a teaspoonful of forcemeat or of sausage meat with a little chopped parsley, a very little minced shalot, and pepper and salt. Roll the slices, and tie each one securely with twine. Melt a little butter in a stewpan, and fry each roll lightly to a pale brown. Add enough water to make gravy, and stew very gently till tender—that is, about an hour and a half. Thicken the gravy with breadcrumbs, and in serving arrange small sprigs of cauliflower, which have been previously boiled and well drained, round the meat. Two or three slices of toasted bacon will be an improvement to this dish. Beef also may, if liked, be substituted for the veal.

Lentils and Sausages.—Soak half a pint of green or German lentils overnight. The next day boil them till soft, and drain well. Cook some sausages in the usual way, that is, fry or bake them, and brown them well. When they are nearly ready, melt a slice of butter in a clean stewpan, and throw in one small onion chopped finely. When the butter is melted stir in a teaspoonful of flour, add a little pepper and salt, and as much stock or water mixed with a few drops of vinegar to make a thick sauce. Put in the boiled lentils, and simmer for about ten minutes. Lay the lentils on a dish, arrange the sausages on the top, and serve very hot.

Beef collops are very popular in Scotland, but they are not much used in England, or at any rate not in the places which I know. In the "North Countree," however, the meat is sold ready chopped for the purpose, and Scotch families are accustomed to have collops for dinner at least once a week. This is how they are cooked: Take, say, one pound of pieces of lean, uncooked meat, and mince finely. Melt an ounce of dripping in a stewpan, throw in the meat, and turn it about until it is lightly brown, but not at all hard. Pour in a teacupful of water thickened with a tablespoonful of flour. Stir the meat well and stew it gently, with the lid on the pan, until it is tender, stirring it now and then to keep it from getting into lumps. A few minutes before serving add pepper, salt, and a little Harvey or Worcester sauce. Another way of cooking these collops is to mash the minced meat with cold water to cover it, then stew it gently for half an hour or more, thus omitting the flour altogether. In either case the meat should be garnished with toasted sippets.

A lady whom I knew used to say that she followed this recipe, yet she persisted in substituting cooked for uncooked meat. She said she thought it was a shame to mince fresh meat, and afterwards maintained that Scotch collops were not worth much. She did not know what they were.

Rabbits, too, are excellent for a change. I will not, however, describe the methods of cooking them, as I hope to devote an entire article to them shortly.

The friend whose remarks I have already quoted said that warmed-up meat was never so good as freshly-cooked meat. This may be true enough; nevertheless, if there is any one who should know how to warm up meat to advantage it is the small housekeeper. Make what calculations we may, occasions will arise when *rechauffés* must enter into the *menu*, and if these could be properly cooked they would not be so much dreaded as they are. This, however, is a large subject, and can scarcely be dealt with now.

PHILLIS BROWNE.

LAURA LEIGH.

A TALE OF HIGHBRIDGE PAPER MILLS.

By M. M. POLLARD, Author of "Cora; or, Three Years of a Girl's Life," &c.

CHAPTER V.

COUNTRY LIFE.

AFTER this event, Miss Leigh rarely wandered about by herself in lonely places. Marion led far too busy a home life for her always to be ready to accompany her cousin in her interminable daily walks, but she always managed that Mysie or Trot should be ready to go with Laura, and, somehow, it often happened that Vincent Ashton joined them in their rambles.

There were so many pretty places in the neighbourhood to show a stranger, such telling points of view from the high grounds, such cosy nooks in the green valleys, such solemn shades in the deep woods, that, after all, were safe enough when an apt guide was present who could find the right pathway.

Then, again, the country walks had another meaning when Mr. Ashton was near to point out the beauties.

It is one thing to look at a flower-wreathed hedge by one's side—at a flower-sprinkled carpet of grass under one's feet—and to say the blossoms are lovely; but it is another thing to look at these blossoms with the intelligent eye of a botanist—to understand their structure, habits, and classes

The love of Nature's beauty is a gift that often lies dormant in the mind because it has never been awakened, and Mr. Ashton was just the person to arouse the interest.

He loved and cherished the science himself, he understood it thoroughly, and so they often set out together—he, Laura, Mysie, and Trot—to hunt for specimens during these lovely summer months They rambled about the fields and meadows, or wandered over the breezy moors amongst the blooming heather and the dancing blue bells, and the hours never seemed too long.

Laura at this time might have sung with the Dutch poet—

"Oh, surely 'tis a bliss to lay one down
Upon a shady bank, where blushing flowers
Smell sweetly, and the meads are blooming prime,
Till Flora's clock—the goat's-beard—marks the hours,
And closing says, 'Arise! 'tis dinner-time;'
Then dine on pies and cauliflower heads,
And roam away the afternoon in garden beds."

Mrs. Ashton took a great fancy to the London girl, who was at once so friendly and so attractive, and she would often invite her to take a drive with her. Seated in the pretty pony carriage, with Vincent holding the reins, and guiding the well-trained ponies, they drove through parts of the country that lay beyond walking distance.

It did the widow's sad heart good to watch the fair young face beside her, to catch her silvery peals of girlish laughter, as she and Vincent carried on some brisk argument, and to hear her town notions of country things and country life.

As time went on, Miss Leigh was no longer a stranger at the mills. Hardly a week passed but her bright face would be seen at the door of the well-remembered loft, and she would hand in some bunches of sweet-smelling flowers, gathered and arranged by herself, a basket of fresh fruit, some packets of simple narrative books, or any other little gift she could think of, and she had always a few pleasant words to say to the girls nearest her.

Many a present found its way to those who were ailing, and the giver might generally be found to be Laura Leigh

She went sometimes to see the evening school the late Mr. Ashton had founded, and where some of the elder women taught.

Rough and unpolished as these mill girls were, Laura was much interested by their attempts to penetrate letter by letter, word by word, into the yet unknown regions of learning. To be able to read the short words, and to spell the long ones, was considered a great feat, and those who accomplished it were looked on as "good scholards."

Much impressed was Laura when their master stood amongst his workers, looking not much older than themselves, as he read aloud to them a short story, a chapter, or spoke wise words of advice, telling them where workpeople and employers must alike carry their sins and sorrows—namely, to the feet of a pardoning, prayer-answering, atoning Saviour.

Miss Leigh in her rich apparel, with her lovely face, her fashionable air and polished ways, sat listening also to his teaching, and, despite the difference of appearance, she had as much to learn, and was just as ignorant, as indifferent to sacred things as were the workgirls.

She meekly took some of the lessons home to her own heart, lessons that could never be forgotten, and for the first time in her life discovered how religion could be a real practical thing, not intended for Sundays only, but for the grand motive power of one's whole life and actions.

She had never been so happy before. Laura seemed to herself as though transported to some purer moral atmosphere, with new objects, new duties, new responsibilities, new capabilities.

Life at the curate's house was developing into something higher than the mere selfish enjoyment she had hitherto been accustomed to in the gay London society in which she mixed when at home.

There was only one drawback to her full contentment, and that was a certain experience of her own, that she would sometimes fain have altogether forgotten. Oh, if she could only enjoy the present without those tormenting thoughts of the future that every now and then made her restless and unhappy! And what that secret disquiet was will ere long be related.

It dated far back to an evening nearly twelve months before, when Eustace Montague had first told her he loved her, and when she had allowed him to remain under the impression that she was engaged to him, for she could not bring herself to say no, and yet did not say yes. Eustace had gone the next day to join his regiment at Gibraltar; she had not seen him since, but letters were frequently interchanged between them, and she and all her London friends expected his return ere long, when he would claim her for his wife.

It was some introspective questioning with regard to this engagement that made Laura unhappy. She felt she could never take up life just as it had been when Eustace parted from her. She could never again listen as she used to his vows of love, and say she returned them. Something had come between them, yet she was puzzled to decide what it was.

And so the bright summer days passed away!

The June roses bloomed and faded. July brought its deeper colours, its fiercer heat, its richer fulness. August came with its ripened fields of golden grain, and still Miss Leigh stayed on at the curate's cottage.

Marion Hayward often wondered how her cousin could content herself so long in the quiet village, without much society, without any great excitement. Sometimes she smiled to herself, as she conjectured there might be an attraction, after all, and she began to couple Laura and Vincent's names together in her own mind with considerable approval. She was delighted that her cousin stayed so long with them, for Laura had a way of making herself liked, almost a necessity to all whom she chose to favour with her company.

The curate was equally pleased for her to stay on. "She did him good," he said.

For she would often win him away from too abstruse study, or from too long handling of the pen—he wrote long, deep theological articles for a magazine—and would engage him in a brisk skirmish of lively repartee, or lure him away to a quiet ramble on the moors in the sweet evening twilight, insisting on Marion's putting away her sewing to accompany them.

Laura especially liked to go with Mrs. Hayward when she went district visiting. It was such a new experience to her to dive down some of the many narrow straggling streets that led away from the chief thoroughfare of Highbridge. She liked also plunging into remote alleys that branched off these narrow streets, losing herself in a region that she called marvellously strange and quaint.

Queer little nooks she discovered—rows of stony-looking houses with crumbling walls, and dim windows, and with broken roofs dotted with great clumps of moss and golden stonecrop.

All new to her, but perfectly familiar to Marion, who seemed to have the whole plan of the place impressed in her memory, and who could tell who lived here, who lived there, and relate some particulars of the family history of each.

These houses seemed teeming with population—children on the doorsteps, on the stairs, everywhere. The mill hands were quite a multitude in themselves.

Some of the mill girls lived two or three in a room, clubbing together in a kind of partnership, and getting on in a tolerably friendly way—helpful to each other in times of sickness and need—and vieing with each other which could be finest dressed on Sundays and holidays.

But perhaps there was not a greater degree of rivalry between these vigorous, self-reliant girls than exists amongst their sisters very far higher up in the social scale.

Honest, robust girls, some of them were, working hard on week days, and pretty regular at church or chapel, when

"WHEN MR. ASHTON WAS NEAR TO POINT OUT THE BEAUTIES."

it did not happen that their clothes had got rather too worn and shabby.

Ready also were they to enjoy to the utmost—alas! sometimes in frivolity or dissipation—the rare holidays that fell to their lot.

Rough and rude, and apparently indifferent as their manners were to each other, they yet clung together, with a faithful adhesion that was almost clannish in its pertinacity. Offend one of them, and possibly you offended most of those who worked in the same part of the mill.

Marion Hayward had a tender, sweet way with her, as she found her way into the rooms of the sick and aged. To those who had yet to suffer and wait she had always the right word to say at the right time—the right portion of comfort that was needed to give.

Laura often listened with amazed interest. One day she said—

"What happy people some of your old men and women are! The more dingy their room, the more intense their suffering, the greater seems their faith; and the older they are, the more their faith appears to deepen, until they actually yearn for the blessed home beyond the grave."

"That is quite true," replied Marion.

"It seems to me so strange that when earthly joys are gone, when health fails, and friends have vanished, and age comes on, those hopes should but brighten and deepen, until they become a positive reality to their minds."

"Very real, I am thankful to say."

"And they seem so contented. You never hear one of them complain the Divine promises are not sufficient, the hopes of heaven not bright enough."

"What do you think that proves, Laura?"

"I suppose, that religion meets the needs of our human cravings, and satisfies them."

"You are right in supposing so. True faith in a loving, atoning Saviour is all we need in life and death. The rest will be made easy for us, for He has promised to be the guide, the helper, and comforter of those who trust Him. But here we are at Nell Dean's house; we will take a peep at her before we go further."

They went up some creaking stairs to a miserable room at the top of the house. Though the whitened ceiling was sloping, and almost touched the head of the bed, the place was perfectly cheery and bright, a clean white cloth on the table, a clean patchwork quilt on the bed.

The old woman was propped up in bed, with a shawl over her shoulders, a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles on her nose, and a large-print, tattered book spread out before her.

Her little, old, yellow, wrinkled face beamed into smiles as she caught a glimpse of the curate's wife, and she exclaimed—

"I thowt this 'ud be a good day to me, and so it be, now you've come to see me."

"How are you, Nell? Is the pain less?"

"No, I 'spose I ha'na' right ever to expect it to be less; but the Lord knows what is best. He dunnot gie me more than I can bear."

"You are not idle I see?"

"Nae, I'm larning to read! Think o' that," exclaimed she, with a cackling laugh; "learning to read, and me nigh on eighty years o' age!"

"Who teaches you?"

"Them girls what goes to night school. They takes it by turns, tidies my room, and then gies me a bit o' teaching. Oh, I shall be a rare scholard some day. I can spell out a part o' a varse already, read the blessed Saviour's own words, and isn't that next to hearing them from His own lips, as I'm looking out for shortly?"

"You are very persevering," said Laura, smiling.

Nell looked at the speaker shyly.

"Aye, but it's good o' yo', a grand young lady, to come and see old Nell."

"I wish I could help you on with your reading?"

"Thank yo'; but them girls at the mill knaws all about what I can larn. They spells it, an' I spells it, and we all larn together."

"How far have you got on?"

"Na very far yet. I was just a-making out them words when you coomed in, 'Come unto Me;' and ain't that worth larning? Why, it's enough to last a loife time. 'Come unto Me.' Yes, I'm coming, dear Lord! And I hope this young lady is a-coming too. There's summot better over yonder, miss, than all the fine things this world can gie yo'. It's a' true, do yo' believe it?"

"I hope so."

"Mak' sure o' it, miss. Mak' sure o' all His promises, an' they will never, no never, fail yo'. May be yo' think it a bit presumptuous o' the loikes o' me, a talking to a young, high-born lady loike yo'; but there's on'y wan way for us all, and the blessed Saviour is waiting for His own. Oh, I watch for Him, as folk watch for the morning! I desire to be with Christ, which is better than aught else."

After they came down the wretched, old, creaking stairs again, Laura walked silently along beside her cousin; then she looked up with her eyes misty with tears.

"That poor old creature's words prove the truth of your remarks just now. How happy she seems!"

"Yet she has less cause than most people for happiness. She is slowly dying of an internal disease that is acutely painful, and but for the kindness of Mrs. Ashton, and a few other friends, she would be obliged to go to the workhouse, or some hospital. But her case is one of many. I have had much experience both in sick rooms and at deathbeds, and I never once found any poor sufferer regret they had made Jesus their hope. They find *all* they need in Him. Can the same be said of those who put their trust in *any* other hope? As old Nell says, let us 'mak' sure' of ours.

'Distrust thyself, but trust His love,
Rest in its changeless glow;
And life or death shall only prove
Its everlasting flow.'"

Laura went several times with her cousin to see Nell Dean after this first interview, and one afternoon she picked some raspberries, and said she should like to carry them to her.

"Nell will be delighted to have them, but I cannot go with you, as Harry has asked me to go and pay a visit to Trelaw Farm. Young Josh Trelaw has just brought home his bride, you know. The children have not come back from school yet, so I don't know what to propose," said Marion, hesitatingly.

"I can go alone, of course. I remember the way quite well, and as I am not going wandering about Chorley Woods, you need not be uneasy about me," replied Miss Leigh, blithley.

So it was settled. Laura carried the fruit to its destination, saw Nell Dean enjoy it thoroughly, and after half an hour's conversation with the old woman, turned her steps homewards, or, at least, in what she thought was the direction that led to the curate's cottage.

But she soon grew bewildered amongst the crooked streets, the blind alleys, the windings, and the tumble-down by-ways. Highbridge was so much larger than it seemed, when one went really to investigate its resources. Dogs ran out of the doors barking at her, the ragged children stopped their games of tip-cat and squabbling to stare up at the fine lady who was picking her way along the stony street.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPING.

SARAH B.—1. To get rid of the bad odour of boiled cabbage, you should tie up a piece of crumb of bread in a piece of muslin, and place it in the water with it, and after the cabbage has been boiling for about a quarter of an hour together with the bread, remove the latter as it is in its bag, and throw it on the back of the fire, so getting rid of much of the disagreeable smell. Always beware of the boiling over of the cabbage-water, or even of drops falling on the hot plate, and remember that both it and that in which potatoes have been boiled are unfit for use, while that of peas and beans, lentils, and haricots is valuable for soup-making, with other ingredients. So poisonous is potato-water that it is used to destroy the green fly that blights rose trees. 2. You should have all your copper stewpans re-tinned every year, there may be otherwise a risk of poisoning from copper.

PHANTOM and J. H.—We have already given directions for the removal of stains and discolourment from ivory; and refer you to pages 511, vol. i., and 240, vol. ii. We feel for "J. H." much on account of her crippled condition. She must only comfort herself with the promise to those who "let patience have her perfect work," and in thinking of the blessed hereafter when "the lame man shall leap as an hart." Spots on the face may come from poorness of blood or indigestion.

YOUTHFUL HOUSEKEEPER.—1. We are aware of the difficulty of keeping game until any particular days, when entertainments are to be given; and when there is much in the game-larder, some a good deal the worse for shot, procure some broken charcoal, and fill a long narrow trough, or window-box, as a receptacle for plants, on the floor. This will be found invaluable, but the charcoal must be changed every week, and that which has absorbed the foul effluvia should be burnt at the back of the kitchen fire. We may also observe to a young housekeeper that milk and butter should not be kept in the same larder with either game or any raw meat, and were it possible so to arrange it, stock for soup, and dressed meat and pies should likewise be kept apart from raw meat. There could not be too much scrubbing out and lime-washing of any larder, so as to keep the food in a really wholesome condition for use. 2. Fresh pork, like oysters, should only be purchased when there is an "r" in the name of the month. This is a rule which can easily be remembered

LENA.—Cockroaches may be destroyed by setting a trap with a basin half filled with beer on the floor on going to bed at night, and putting some strips of card or sticks up round it like ladders, for them to ascend. A trap is also sold at the ironmongers, we believe, for the purpose.

COOKERY.

A LEARNER.—You may make a very nice tart with blackberries thus:—Instead of making pastry, place a lining of sponge-cakes round a good deep family pie-dish, and within them, in the centre, fill the dish about three parts full of blackberries, adding a little sugar if desired. Make a custard of cornflour, and pour it over the fruit and sponge-cake sides, and bake the tart for a short time, powdering the top with white sugar before serving. When the raspberry season returns they can be dressed in this way, and currants likewise. Cranberries should be first stewed till tender, and rubbed through a coarse sieve before placed with the sponge-cakes, on account of the skin, which is hard.

W. WILLIAMS.—1. We do not know of any other way of dressing ptarmigan but roasting, but to correct the defect of dryness, you should saturate a quantity of bread-crumbs with butter, and stuff the inside with them. The breast also should be well larded, and a broad slice of fat bacon should be fastened round the bird. Baste it frequently, and place a piece of toast beneath it in the dripping-pan, to be served under it, also fried bread-crumbs, and gravy in the sauce-boat. 2. The *Jacquerie* was an association of rebellious peasants formed in Picardy, at about the middle of the fourteenth century, during the captivity of King John, having for its object the destruction of the nobility. The origin of the name was the *sobriquet* bestowed by the latter on the peasant, viz., "*Jacques Bonhomme*."

ELLA WHITE.—Of course invalids grow weary of beef tea, although the flavouring may be changed. Perhaps the following recipe may be found agreeable, as it certainly will be exceedingly nourishing. Take of oatmeal two tablespoonfuls, with three of water, and mix thoroughly, and then add a pint of strong boiling beef tea. Boil for five minutes, stirring well to prevent the oatmeal from being burnt, and then strain through a sieve. An invalid, with whom we are acquainted, has spoken to us in the highest terms of the benefit derived from it.

ART.

A. M. D.—We do not understand your difficulty. Did you use the size according to the instructions given at page 226, vol. ii.? If so, we fail to comprehend your want of success where so many girls have managed to learn from the same instructions.

TRITONIUM HILARIA.—Some articles on "Painting in Oil Colours" will appear in our next number. You must always use a little boiled oil.

WOULD-BE ARTIST.—The history of producing designs by means of light, either in writing or drawing, dates back, so far as we know, to the year 1556. The alchemists then discovered that chloride of silver, when fused and exposed to the sun, became thereby blackened. But the only use they made of this discovery was for the labelling of their bottles. Subsequently, some twenty scientific and distinguished men—English, French, German, and Swedish—have helped to develop the art by their successful experiments. Thomas Wedgwood published "An account of a method of copying paintings upon glass, and of making profiles, by the agency of light, upon nitrate of silver." This treatise came out simultaneously with the statements issued by M. Charles in Paris. Of M. Niepce, of Chalons, who prosecuted his experiments at Mortlake, and first produced landscapes there, you have already heard. He and M. Daguerre became partners in their work. The first "Daguerreotypes" were exhibited in Paris after the death of Niepce (1830), but Mr. Fox Talbot had already published an account of his own method, using the camera obscura. The use of glass plates in lieu of metal was the invention of Sir John Herschel. The "Woodbury Type," "Autotype" (invented by Mr. Swan, of Newcastle), and the "Albert Type" are amongst the many varieties produced of late years, and each very admirable in its own particular way. We cannot undertake to describe them.

TORFRIDA.—We do not think the name of Pygmalion's wife is mentioned. Your writing is very good.

AN INTERESTED READER.—A little glycerine will soften the moist colours; but it must be used with caution, as too much of it will spoil the colours.

J. L., RECTOR OF W——.—Many thanks. So far as we see at present, we have no use for such an article.

WORK.

CHARLOTTE.—For the explanation about the mistake in the knitted stripe on page 599, vol. iii., see page 718, vol. iii., where the full description is given.

MUSHROOM.—We regret that we can give you no other recipes than those you have tried. Use white or red transfer-paper under tracing-paper, or else Chinese white.

A KNITTER.—There is no difference between the two, save that a knickerbocker stocking is usually ribbed.

TARTAR.—If you wish to sell the chair-backs afterwards, you certainly should send them to a cleaner's to be cleaned.

VIVIAN MAY B——Y.—We should advise you to have a good black cloth jacket, or else one of the new small mantles of coloured tweed, which came out in the autumn. They are the most stylish and pretty. We do not know whether you have ever tried to dye anything with Judson's dyes. In order to gain experience, test the dye on something you do not mind spoiling before you proceed to the mantel-border.

TONY.—It is very difficult to preserve the colour of mosses when drying them; but the evil is easily remedied, as they can be dyed with Judson's dyes, and will look quite as natural.

MUSIC.

MUDDLED.—There is no reason except convenience and utility.

HEATHER.—We know the old song called "Au clair de la lune" very well. It is a Canadian patois song, but probably had an earlier origin. You would find it in some collection of French airs.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—Inquire of any music publisher. Your writing is extremely legible, but not pretty.

J. WOOD.—Dr. Hinton's song, "I love old songs," words by Miss Anne Beale, will be found at page 740, vol. ii.

A PLAIN-LOOKING GIRL.—The marks and figures you inquire about are those which apply to the "metronome," and the time at which it should be set. We advise you to visit St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, where ladies are received as nurses and paid a salary from the first. There is no difference really in the work required, as every duty has to be learnt, however menial, by a professed nurse.

LESLEY.—Inquire at any shop for the sale of musical instruments. If you know much of music, and have plenty of determination and patience, you will be able to accomplish much alone.

MARIE HARWOOD.—"L. E. L." were the initials of Letitia Elizabeth Landon, the poetess, who married Mr. MacLean, Governor of Sierra Leone, and died there 1838. Many of her poems were set to music.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FLORA.—Your "water colour drawings," so called, are fearful achievements. Pray do not waste your time in pursuing the study of painting, nor our time in sending us examples.

IVY says she has secured twenty subscribers to "the excellent GIRL'S OWN PAPER," for which intended favour we thank her. She also tenders the information that she is a governess, and has been teaching over thirty years, and on the strength of this experience criticises a favourite story recently printed. We regret to be compelled to deny the ability to criticise literary work to one whose criticism itself is couched in faulty grammar and bad spelling.

GEORGINA K.—Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner have offered a thousand pounds worth of prizes, various articles to be made with their own beautiful Christmas cards as material. Write to them at 14, Jewin-street, London, for particulars.

MISS FORREST.—The plant called "rue," named in *Hamlet*, is the *Ruta graveoleus*, of the family *Rutaceæ*, originally a native of southern Europe. It has an unpleasant odour, and is a shrub of close growth, flourishing on inferior soil. You may propagate it by making cuttings from young branches or shoots, which should be set in the spring, and in a shady place. It is of use from its medicinal properties, an oil being produced from it of which from two to six drops constitute a dose diluted in sugar and water. It is also taken as a decoction, or "rue tea," one or two ounces in this form being a suitable dose. To produce it in the right proportions, place an ounce of the rue, freshly gathered, in a pint of boiling water. It is of use for flatulence and colic, both in children and adults. We never heard of its employment "in cookery," but it is certainly not "poisonous." You might procure it, or be informed of a nursery or market garden where it is grown, by inquiring about it at any herbalist's.

ANGELA C. BARRETT.—We do not know of any rhyme suitable to the months of the kind you mention.

MARY SMITH.—We will bear your request in mind. Have you no circulating library near you? If not, the best way is to commence a book club, and obtain all the interesting books that you need in that way.

E. L. W.—We are much obliged by your addition, but we do not act as a medium of interchange between our correspondents at any time.

R. M. T.—Take an example of some handwriting which you admire, and form your own on it. We have known great improvement made in this manner.

ÆNID.—We are obliged to you for your information. You will find a very good account of costume, in England in any of Planché's books, also in Fairholt's work on Costumes in England.

AN IRISH GIRL.—We have heard much of the virtues of "Santa Barbara" in the State of California, for people with delicate chests and asthmatic affections, but probably the long journey might not suit, and unless people emigrated there for a permanency, the expense would be a great consideration.

HERZEN.—We have always found that when canaries can be let out from their cages each day for a little flight about the room, that their health and song have both been improved. Of course you must avoid anything to frighten them, but it is wonderful how brave and fearless they grow.

LA PETITE.—Many thanks for your kind letter.

F. E. L.—We should not have given an article on the tricycle had we considered its use in any way improper or unladylike. Your writing is very legible.

GLACUS.—1. We much sympathise with you, and can only advise you to give your confidence to your father. Tell him how troubled you are about this impression on your mother's mind, and that you love her too dearly to offend intentionally. 2. We have answered your second question at length. In few words it means that, the more exalted an individual's position, the more is expected of him; your nobility of birth and rank places you under special obligations to act nobly.

SHALDON.—We have heard the advantage of using areca nut combined with charcoal as a tooth powder much questioned. See vol. i., pages 287 and 592. Also vol. ii., page 64.

TOPSY.—Little girls forget themselves when they adopt the plan of "plain speaking" to their elders and teachers. Their observations should be modest, humble, and grateful. We do not find fault with your writing on a dirty leaf torn out of a book, for many cannot afford to buy writing paper, nor with your bad grammar, for as many have not the advantage of a good education, but it is our duty, in all kindliness, to remind you that humility is one of the greatest ornaments of youth, and all trouble and effort made to afford you pleasure and instruction should be gratefully appreciated.

SUNNY.—Your writing is fairly good, and the words written are kind, deserving a gracious acknowledgment from us. "Into each life some rain must fall," but none without the permission of One who cares for His children, and overrules all apparent evil for their ultimate good.

HERNINE.—Accept our warm acknowledgments of your gratifying letter. We also thank you for offering a prescription for the use of those suffering from a taint in the breath. We are aware that the use of charcoal powder, as sold by chemists, is good for this complaint, as for others. We think that to take a teaspoonful of it with water half an hour before dinner is a better method than spread on bread-and-butter.

A. L. YOUNG.—Possibly your trouble from earache may arise from frequent exposure to draughts of air. In that case we can recommend no means for a permanent cure, unless you cease to place yourself in danger of chills. Avoid all such exposure, and try the application of some warm laudanum. Stand the bottle in warm water to heat it, lay your head on the other ear, and pour a few drops into the one affected, then stopping up the orifice with wool. Should this remedy and all your care prove ineffectual, you had better consult a doctor, as you may be suffering from some gathering inside.

AN INTERESTED READER.—It is evident that you are suffering from self-consciousness. Try to forget yourself, and think of others. Why should you feel awkward and shy with your relations, merely because they have more money that yourself? This is to show an absurd and vulgar reverence for it. Busy yourself in attending to their requirements, whether poor or rich—especially the former—be a good listener, and tell them all they want or would like to hear simply, and without hesitation. You will always be shy and look silly until you give up thinking of how you look and what others are thinking of you.

CINQ MARS.—Your grateful letter is as gratefully acknowledged. We are glad to hear that even when answering "silly and affected letters," it is only with "invariable good nature and kindly ridicule." It is always with regret that we are obliged to censure the writers of any unseemly and ill-bred letters. You have our best wishes and thanks.

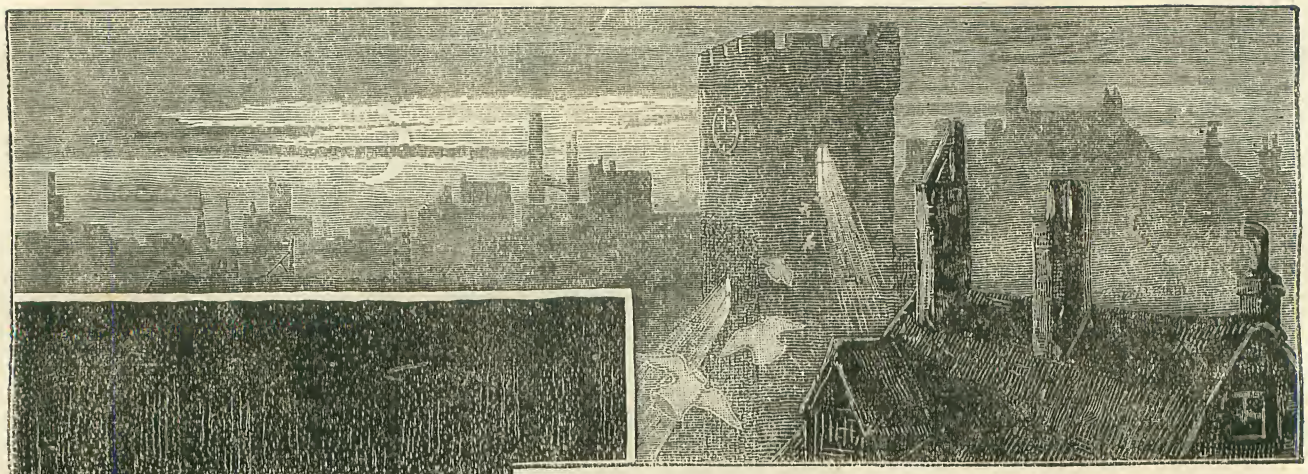
A MOST INTERESTED READER.—To you, as to "Cinq Mars," we owe our best acknowledgments for so kindly appreciative a letter. We are glad our articles are so useful to you. "Gnome" is pronounced "Nome;" "Calais," "Calas" in English, and "Calay" in French; "Quixote," "Quick-sot;" "Stalactite," "Sta-lak-tite."

ANXIOUS EMSIE.—1. There are certain descriptions of food and drink unsuited to various complaints and individual constitutions, but it is no less a rule that you should beware of obliging any invalid to eat or drink only one description of food or liquid until it palls on the taste and stomach. We will simply give you a quotation from that great authority on nursing. "When you see the natural and almost universal craving of the English sick for their accustomed tea, you cannot but feel that Nature knows what she is about. I should be glad if any of the abusers of tea would point out what to give to an English patient, after a sleepless night, for his cup of tea? He can take it when he can take nothing else. But, as a rule, do not give it after five p.m." 2. We can only say "there is no rule without an exception." See our article on "Food for Invalids," page 611, vol. i.

A. H. O. and LOTTIE HORDER.—You must apply for all such information, and the books, indices, or numbers you require, to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

K. M. A. SCHROEDER.—Your letter in English does you the greatest possible credit, being to you a foreign language. We have no fault whatever to find with the composition. It is a pleasure to us to hear of your satisfaction with THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

ANNIE BLANK.—You should consult a lawyer about the assumption of a new surname, so as to render it legally yours. There will be some small expenses connected with it, and amongst them the advertisements that must appear for a certain length of time in the public papers.



THE CHRISTMAS CARILLON,

BEING THE

EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER

OF

"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER,"

WILL BE

Published with the December No. on November 24th.

The Christmas Carillon.

The footsteps of the year are swift;
  His goal, the shadowy past, draws nearer;
But yet he bears a final gift
  To make his memory the dearer.
Put by your work, your learned tomes,
  Let Noel restful pleasure bring,
While through unnumbered happy homes
  Our "Christmas Carillon" shall ring.

Now rousing song and wholesome mirth,
  Now waking thrill of softer feeling,
Now whispering words of social worth,
  And now to higher thought appealing;
Afar and near, from east to west,
  From sunny south to icy north,
To probe we trust a welcome guest
  Our "Christmas Carillon" goes forth.

VOL. IV.—NO. 151.] NOVEMBER 18, 1882. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

BLANCHE TRENT'S LESSON.

By the Author of "Madgie's Hero," "Her Only Fault," &c.

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"'DO YOU WISH TO GO TO MRS. HUNTER'S, BLANCHE?'"

CHAPTER III.

How Blanche Trent lived through the next two weeks was a puzzle even to herself. The more she reflected on her Uncle Derwent's words, the more convinced she was that all he said was just and right. The Dingle had never been her father's, therefore she could have no claim on it; but all the same, it was very hard to give up considering herself the mistress, and regard herself as the dependent, for that was what it amounted to. However, there was no alternative, and she had to endeavour to reconcile her mind to the new order of things. Perhaps her uncle's wife might not be very objectionable, and if she were neither very young nor very pretty, Blanche fancied that she might be able to hold her own in the house after all. So she dressed with unusual care, and took her seat with great dignity in the drawing-room the afternoon they were expected home, resolved at least to impress her new relative with a sense of her importance at the very outset.

It was dusk when the closed carriage containing Captain Haughton and his bride drove up to the door, and though Blanche was burning with curiosity, her pride would not allow her to go into the hall to welcome them. Seated with a book in her hand in the centre of the room, she awaited their entrance with great dignity, and just advanced a step as her uncle approached.

"This is your aunt, Blanche," he said, kindly; "it will be your own fault if you are not very happy with her."

Blanche bowed and held out her hand, then suddenly drew back with an exclamation of surprise — "Uncle Derwent, this is Miss Lyster!"

"This was Miss Lyster, dear!" then seeing Blanche look indignant, he turned to his wife. "I really thought Blanche knew, Helen; indeed, I fancied everyone knew. Come, my dear, kiss your aunt, and bid her welcome home."

But Blanche was gone; she had rushed out of the drawing-room red hot, trembling with wrath and indignation, and locking herself into her room gave full vent to her feelings in the wildest manner, assuring herself tragically that she was outraged and insulted, and that she would never submit to her uncle's wife. The dressing bell rang, and the dinner bell, but she took no notice, and when a servant came to say that her uncle and aunt were waiting, she refused to go down, saying her head ached. That was true enough, and her heart ached too, for she felt very miserable and lonely, and when after dinner there came the sound of music from the drawing-room, she felt more wretched still, for they were happy enough without her. The worst part of it was, Blanche felt it was all her own fault and her own doing, but she was too proud to acknowledge it, and when later in the evening Mrs. Haughton came to her room with kind inquiries, and pressing entreaties that she would come downstairs, Blanche replied coldly and haughtily that she preferred remaining in her own room.

"We must only trust to time and kindness, Derwent," she said, when she rejoined her husband. "Blanche will be more reasonable by-and-by."

But days and weeks passed without bringing the desired improvement, and things were becoming extremely uncomfortable for everyone. Blanche kept to her own room persistently, and refused all advances from her uncle and aunt. One morning, however, she came downstairs after breakfast with an open letter in her hand, which she gave her uncle to read. It was from a Mrs. Hunter, a stepsister of her father's, who lived in London.

"If you are so very unhappy, and your position is so intolerable in your Uncle Derwent's household, you may come to me," the letter ran, "but as I am not very rich and have many demands on my purse, I must beg of you to take charge of the younger children's lessons. Florrie and Eva are very good, and will be quite an amusement to you. My stepdaughter, Katherine, assists with the elder girls, so come at once, dear Blanche, and I hope you will be very happy and comfortable with us."

"Well," Captain Haughton said, handing back the letter, "do you wish to go to Mrs. Hunter's, Blanche?"

"Yes, please."

"Do you understand that your aunt lives quite in London, and has a small house full of children; that you will miss many pleasures and enjoyments you have here."

"Pleasures here, Uncle Derwent! I wonder what they are? I am sure I shall be much happier and more comfortable with my Aunt Hunter, and I should like to go at once."

Captain Haughton smiled, but consented, and three days after Blanche found herself in a first-class carriage on her way to London, her uncle having telegraphed to Mrs. Hunter the train she was going by.

"If no one meets you, get into a cab and go straight to Weston-square, Blanche, and if you are not comfortable, come back to us; there's always a home and a welcome for you here at the Dingle," her uncle said, as he bade her good-bye, and put a purse into her hand. "Mind, Blanche, it's your wish to leave us, not ours that you should go, and when you come to think it over, perhaps you will see that you need not have been so very unhappy with us, if you had liked."

"It's the best possible thing for her," Mrs. Haughton said, when she was gone. "Blanche will now learn the difference between romance and reality, between troubles of her own making and troubles that are made for her. I think she will come back to us very soon, a wiser, even if a sadder girl."

(*To be concluded.*)

GIRLS' WORK IN THE MISSION FIELD.

The Continent of Europe.

In previous papers we have given some thought to the claims of missions in far-distant lands. Now we must look nearer home, for though we shall not find within a short journey of our homes either savage or heathen races, there are close at hand nations who, possessing all the blessings of civilisation, are still in deepest ignorance of the gospel. There is no need to seek the unexplored regions of Africa, nor the zenanas of India, to find dark places where the light of truth has not penetrated. If the girls who have the great advantage of a tour on the Continent for their summer holidays, will spare a thought from the beauty of the country to inquire about the spiritual condition of the people in many places, they will find that they are in as great need of a helping hand as the darkest nations of the earth; and these lines are written with the earnest hope and prayer that some who read them may be induced to observe the work that needs to be done on the continent of Europe, and, it may be, that some who have no special duties at home, but do not feel themselves adapted for work in uncivilised lands, may be able to devote at any rate some part of their time to the work which is hindered in every direction for want of more helpers, and in many places especially of lady helpers.

In heathen nations we have to think of plans for introducing the Christian religion amongst a people who have never heard of the gospel of Christ, and who are vainly striving to satisfy their instinctive cravings after a higher life by the worship of images, animals, or good or bad spirits.

The first and chief aim is to take the gospel of Jesus Christ to those who do not know Him, and to make the way of salvation clear to the people, not to make them change the form of their religion, though that sometimes follows, as a matter of course.

The strange condition of religious belief in many parts of the Continent just now makes an effort to teach pure Christianity especially necessary. During the last few years a great change has been passing over the nations. A spirit of doubt seems to have swept over them, shaking their faith in their old traditionary beliefs, and leaving in its place, in the majority of cases, nothing but disbelief and infidelity. In many cases, however, having lost their faith in the orthodox clergy, the people have sought for someone to instruct them in other doctrines, and there has been an opening for the introduction of the gospel such as has hardly ever been known before. As an instance of this, we may mention the circumstance which led to the beginning of Mr. McAll's great work in Paris. He was distributing tracts in the street one day, when a workman accosted him saying, "You think we are all Atheists, but you are mistaken; there are many men here who are thirsting for a religion of truth and righteousness, and if anyone will preach it we will listen to him." Some other working men standing near joined him, and said what he had spoken was the truth. With such an opening, Mr. McAll could not but remain amongst them, and the eagerness with which he has been listened to for several years is a proof that the people are really hungering and thirsting after righteousness. Probably never in the history of France has there been such an opening for the preaching of the gospel. Crowds gather to hear. A clergyman in Paris wrote not long ago: "It is a pity Christian people, especially Christian ladies, should not know what an opportunity they have of helping to proclaim the gospel in Paris." There are several agencies at work there besides the very important one just mentioned, conducted by Mr. McAll. We may just say in passing that the chief characteristic of his work is the simple and attractive nature of the Evangelisation meetings he holds for the people. There is no controversy allowed, no long prayers, and no long sermons; but assistants invite all passers by to enter, books and magazines are lent to such as come early, and each one being provided with a hymn book there is plenty of singing, and short, simple addresses on the elements of Christian truth are given. He has between twenty and thirty stations in Paris alone, besides many others in other French towns. The mission work is much helped on by a number of young ladies who have devoted themselves to visiting the sick and poor, and

teaching the children, under the direction of Mr. McAll.

Then there is Miss De Bröen's mission to the lowest classes in that miserable district of Paris, Belleville. This is a great mission, which is only hindered from being largely increased through want of helpers and funds. There is a medical mission, and while the patients are waiting, a short service is held in the waiting-room, each person being lent a Bible, and after the service is over the Bibles are left in the room so that they may all have the opportunity of reading them if they wish; and the assistants talk to, and explain difficulties to, any who wish for it. The patients also have the opportunity of buying Bibles; and as many of them come from great distances the Scriptures are thus taken into many places to which the mission could not reach. Then there are sewing classes, and Sunday and day schools, in all of which more help is urgently needed, and Miss De Bröen pleads for Christian ladies to help her, if only for a few months in the winter.

There are many other missions, but space will not allow us to mention more. We should strongly recommend all girls going abroad to buy, before starting, a little guide, published by the Foreign Evangelisation Society, giving a list of churches and missions in all European towns, which enables them to see at once what religious societies there may be in each town they visit, and will give them many opportunities of cheering and helping struggling communities.

Of the *need* of such missions there can be no doubt, for though, as we have said, a large number of the people are seeking after the truth, and hundreds are giving up their belief in their particular Church, a very large number, having their faith shaken in the one creed they have known, think that with it their faith in everything must go. It is needless to say that this spirit is carefully fostered by the infidels of France, England, and Germany. The atheistical tracts of Voltaire and other writers are freely circulated all over the land; the newspapers are full of jests, some profane, some merely absurd, levelled indiscriminately against the most solemn truths of the gospel. All sacred things are turned into ridicule. Incredible as it may seem to us, it is nevertheless true that there are three different comic versions of the Bible published in Paris.

The most powerful agency for counteracting the terrible evil caused by these infidel and profane publications is the distribution of pure Christian literature amongst the people, especially short tracts, containing clear and definite refutations of these atheistical teachings, and very plain and simple statements of the doctrines of Christianity. Large books would not be read; elaborate arguments would be beyond their comprehension. We must fight with their own weapons, and since Voltaire's teachings are published in short and simple tracts, ours must be short and simple too.

We must not omit to mention the great and good work which has been done by the Religious Tract Society in this way. They have published religious literature of every description in all the languages of Europe, and in all the chief towns their depôts are to be found, containing every variety of books suitable for distribution. Probably girls in their expeditions would have more opportunity of giving away pictures, text cards, and illustrated leaflets suitable for peasants and children, than those prepared for more advanced thinkers. People will always gratefully accept a picture for their children, and who knows but that the verses of Scripture on them may be the means of saving their souls? There are earnest men and women now at work who owe their conversion to reading a fragment of the Scriptures casually picked up. One who has worked long and well, was led to Christ through a text card given him in a hospital, another through a tract given on a racecourse, another had his attention aroused by looking over a child's paper. Many other such instances might be given would space permit; these are but samples of a vast number which might be cited for the encouragement of everyone who tries to help in the good work. The Christian work in Paris is a fair specimen of that which is being carried on in many of the large towns of France. Everywhere there is much infidelity and contempt of all religion; but also everywhere there is springing up in men's minds a consciousness of a need for a pure religion of truth, and a willingness to listen to anyone who will tell them simply of the gospel.

In Italy there is much encouragement. As the people throw off the corruptions of their Church they seem to be opening their eyes to the purer faith of the early Christians. Till 1848 the Bible was a prohibited book in Italy; now the whole land is free, and there is a great movement towards the truth, but much patient faithful work is needed, for the people are very ignorant and want much teaching. Unhappily, what is true of France is also true of Italy: that many who have lost faith in their own Church have gone over to the opposite extreme and become infidels; but many are only holding back from fear of ridicule and the petty persecutions they have still to encounter from their employers and from their own friends. They will gracefully accept any books or tracts offered them.

It is hardly necessary to say a word of warning against giving anything in any way sectarian in its teaching: the tracts given must be *simple* gospel, with no question as to sects.

An interesting incident occurred to us at a Spanish port. When as usual the custom-house officers came on board, one of them, seeing English people, paused in his pacing up and down the deck, and asked if we could give him any Christian books. He said a lady had given him a tract once, and he had been very much interested, but had never been able to get any more. Fortunately, I had some in my cabin, and went down to get them. I suppose he was afraid of being laughed at by his companions, or possibly he might have got into trouble; at any rate, when I came on deck again he gazed out to sea, and would not appear aware of my presence till his comrades had gone some distance off, when he hurriedly took the books from me, thanking me warmly for them, and by the time the other men had turned towards us again he was absorbed in adjusting his sword belt, with an astonishingly natural air of preoccupation.

It would be impossible here to mention a quarter of the Christian stations in Italy, as the number is increasing over the land, and in many places working with very great success; but it is sometimes very hard and depressing work for one clergyman and evangelist, surrounded as they are by the densest ignorance and superstition, and often meeting with coldness and indifference from the nominally Christian merchants or travellers who may come in their way. If tourists knew how much they are often in need of a little cheering and encouragement, they could not so often pass by coldly without an effort to help them.

Evangelical work in Spain is slow and difficult, although religious instruction is increasing in the schools. Entirely new school books have had to be published, for there was not even a history book without the most monstrous statements about English heretics. It has not been found advisable to *give* away copies of the Bible; great numbers are sold at a low price, but the free distribution only led to their being carelessly treated. Tracts, cards, and Scripture almanacs are distributed largely, and as soon as these awaken an interest in holy things, the people are sure to come back to buy a Bible. There is a great mass of superstition and ignorance to fight against in Spain, and the Protestant congregations are few and feeble, but they are like the little leaven which is beginning to leaven the whole lump, and their influence is beginning to be felt amongst all classes of people. Think of the changes the last few years have brought about. Twenty years ago, Spanish Protestants were condemned to the galleys; to-day, everyone is free to follow their own faith.

We must only mention some of the other lands in a very few words. Switzerland is, in some respects, rather discouraging: the attendance at religious services is not at all good, and there is a good deal of avowed disbelief. On the other hand, Sunday-schools are increasing in number, and the old prejudices against them are disappearing. The people are willing to buy the Scriptures, and gratefully accept and read tracts and papers. In one of Miss F. R. Havergal's letters, given in her "Memorials," she describes how eagerly a Swiss peasant, to whom she offered a little book, not only accepted it, but came and sat down by her for a talk about it, and afterwards beckoned his two sons to join him, and they in their turn brought a sister.

We all have opportunities such as this for spreading the knowledge of God's word when travelling; and we cannot tell what good may be done by these little efforts. "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."

In Germany there is a great spread of infidelity; but even there some encouragement may be found. The Home Mission is doing good work in many towns, and there is earnest preaching of the Gospel all over the land; the Sunday-schools, too, are attended by a vast number of children, and seem to be the one hope of checking the disastrous spread of rationalism.

All over Europe it is the same: there is much encouragement, but many difficulties, and great need of patience. There is much hard work to be done, but if Christian English people will do their part, with God's blessing their efforts must and will succeed. We cannot all devote ourselves to mission work, but many readers of this magazine, who go abroad for their holidays, might do a great deal to help on the spread of Christianity. It is a great help if they will only ask for and find out any Christian community there may be in the towns they visit. The mere presence of visitors at their Sunday services is an encouragement, and the mere fact of their keeping away, or attending places of which they do not approve, just as a sight, instead of spending the Sunday as they would do in England, brings dishonour on the name of Christians, and does the cause incalculable harm.

MARY SELWOOD.

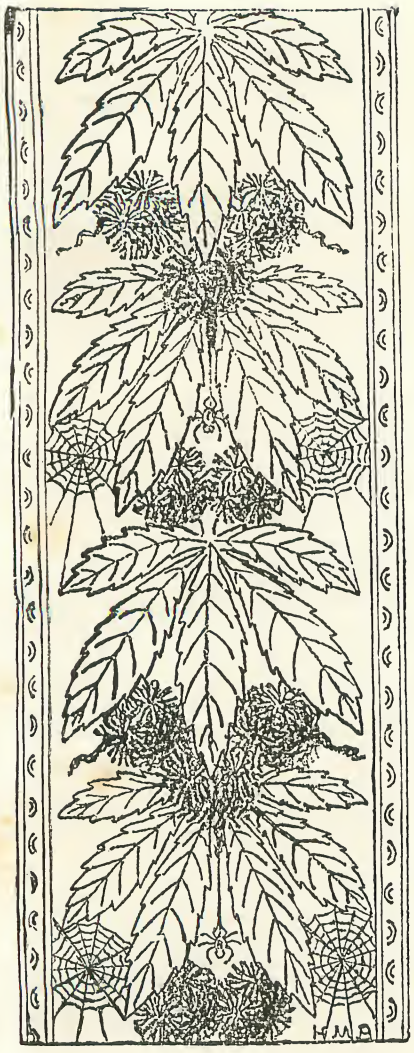


FIG I.—BROAD CURTAIN BORDER.

ART NEEDLE-WORK.

AFTER chair backs, I think perhaps borders of all kinds are the greatest favourites, as they can mostly be worked in the hand, though the broad ones, and those on rich material—such as plush, velvet, or satin—would all look better if worked in frames, as, indeed, the broad border of chestnut leaves, with which I am commencing the designs in this paper, ought to be. The scale on which it is drawn allows one inch to six: it is just two inches wide; therefore, the border, which is intended for a curtain, would be one foot in width. Place a strip of thin tissue or tracing paper over this design, and on it rule lines exactly one inch apart, along and across it, then on the paper to which you desire to transfer the enlarged copy rule lines six inches square (the narrow borders at each side should be about one and a half inch wide), and into each of these six-inch squares draw exactly as much of the pattern as there is in the corresponding one inch-square of the small design. By these means you will get a perfectly correct copy of it on a large scale, which you can then transfer in the usual way to the material.

Curtain borders can either be worked in bands, to be afterwards put on the curtain, or at once on the curtain itself; but this last plan is so cumbrous I do not advise you to try it if you are using a design which can as well be worked on a band.

Appliqué is an easy and effective method of working curtain borders in this style. For this you must choose materials and colours that contrast well with each other, such as silk sheeting and plush or velveteen. In this way you would use silk sheeting to make your border, then cut the pattern out in plush or velveteen and lay it on the border; sew it on carefully, and either edge it with a thick line of silk or crewel, or with a fine cord. A few stitches will then work up the inside markings of the flowers and veins of the leaves if your pattern is not too complicated; and in the design I give the chestnuts and cobwebs would have also to be added. The border, when worked, can then be put on to a cloth or serge curtain, and would look very well.

Otherwise, two different serges make a very effective *appliqué*, and, of course, at much less cost. In this case you might cut out your pattern and apply it straight on to the curtain; this would be a very good plan to adopt with any old curtains to make them look fresh again, and would not take long to do, though the serge pattern thus treated would probably want a little more working up than a richer material would do to make it look handsomer.

Fig. 2, which should be enlarged in the same way as fig. 1, is also a broad curtain border, but more conventional in design. It would be most effectively worked on the curtain itself, and dark blue or green diagonal cloth or serge would be most suitable; it does not give so much scope for diversity of taste in style as fig 1. It is intended to be solidly worked in simple crewel stitch, with different shades of green and red brown, the stems and veins of the leaves being from brown to red, and the flowers and insides of the pomegranates showing the seeds would be of a brighter red.

FIG. 2.—BROAD CURTAIN BORDER.

You can if you like put in the brightest shade in silk; this always has a good effect, like the high light in a painting. If done in the hand great care must be taken not to draw the threads so tight as to pucker the material in too great a degree to be set right in stretching. If this should be worked in bands, and placed on the curtain afterwards, the lines on each side must be put in; but if worked on the curtain itself they may be better left out. I shall, however, have more to say about curtains another time.

Fig. 3, a design of my favourite peacock feathers, is intended to be enlarged to six inches wide, as a band for a small work or occasional table. For this it can be worked on almost any material, as long as it is not too thick to allow the fine lines of the feathers to show well. I have seen some most charmingly done on old gold-coloured Roman satin for such a table. To get the colours right for working, and

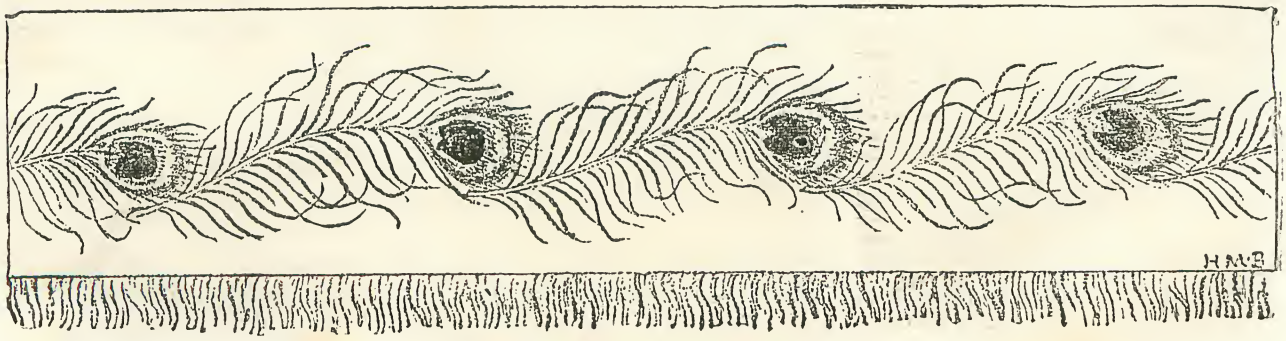


FIG. 3.—SMALL TABLE BORDER.

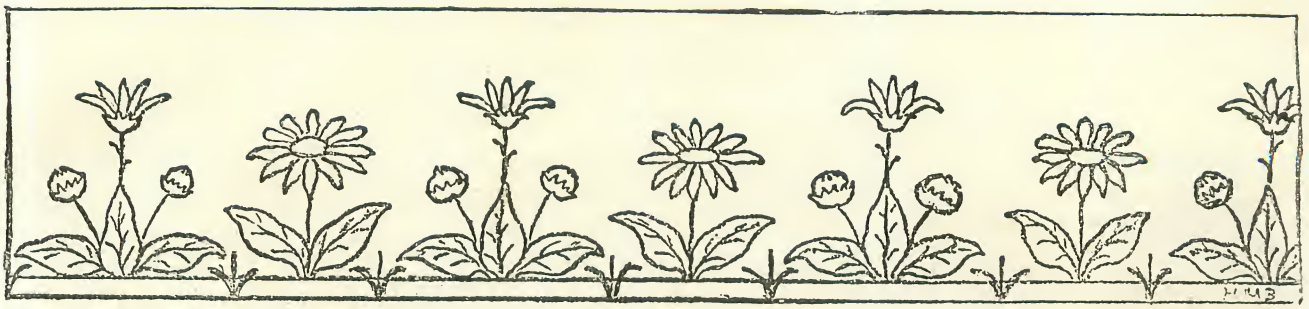


FIG. 4.—NATURAL DAISIES CONVENTIONALLY ARRANGED FOR BORDER. ANY SIZE.

also to make a life-like drawing of the feathers, I advise you to get one (they are to be got cheaply enough now at Messrs. Lazenby Liberty's in Oxford-street), copy its gracefully-curled lines carefully, and then match its colours as nearly as possible in silk or crewel, and keep it by you whilst you work. Enlarged still more, it would make a border all round an afternoon teacloth on crash, and if the self-made fringe of this were enriched by having needles full of the various coloured silks you have used in working the feathers rather freely put into it, the effect would be very pretty and harmonious.

This method of finish may also be used when bought fringe of plain crewel is put on to a cloth or border, but it need not then be so freely introduced, a few threads of filoselle here and there having the same effect in the fringe that putting in the lights with silk has in the work. This border can also be adapted to a dress or a child's frock, any size you like, and for the latter especially it would be very pretty. Fig. 4 is a simple border which can be made any size required, and worked either on crash or cloth, or any not very thick material, either in outline if small, or solid if worked larger, and, in the latter case, should be done in natural colours. As it stands now it would only be sufficiently important for a child's frock (in which case the frock might also have powderings of daisies scattered over it two or three inches apart), or some small article, such as a work-case or smoking-cap.

Fig. 5, conventionally arranged ivy and berries, may be treated in the same way as Fig. 4. It would look best with the berries worked solidly, whether the leaves be so or not; the upper division of the berries being dark brown or black, and the lower blue or olive green, while the stalks and veins of the leaves can be reddish brown.

Fig. 6 is intended, as I have drawn it here, for an afternoon teacloth or crash, and, as such, should be enlarged to about half the size again, or even twice as large, and may be worked with two or three shades of the same colour, with the flowers only in outline; or you may work the flowers solidly in natural colours, with the border line at each side in dark green.

This I have given as an easy border for girls to make for themselves; other flowers, or even small sprays, would do, if clear and decided in shape. Arrange your flowers or sprays at equal distances within the border lines in any way you prefer, and then draw in the cobwebs afterwards; the groundwork of cobwebs is designedly irregular, or it would not have so pleasant an effect. You must manage to have a centre for a web here and there to bring all your lines to.

This border would also look well for other things, worked on dark satin; then the flowers could be solidly done in natural-coloured silk, with the cobwebs in light grey silk. Or, again, the border-lines and flowers might be worked in gold and the webs in silver threads. I had intended carrying my borders into another paper, but as the next part, though not the real Christmas number, will be virtually the holiday one, I think I will give the girls some ideas for small and pretty articles which they can make in their leisure hours, the turning out of which will amuse, as well as test the ingenuity of clever fingers, and then, if they desire it, we can resume the borders at another time.

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

FIG. 5.—NARROW BORDER FOR CHILD'S DRESS. CONVENTIONAL ARRANGEMENT OF NATURAL IVY.

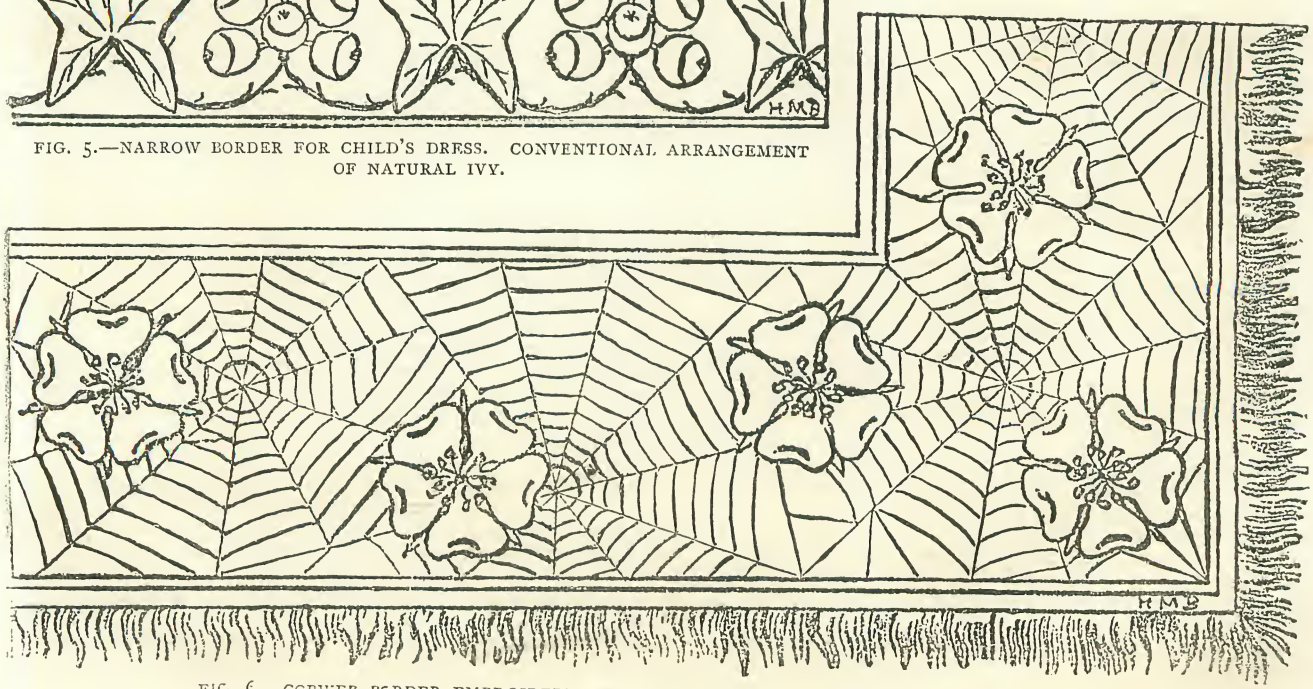


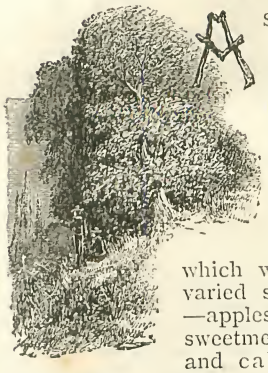
FIG. 6.—COBWEB BORDER EMBROIDERED WITH WILD ROSES. AFTERNOON TEA TABLE-CLOTH.

LAURA LEIGH.

A TALE OF HIGHBRIDGE PAPER MILLS.

By M. M. POLLARD, Author of "Cora; or Three Years of a Girl's Life," etc.

CHAPTER V.—*Continued.*



As Laura stood still in a rather wider thoroughfare, to take note of her surroundings, she spied out a little shop at the corner, the windows of which were full of a varied store of goods—apples, bread, toys, sweetmeats, groceries, and cabbages were displayed in tempting profusion, most of the merchandise being brought to the front to catch the passer's view.

"For a wonder there is a corner shop that is *not* a public house. I will inquire my way of the good woman I see watching me over the counter," thought Laura.

She soon gained the required information, and was walking away, when the woman apparently thought it her turn to begin questioning.

'You be stopping up to parson's, I reckon?"

"Yes, I am on a visit there."

"Aye, I've yeard tell o' you before, I think?"

"Very possibly; I've been down here some time."

"Not a-many London folk come to these parts."

"I suppose not; it is rather far from town, you know."

"*Maybe you're going to* stop here altogether? Folk say you be."

"Do they? Folk are very kind," said Laura, with a laugh.

The woman looked at her curiously—at her face, at her dress—but did not seem unfriendly, Miss Leigh thought, though there was evidently some problem she wanted to solve about the visitor.

"I will wish you good morning now," said Laura.

She had hardly got outside the door when she heard the woman calling out to someone up the stairs—

"Bess, Bess! come and see if this is the leddy the maister's going to wed!"

Presently Laura heard steps rushing down the street after her, and someone was calling her by name.

Looking round, she saw a girl in slatternly dress, with her long red hair floating in the breeze, who exclaimed in an excited manner—

"Do 'e come in, Miss Leigh, please, and see our Norah. She yeard as 'twas yo', and she sent me to call you back. She said she'd warrant you'd come."

"Who is Norah? What does she want with me?"

"Don't 'e know her? You've a seed her often in the loft, and have give her flowers. She's awful bad—been tuk worse this week, and doctor says her can't hold out much longer."

"I am sorry to hear such bad news of Norah, though I cannot in the least recollect which of the girls she is."

Bess led the way back, and Laura followed her through a narrow passage parallel with her shop, and up some dark stairs to an upper room.

Stretched out on a low pallet drawn near the window, lay the girl Laura had once noticed in the rag-loft, the one in whose lap she had tossed her bunch of damask roses.

Miss Leigh recognised her at once. But where was the beauty she had noticed at that first glimpse?

She had been struck by her soft blue eyes, her red-gold hair, her pretty face; but now her cheeks were thin and haggard. She was hollow-eyed, weak, and gasping. A deep hectic flush, a persistent cough that racked her frame, showed disease was rapidly claiming the victim as its prey—she was struggling painfully with the enemy that was mastering her.

"I knowed you would come up," she gasped.

"Yes; and I am very sorry to find you so ill."

"It's the cough and the weakness as does it. If I'd strength to rally, I might——" But here a fit of coughing came on that made Laura shudder as she watched her frame writhe in agony.

When it was over the girl lay panting on her pillow.

Bess held a cup to her lips.

"Take some tay, Norah; it 'll do 'e good. I stopped away from the mills a purpose to be with her in case aught might happen. I shouldn't like her to die alone here by herself."

"I hope she will get better," said Laura.

Bess shook her head.

"There ain't no chance o' that—doctor says so. Her cough is awful sometimes, and it keeps me, and the other two girls as sleeps in them beds yonder, awake o' nights."

Bess pointed to two pallets at the other end of the great bare room that Miss Leigh had not noticed before.

"Four of you sleep here, then?"

"Aye, and what we'm to do when Norah's laid out, I dunno. We've no place else to go."

Bess was giving her confidences in a whisper.

"Surely the person to whom the house belongs would give you some other room for the time," said Laura.

"What, old Ann Baines, as keeps the shop below? Not she! Every room in the house is let—her sleeps under the counter herself, folk say—a reg'lar skinflint is old Ann."

Norah having revived a little by this time, she looked up at Miss Leigh with hollow, pleading eyes.

"I b'lieve I'm dying. Oh, Miss Leigh, say a prayer for me. I tauld Bess I was sure you would, and that's why I wanted you."

"She just wants you to kneel down by her bed and say a word or two for her," explained Bess.

"What, pray aloud?"

"Ess, of course, or how would Norah hear 'e? Parson have been here twice, and prayed for her."

"But I never *did* pray aloud. I don't know how to pray for any one but myself."

Bess looked with wondering eyes at this fine London lady, who did not know how to pray aloud—how to pray for another than herself—and a shadow of contempt came into her face.

All the time Norah kept on repeating—

"Oh, pray for me, for the love of heaven pray for me!"

"Just say a word or two; Norah ain't no scholard, her won't know whether they'm right or wrong; but it 'll pacify her."

Miss Leigh pondered a moment. She looked round the shabby garret; at the dying girl and her friend, and yet felt awed and abashed at having to raise her voice to Him who fills all space—the lowly room as well as the stately mansion.

It was altogether a novel experience for her; never in her life before had she been called on to pray in public. For the matter of that, in that brief period of introspection while she paused, she felt a sting of conscience as she recollected how very little prayer had hitherto been regarded by her at all. She could recall long intervals, when amidst the whirl and hurry of the London season she had never found time, morning or evening, to fulfil the Divine command. True, she had become more regular in her devotions since her stay at Highbridge; the example set her in the curate's house had been salutary, but not the less was she aware of her shortcomings.

"If my cousin, Mrs. Hayward, was here, she would gladly pray and read beside poor Norah, but I cannot," she said, humbly.

"Norah might be dead and cold before parson's wife could come," retorted Bess, with contemptuous vehemence.

"Oh, pray for me," repeated the sick girl, wearily.

Then, with a feeling that perhaps some punishment—like that which fell on those who presumed unworthily to touch the Ark of God—might be due to her for presumption, Laura knelt down beside the bed, took the invalid's transparent fingers in hers, and repeated a few earnest words. She hardly knew what they were, but they breathed the meaning she sought to express—they craved for forgiveness and pardon, both for the

dying girl and herself—and Norah's thin lips had gasped out "Amen."

Laura did not remain long in the room after this.

That suddenly-called-for prayer had moved her strangely. When she rose from her knees her eyes were misty with tears, and she did not want Bess to see them.

Norah lay with closed eyes; her restlessness seemed over, and her face had become placid.

"Perhaps she may sleep," said Miss Leigh.

"I b'lieve she will, sure enuf."

"I will come and see her again soon, and in the meantime here is some money to buy any little thing she may want."

Bess opened her eyes wide with amazement when she saw Laura had laid half a sovereign on the table.

"Aye, but I'll rouse up Norah to tell her," she exclaimed.

"Please don't; money is of very little value to her now, but you can buy what she needs."

Miss Leigh walked slowly through the crooked streets on her way to the curate's house, but her thoughts were busy—she was more disturbed than she had imagined possible by her visit to poor Norah, and she wanted to think it all over.

The weather was beginning to change: dark clouds rolled up, tinged with red lurid light at the edges, where the sun had gone down in the west, and Laura had only just time to reach home ere the thunder rattled over the houses, and a drenching flood of rain poured down.

"Only just in time!" said Marion, who was sitting near the window, making the most of the light as she stitched away, braiding an apron for Trot.

"Yes, indeed! What a downpour! The streets are nearly flooded already; I should have been drenched."

"Now give an account of yourself, Laura. What a time you have been! Did poor old Nell Dean like the fruit?"

"Very much indeed, and she sent her duty to you, and hoped you would go and see her again shortly. But I went, by mere accident, to see another sick person, and I would have given anything if you had been with me; I quite envy you your power of bringing peace and consolation to poor suffering ones, and I was perfectly ashamed I could do no more than a mere ignorant child could have done. What is the good of all the education in the world, if one is not taught to be useful to others in times of need?"

It was perhaps the first time Laura had ever asked such a question, had ever wished to know the truth, and tell it to others.

Marion heard the whole story of the interview with Norah. They talked it over in the gathering twilight, while the heavy rain pattered ceaselessly against the window, and the thunder rolled away in the distance.

"Do let me be with you when you next go to see her," said Laura. "I want to know just what you do, to hear what you say in such a case."

"I can say little more than you did —tell her of the Saviour, and plead His forgiveness. It is well for the poor girl that at last she feels her need of prayer and pardon, for I must tell you, Norah has been very indiscreet and faulty. Her beauty has been a snare, and has led her to waste her money in finery and amusements."

"Great errors in a mill-girl, I suppose?" said Laura, with a nervous, conscious laugh.

"Yes, and in other girls too," replied her cousin.

"Yet such errors are hardly called their right name in society; it is because they are so common, perhaps," was the reply.

(*To be continued.*)

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Sea Breezes. Sketch. For the pianoforte. By D. Robert Munro.—A nice little practice piece, in four flats. Smoothness of touch and careful legato playing are required to give the right effect to this sketch.

A. Hammond and Co.

A Moonlight Idyl. By Oscar Wagner.—A small and soothing melody, which must be distinctly marked by the left hand, and lightly accompanied in the treble. The termination is effective and soft.

VOCAL MUSIC.

Wood and Co.

Cradle Song. Words by Silverpen. Music by Walter Spinney.—The words are the soft breathings of a mother's love for her sleeping babe; and the music so appropriate that one feels impelled gently to sway to and fro whilst we sing. The song is written in five flats of moderate compass, and easy to learn. We recommend this pretty song to the notice of our readers with alto voices.

Weekes and Co.

O'er the Hills the Dawn is Stealing. Serenade. Words by M. E. Garth. Music by Frank H. Simms.—Written in one flat. The accompaniment is guitar-like, and the air pleasing and smooth. The words, if not of the most elevating character, are free from the too frequent forgetfulness of common sense.

A. Cox.

Love's Serenade. Words by Fay Axtens. Music by Humphrey J. Stark.—A feeling song, written in the key of G, without difficulties for the voice. The accompaniment is varied and well-arranged.

After the Rain. Words by Fay Axtens. Music by Humphrey J. Stark.—The dripping of raindrops is clearly imitated by the accompaniment in the first part of the song, followed by a larghetto movement, calm and quiet. There is scope for the display of feeling and character. The accompaniment, whilst not difficult, requires careful playing.

Swan and Co.

The Anthem. Words and music by Walter Spinney. Written for the pianoforte or harmonium.—The symphony is a reproduction of "St. Ann's Tune." The incident of the song is the attraction of the sweet, soft strain to allure the listener into the grand old cathedral, where the "earnest prayer and loving words" of the youthful preacher are followed by the burst of song by the whole choir breathing peace to a troubled world. The music is unpretentious but descriptive.

The Dame with a Merry Eye. Words and music by Walter Spinney.—A quaint little easy song, words and music both merry, and easily committed to memory.

"BUT I AT LEAST MY CLOAK CAN SPARE,
AND I CAN HELP HER LOAD TO BEAR."

FAIR MADELINE.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

FAIR Madeline loved winter time,
  The frost king kindly touched her cheek,
He threw his diamonds 'neath her feet,
  And wrought his spells to last a week.
Young joy within, rich furs without,
Was cold a thing to fret about?

Across the moor she took her way,
  And hummed a ballad as she went—
A quaint old rhyme for Christmas Day,
  All of God's love and man's content.
"I feel so glad!" cried Madeline.
Have pain and sorrow ever been?"

The question wild was scarcely asked,
  Before upon her path she spied
A girl, who bore a heavy load,
  Her thin white face unsatisfied.
The frost king pinched her aching arms.
How could she love him and his charms?

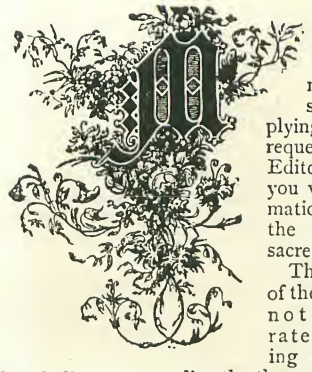
Our maiden's face grew pitiful,
  Because her joy was nobly true.
('Tis but false joy with cankered heart
  That shrinks when good deeds are to do.)
She saw the girl was weak and sad,
Then why was she made strong and glad?

"I cannot give her my delight,"
  Cried Madeline, "or else I would;
I cannot give the buoyant health
  Which makes me know the winter good;
But I at least my cloak can spare,
And I can help her load to bear."

Ah, Madeline, your own sweet life
  Must feel some day its winter chill;
For there's no path without a grave,
  And there's no heart without its ill.
Then may God's angels to you spare
All of their comfort they can share!

ON SINGING SACRED MUSIC.

By MADAME EDITH WYNNE.



My dear girls, I have much pleasure in complying with the request of your Editor to give you what information I can on the subject of sacred music.

The influence of the voice cannot be overrated. Singing appeals to the feelings more directly than almost any other art. But before entering further into my subject, a short *résumé* of my career may interest some of you.

The singing of sacred music is associated with my earliest recollections. In the May number of *The Sunday at Home* an excellent article appeared on "Welsh Congregational Singing," by Mr. Spencer Curwen. A perusal of this interesting paper will convey to you an idea of the love of music, and more especially singing, innate in the Welsh people. It was at the chapel which our family attended that I made my first essays to sing. My parents, and particularly my mother, all cultivated the vocal art in a more than usual degree, and it was therefore not surprising when, at the early age of nine years, I made my first appearance at a concert of the Harmonic Society in the small town where I was born. I afterwards went through the many years of study and practice necessary to those who aspire to succeed as professional singers.

In the year 1862 I made my *début* in London, and the success I achieved set me thinking over the great field of the vocal art, and which path I should tread in it. Let my first piece of advice to you be that which I followed myself. I determined to make a *spécialité* of some particular branch, and chose oratorio and ballad singing as being the best for English vocalists. I had ever a *penchant* for the singing of sacred music, and can remember, when quite a child, the effect produced on my feelings by the anthem and hymn singing of my mother. The Welsh hymnal music is invariably written in the minor key. The sad notes bury themselves in the soul and remain there, and ever and anon their echo guides us on to better things.

Having settled what branch of the profession I should take up, I determined to make myself thoroughly proficient in it. Putting my whole heart into the work, I resolved to conquer all the many obstacles in my way, however difficult they might be. No one, no matter how fine their voice may be, can achieve any success without a considerable amount of dull and seemingly useless practice. Good voices are common, good singers rare; and it is an everyday remark "that So-and-so has *such* natural talent, but that she would be *so* improved by a little training." Depend upon it things worth having are not easily got, and a cultivated style of singing requires much striving after. There is, however, another danger to be avoided by the young singer, which is nearly as bad as that of being *under-trained*. An *over-trained* voice is very painful to listen to. One fancies that the singer is affected, and that she carries her affectation with her into her singing. Some years ago I was present at one of our Welsh Eisteddfodau. The judges appointed to test the powers of some twenty or thirty girls in a particular air from one of the oratorios, selected two from among the number and awarded the first prize to a girl who sang the best; the voice of the other was more sympathetic, but in consequence of not being properly trained she was deficient in time, so lost the prize. The winner, encouraged by her success, studied in London, and is now progressing favourably in her profession.

Oratorio singing requires more extraneous study than any other. In any particular oratorio there is generally a great variety of phrases of the mind and emotion to be expressed. My mother, at the outset of my career as a singer, instilled into my mind the necessity of studying and thoroughly "working up" the Biblical narrative and also the other parts of the oratorio. The knowledge so gained adds a great deal to the interest of the vocalist's work, and also to the finish of the singing itself. A good singer can express any of the natural feelings of the heart by the voice; it is an exceedingly difficult and arduous task this learning to express the various mental emotions by the corresponding tone of the voice. Pathos is the greatest and most frequently occurring of these.

Grief and joy are the two principal emotions, and of the two *the former occurs* most frequently in vocal music. Pathos is the expression of grief. On reflection, one finds that all the emotions are akin to either grief or joy.

Having selected your *rôle* in any oratorio, imagine yourself to be the character whose part you are taking. Throw yourself entirely into your work, and with care and practice you will be certain to gain success. Try to really feel joyous or sad when your character is supposed to be so, and you will be surprised at the ease with which you interpret these feelings with the voice. Study the effects produced by particular vocal efforts, and by so doing you will gain a complete mastery over your voice. Some voices, and very fine ones among them, require a great deal of controlling. It is well to study it in singing in various-sized rooms, though on no account, whatever the dimensions of a room may be, should the voice be strained. A natural voice carries much further than a strained one. How painful it is to hear a girl forcing out her notes! Not only does strained singing tire the voice, but a continued course of such a practice will effectually spoil it.

Recitatives offer great advantages to those who wish to study any of the many forms of declamatory singing; their value is not to be overrated. But, notwithstanding this, many young and untrained singers pass them over without producing any effect on their hearers.

Take, for instance, the opening recitative which precedes the grand air "From mighty Kings," in "Judas Maccabeus." I have often heard the notes correctly sung, it is true; but from want of the study in the narrative which I have recommended, the singer fails to portray the feeling implied in the words or the character she represents. In the beautiful oratorio, "St. Paul," the work of the soprano is principally recitatives, most of them entirely different in character and each requiring its own particular rendering.

A short time ago, a young lady came to me for tuition. I allowed her to go through the recitatives without remark, and afterwards pointed her defects to her, and gave her many hints. On her performance of the oratorio subsequently, the improvement in her manner of singing was remarked and commented on by the press.

One of the greatest difficulties experienced by young singers is that of the management of the breath in long passages in the sacred works of Handel and others. The extreme length of some of these renders it quite impossible for them to be sung in one breath. Those who are able to refer to the oratorio of "Samson"—and I could not give an example which would suit my purpose better—should look at the exceedingly long passage commencing with the words, "Be Dagon prais'd," and terminating at the first pause before the end. I should recommend that a full breath be taken after the crotchet at the sixth bar of the passage, and if the breath fails before the end of the passage, to take another breath after the tied note (upper A) in the ninth bar. Another instance of a very long passage you will find in the lovely air from the "Messiah," "If God be for us," which I am sorry to say is left out at most of the performances of that grand oratorio. The passage I allude to will be found on page 168, commencing with the words "that justifieth." There are very many such instances to be found in any oratorio. Before concluding my remarks on this important subject of breath taking, I may say that the above air was a great favourite of both Jenny Lind and Clara Novello.

As regards sacred songs, such as Topliff's beautiful "Consider the lilies" and "Remember thy Creator," they require as much study as any other kind of singing. On one occasion when I sang the former a well-known sceptic was present, and said, on its conclusion, "If anything could turn me to your way of thinking, it is your rendering of that song." On another occasion a celebrated preacher remarked, "I only wish I could preach those words as you sing them."

It is impossible in the space of such a paper as the present to say all that I should like. One cannot compress matter which might well fill a book into a single page. I hope, however, I have said enough to enable the young singer to smooth some of the difficulties in her path.

In order to become a good singer one must be a mistress of many things. A knowledge of instrumental music is almost a *sine quâ non*. How else can one get that solitary practice so necessary? As a young orator walks on the shore and addresses his words to the sea, so does a singer improve her voice and method by undisturbed study. After a time the *débutante* will find that she is able to sing as well before an audience as by herself. Nervousness troubles many vocalists, both young and old. I have always found, however, that those who throw themselves heart and soul into whatever they are singing, and pay least attention to the audience, suffer least from nervousness. This matter, however, depends almost entirely on the character and health of the performer, and therefore I can lay down no rule.

Take every opportunity which presents itself of hearing well-known vocalists, and, score-book and pencil in hand, note down the manner in which such and such a passage is sung, and use discretion as to whether you should follow their example or not. There are some girls who imagine themselves so perfect in this most difficult of arts that they disdain to receive the advice or lessons of those who are competent to teach. It is a very common thing for well-known singers, even those who have scaled Parnassus and drank of the stream there, to take advice in any work in which they doubt their own capabilities; and if such as these are not ashamed to do so, surely it behoves amateurs, however confident they may be in their powers, to do the same.

THE RESULTS OF THE PRIZE COMPETITION.

Examiners: JOHN C. STAPLES AND THE EDITOR.

WATER-COLOUR PAINTINGS.

It has on this occasion become the disagreeable duty of the Examiners to give expression to the dissatisfaction which they have felt on an inspection of the drawings sent in for the competition.

On former occasions, no doubt, many bad drawings have disfigured the table of the examination room; but at last they have become so numerous and so far beneath the reach even of unfavourable criticism, that the few tolerable specimens have been all but swamped beneath a mass of inanity, much of it too poor to be so much as blamed in earnest.

It is astounding to think that girls of eighteen, nineteen, and twenty years of age can be so deficient in taste and in judgment as to send to a serious competition for money prizes such pitiable daubs of coarse colour, disfiguring outrageous forms, themselves intended to express an inane conception of the subject, as many of those lately submitted to us; but that parents and others, who are of mature age and riper experience, should encourage such a waste of time and distortion of judgment by being at the pains to endorse a certificate on the back of the rubbish—this excites a still deeper feeling of wonderment in our minds.

Surely, among OUR GIRLS, there must be many with a certain refinement of taste, accompanied by some power of delineating the pleasantly-conceived ideas which a suggestive word or phrase may convey to their minds; and surely, too, it must be the modesty that so usually attends real capacity which has hitherto deterred many such from competing for these prizes. They must have said to themselves, "There are many others who can do this thing better than we," and so they have modestly stepped aside, only to let Ignorance stand in their places.

We now appeal earnestly to these modest ones no longer to maintain this passive attitude, but to come forward and take the places which befit them, remembering that even though it be true that many run but only one receives the prize, yet that there is another and a worthier object to set before themselves than that of standing foremost in the list, a goal to which they may all hope to attain, that, namely, of cheering and refining the poor and the suffering by the presentment of a delicate fancy, delicately expressed in that fascinating language of form and colour which needs no effort for even the illiterate to read and understand.

Lest some of those who have sent in work more or less promising to the competition now in question should be discouraged by the strictures we have felt it our imperative duty to make, we would remind them that not *all* of those whose efforts have been unrewarded by even a certificate of the third class are obnoxious to the blame we have expressed; but, in truth, such instances are few, and the large majority must seek what consolation they may find in the reflection that all knowledge, even though it be knowledge of our own utter incapacity, is gain.

The estimate which has been formed of the general value of the contributions may be gathered from the significant fact that of thirteen prizes it has not been found possible to award more than three.

The examiners have also to regret the absence from this competition of several well-remembered and valued contributors, whose drawings have more than once earned a well-merited word of praise or a more substantial encouragement, and have served materially to raise the general standard of achievement in former competitions.

It is with regret that the examiners are compelled, by want of space, to withhold for this time from the prize winners and holders of certificates the few words of detailed criticism which it has been customary to afford them.

AGE 13.

Prize.

Edith Douglas Wesché, 14, Tavistock-road, Westbourne-park, W.

Third Class Certificates.

Mary Beatrice Henry, Little Warley Rectory, Brentwood, Essex.

Mabel Ward, Galton Court, near Kingsland, Herefordshire,

Alice Maud Nash, Eskdale, 5, Lambert-road, Brixton Rise, S.W.

AGE 14.

First Class Certificate.

Alice Maude Heywood, Warwick Cottage, Serpentine-road, Park Village East, N.W.

Third Class Certificate.

Alice Mary Arnold, The Grange, Tormaston, near Chippenham.

AGE 15.

Second Class Certificate.

Ethel Craven Hargrove, Beechwood, Shanklin, I.W.

AGE 16.

Prize.

Mabel Edith Hood, Lynwood, Sunningdale, Staines.

Third Class Certificate.

Fanny Booth, Warlaby, Northallerton.

AGE 17.

Second Class Certificate.

Alice Mary Schwind, Broomfield, Derby.

Third Class Certificate.

Katherine Agnes Hastings, 20, Castle-street, Farnham, Surrey.

AGE 18.

First Class Certificate.

May Bowley, 26, Burnt Ash Hill, Lee, S.E.

Second Class Certificate.

Mary Theresa Sadler, 28, Darnley-road, Mare-street, Hackney.

AGE 19.

First Class Certificate.

Amy Maxwell Harrison, 13, Upper Hamilton-terrace, N.W.

AGE 20.

Third Class Certificate.

Ellen Hudson Boyer, 93, Church-street, Stoke Newington.

AGE 21.

Prize.

Edith Lucy Ferrabee, Moor Cottage, Netherton, Huddersfield.

First Class Certificate.

Laura Swainston, The Elms, Sunderland.

AGE 22.

First Class Certificate.

Florence Vincent, 15, St. George's-square, Sunderland.

BOUND TO EARTH.

By the Author of "Phil's Fortune," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

THE morning following Fanny's tea party showed unmistakable signs of preparation for the next day's festival. The first symptom of it, less decipherable to his guests than to the members of his own family, were to be detected in the expression of Mr. Leslie's face. It was seldom, indeed, that it wore any very noticeable amiability of mien, but this morning it was puckered into a most ominous frown.

Helen was the first of the girls to enter the breakfast-room. Mr. Leslie was already there, standing by the window, looking out at the crowd of workmen who had already taken possession of the garden, and were as if by magic conjuring up gay tents in all sorts of odd corners, erecting a huge marquee of striped bunting on the lawn, and raising slender arches of lath and trellis, which would by-and-by become perfect bowers of beauty.

He turned round sharply when Helen came in. "Pray where is Fanny?" he cried, in an irascible tone, that struck dismay into the timid heart of the girl who was so anxious to win his good opinion, and supposed now that she had unconsciously given him some dire offence.

"I don't know," she replied. "Shall I go and see if she is in her room and tell her you want her?"

"No," he replied sharply, for it was frequently a characteristic of Mr. Leslie's temper to grow more irate in proportion as attempts were made to mollify him. "What I want is my breakfast. In my days, young people rose at seven and were glad to eat a hearty breakfast at eight. They ought to be up and out, instead of lying in bed."

To this outburst Helen knew not what to reply. It was just nine, and not one morning since her arrival had breakfast ever been served before half-past; she had thought that was the regular hour, and had no idea but that she was in good time.

"Look here, we will wait no longer," he said, furiously pulling the bell. "You shall make the tea."

An uncomfortable position for Helen, who hardly thought Fanny would like it. Mrs. Leslie never appeared by any chance at the breakfast table.

"Bring up the breakfast at once," he said to the servant who answered him, "and mind it is on the table every morning at nine in future."

The girl disappeared in consternation. Half an hour at that hour in the day makes all the difference to the cook.

In the meantime a precious delay, in the shape of Grace, unsuspicious and bright from the garden, entered and bade Mr. Leslie "good morning." "How pretty it will be," she cried, with interest, "and how quickly they work! They seem to be converting the grounds into fairy-land. Can they possibly finish it to-night?"

"Quick!" growled Mr. Leslie; "I was just thinking what lazy, thieving dogs our English workmen are. Have you counted the number that have invaded my grounds, pray?"

"There are a great many," Grace assented, "but then they have so much to do."

"You've been looking round then," he said, somewhat mollified. "Are they getting on with the archway at the end of the drive? I gave particular orders that was to be done first. I'll be bound they've forgotten it altogether."

"I did not go in that direction at all," Grace replied, "but I will run now and see," she added, glancing at the clock. "It will not take me five minutes."

"I'll go myself," Mr. Leslie replied, perhaps unwilling to lose the opportunity of detecting any negligence; and he departed, leaving Grace and Helen alone.

In the meantime the cook, who knew her master's irascibility, had made desperate efforts with her dishes, and sent them up just a minute or two after Mr. Leslie's departure.

There they stood rapidly growing cold. Helen had filled the teapot from the urn, but did not know what else to do. At last she rang, and asked the maid whether the dishes had not better go down to keep hot.

The girl debated, and finally decided to leave one as a foil for her master to fall upon, should he return again directly her back was turned.

He came back presently deprived of a growl at the workmen who had executed his orders faithfully, and apparently none the better pleased for the privation. "Hasn't that lazy woman sent up breakfast yet?" he exclaimed, seating himself opposite the one solitary dish.

"It was getting cold," Helen said, timidly, "so Grey came and took it down. Shall I ring?"

"Cold!" quoth the master. "Why doesn't she send it on a hot-water dish? She knew she was late, and had sent up cold dishes. She can't deceive me."

Presently the unlucky dishes re-appeared, and Mr. Leslie took up the covers, peeping at the contents of each. Grey's happy device had been executed upon some grilled kidneys. They were nearly cold, with flakes of fat beginning to appear on the gravy.

"Of course, the only thing you can't keep hot is the kidneys," cried he, wrathfully. "Don't you know yet that I always eat kidneys for my breakfast?"

"No, sir," replied Grey, who perhaps understood something of her master's character. "We can't get them always. This is the first time we've had them this week. Cook 'll soon hot them up, sir."

"If I haven't had them," Mr. Leslie replied, in a ludicrously meek tone, "cook ought to be ashamed of herself for not giving them to me. Tell her so."

"Yes, sir," replied the servant, bearing off the dish with a triumphant smile just as Fanny entered.

Grace and Helen trembled. After a few minutes' ominous silence, Mr. Leslie began his grievance.

"It's utter nonsense, papa," said Fanny, composedly; "we never have breakfast till half-past nine; you are never down yourself any other morning."

"Because no one else is," growled Mr. Leslie. "Your mother thinks it beneath her dignity to take the head of her table, and you girls are eaten up with idleness. The whole house is going to rack and ruin."

"Oh, no it's not," cried Fanny. "If you'll be down, and will give cook her orders, we'll have breakfast at six to-morrow. I am sure the servants would be delighted. They'll have plenty to do."

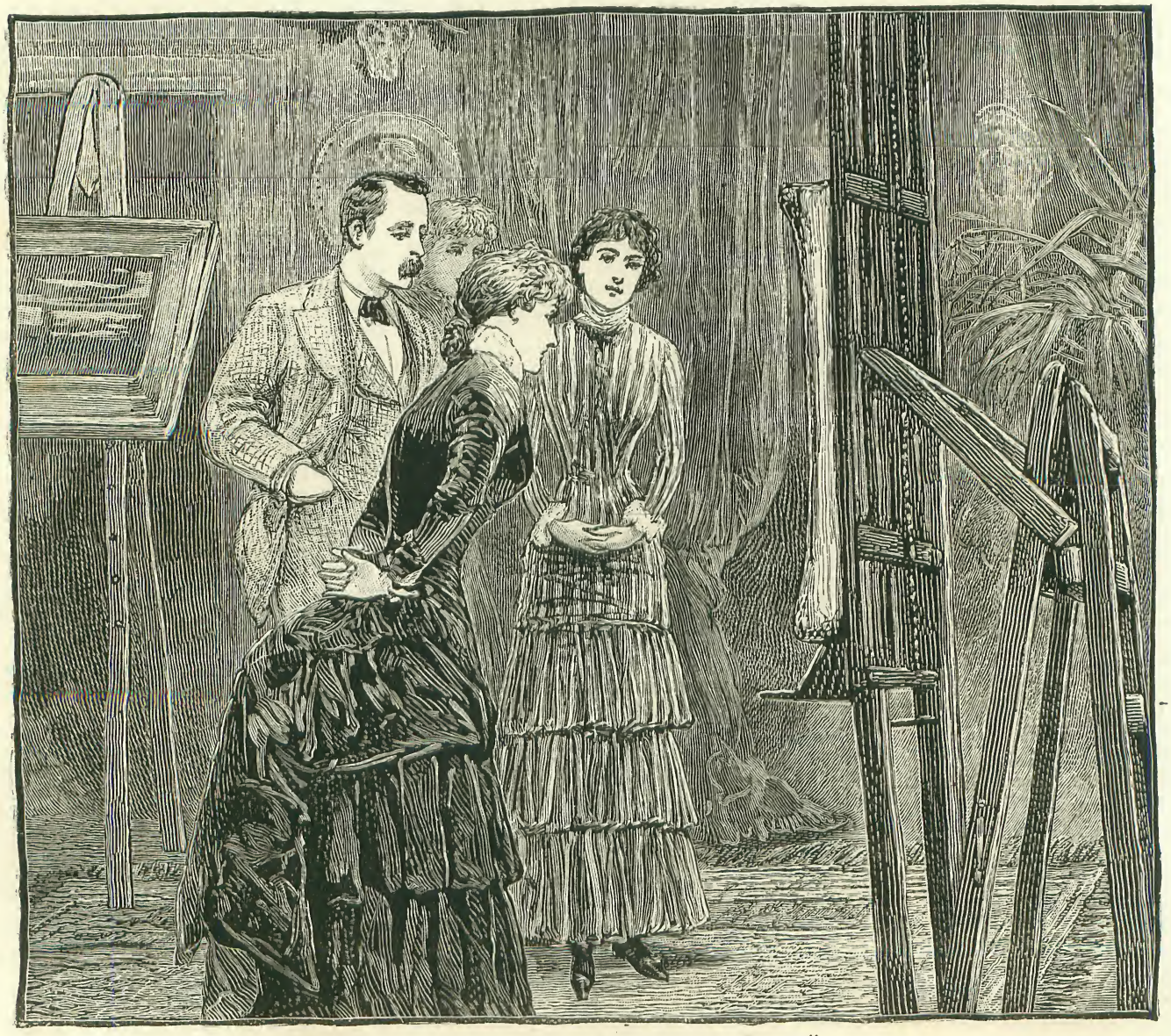
Mr. Leslie was beaten, and subsided into some bitter complaints against his son, who had not yet appeared, with milder innuendoes against Mr. Mackenzie, who came in presently from a long ramble.

Grace, who had never before witnessed such a scene, was inexpressibly pained by it. "If Edward should be like that," thought she, "whatever will Helen do? Perhaps she will not leave him in the way Mrs. Leslie does." Then Fanny's management of her father, and her apparent contempt for him, seemed to Grace, with her reverential notions of the honour due from children to parents, a thing humiliating to witness.

"I am afraid Mr. Leslie was very much vexed about something," she said to Fanny, when they were alone.

"My dear child," cried Fanny, "it's the *fête*. He's always as grumpy as a bear with a sore head whenever anything of the kind is going on. When we are alone, you would think we were going to the workhouse next week, to hear how he goes on."

"Surely it would be better not to have



"THE GIRLS BEGAN TO REMARK ON THE PICTURES."

such an extensive entertainment," suggested Grace.

"It's his own doing and mamma's, I suppose," Fanny replied. "Pray don't be troubled about him. He's just the most extraordinary bundle of contradictions you can imagine. Why, good gracious me, we take no notice of his tantrums. A fine life we should have if we did. Do you wish to go and see Mr. Mackenzie's picture?"

Grace was more shocked than she could say. Fanny was shrewd, and could manage her father better than any one else of her family, but she had a great contempt for him, and any actual love was out of her reckoning altogether. Mr. Leslie was as conscious as any one of the shortcomings of his home life, yet with characteristic contrariness failed to see that the work of reformation must begin at the fountain head. How could a family be united and unselfish, where the first and highest example was wanting? Grace thought fondly of her own home, and pitied her friends with a great yearning pity. The parents who had missed their children's adoring love—the children who cared so little for their parents, the sweet atmosphere of home affection, wanting for all.

It was with the heaviness of heart induced by these reflections that she went with Helen and Fanny to see Mr. Mackenzie's picture. Mr. Leslie had devoted a large room with a north light at the top of the house to the artist's use, and had grumbled ever since at the persistency with which that misguided individual actually preferred painting out of doors. But not to be thwarted, he had been struck by the bright idea of having the pictures on view on the afternoon previous to the *fête*, when many guests would be arriving at Alverstone, and could be entertained in an unexpected manner, by a private view of a rising artist's works. To carry out his idea more thoroughly, he had instructed the servants to arrange the room, as much as possible at so short a notice, after the plan of his idea of an artist's studio. Mr. Mackenzie himself was astonished at the metamorphosis. Busts and statuettes had been hastily collected from all parts of the house, and stuck everywhere. Some huge curtains were strung across the middle of the room, and looped back here and there, as if to regulate the delicate gradations of light the pictures demanded. Rugs and skins from other rooms covered the floor, and two antiquated carved oak chairs had been brought out of the old village church, where they had stood for centuries. Behind the curtains, which created quite a mysterious awe to any one entering the room, the pictures themselves were grouped on easels.

Mr. Mackenzie was standing, regarding the arrangement with an amused smile, when the girls entered. Fanny burst out laughing. "Well, papa has excelled himself," she cried. "I shouldn't be surprised if he is shut up in the library studying art jargon, and will pose this afternoon as a 'mute inglorious' artist."

"It is very kind of Mr. Leslie to take so much interest in my work," Mr. Mackenzie said, gravely.

"It is probably a mercenary one," Fanny replied, nonchalantly. "He is giving you a hint that having painted *his* common, he would not object to accepting the picture."

"Miss Leslie puts a construction upon her father's actions that I should be sorry to admit," Mr. Mackenzie said, gravely.

Fanny's tone was almost as jarring to him as to Grace, for he had theoretical notions of such matters, which in her case were practical, everyday realities.

"Papa likes a little reflected glory," Fanny added; at which Mr. Mackenzie bowed, and remarked that as yet *he* had none to spare.

Then the girls began to remark on the pictures, Mr. Mackenzie standing good-naturedly by, and listening as politely as though they were judges of his work. He was not one of the men who need to assert their superiority, and could afford to be patient with ignorance.

Helen's remarks were of a generally admiring nature. Fanny was bolder, and wanted to know why certain familiar points in the landscape had been omitted, others modified, and so forth.

"Nature is very good to us, but she does not always present us a picture all ready to put upon the canvas," Mr. Mackenzie replied. "If an artist had not to use his imagination, there would be much less in his art than there is."

"I see that an artist considers it his mission in life to improve upon Nature," retorted Fanny, saucily.

"To adapt her to our needs, by all means, as Dr. Syntax did when he made a landscape out of a post. The post was the principal object in view. The artist placed a group of asses by it, a dirty pond he turned into a stream, and threw a rustic bridge across it; a flat sketch of mud he turned into a shaggy ridge, and so on, and winds up the account with the words:—

'He ne'er will as an artist shine
Who copies Nature line by line;
Whoe'er from Nature takes a view
Must copy and improve it too.
Thus I (which few, I think can boast)
Have made a landscape from a post.'"

"In that case, the original certainly needed improving," Fanny replied, laughing. "Dear me, how dark it is! Those ridiculous curtains must really come down."

"The darkness is not due to the curtains only," returned Mr. Mackenzie, going to the window, and anxiously scanning the clouds, which had in the last half-hour accumulated in heavy slaty masses.

While his back was turned, Grace seized the opportunity to inspect his principal picture more narrowly than she had yet ventured to do. After some minutes, he turned and caught her gazing at it with the deepest interest.

"You have not yet told me how you like it," he said, with a smile.

"I was thinking how much I wish mamma could see it," Grace said simply. "I should like her to know how lovely this place is."

"That may be possible," Mr. Mackenzie replied. "I hope it may be in next year's Academy."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

SUNSET AND SUNRISE.

Contemplate, when the sun declines,
Thy death with deep reflection!
And when again he rising, shines,
The day of resurrection!

[*Translated from the Latin.*

DRESSING WITH TASTE.—Always dress yourselves beautifully—not finely, unless on occasion—but then very finely and beautifully too. Also, you are to dress as many other people as you can, and to teach them how to dress, if they don't know; and to consider every ill-dressed woman or child whom you see anywhere as a personal disgrace; and to get at them somehow, until everybody is as beautifully dressed as birds.—*Ruskin.*

CRUELTY AND IDLENESS.—If there is any point which in six thousand years of thinking about right and wrong, wise and good men have agreed upon, or successively by experience discovered, it is that God dislikes and condemns idle and cruel people; that His first order is, "Work while you have light;" and His second, "Be merciful while you have mercy."

THE LOVE OF GOD.—The love of God is the truest key of knowledge, according to the sublime aphorism of a great man: "The love of God is the light of the soul." It brightens the understanding as well as warms the affections; clears the head as well as enlarges the heart; it gives to the soul an open and a free view of the greatest and noblest truths both in nature and in religion. It is the best teacher and instructor in theory, and the best guide and director in practice; the best expositor of Scripture, the best resolver of doubts, the best distinguisher of the will of God, the best decider of cases of conscience, and the best moderator and composer of disputes and controversies in religion; and, in one word, as "the fear of God is the beginning, so the love of God is the perfection and accomplishment" of wisdom.—*Norris.*

THE END OF MUSIC.

Oh! surely melody from heaven was sent
To cheer the soul, when tired with human strife;
To soothe the wayward heart by sorrow rent,
And soften down the rugged road of life.
—*H. K. White.*

TRUE PLEASURE.—True pleasure consists in clear thoughts, sedate affections, sweet reflections; a mind even and stayed, true to its God and true to itself.—*Hopkins.*

A TALE OF SIX LOAVES.—A person once made it a practice to buy six loaves every day, and a friend observing this asked what he did with them. He answered, "I keep one loaf, another I give away, two loaves I return, and the two remaining over I lend." The friend said, "I don't understand you; speak a little more plainly!" He replied, "The loaf which I keep I eat, and the one which I give away I give to a poor neighbour; the two which I return I give to my father and mother, and I lend two loaves to my sons."

ANSWERS TO HIDDEN FRUITS, &c. (p. 79).
1. Date. 2. Fig. 3. Yam. 4. Peas. 5. Kale. 6. Wheat. 7. Thames. 8. Sofa. 9. Wine.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT MODERN JEWS.

I WONDER how much "our girls" know or care about the Jews or Jewish girls? Very little, I am afraid, and for this simple reason, that few, if any, readers of this article are *likely* to be able to say they know any personally. "Of course," you will all say, "we have heard of them in their ancient history; we cannot read our Bibles without knowing that they, their manners and customs, their past and future history, are described in it." But how about the present? What do you know of them? Have you, my younger readers, ever seen one? You may, perhaps, have seen a poor, wretched-looking man, crying "Rags," or "Old clothes," and you are told that he is a Jew, or you suppose that he is one, because you think all Jews are alike, and this one may be like those in pictures, with black curly hair and a hooked nose.

Then you have heard people say, "As rich as a Jew," or "a regular Jew," meaning that he is a clever but an unscrupulous man—making money unfairly, and hoarding it up. And then, perhaps, you will add, "I don't like them."

Now, I should like to tell you a little about them to make you not only like, but love and respect them. I do not mean because we are told generally to love everyone, or even because we know they are God's ancient chosen people, whether we admit it or not, but to like them for themselves and the good they do. One thing is very certain, that we shall never like or love people we know nothing about.

Now, I will try to meet some of the common objections to them, supposing that you say the same things as other people. Firstly, *Jews are not all rich.* The wealthy Jewish families are not too many to count. The majority of Jews, even in England, are industrious, thrifty, sober, but *poor* people.

Secondly, *they are not all money-lenders*, either here or abroad. They are engaged in all sorts of trades and professions; and, *wherever they are allowed* to cultivate land, are first-rate agriculturists; and it is perfectly absurd to say that the great business of Jews in England is money-lending. Out of 60,000, of course some are bankers and money-lenders, but they are few who employ themselves dishonourably this way, and these are not regarded as good men by their own people. And remember, also, that the same man who will lend at a very high interest to a Christian will lend freely, *without any interest*, to one of his own brethren, and that going to the Jews for money is only done by dishonourable people—gamblers, spendthrifts, and others—who cannot get money from anyone else, and with very little intention of ever repaying a loan if they can help it. So that a Jew can scarcely be blamed for charging high interest on a sum when there is a risk of never seeing the principal!

Thirdly. *The type of faces* amongst the Jews is not all alike. You fancy them all with hooked nose and curly black hair! But there are also tall, noble-looking men and women, with golden hair, ruddy complexion, and lovely eyes. Such exist, though we do not see much of them. Just look in your Bibles for descriptions of Jews—"fair to look upon," of "ruddy complexion," and so on, and there are descendants of the same type in some lands.

Fourthly. *They are not all dirty.* My recollections of Jewesses who nursed me as a child are of their shiny, clean faces, and their clothes smelling of soap, and now, in Jerusalem, in distributing relief of coffee and sugar as we are doing among the poor Jews, *soap* is always eagerly prized.

The fact is, we have not given them fair play. Speaking of their misdeeds, we conveniently ignore our own, and forget all about glass houses. As a rule, the Jews are a very domestic people, dearly loving their children, and the children honouring and obeying their parents to the end of their days; they are also very kind to each other in distress. Orphans are gladly welcomed into families where often there is scarcely bread for their own children. Honest failure in business is helped to try again; not with a paltry sum, insufficient to do substantial good, but with the means to begin profitable work again. They support their own hospitals and poor. They neither send us sick or aged, orphans or distressed, to support, and they do not only this, but subscribe nobly to our charities and endowments, sometimes, even, to our churches! and a more loyal people are not to be found in our Imperial dominions. In all their afflictions they have never asked our aid, but at last a time has come when we are asked to help by our sympathy and our money to relieve their sufferings. The persecutions in Russia have been on so vast a scale that the Jews, wealthy and willing, have found it beyond them to meet the need.

To those who have read the newspaper accounts, it is not necessary to describe the terrible cruelties, nor is it well to read or dwell on horrors, but they were neither exaggerated nor magnified, as many seem to wish to believe. All last year these cruelties were going on, and the Jews in England and on the Continent did their utmost to relieve the distress privately. Thousands of pounds were sent for the benefit of those who were rendered homeless.

One wealthy Jew on the Continent gave of his own means £40,000, and has since given £25,000 more; but this and other princely gifts were not sufficient, and in January, when half-a-million of their brethren were wandering houseless and starving in the rigours of a Russian winter, it was thought that an expression of public opinion in England would stay the hand of the oppressor. An influential requisition was signed and sent to the Lord Mayor of London, and the result was a meeting, held in the Mansion House on the 1st of February. It was a sight never to be forgotten. Long before the time for commencing, the Egyptian Hall was closely packed with people of all ranks and religions, anxious to testify their abhorrence of the deeds done in the name of Christianity. The platform was crowded with able and learned representative men, and speeches were made by Lord Shaftesbury, the Bishops of London and Oxford, Canon Farrar, Cardinal Manning, and Members of Parliament, denouncing the Russian persecution. To Jews, of whom many were present, it must have been a touching sight—Christians in one country hating and illtreating their nation, and Christians in another country rising in their defence! A fund was then and there started for relief, and was headed with magnificent donations from London Jews, with here and there a Christian gift. Ever since then, lists have appeared in the public papers of the donors to this fund; but, to our shame be it said, not one-tenth of the money subscribed seems to have been given by Christians. The fund has been almost entirely Jewish, and administered chiefly by Jews. All honour is due to them for the economical and careful management of the fund, but there was one thing in which some of us Christians could not agree with them.

The Jews in England have, to their own great loss, given up the belief, to a great extent, in the literal fulfilment of God's promises to them and their children, and therefore have sent their poor persecuted brethren to America and the colonies rather than to the Holy Land; but these are only a small portion of the nation. The vast majority of Jews all over the world look forward to a literal restoration to the Holy Land, and the Jews in Russia are amongst the most pious and hopeful in this respect. They believed that the sufferings they were undergoing were but the preface to a glorious restoration, and it was a cruel disappointment to most of them to be shipped off across the wide Atlantic to begin life again in a strange land. Many thousands have been placed in comparative comfort in the far West; but people now say they want no more. In America they want only able-bodied men. What then is to become of the helpless and aged? Again, in some places in America they have found that they can have no animal food that is lawful for them—only pork, which they must not eat—and they have been compelled to break the Sabbath day by being made to work on the railway works on that day. Some of these Jews have actually returned to Russia, preferring to die there of starvation as Jews, rather than live in comfort as breakers of their law.

Some ladies, who have for many years interested themselves in the Jews, and believe in the literal fulfilment of every promise made to them, have appealed to Christian England for a fund *in token of Christian sympathy* with these poor creatures. With the object of assisting them to settle in Syria, toleration as to religion honourably marks the Turkish treatment of immigrants; the only condition being that settlers become subjects of the Ottoman Empire. This is chiefly to prevent political questions being raised with other nations.

Hundreds of destitute refugees are now in London, anxiously waiting to be sent out, but it will be long ere their turn comes, and meanwhile they are starving in London. They come daily to our house for relief, but unless friends help us we cannot do much. At present I have but a small fund in hand, and am applying it to the best of my ability by helping those who are workmen to purchase tools by which they can get employment and earn a livelihood. Several most deserving and interesting cases have come under my notice, and I shall be glad to help many more for whom as yet nothing has been done. Gifts of useful clothing are also most acceptable. Let us, above all, remember that this is a work which will be a test of our love to God as well as to our neighbour, knowing that He has said, "I will bless them that bless thee."

Further information will be given, and donations *for immediate relief* will be thankfully received, by Miss Finn, The Elms, Brook-green, London, W.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COOKERY.

ELIZA.—It is a very simple and easy thing to make a glaze at home for hams and tongues, only you should have a glaze-pot if possible. To make it well you should have a variety of bones, a knuckle bone of veal, a ham bone, and shin of beef with meat upon it, adding any you may have of poultry, or cooked meat of any kind, including some rind of bacon. Allow all this collection to simmer for twenty-four hours, skimming very carefully as required, and adding a small quantity of pepper and salt. To produce the glaze of a proper consistency, the liquid should be reduced to one-fourth of the water into which the bones were originally placed. When ready, strain the liquid through a hair sieve, and fasten it down in a jar. When required stand the latter in a saucepan of water, and melt it on the fire.

ELDEST OF FAMILY.—What you see in the confectioners' windows which is so transparent and gold-coloured, is jelly, not blancmange. You should procure gelatine in packets at the grocer's, and take a good recipe from a cookery book. See page 624, vol. i., in reference to the falling of your hair, and all the other observations on the care of it indicated in our indices.

ART.

HONOR BRIGHT.—The School of Art recipe for setting crayon drawings will be found on page 47, vol. ii.

MADGE.—See the continuation of the article in the September part, also future articles on Oil Painting.

S. B. W.—Draw the design, or trace it first, and then paint it in oils. You write an excellent hand.

THYRZA.—Francesco Zuccarelli was an Italian painter and engraver, born 1702, died 1788.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MYRA.—There is a Convalescent Home for Gentlewomen at Wadhurst, Sussex, Hygeia Lodge, not more than a mile and a half from the station of the South Eastern Railway. An introduction from a clergyman is required, stating the applicant's social position, as the home has been provided for the wives and daughters of the clergy and other gentlemen of very limited means. For a private bedroom, the candidate for admission must pay three shillings weekly in advance, or nine shillings only if otherwise. No bedroom contains more than three inmates, screens or curtains being provided. Medical attendance is included in the terms. Should a lady remain a second month in the Home, the sum to be paid is raised two shillings per week. You should apply for further particulars, or admission, to Miss Marion Watson Smyth, Wadhurst. Under some exceptional circumstances children may also be admitted.

JANEY.—The meaning of "4to," or "4°" is "quarto," that is, four leaves comprised in a sheet; "8vo" means "octavo," or eight leaves; "12mo" is "duodecimo," or twelve leaves; "16mo," or "sextodecimo," sixteen leaves; "18mo," "octodecimo," or eighteen leaves. Of course when the sheet of paper employed for the purpose of printing is only folded into four leaves, it makes a very large-sized book.

J. E. E.—We regret our inability to endorse your mother's opinion of your powers as a very good authoress, but a better poetess. The lines sent as a specimen are not even correct in their formation, number of feet, and beat (or emphasis), not to speak of the abbreviations and the complete absence of any original idea or beautiful simile. The first two lines gave little promise for the rest, viz:—

> "Up from the dale a young girl came;
> For two years more she'd be the same."

How old would that make her? But this point is of little consequence; the girl was clearly imbecile, for on seeing only "the auburn hair" of a "lady fair," coming with the "blythe and gay" young gentleman to meet her, without waiting to hear who she was, she at once became a suicide—

> "And then with a shriek she threw herself down,
> Over the mountain's steep side."

We cannot say that this is very profitable or amusing reading, nor can we accept such contributions for THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. We thank you, however, for a very kind letter.

CLARE.—Your hand is ungraceful, though legible; try to make it more flowing and artistic. We are glad that "My Work Basket" is so useful and acceptable to you.

LUCIE E.—There is no objection to your paying the visit, so far as we can see, but you must make up your mind how to act, in case an attempt is made to reconcile you to your former lover.

PENNSYLVANIA. — Certainly you should curtsey, whenever and wherever you are presented to royalty. "Your Majesty" is the proper form.

MAGGIE L. A.—Read "A Chat about British Ferns," pp. 198, 455, vol. iii.

MARY JANE.—You should consult a practical builder near you as to expense, &c. We hear that concrete is suitable.

GARTH GRANGE.—Many thanks for your letter. We have also had another suggestion, viz:—That they are derived from the French "Nannette," which was very early used in Scotland.

GUINEA PIG.—We think you have made a mistake in your mottoes. Please repeat.

MENTHOLIUM.—It has been said to produce paralysis of the muscles, but we cannot say how true this is, and this painful result may have been arrived at by the excessive abuse of the oil, not by its moderate use.

MISS FLO.—The address of the secretary of the Bee Reading Club is Miss Rogers, 44, Henry-street, Limerick.

BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE and A LOVER OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.—It is the motto of the Royal Artillery, Ubique—"Everywhere," and "Where right and glory lead." Yes to both your last questions. Black gloves may be obtained of that shape.

FIDELIA.—Geranium cuttings are preserved through the winter by some people, by planting them in a box of earth, and keeping them in a dark but warm cellar or corner. Toward the spring they may be brought out to the light and watered to make them grow. During the winter they should be watered very seldom.

CANARIENSIS.—Many thanks for your suggestion. The new competitions will be shortly announced.

AIKA.—The chemist could make the same amount up into pills, if you told him the dose you were in the habit of taking daily.

FLAMINGOES.—We have read your letter with much interest, and wish you every success in your endeavour to help so good a cause. We regret we cannot assist you in any way.

GLADYS.—Write to 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for the general catalogue of the Religious Tract Society, in which you will find what you require.

MINERVA.—Your query is too vague. If you do not wear light-coloured gloves, we should think five shillings a month sufficient for the things you mention. As a rule £20 to £25 per annum is a very sufficient allowance for dress if a girl be clever with her needle.

LONG LEGS, ETC.—It is not needful to do more than smile graciously on either occasion you mention. Why do you select such an ugly *nom de plume?*

ETHELWYN HUXLEY.—If you were introduced at your friend's house, you must bow to the person, but it is not needful that your acquaintance should proceed any further. Your writing is excellent for your age.

SCHWESTERN.—Many thanks for your letter. The point appears to be a doubtful one.

M. DENZIL.—If good feathers, they are worth sending to a cleaner's to be properly re-dyed and curled. Rub them against a harder stone.

NELLIE FIELDEN.—We cannot quite make out your last name, it is so illegibly written; why should "d" overtop all the other letters in your alphabet? Wait until the three months have passed, of course.

ANGLICANA.—Adams was the author of the "Shadow of the Cross," "The King's Messengers," &c. G. P. R. James was the author of "The King's Highway," 1840. "Quocunque jeceris stabit" is the motto of the Isle of Man, and means, "Wherever you shall have thrown, it shall stand."

ELSIE GRAHAM.—The whole poem will be found in "Faber's Poems," published in one volume. Send to the various editors of the magazines and try. There is no other way.

SOUR SEVENTEEN. — The least expensive way to procure such a book is from a second-hand shop. No, a *nom de plume* would not be allowed; your own name must be given, and we do not see why you should object to it. The poetry you send us is good and excellent prose spoilt.

HETTIE.—We do not know how you can preserve any plants in the winter without a greenhouse, except you keep them in a warm room.

WILDFIRE.—Mountain ash berries may be either dried or preserved in a pickle of salt-and-water till needed.

QUEENIE and MARY.—For the history of the willow pattern, see page 432, vol. ii.

MRS. STUART RENDEL, Plâs Dinam, Llandinam, Montgomeryshire, would be glad to enter into correspondence with "Baby Worshipper," if she be still of the same mind.

A DISTRESSED WIFE.—No son-in-law is liable for the support of his wife's parents, nor is his wife. Any aid they may give would be purely voluntary. But the case is different with the sons, and we believe that the law can oblige them to contribute to the support of their aged parents. The case should be brought before the magistrates where the old people live, who will, we feel assured, decide the case as we state.

KITTEN.—Refer to pages 319, 447, 592, and vol. i. Your writing is well formed, but rather too masculine in character. We are glad you appreciate our answers so much.

MARIE.—The story is that two cats fought in a sawpit till only the tail of each was left, which is regarded as an allegory of the municipalities of Kilkenny and Irishtown, who contended so sharply about their boundaries and rights to the end of the seventeenth century, that they mutually impoverished each other, and so devoured one another, leaving a mere tail behind.

MINNIEHAHA.—Try to improve your sense of hearing, and whenever you may have an opportunity for learning the art of "lip-reading," you would be wise so to do. To be agreeable in conversation, you should read of all the new schemes on foot, the new discoveries made, &c., and speak of new facts, rather than to draw on your own resources and make feeble attempts at pleasantry. Read our article on the "Art of Conversing Agreeably."

ST. JOHN'S HOUSE.—It is not by any means essential to health to use rain water, although desirable for the skin. You are too young as yet to be received at any hospital as a probationer. Candidates for the profession of nursing are generally required to be from twenty-five to thirty-five or forty years of age. They are received at from twenty-one to thirty-five at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, but this plan is exceptional.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—You might send the collection of Christmas cards to the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, or that at Shadwell. You might paste white or coloured paper over the backs.

HILDA M.—You will find a recipe for taking out ink-spots at page 480, vol. iii.

C. A. P.—The postage would depend on the weight, and you would be charged a halfpenny on every two ounces. Inquire at a post-office, where they are always kind enough to weigh parcels.

ORLANDO.—The Kyrle Society is called after "The Man of Ross," and was formed for the purpose of "bringing beauty home to the people." It supplies music and decorations to clubs, mission rooms, schools, &c. The address of the Hon. Secretary is Miss M. Lyall, 14, Nottingham-place, W. Perhaps you will not think us "odd" if we consider we understand our own business best. Please read the rules for the correspondence.

COURSEGOL.—We believe our information was correct. Your writing is very good.

A PARISH WORKER.—We should advise you to visit a *crèche*. You do not give us your address, so we cannot suggest one near you. Take some older ladies into your confidence, and form a committee of management, or else consult your clergyman and his wife.

KAFOOZLEUM.—We are much obliged to you for your information and the recipe. Consult a chemist.

A WELL WISHER. — The subject has been recently fully discussed in the correspondence. Please refer to it for yourself. Many thanks for your kind letter.

LAMP-POST. — Domestic fowls should have a variety of food—oats, grains of Indian corn, bran, and boiled potato-parings, and meal, all worked-up together into a dough with a little water.

MARCELLE.—The quotation—

> "Tired Nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep,"

is from Young's "Night Thoughts" (Night i. line 1). The second quotation is incorrectly given. See *Christian Year*, 24th Sunday after Trinity, and you will find it.

AUNTIE DAISY.—We feel much gratified by your very kind letter, and are very glad to know how much our efforts to please and help our readers are appreciated, and how widely successful they are said to be.

PEARL.—We see much promise in your really very spirited little poem, but it needs some correction. One piece of advice which we must give is that all abbreviations should be avoided. We are sorry that you should be disappointed of seeing it in print.

MISS F. MADDISON.—The Editor has nothing to do with the sale of any works, not even this paper; that department is in the hands of Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., to whom all communications respecting the ordering of works, magazines, &c., should be made. You will have to enclose fourteen stamps to him.

GRETA.—We could not lay down arbitrary rules for binding the consciences and restraining the liberty of all Christians alike, and we are absolutely forbidden to sit in judgment on one another. We can only say, abstain from all indulgences in the way of reading, and all else that you find injurious to your soul's growth in grace, or that is likely to raise unbelieving doubts. You must pray for divine guidance, and decide for yourself.

INNOCENTIA is warmly thanked for her very kind letter, and the assurance she gives us of the value our magazine, and the advice it contains, has been to her. We wish her all happiness in the new home to which she is going!

A CONSTANT READER. — To skeletonise leaves, see page 582, vol. i., for all directions.

GUNDRY.—It would save you much trouble were you to dye your white hat black by means of Judson's dye. Full instructions are supplied with each bottle.

OCTOPUS.—You should have your ear examined by a doctor. A "J" Pen seems to suit you the best.

TOPSEY SHORTHAIR. — The English geographical or nautical mile, employed by all sailors, and called a "knot" (from the space between one knot and another on the log-line used for soundings), is one sixtieth part of a degree of latitude, or about 2,025 yards. The English statute mile is 1,760 yards. The German geographical mile is equal to four of ours.

ONE WHITE CHRISTMAS ROSE. — All Saints, or All Hallows. The word "Hallows" is derived from the Saxon "haligan," "to make or keep holy." The festival of All Saints was first held on the 1st May, 610, but in the year 834 it was changed to November 1st. The custom of keeping a day dedicated to all the Saints originated in 610, when the then Pope of Rome dedicated the Pantheon to the Christian Martyrs, as it had before been dedicated to all the heathen gods. The method of writing is correct as we use it.

DOLLY, MOSES, and KING SAUL.—Any little gifts which you wish to send to sick children would be most welcome at the North-Eastern Hospital for Children, which has a Convalescent Home, Freemasons'-road, Croydon, S.E., or the North-West London Hospital for Children, Bell-street, Edgware-road, W. Or the Belgrave Hospital for Children, 1, Cumberland-street, and 72, Winchester-street, Eccleston-square, S.W. There are several others, but it may be a convenience to you, and to other readers, to be supplied with addresses in different districts. You write far better than most girls of your age, and have expressed yourself well.

ANTIGROPOLOS.—We thank you for the kind assurance you give of the estimation in which our paper is held in Tasmania. Your writing is good though too large. In reply to first query, July 12, 1863, was a Sunday; and to the second, we can only say that there are exceptions to most rules, and it must rest with the Editor in the present case to decide when to make them.

M. SHELLARD.—In making the icicles on roses or any greenery, you should have employed lump-alum, not the powdered. Your letter is very kind, and we return our thanks for it; but we advise you to correct your grammar and spelling by a course of careful study.

BROWN EYES has sent us a very kind letter, and we feel much gratified at hearing that it was through reading one of the tales in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER that she (I) began to think about better things. One such testimony to the spiritual work and efficiency of our magazine is a full reward for all the thought and labour bestowed on it. We can only wish you God speed! Your writing is not yet quite formed, and your spelling should be especially attended to. We say so in all kindness.

ERIN.—Our Irish correspondent must remember that we have to consult the wishes and accede to the requests of others besides herself, many begging us for the very "*matter*" which you do not appreciate, and you alone, out of the thousands of our readers, have now or ever yet grumbled about. All must "have their turn" in our small weekly paper, and few, we hope, would be so selfish as to wish us to act with partiality.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—1. The account you give of your cat is very curious and interesting. Amongst his fellows he would be classed with eccentric individuals. We certainly never heard of a cat taking his daily bath, sitting every morning on the sink under the tap, and mewing until the water is turned on slightly for him, walking under it, and when wet all over, drying himself at the kitchen fire, and finishing his toilet there. It is a story quite worth being recorded in some book of natural history or stories of animals. 2. The fumes of burning sulphur (in a shovel) in a room where a patient is suffering from whooping-cough is said to give great relief. Perhaps it might suit a case of asthma. We thank you for the address you give us privately of French cigars beneficial for that complaint, but which we cannot advertise.

FLORENCE and ROSA.—Study English history a little, and you will soon find plenty of scenes and subjects such as you desire, and the search will be of advantage to you; as history, even of one's own country, is so soon forgotten. We thank you for your polite letter, although it is not usual to subscribe yourself "courteously yours."

MURIEL.—The stain from tea and coffee has penetrated the outer surface and glaze of the cups from many years' use, and perhaps the inferior quality of the china, and nothing will cure old age. The writing of the six friends reminds us of the dogs "Cæsar" and Pompey," "both," as Sambo said, "berry much alike, 'pecially Pompey."

SCOTCH THISTLE. — 1. The sentiments expressed in your verses are good, but you do not understand the rules of poetical composition. 2. We are sorry that we cannot give you the recipe you desire, but it would not be suitable for our magazine.

INTERESTED READER. — Write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., enclosing stamps for the magazines and their postage.

A DEVONSHIRE DAMSEL is another of our correspondents who is anxious that a Lifeboat fund should be subscribed by the "Girls," that they may provide "two or more," as "Our Boys" have done. She also wishes to raise a subscription to keep a bed in a ward of some hospital; another very good suggestion. We regret to hear that she is suffering from a failure of sight, and strongly advise her to have advice for her eyes at once. Her warm praise of our paper we gratefully acknowledge.

BABY WORSHIPPER will find that we have supplied her already with the information, on which account she now asks for the address of a weekly contemporary paper.

ISABEL TIGHE.—We think that a very good hand might be produced out of the good round one which you now write, so to speak, for a foundation. We are glad that your "mama, sisters, and yourself so much appreciate THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."

MARY BUCHANAN'S thanks for the publication of our magazines are very gratifying. We regret that it is contrary to our rules to name the prices of pieces of music. The price-list may be had of any music-seller of all the new music he keeps in stock.

WESTBOURNE.—See page 454, vol. iii., for directions how to make a filter at home.

AG.—Wash with weak solution of alum and water, and use soap daily. Beware of wearing leather, and especially patent-leather, shoes; use cashmere or any kind of stuff material; and consult a doctor as to your state of health, because the origin of this condition of your feet may be traced to some disorderment, which may be corrected.

SARAH L.—Perhaps you overwork yourself; and there are some people who are never satisfied, and the more you do for them, the more you may. Take the rest you need, and let your seasons of relaxation be taken when he takes his; and if you have a paper, read it to him, and have a quiet chat together daily over it, and a greater friendliness and better companionship may gradually spring up between you. Do not be too thin-skinned. Your case is a very common one, we regret to say.

PONY, DAFFODIL, and A WELSH GIRL.—The 30th of May, 1870, was a Monday; the 28th of September, 1863, a Monday; the 12th of April, 1865, a Wednesday. "Pony's" writing is not formed, "Daffodil's" not well formed, and "A Welsh Girl's" neat and rather pretty.

A CHILD OF SORROW.—We owe you our best thanks for your most grateful letter. The 14th of December, 1861, was a Saturday. For directions for skeletonising leaves, see page 64, vol. ii.

ELLEN ST. AUBIN.—We like the sentiments of your verses, but you are not yet sufficiently acquainted with the rules of grammar to attempt the composition of a theme either in prose or poetry. Read, for example, the first verse, and you will see that the verbs are not rightly conjugated.

MADELAINE V. L. S. F.—Our dear little correspondent has our hearty good wishes and thanks for her nice letter. We do not think that her education will be finished just yet; but her writing is fairly good for her age, and better than her spelling, which latter needs a little attention.

VICTORIA.—We must remind you of a rule, continually repeated to our correspondents, viz., that we do not give addresses. At the same time, we regret your disappointment, as we are glad to oblige our readers, and are gratified by your praise of this paper.

AN OWL and A PHANTOM.—It is said that "wits jump" sometimes, and discoveries made and inventions produced simultaneously by different people. In the same way, a line, or a few lines, may be written by two authors with so close a resemblance that it might be supposed that one author had copied from another. This occasionally happens, but inadvertently, on the part of the later writer of the two. At the same time, there are many who copy their favourite poets far too closely, having no originality of their own. Your handwriting is too upright.

VIOLET P.—In England and all the United Kingdom carriages take the left side of the road; so we advise you not to make a charge on the horses by walking on their side of the road in meeting them. 2. Touch the bites of the flies with ammonia, or else sal volatile. "Heat spots" should be cured by medicine, and should be prescribed for by a doctor.

ELAINE.—When a pound-weight of gas is spoken of, it refers to pressure, which is equal in force to the weight named. The weight of any article or substance means the force of its magnetic attraction to the earth; and this force is compared to the power of gas confined in any air-tight receptacle. Thus, when Dr. Siemens compared the amount of heat obtainable from a pound of gas and from a pound of coal, you must understand it as above explained. 2. Mr. Arthur Hallam was the friend of whom "In Memoriam" was written.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.—We hope that the name you have given yourself is characteristic in your case. You inquire where a certain book is to be procured, and then inform us that it is published by "Masters & Co.," and supply us with their full address! We can only say, write to them.

BLUE RIBBONITE.—We think the stains left on the leaves of your books from black gloves can be removed. See page 480, vol. iii.

ELSIECHEN.—Your artist friend must take specimens of her paintings to various shops where such are sold, and obtain orders for work, or dispose of what she has already done.

JUANITA.—We are unable to supply you with a recipe for turning old dogs into young ones. If your pet has become "stiff and slow, and very fat," we fancy your hope of seeing him "brisk and smart" is doomed to disappointment. 2. If troubled with hoarseness, try tannin and glycerine lozenges in turns, and gargle with a solution of alum and water. Never fatigue your voice in singing, nor attempt to take notes above your natural compass; and beware of continuously taking the same note, if a trying one.

EDINGTON.—The usual amount of postage due on our monthly numbers is three-halfpence; or one halfpenny for every two ounces. The charge depends, of course, on the weight, which may sometimes vary a little month by month.

RAVENS-CLIFF.—To fasten dried ferns on window panes, see directions given at page 271, vol. ii. Suppose you try the effect of "Vitremanie."

H. P.—As your mother does not require you to do anything wrong, and only exercises her divinely-given right and duty to guide your course by her more matured reason, and great experience—you being only a minor, and but fresh from school—it is your very obvious duty to do as she desires. Providence has opened a door for you, at least during this period of your minority. Do your duty humbly and faithfully in the state to which you are called; and later on you may be able, without thereby showing undutiful disregard of a mother's wishes, to adopt a different vocation, more congenial to your sentiments and personal feelings.

A HUMBLE SERVANT.—Your letter does you great credit. We are glad that you have received comfort and encouragement from our answers; and we, as gladly assure you that we feel pleasure in regarding you as one of our girls. You write a far better and prettier hand than a large proportion of those who have enjoyed ten times your advantages.

BOADICEA.—When an engagement takes place, it is the bridegroom's family that should make the first advance, and should call on the family of the bride; just as, in the first instance, it is the intending bridegroom that sues the bride and seeks her—not she him.

A NORFOLKITE.—Think less of yourself, how you look, or speak; but give your whole attention to others, how you may help your mother to entertain her guests. We must refer you to the articles by "Medicus" and to our own advice, so often given to our correspondents, on the eternally mooted question of eruption on the skin. Of course, your mornings have to be devoted to your household or public duties; and the afternoon is the most suitable time for a walk. But if very cold after sitting over a desk, or at needlework for an hour or two in the forenoon, go to some room in private, and use a skipping-rope for five or ten minutes. After washing, employ a "flesh brush" and both health and skin will benefit by it.

EDITH SIBLEY.—We have not "laughed at your verses," for they owe their origin to a kindly heart, and the sentiments are good. But they do not belong to that order of metrical composition which is styled "poetry," nor even to that lower walk in the art—correct versification.

NORA.—If you have not been supplied with an index, write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for it, or order it through any newsagent or bookseller, which would possibly be your best plan.

PUNCH inquires, "Do you think a dog ought to go away, after being with us from a puppy?" We do not see what obligation rests on the dog, who has spent his puppyhood with you, to go away. We have heard of "runaway matches," but to take such a step would be an ungrateful proceeding on the part of a "dawg." Little Miss "Punch" further inquires, "Is my writing eligible?" but she does not state for what? Not exactly for the post of grand "Begum," nor any high and remarkable position, as yet; but it promises improvement in time. Lastly, we may observe that if a girl can have the benefit of finishing masters, or have a mother capable of directing her daily studies at home, she ought to have had a sufficient grounding in every branch of education to enable her to leave school at sixteen, supposing she went there when she was ten years old.

A FOND YOUNG WIFE sends us some lines on "Beauty," for insertion in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. We are glad to hear of her perfect contentment and happiness, and wish her many years of it. But we think two lines from her affectionate little poem may afford a sufficient glimpse of her sentiments to her fellow correspondents, who may be "outside in the cold"—

> "There's beauty in a butterfly,
> And also in my husband's eye."

COMTESSE LUCIA and MELCHIORRE.—Your English is wonderfully good, and we feel obliged to you for the commendation you bestow on our paper. The body of Christians calling themselves the "Catholic Apostolic Church" consists of those who hold the views as to theory, doctrine, ritual, and practice of the late Rev. Edward Irving; but, possibly, with more or less of modification or further development. They are neither Roman Catholic nor distinctively Protestant.

J. LESLIE desires to "set up for a wag." She ridicules our advice to a correspondent on the subject of her coarse writing, to "reduce the size of her hand;" and asks for a specific that will reduce that of her own feet. Unfortunate Miss Leslie! We commiserate you on the ungainly proportions of your poor feet! And although we can supply you with no Chinese appliances for their reduction, available at your time of life, at least we may warn you of adopting the new "Digitated Woollen Stockings," exhibited by that well-meaning society for the promotion of hygienic clothing.

TIPNEY'S due turn for having her queries answered has come at last; and we thank her for her warm expressions of approval in reference to this paper. The chief work with which we are acquainted on the subject of physiognomy is that of Lavater. 2. There are many shops in town where small tin or zinc shields are painted in oils, representing the arms of towns, colleges, guilds, and private families. At any one of these places you could have the arms of England represented for a few shillings. You would thus be spared the expense of buying a frame, and could keep it clean by a gentle application of soap and water, after the varnish has become thoroughly dry.

GWENDOLYN.—Perhaps you could draw out the grease-spot by laying a sheet of blotting-paper upon it, and passing a hot flat iron over it lightly, or you might rub it gently with a little ammonia.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IV.—NO. 152.] NOVEMBER 25, 1882. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

BLANCHE TRENT'S LESSON.

By the Author of "Madgie's Hero," "Her Only Fault," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

BLANCHE reached London safely, but at Euston she did not see anybody at all resembling her preconceived idea of her Aunt Hunter, neither was there a tall footman in livery waiting on the platform to see to her luggage, so she remembered her uncle's instructions, and was driven direct to Weston-square.

The servant who opened the door informed her that Mrs. Hunter was not at home, but on hearing her name, she was shown into a sitting-room at the back of the house, dignified by the name of a study, to await the arrival of the mistress. After about half an hour she

All rights reserved.] "AND THEN SHOOK HER COLDLY BY THE TIPS OF HER FINGERS."

came—a portly, pompous, florid lady, clad in rustling silk, who surveyed her niece critically through her eye-glass, and then shook her coldly by the tips of her fingers.

"So you're Blanche Trent," she said, still surveying her. "How old are you?"

"Nearly seventeen, aunt!"

"I think perhaps you had better not call me aunt, it would only tend to weaken your authority with the children. Ethel!" to a tall girl of thirteen, who poked her head into the study, "come and show Miss Trent to her room. You will have your meals with the children, and the tea hour is five o'clock, then you will see them all together. Christine—that's my eldest daughter—and Katherine, my step-daughter, usually have a cup of tea at the same time when we're alone, but we see a good many visitors, and we go out a good deal, so you will not have us in the schoolroom very frequently."

Poor Blanche listened in sheer amazement, and a magnificent castle she had erected began to tumble about her ears. She did not object to teaching her little cousins for an hour every day, but relegated absolutely to the schoolroom, to sink into a mere nursery governess—the idea was absolutely dreadful. Her aunt's husband was a professor, a very clever man, who wrote very curious books, and Blanche had an idea that his house would be full of clever original people, who would appreciate her genius and make much of her. She had hazy ideas of becoming an artist or an author, and felt quite certain her wit, beauty, and accomplishments would secure for her a certain amount of social distinction. Visions of balls, operas, concerts, at-homes had floated before her ever since she had received her aunt's letter, and now they all resolved themselves into her being a nursery governess, and not even acknowledged as a relative. Her thoughts were very bitter as she followed Ethel upstairs to a tiny room at the very top of the house, which she was to share with Florrie and Eva. Her trunks were already there, and she proceeded to unpack one of them while Ethel tried on her hat and gloves and boots, and kept up a running criticism on every article she took out of her trunk.

"I guess your gowns 'll just about fit Chris. Your shoes are too small, and your gloves, I'm afraid, but that black silk is about her style; Chris takes everybody's things, and Kitty and she are always rowing."

Ethel was the *enfant terrible* of the family, and from her before that first evening was at an end Blanche learned quite enough to make her wish she was safe back again at the Dingle, where, in very truth, she had never known a real care, sorrow, or indignity in her life.

"Papa is hardly ever at home," Ethel said, confidentially. "Mamma and Chris and Kitty are always going about, or making up gowns, and the rest of us get along as well as we can."

"Who are the rest of you?" Blanche asked, curiously.

"There's Maude and Beatrice, and Sidney, he's at school, and Florrie and Eva and me. You'll have to teach us and walk in the park with us, mend our frocks, dust the drawing-room, help the girls to dress, and do lots of things. I shouldn't care to be you, Miss Trent. Our last governess was miserable. She wasn't pretty, like you, but I suppose that don't make any difference, does it?"

"Not much, I'm afraid, Ethel," Blanche replied, as she followed her cousin to the schoolroom, where bread-and-butter and tea awaited their appearance. Mrs. Hunter introduced all the children, Christine and Catherine included, who stared somewhat rudely at the new comer, and then took their departure, leaving poor Blanche to get along as best she could with her five charges. They were not very naughty children, only a little tiresome and noisy, but it seemed to Blanche as if there never were such girls in the world. Her head and her heart ached, and it was as much as ever she could do to keep back her tears till it was time to go to bed.

Mrs. Hunter was not unkind either, but she was out a great deal, and didn't think very much about those she left at home. Blanche would get on all right as soon as she made friends with the children, and as they were with one exception good-tempered, good-natured, and obedient, she would be happy enough. The exception was Maude, who was as near as possible to Blanche what she had been to Miss Lyster. Proud, wilful, obstinate, unruly, able but not willing to learn, she was a daily, hourly torment, and every night when she lay down to sleep after another long, fatiguing day, Blanche couldn't help wondering how Miss Lyster put up with her so long.

"How sorely I must have tried her; how many a weary, wakeful hour I must have caused her," she reflected; and one day, someone having taken all the children to the Zoo, she resolved to write and tell her so, and confess how sorry she was. She had been just a month in London, and it was the first time she had an opportunity of writing a letter undisturbed. Just at first there was a little difficulty in beginning, but the first stiffness over, her pen ran on rapidly, and her letter was one of real feeling, and regret for the past, without touching at all on the reasons that caused her to write it. Just as it was finished there came a tap at the study door, and, in answer to her "come in," her Uncle Derwent entered the room.

Blanche sprung into his arms with a warmth and affection she was hardly conscious of, and, despite all her efforts, burst into a passion of tears.

"Why, Blanche, child, you've been ill! Why on earth didn't you write and tell us?" he cried.

"I'm quite well, Uncle Derwent, I am indeed; only a little tired."

Captain Haughton said nothing; he had his own ideas, and he meant to carry them out.

"Your aunt has come up to town with me, Blanche, and we mean to stay a few weeks, as I have some business to transact, and shall be much occupied. I want you to come and stay with her; I can't leave her all alone. We'll come and fetch you to-morrow at eleven. Of course, you can come back to your Aunt Hunter again if you wish; but we must have you for the present. Now, good-bye, my dear—mind, eleven to-morrow."

Blanche flew to her room with a light heart, and began her packing. Then she suddenly remembered her letter, and went down for it, but it was gone; in fact, her uncle had slipped it slily into his pocket, as he was very anxious to see what she had said. Both were much pleased with it, and Mrs. Haughton said she always felt Blanche was good at heart.

Next morning there was consternation in the Hunter family. Ethel rushed up to her mother's bedroom and declared that Miss Trent was going away. In consequence Mrs. Hunter appeared in the schoolroom in her wrapper, and Catherine and Christine in various stages of toilet.

"Going away? Impossible! You can't leave the children, Miss Trent," Mrs. Hunter cried, when Blanche had explained. "As for Mrs. Haughton, either Kate or Christine can keep her company and take her about; but we really cannot spare you."

"But I'd rather go, Mrs. Hunter. I see now that I was very foolish and ungrateful ever to leave home, and the wrongs and grievances I had to endure were purely imaginary; but I did not know. I thank you very, very much, Mrs. Hunter, for the lesson you have taught me, as well as for giving me a home when I fancied I wanted it very much; but I think I prefer going back to my Uncle and Aunt Haughton, and it was entirely my own fault that I ever left there."

At that moment the loud ringing of the bell sent the ladies flying in various directions, and Blanche having said good-bye to the children, departed from Mrs. Hunter's mansion with a thankful heart. She and her Aunt Helen are firm friends now, and she sometimes talks over her month's experience, declaring that the lesson she learned will serve her for the remainder of her life. H. G. B. H.

THE COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

By Mrs. Brewer.

DOMINION OF CANADA.

UR good ship, the *Girls' Own*, waits for us in the harbour of St. John's, Newfoundland, to convey us to Quebec, one of the seaports of the important and thriving colony of Canada.

The Dominion is composed of several provinces,* which have from time to time been added to the original colony, and you may imagine something of its size when I tell you that it extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean; that it is as large as the whole of Europe, that it has a population of about four-and-a-half millions, and that seven thousand miles of railway are at work in it.

The Dominion is governed by means of a Governor-General appointed by our Queen, a Senate, and a House of Commons. You all know that the present Governor is the Marquis of Lorne, and the husband of our Princess Louise. He has lately been paying a visit to the various provinces, to see for himself the country over which he holds rule, much to the delight of the old colonists and emigrants.

We must try to get a peep at all these provinces ourselves, for in most of them we shall find friends—English, Irish, and Scotch—whose faces we have missed in the old home, and who will be delighted to welcome us in the land of their adoption, and show us over their pretty, quaint houses, their orchards, and their dairies.

Our captain is guiding us through the Strait of Belle Isle into the gulf and river of St. Lawrence, following in the track of those explorers sent out by Francis I. under Cartier, who, three centuries and a half ago, made their way slowly and carefully up the river, taking note of all things on the shores and in the waters.

This River St. Lawrence deserves a little paragraph to itself. From its source in the basin of Lake Superior to the ocean it is 3,000 miles long, and in some places 90 miles broad. It received its name from Jacques Cartier, who entered it on the 10th August, St. Lawrence's

* Upper or West Canada, now called Ontario; Lower or East Canada, now called Quebec (united in 1839); Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island (added in 1867), Vancouver's Island, British Columbia, the North-West Territory, and Manitoba.

Day. If I tell you the quantity of fresh water it discharges into the ocean, I fear it will scarcely be intelligible to some of you; but yet I think you should be told. It pours annually into the ocean about 4,267,000 million tons, one-half of which may be reckoned as melted snow! Before the thaw comes on it discharges daily about 4½ million tons for 240 days, and after the thaw begins 25½ million tons daily for 125 days (a little sum for the young ones among you). Of course one mouth would not be sufficient for all this work, and if you look you will perceive that it has two, divided the one from the other by the island of Anticoste, which is 120 miles long and 30 miles broad.

In 1534, the year that Cartier and his companions were making acquaintance with the river and its shores, Canada was thickly peopled by a copper-coloured race, whom we call Indians, some of whom commenced an intercourse with the Frenchmen by paddling their canoes to within a short distance of their ship, and offering them skins of the bear and beaver for sale. These were accepted and paid for by a knife, a hatchet, and some beads. Both parties seemed content with their bargain; but you will notice that the civilised had greatly the advantage of the savage.

The trade thus commenced between the Indians and the Europeans was not broken off, although the early attempts at colonisation failed; for the merchants found the traffic in furs and skins so profitable, that they periodically visited the river, and waited until the canoes came down to meet them. Great inconvenience and loss were experienced, as time went on, at having no definite spot at which to meet for the transaction of business.

Quebec was at length founded in 1608 by the merchants of Dieppe and Rouen; it consisted only of a few wooden houses; and Montreal soon grew into importance as the place appointed for the Indians to bring the skins to market.

You will be sorry to hear that the effect of civilisation upon the Indians was marked by drunkenness and disease. The Europeans gave them rum and whiskey to drink, which maddened them, and in their drunken fits they committed many horrible deeds upon the settlers. It was very long before Europeans ventured up the country further than Montreal; the first to do so were the Canadian French, who gradually began to accompany the Indians on their hunting expeditions.

I should like to tell you a little about these Indians, whose origin is enveloped in so much mystery. They were originally the undisputed owners of the soil of Canada, and obtained their title, as they themselves say, from the Great Spirit who created them on it. All the Indian tribes were distinguished hunters and warriors; but they excessively disliked steady, persistent labour—perhaps, because they could obtain all that they required for subsistence without it; for their country gave out its supplies generously and without stint; the woods bestowed wild fruits; the plains produced herbs and vegetables; the bays, creeks, and rivers yielded fish abundantly, and the deer, buffalo, bear, turkey, pigeons, quails, and partridges everywhere abounded. The beaver and other animals supplied them with clothing.

Perhaps you are thinking that you could be happy in such a country and under such conditions, and wonder how it was that the Indians failed, with all these advantages, to maintain their position before the new-comers, and how it was that they did not increase in prosperity and happiness; but if you will think a little, you will come to the conclusion that Progress is the result of difficulties overcome; of struggles to reach a high aim; of steady, persistent industry; and, above all, a practical knowledge of the "old, old story" so familiar to the young of the nineteenth century.

I could tell you many things that would interest you in these Indians, but our ship is going on steadily while we are talking, and I must content myself with mentioning one or two facts only. Their mode of communication, previous to civilisation entering their borders, consisted of hieroglyphics inscribed on a piece of bark, or on a large tree with the bark taken off. A war party could communicate the success of an expedition in this way, or describe a chase; but these signs failed when new thoughts and actions came into their lives. That they were acute and accurate observers the following story related by an old French writer will show you: "An Indian hunter having discovered some venison, which he had hung up in his hut to dry, had been stolen, set off through the woods in pursuit of the thief. He had not gone far when he met some people and inquired of them if they had seen a little, old, white man with a short gun, accompanied by a small dog with a little tail, as a man of that description had stolen his venison. The people answered that certainly they had seen such a person, and were curious to know how the Indian could so minutely describe a man whom he had never seen. The Indian replied, 'I know the thief is a *little* man because he made a pile of stones to stand on in order to reach the venison; he is an *old* man I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the wood; and that he is a *white* man I am sure, because he turns his toes *out* when he walks, which an Indian never does; I am certain that his gun is *short* by the mark the muzzle made in rubbing the bark of a tree against which it leaned; that his dog is small I know by his tracks, and that its tail is short I learned by the mark it made in the dust where it was sitting at the time its master was stealing my venison.'"

Just one little word about the Indian babies and their mothers on their journeys, and then we must leave this interesting people until in the course of our travels we meet them again in their present improved condition. The Indian squaws (who have great love for their children) used to place their young ones in upright baskets and fasten them round their necks by straps of deerskin; and their little babies they swathed to a sort of flat cradle and made fast by flexible hoops to prevent them from falling out. A sling was then passed through this cradle and thrown over the neck of the mother, so that the back of the baby was towards the back of the squaw, and whenever she rested near a tree, or in a wigwam, she would swing off the cradle and stand it upright against the wall or the tree, where the little one looked very like a mummy.

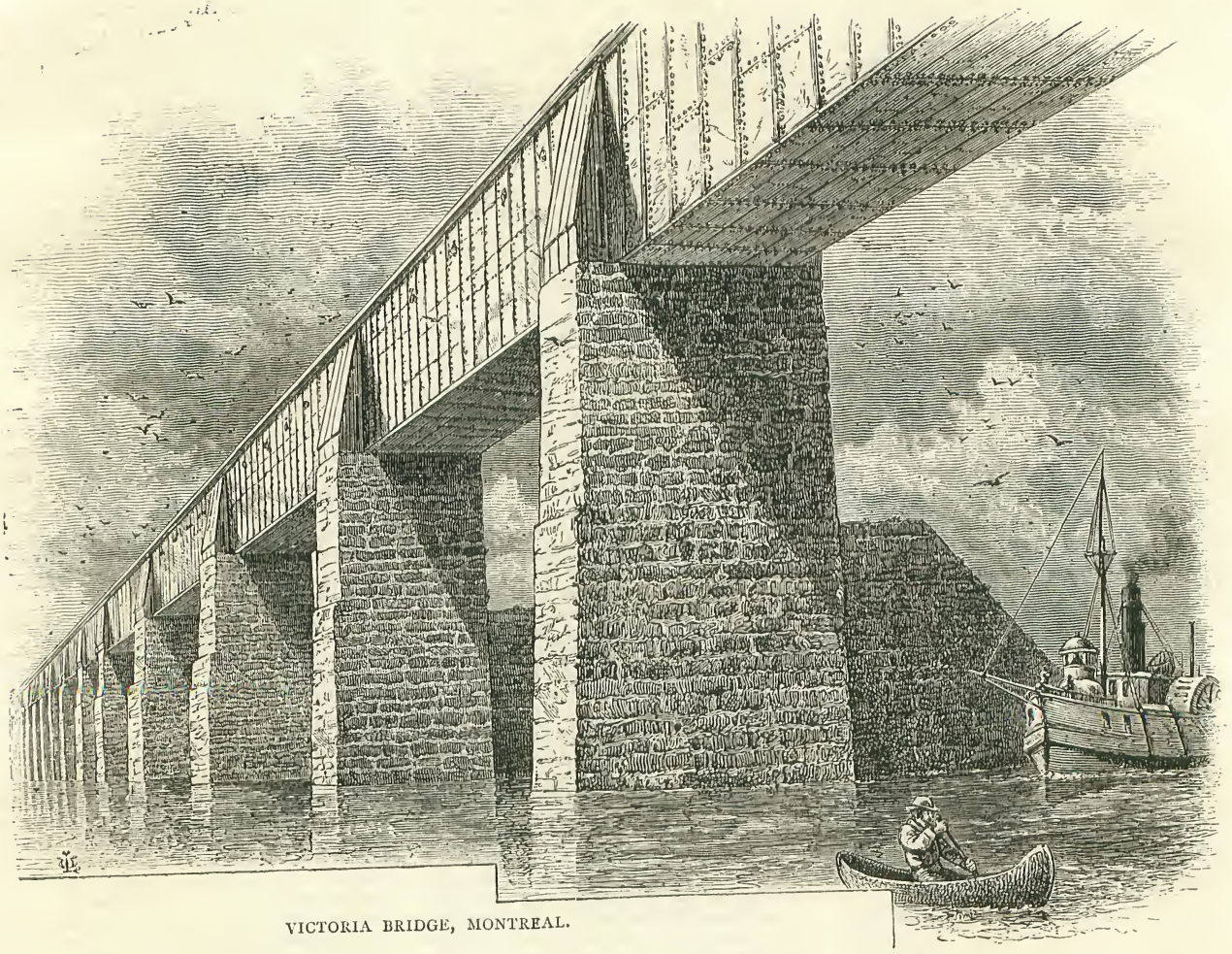
Great difficulties were experienced in successfully colonising Canada; the first step was made in 1627 by the King of France, when he made it over to an Association called the "Company of a Hundred Partners," composed of clergy and laity, and headed by the famous Cardinal Richelieu. The three leading principles of this company you will, I am sure, think good. First and foremost was the conversion of the heathen to Christianity; second, the extension of the fur trade and commerce generally; third, the discovery of a route to the Pacific and to China through the rivers and lakes of Nouvelle France, or Canada. This Association, I do believe, would have succeeded but for want of religious toleration. It utterly refused to allow any but Roman Catholics to settle in the colony, and it therefore failed.

Many were the attempts made to embrace the whole of North America into the British dominion, but without success. During the first half of the eighteenth century it was very nearly equally divided between the English and French; the former had settled along the sea coast of the Atlantic, and the latter on the banks of the St. Lawrence. The English viewed with jealous eye the possessions of the French in America, and whenever the two countries were at war they struck at each other through their colonies. During the time that the elder Pitt was Premier three divisions were sent out under skilful generals to attack Canada at different points; the most important being that which was to attack *Quebec*, which was not only the capital of the French dominion, but was almost impregnable by its position and fortifications, as you will see for yourselves when we get there. The officer selected for the command of this detachment was General Wolfe, whose deeds and death are written in history and well known to you.

So much for the Canada of the past, and now for the Canada of to-day—the "Poor Man's Land," as it is called, because that in it a man with health and strength, industry, and good habits may soon become independent. Perhaps you think that with these qualifications a man may do well anywhere—and you are right; the advantage, however, in favour of Canada being that here a man has more room to act, there being only six individuals to the square mile, while at home in the old country there are three hundred and sixty-six to the square mile. Take our colonies altogether, they could with ease sustain an addition of a hundred millions to their present population.

As our ship is bearing us swiftly up this beautiful river of St. Lawrence, I want you to notice the mountains, valleys, forests, cultivated fields, pretty villages and settlements which we pass. The river is a beautiful picture in itself, with its ships, brigs and schooners, under sail or at anchor, and the pilot boats and river craft in active motion. Having arrived between the west point of the Island of Orleans and Point Levi we get our first view of Quebec. Look up and there, three hundred and fifty feet above you, stands the Citadel, the British banner waving from its battlements, and, a hundred feet below, the city itself, enclosed with its strong fortifications. Is it not a grand sight?—the cathedrals, churches, and warehouses raising their heads above them; the fleet of ships at Wolfe's Cave, steamers plying in all directions, Indian wigwams and canoes near Point Levi, and rafts of timber floating down the river from the forests of Ottawa—all make up a picture of industry and cheerfulness.

Bordering the shore and close to the shipping stands the Lower Town. The merchants and traders carry on their work mostly connected with the timber, or, as it is called in Canada, the lumber trade. The streets in this lower town are narrow and ill-ventilated. The upper town is very much like an English or French city, with a peculiarity which I see you are all struck with, viz., that most of the houses and public buildings are covered with thin wood or with tin and iron plates, which glitter and dazzle in the sunlight. We do not intend to remain here, otherwise you would find the stores not at all to be despised. You could buy anything from "a needle to an anchor, or a riband to a cable." We will say good-bye to our ship, which will remain anchored here for a week or two, and ferry over to Point Levi in one of the many ferry boats which ply from one shore to the other, and take railway tickets to Montreal, which is one hundred and eighty miles distant from Quebec. You will find railway travelling much more comfortable and convenient than at home. The speed is about thirty-five miles an hour, the carriages are close to each other, and connected at each end by a platform, so that a passenger can walk from one end of the train to the other and enjoy the fresh air outside the carriage door. A dining car is attached to the train, and good meals are also to be had at the various stations on the line at moderate prices.



VICTORIA BRIDGE, MONTREAL.

In this journey most of the land we pass through is occupied by French Canadians, and does not look so prosperous as that you will see farther on. The result of close observation is that where the French preponderate there progress is slow, where the English-speaking races prevail progress is rapid.

You must particularly notice the beautiful tubular bridge called the Victoria, by which we cross the St. Lawrence and enter Montreal. This city is one of the first in the province for extent, population, and wealth. It is beautifully situate on an island thirty miles long and nine miles broad, formed by the rivers of St. Lawrence and Ottawa. You see at once that it is a handsome and prosperous city by its public and private buildings, the gay appearance of its shops and markets, the extent of its wharves, which consist of a range of massive masonry of more than a mile. The Roman Catholic cathedral you must specially notice, as it is one of the most magnificent buildings in the whole of Canada. The Canadians are justly very proud of Montreal; the houses are built of stone, which is obtained near the city. It resists the rigour of the climate, and is in appearance like Aberdeen granite. You can hardly imagine that in 1640 this beautiful city was but an Indian village on which the French formed a missionary station.

We have need of rest, and will take up our abode at the Windsor, which, although a magnificent hotel, is at the same time comfortable and moderate in charges. You will notice here, and at all other hotels in Canada, an absence of spirituous liquors at table. The waiters say they know at once that a visitor comes from the old country if he order beer or wine.

While here we will call upon Mr. Daley (whose address is Bonaventure Street), a gentleman who resides here for the very purpose of giving advice and assistance to emigrants. He can tell them where work is to be found, where farms are to be bought, the best place for settling, the routes to the various destinations, the expenses of the routes—in fact, be the kind friend and adviser that emigrants, especially girls, stand so much in need of on their arrival. He will also forward our letters to us while we are moving westward.

I know that most of you are desirous of knowing the method and expense of reaching here had you not made the voyage in the *Girls' Own*. I propose that we order tea and talk the matter over.

It is possible to embark at Liverpool, London, Bristol, Glasgow, Londonderry, or Cork direct for Montreal, and the fare would depend upon the class of passage taken. As first-class or saloon passenger it would vary from £13 to £19; as steerage passenger it would be £6 12s., and as intermediate passenger, £8 14s. Agriculturists and domestic servants have the benefit of a lower rate, and children under twelve years of age are charged half price, except in case of children under one year, who are only charged a guinea. The voyage is not an unpleasant one, and lasts about ten days. Those who have settled to go to Manitoba can obtain through tickets. I do not know if it has struck you that all the inducements to emigrate are offered to men and to domestic servants. There seems almost a fear lest girls of a higher class should venture into the colony, indeed, they are warned against emigrating. Let us look into the reason of this. Does the fault lay with our girls? Is it that our girls have learnt to look down on domestic duties as undignified, and that they willingly give over to strangers, and often to uneducated strangers, the office of making home bright, clean, and happy for fathers, brothers, and husbands, while they indulge in novel reading, fancy work, or like occupation? Surely where men congregate there the influence of good women is required. Good, vigorous, industrious girls will, I am sure, be highly prized. You will, in your travels, see that many a home has been brightened by their presence, and the fathers, brothers, husbands, or masters made to forget their fatigue by the thoughtful care with which the evening meal has been prepared and the home kept orderly and happy. I would say to all of you who desire to emigrate, get, if possible, before starting, an insight into cooking, management of poultry, making bread, dairy work, dressmaking—in fact, everything which can render you helpful and independent. Dignify the homes you go into by bringing honest, cheerful labour and the refinement of education into them, and you will surely be welcomed in the Dominion. I would also say to you be good-tempered and never fret the man wearied with excessive toil by useless pining after the old home and its comforts, and resolutely resolve, with God's blessing, to let woman's work shine and influence for good every home you enter, so that the New World, as well as the Old, may owe a debt of gratitude to woman.

I should advise you before starting to obtain from the clergyman of the parish in which you have lived a letter of introduction to the clergy of the town or province in which you

think of settling. Clergy of every denomination are to be found in Canada. In this way you will not feel so lonely, and will secure to yourselves friends at once in the new country.

You may like to make some purchases before we leave Montreal, and therefore we will change some English gold and silver into dollars and cents. In exchange for 1s. you will get 24 cents, each cent being worth a halfpenny; for £1 you will get 4 dollars 87 cents. In rough reckoning you may state the worth of a sovereign to be 5 dollars.

(*To be continued.*)

MARGARET'S NEIGHBOURS.

By Dora Hope.

A PRETTY and snug little home was the one in which the Lancaster family found themselves some weeks later. Thanks to the exertions of Margaret, assisted by two of the girls who had come for the purpose, the new house was made habitable before the arrival of the rest of the family, who spent the interval with some friends.

A charwoman had been sent in to thoroughly clean the house (generally very imperfectly done by the workmen). Then the carpets were put down and the furniture principally arranged, and the other members of the family were sent for. When all had come they fell to with a will to put finishing touches and make the rooms look home-like and pretty, though it would not have occurred to them that they could do much in that direction themselves.

Six months before they would have ridiculed the idea of staining and varnishing floors, making and hanging curtains in the hall and over draughty floors, upholstering shabby rep chairs with new cretonne, and improvising mantel-boards out of apparently useless scraps of coloured stuffs. Yet, with the energetic encouragement of their aunt, and the knowledge that what they did not themselves do their now straitened circumstances would prevent being done at all, all this and more was accomplished.

Jack was fond of carpentering, and was the happy possessor of a box of good strong tools; and very useful did he make himself in the hanging of pictures, brackets, and so forth.

When everything was at length fixed in its place, and the little household settled down to the routine of daily life, then it was that the difficulties of managing became apparent.

The trim parlour-maid and cook of former days had been dismissed, whilst the housemaid, a strong, willing girl, consented to stay on and fill, to the best of her ability, the posts of all three. The household in which affairs run least smoothly is that in which there is no acknowledged head. In the Lancasters' case each of the four girls was equally fitted, or rather unfitted, for the post, for all four were quite ignorant of domestic economy. Mrs. Lancaster had been so anxious for her children to be admired and sought after, and, above all, to lead a happy life; but her mistaken idea of attaining this end was to let them have their own way, follow their own favourite pursuits, and not "waste their time" in the house attending to matters which she preferred superintending herself.

Hence, when she was so suddenly taken away from them, they were left truly like sheep without a shepherd; and in the new household, there being no mistress, and but one inexperienced maid, the result was—muddle.

One morning, a sample of all the rest, Winifred sat in the dining-room with the remains of breakfast still upon the table, though it was ten o'clock. She had a piece of mending in her hands, but her eyes were more often fixed upon a book lying open before her. Evelyn was practising in the undusted drawing-room; her voice was a high, sweet soprano, and she prided herself upon and devoted herself to this her one accomplishment. Madeline has walked off demurely to school more than an hour before, for the irregularities of the family breakfast do not prevent her being punctual at her much-loved seminary.

Jack is in his "den," a combination of workshop, play-room, and general lumber-room. He is busy measuring wood for some kitchen shelves, and he is cheered at his task by the presence of Lulu, who, perched on a packing-case, is reading aloud.

Jane, the servant, is meanwhile rushing about the bedrooms dusting and tidying up in general, persecuted almost beyond endurance by Master Julius, who finds that newly-made beds are excellent grounds for turning somersaults upon.

The poor girl has a most distracted expression as she opens the door to Margaret, and answers dejectedly to her cheery greeting.

"Oh, Aunt Meg, dear, how good of you to come so early!" said Winifred, who, it must be confessed, looked a little ashamed of her surroundings. "I declare, I've let the fire out! Will you come to the drawing-room? Evelyn, depend upon it, has kept up a good one there." And she truly had done so, for the fire was roaring up the chimney.

Margaret felt herself in rather a difficult position. She longed to act to these girls as a mother would have done, but was terribly afraid of appearing to find fault and intrude too much upon their affairs. She fancied they would readily take offence at anything approaching interference or even advice; yet here was the household in an uncomfortable state of confusion which a little judicious help might set right, and she felt she must speak, though it would require much care and tact in the doing.

"It is a fire indeed," she began, timidly. "But do you know I cannot afford a morning fire in the drawing-room? Coals are so dear in London—a very different price, I daresay, from what you have been used to in the country."

"It never struck me that coals had to be paid for," said Winifred, cheerfully, not at all offended so far. "It always seems as if they grow in the cellar, like mushrooms. But Evelyn has to practise every morning, so that the room must be warm."

"Your uncle likes me to keep up my poor apology for singing, so that I make it a rule to practise a little every morning too," rejoined Margaret. "But I slip on an old jacket and loose mittens and do not feel the cold at all. Then I have the fire lighted about half-past two, and the room is nicely warmed before any callers come. Now, you will excuse me speaking, won't you, dears?" she went on, laying a hand gently on the arm of each niece; "but I've been wondering whether your maid (what a nice girl she is, by the way!) manages her work quite as well as she might. You see, the ordinary every-morning work—breakfast, the bedrooms, &c.—ought to be all finished by this time, and Jane at work on the especial day's duties. Then sometimes when I have been in an afternoon, she has not been dressed, and she seems hardly to know which way to turn. Perhaps we could help her rearrange her work on a better plan."

"Oh, she does look very untidy, I know, aunt, and our meals are unpunctual, and things are not as they ought to be; but I do not see what is to be done," said Winifred, helplessly. "I have spoken to her, but she says she cannot help it. There is more than she can possibly do without some one to assist her, and I suppose that is out of the question now we are so poor, isn't it?"

"Why out of the question, when there are four strong girls with plenty of time and ability to do anything they lay their hands to?" asked Margaret, boldly.

The girls stared. "We never have done any housework at all, aunt!" said Winifred, at length. "We have never been taught, and our time, as it is, seems to be filled up with—with other things we are more interested in; and dear mamma always thought it rather a pity for educated girls to spend their days in work which other people can do as well or better."

"That is true, dear, to a certain extent. If there were means for employing sufficient servants to do everything for you, it would be foolish, if not wrong, to devote your own time and energies to those duties, though I believe every girl in every rank of life ought to be *able* to help in a house if need be. And with you, dears, it is a case of 'need be,' so let us have Lulu up and talk the matter over."

Hearing her aunt's call, Lulu came flying upstairs, and bounded into the room. Her hair was at its roughest, and was decorated with an accidental shaving or two, which plainly told what her last occupation had been.

"Oh, Aunt Margaret, darling," she cried, kissing her again and again, and finally settling down on a stool at her feet; "I was planing when you called me, and it is such fun doing a long piece of wood, you have to race along the whole length, just as fast as you can go. Just look at the blisters on my hands, all the fruit of honest, hard work, mind you."

"Ah, we are going to blister your hands with a different sort of hard work in future, and leave the carpentering to Jack."

"Oh, aunt, you are not one of those people who don't approve of girls doing anything jolly, are you?" asked Lulu, in dismay.

"Well, I am not very fond of the word 'jolly' from a girl's pretty lips, to begin with, dear," Margaret said, gently; "but I do highly approve of girls being able to carpenter and turn their hand to anything, in fact; only, with such an able resident joiner, I think you might, perhaps, employ yourself better. Do you know, Miss Lulu, your poor Jane has more work to do than she can possibly get through, and if we do not make a change, we shall be having the anti-slavery people down upon us. So we are trying to arrange things a little better. Madeline, we must suppose, has her time fully taken up with school, excepting that she might, I think, keep her own room always dusted and tidy."

"Oh, she does that," chimed in Lulu, "she is as neat as a new pin. I share her room, you know, and if there is anything left about, it always happens to be mine, somehow. But between us we might manage to keep our room nice, if that will be any help."

"I was going to suggest, Winnie dear, that you should turn your attention to cooking. I shall be pleased to come one or two mornings a week to give you a few lessons, if you like, and then when you have mastered the art by practice, one of the others might take their turn. But, at any rate, Jane ought to be released of all the pastry making, and a knowledge of the other departments will be no disadvantage to you."

"We must be prepared for an occasional grammar or dictionary cooked up with our pies and puddings then, aunt," said Evelyn, "for Winnie never does anything without a book in one hand."

"She will very soon learn that to do one thing at a time, and that thoroughly, is by far the quickest, and to give the mind wholly to the thing in hand is the way to get it speedily and well done, so as to be able to pass on to more agreeable duties. You look frightened already at the cookery lessons, Winnie," Mar-

garet resumed, "and I have not quite finished yet. I think you must take your place more decidedly as mistress, and let all orders be given by and asked of yourself. I do not mean that you must necessarily get very dictatorial and fierce, and rule your little kingdom with a rod of iron. I expect you will all consult together about everything, as you do now, but I assure you that it is better and more comfortable for all parties if there is, at least, a nominal head, and you, as the eldest, will naturally take that place."

"As a matter of fact it ought to be Julius," put in Lulu; "he certainly rules us all at present."

"To get through your housekeeping duties easily you will find it best to be very methodical, and have a time and a day for everything," went on Margaret. "I advise you to write out a plan of work for each day for Jane, so as to get all comfortably done in the week. I will help you do so another time. Then, for yourself, you should have one morning fixed for looking over linen and mending, a morning for buying in stores, and a time for accounts, which ought to be unalterable, and as you are anxious, I know, to get on with your studies, I recommend you to set apart a certain time each day for reading, but do not let it encroach beyond its own appointed time. And now for Lulu. Your share should be, I think, to make the beds with Jane, and yourself keep all the bedrooms dusted, and the boys' room tidy. You might also take charge of their clothes, see that they are mended, and the buttons all on, and their collars, cuffs, gloves, and handkerchiefs neat and whole. That is not much for you to do, but we must remember that you have your violin and German lessons twice a week to prepare for."

"My precious aunt, I—I never made a bed in my life," cried Lulu, aghast at what she thought an overwhelming amount of work. "They will be so lumpy! I would much rather make the pastry, please."

"There, that is settled," said Margaret, laughing, but otherwise ignoring Lulu's dismay. "Now, Evelyn, what shall we give you to do?"

"*Evelyn!*" cried the other two in a breath. "Aunt, she simply could not; she never does anything but sing!"

"Why not?" asked Margaret.

"*Oh, I don't know;* because she's small, and—pretty, I suppose," said Lulu, adding the last words in a loud whisper, making a trumpet of her hands.

"Excellent reasons, no doubt," laughed Margaret. "But I think she must consent to undertake the dusting every morning, directly after breakfast, of the drawing and dining-rooms. You will find a good deal of tidying-up necessary, even in this orderly family. Then you are fond of flowers, so supposing you take charge of the vases and flower-pots, keeping them clean and ready for use when wanted. And you might look to the writing-table too, Evelyn, dear; every Monday, say, see that there are stamps, paper, envelopes, and post-cards, and that pens, ink, and blotter are all in good order. In some houses it is impossible to write a letter in comfort, for there are no materials fit to use. The same morning you might look over and sort all magazines and newspapers, putting away those to be kept, and sending down the waste for fuel. And thus, by dividing these little duties amongst you all, they will not, I hope, fall heavily on anyone, and poor Jane will smile again."

The girls groaned, and looked quite crushed under their respective loads. But perceiving it to be really necessary for them to "buckle to," they agreed at any rate to try the new plans.

"But, aunt, there will be nothing left for Jane to do; I am sure she ought to pay us handsomely for living here if we take all the work off her hands."

"You will find there is plenty left for Jane, quite as much as she can manage to do properly. I should advise you to get an alarum for her bedroom, to begin with, as you say she is so late in the morning; she must be early, or there is no chance of getting the work done properly. She ought to get the kitchen fire lighted, and the dining-room window thrown open first thing. Then you know she has the breakfast to prepare, the dining-room to dust and put tidy, the stairs to sweep down, and some of the boots to clean for those of you who go out early, all before you are down in the morning; so you see she must be early and get a fair start. What time do you have breakfast?"

The girls looked at one another. At last Winnie said, "To tell the truth, aunt, we have not any particular time, I am afraid we are rather irregular."

"Well, of course, you are hardly settled down yet," said Margaret, kindly. "I advise you, just at first, to have it at half-past eight, till Jane gets accustomed to her early morning work. And then, Winnie, you will have finished in half-an-hour, and can arrange with Jane to be always ready to go into the larder with her at nine o'clock. Of course, when Jack goes to business you will have to be earlier, and I think if I were you I should make a great point of all being punctual at meals, particularly at breakfast."

"Impossible, aunt," said Evelyn. "Mamma always said I had not a particle of punctuality in my nature, and besides, I hate being tied down to regular minutes for everything, it is as bad as being at a boarding school."

"But, Evelyn, do you not see how disorderly unpunctuality makes the family? I think I should try if I were you; you see how everything depends upon your each doing your part to make the house comfortable. Suppose you were to start a box for fines; and agree that everyone who is late shall put in a penny."

"And then give the box to me at Christmas," broke in Lulu.

"No," said Margaret; "I was going to suggest saving up the money to buy that easy-chair you have set your hearts upon. But I cannot stay many minutes longer, and I want to try if we could write down a list of the things you have to attend to each day."

Evelyn groaned. "Poor Evelyn, do not look so woe-begone; I assure you there is nothing like a little method for making work easy; and you will find it much pleasanter to know what you really have to do. Besides, this plan devolves principally on Winnie as mistress of the house. Here is a pencil, Winnie; will you write it down?"

Winnie found a piece of paper, after a considerable search, and prepared to write.

"You will never have a hunt like that for a piece of paper after Evelyn has taken charge of the writing-table," said Margaret. "But now to business. Monday there is the laundress."

"We are not to wash at home, then?"

"I should advise you to wash little things such as dusters, and pocket-handkerchiefs, but I think you will hardly manage the larger pieces, at any rate till you get accustomed to all you have to do. Well, on Monday, Winnie, you will have to look over the house linen, and see what must be sent to the wash, and what requires mending. Some of it, such as tablecloths, should be mended before sending, so that you will find yourself fully occupied on Monday mornings. It is a good plan to have at hand a needleful of coloured cotton, to put a stitch in a conspicuous place on the other linen which will require mending, so that when it comes home from the wash you can see it at once without unfolding everything to look over them. Of course you will make out the list of the linen yourself, with Jane's help; and if you are not very careful over it you will find you lose a great many things."

"But, aunt, you surely do not mean me to do all the mending myself?"

"Oh, no, of course you will all help one another, only there must be one person responsible for the work being done, and you are naturally the one. I think that is all the extra work you will have on Monday, except of course giving out clean linen in place of that sent to the laundress. Dinner napkins and tablecloths will have been given out for Sunday.

"Then on Tuesday you will have to look round and see that Jane has collected all the little things which require washing, and one of you must be at hand to answer the door in the morning, as she cannot possibly leave her washing to go to the door if she is to finish and be dressed by half-past one. Which day do you take out your week's housekeeping money?"

"Whenever I happen to want it, aunt."

"That is not a good plan, as you never know how much you are spending. If I were you, I should draw out your allowance for the week on Wednesday, and take that day also for balancing your accounts and getting in your store of groceries. So many of the shops close early on Thursdays now, and Saturday is always a busy day for them, that it is better to fix upon some other day for your principal shopping; so suppose you put that down for Wednesday.

"Then on Thursday you will have nothing extra to do except to put away the clean things which Jane has washed, and put away in the store cupboard all the groceries you ordered on Wednesday.

"I do not think of anything particular for Friday, but on Saturday there are a great many little things to do. The clean linen to put away from the wash, silver to look over, clean dinner napkins and tablecloths to give out, and all sorts of little preparations to make for Sunday."

"It is not a very alarming plan, after all, aunt," said Evelyn.

"No, it is certainly not alarming so far," said Margaret, "but you see it is only what might be called a skeleton plan as yet. We have left a space on the paper after each day, for you to fill in all the other duties as you find most convenient. You will have to consider which is the best day for one of you to look over and mend Jack's socks and clothes; and for all the other little things which you will find have to be done some time; so take my advice, and each bit of work that arises, fix a regular day for it, and write it down on your plan. When you have been housekeeping regularly for a year or two you will not need to be so particular to fixed times, but to begin with there is nothing like method. I assure you, method and punctuality are your only chance of preventing your household from getting quite unmanageable."

At this moment a diversion was caused by a noise outside, in which Julius' shrill voice was distinguished clamouring loudly, and he presently broke into a storm of cries and screams, which it took a great deal of bribing and caressing to stop, whilst poor Jack was rebuked for not having given the child what he wanted and so prevented the uproar. Jack rather rebelliously declined to give up his most treasured paint-brushes, with which Julius had expressed a desire to clean his boots; and Margaret, feeling sorry for the long-suffering elder brother, was glad to make her escape, taking him off with her to luncheon.

That evening she had a proposal to make to her husband.

"I do not know what you will say, Wilfred,"

she began, "but the only hope for that child Julius is to take him away from his sisters. They spoil him absurdly, and he will grow up a real torment to his friends. It will be like introducing a fire-brand in this peaceable household, but—I should like to have him for a few months!"

"As you will be the person most concerned, and you are not afraid of undertaking it, I shall make no objection," said Wilfred. "But I hope he won't prove like the 'one sickly sheep that infected the flock and poisoned all the rest.' That is my only fear."

"I will take care of that. We can tell the girls it would be an advantage for Julius to be educated with other children, and as it is high time his education was begun, I feel sure they will let him come."

(*To be continued.*)

CHARITY.

A BALLAD STORY.

The Words by F. E. WEATHERLY.

The Music by CIRO PINSUTI.

SHE heard the jail gates close behind her with a feeling, not of relief, but of strange terror. She was free! The world lay before her! Ah! there was the rub! The world lay before her. What had the world to give her now? What would the world say to her now? The world had been once kind and bright. Would it be so still? She had ceased to hope for that, and it was because she had no hope that her freedom was a terror to her. They had been merciful to her in the jail on this, the day of her release. She was allowed to shelter within the walls till the darkness came—the friendly darkness through which she might steal unnoticed into her new life.

She stood half dazed at the corner of the street, looking so wildly and doubtfully in various directions that a policeman questioned her. She gave an evasive answer and passed on. There was nothing else for her to do now but to pass on—whither she knew not. Her home—her old village home—was far away. She could not, she dared not go there. Her home—the last, the recent home, where a few months of unnatural gaiety and reckless happiness had ended in her disgrace—what of that? That too was closed for her. Anywhere, anywhere rather than there! How could she go there and meet all the phantoms of the miserable past? They were vivid enough here in the dark street, but there they would crush her.

And so she again stood wavering, not knowing where to go. Again a policeman spoke to her. His voice was friendly, and she asked him to direct her to a quiet place for a night's lodging.

"Lodging?" he said. "Why, haven't you got a home?"

"Not now," she answered in a low voice.

He understood her.

"What! Just out then?"

"Yes, sir," and her tears almost came, for his voice, in spite of his abruptness, was kind. He gave her an address, and she left him hastily.

The lodging was poor, almost squalid; but it suited the girl's means, and it was quiet. No questions were asked, and wretched as she was, she slept soundly. To-morrow, she told herself, to-morrow she must begin her new life. To-night, she would sleep as sweetly as she might.

And to-morrow came. But it only brought disappointment. She fancied that she would easily obtain employment of some sort. Before she left her village-home, she had some skill with needle and scissors. Surely, in the great city, in one of the big shops, there would be room for her. But at one shop, where she applied, they dismissed her summarily, with a supercilious stare at her homely dress: and at another, they asked her for a reference. And what reference had she? Only the chaplain and the matron at Millbank. Not the sort of persons to whom the proprietors of any establishment are likely to refer for workpeople.

One shop after another she tried, passing down the scale of grandeur, in hopes that perhaps at the meanest and smallest she might find employment. But the result was the same in all. What reference had she? And the reference she had was worse than none.

Night came once more, and the pittance granted her on her release had shrunk. And to-morrow came, and many to-morrows. But no work. In despair, for her money was now all gone, she asked her surly landlady to keep her for a few days, and let her work out in some menial services the miserable little sum which to her seemed so great. But the woman had no need of her. There were plenty such as she. She was not wanted. And where her labour might have been of use, there a character also was required.

At last, even the lodging-house door was closed against her, and she stood once more in the street, one in the midst of so many.

Begging now was all that was left her. But she was ashamed. Hopeless, almost hardened as she was, some of the old pride of her young independent days still was left her; and the words froze on her lips when some one kinder than the majority of the passers turned to look at her, as she stood gazing vacantly across the street.

The night closed in. She had eaten nothing. Half dead with cold and hunger, for the snow had been falling all day, she shrank into a corner and crouched down to sleep. A gentleman, stopping to light his cigar, saw her and put sixpence into her hand. She scarcely thanked him. She just realised that it was the price of a morsel of food and a night's lodging, and she struggled away, knowing it was one escape from death.

But the next day came, and it was but a repetition of the same story. There was work in the mighty city for the thousands. There were food and shelter for the thousands. But there was neither food nor work for her. And the only shelter was that of door or archway that escaped the light of the policeman's lantern.

Where was the God the chaplain had told her about? What was the heaven of which he had spoken? Where was the honest livelihood and the new work that the matron had told her would be ready for her? Had she not sought for it? There was no God, or He would not let her starve when she was so willing to work. There was no heaven. There was no work for her. She could not be an honest woman again. The world would not let her.

That is how she talked with herself, her mind growing dull and slow to think, from the weariness of her body; and her heart growing hard and cold, as her last hopes vanished.

She leant over the parapet of the bridge, and watched the river below. It was dark, and cold, and racing wildly; but it would end all her misery. No one was near her. She dropped her shawl hastily. She set her foot upon the ledge; and, raising herself, stood swaying on the verge. If she will do it now, she must do it quickly.

Suddenly through the arch beneath her, shot a boat, bearing two men and a boy. It was but for an instant she saw them; but the sight brought back to her, her home by the sea, her father, her uncle and brother, and the days they used to go fishing together. Were they yet alive? Would they, could they, hold out their arms to her, if she crept back to them, even now? And as she stopped to think, she got down from the parapet. God had pitied her. A second time she was saved from death.

Once more she moved on through the crowd, seeking she hardly knew what, hopelessly, listlessly. She reached a great church. Even in the din of the streets she could hear the organ within. She went inside. The choir had ceased, and the organ now was only softly played. One voice thrilled the place as she stole in and stood behind a pillar. What did they mean, those words the boy was singing?—"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The music thrilled her, but the words did not move her. They meant nothing to her. She had laboured, she was heavy laden, but she had found no rest.

The words were a mockery, she thought.

Presently the preacher began, but his sermon was not on a subject or in a strain to give her any better hope, for it was about the condemnation and doom of the lost.

And she who stood behind the pillar listening, turned away. The world had nothing but misery for her, and the world beyond was to be misery too.

Why should she fight against her destiny? Why strive to live a new life? Why struggle back into the ways of honesty and purity again? She was condemned, and one fate alone awaited her. And so this woman, who had been before a hopeless, prayerless wanderer, went out of the church a reckless fatalist.

Late that night, as she stood in the glare of a gin-palace, wondering wistfully what the magic draughts within could be for which these hundreds came crowding, a poor woman passed her, turned, and looked at her; then, with an instinctive knowledge of the girl's temptation, said, "Come away, come away, my girl."

It seemed so strange that anyone, even the poorest, should notice her, that she followed mechanically.

"What's your trouble?" the woman asked.

And the girl told her.

"Come home with me," she said.

There is no need to speculate why one poor woman herself in want should stop and rescue another from want and temptation. God be thanked there are thousands such! She took her home. She asked no curious questions. She listened as the girl told her all the story of her struggles. She shared her scanty meal with her; and then when the wanderer turned to go—though whither she knew not—a hand was put into hers, and a voice said, "No, my dear, you shall stay with me as long as I've a bit to eat and a bed to sleep on."

The girl's arms were thrown round the woman's neck, and she wept as she had not wept since the night she turned her back upon her home. Then, her tears had fallen through fear of the new life she was plunging into.

Then, had she listened to the voice that made her tears flow, she might have been saved from all the misery of the time that followed.

But, now, her tears flowed in repentance, as they had not flowed before—repentance that was drawn from her, not by the coldness of a pharisaic world, not by the terrors of priestly anathemas, but by the Christlike love and pity of another suffering heart.

F. E. WEATHERLY.

WINTER DRESS.

CORRECT CLOTHING, AND HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

LONG cloaks appear likely to be as much worn this winter as last, and there is little variety in the shape, except that there is a strong feeling in favour of capes, which are now seen on all the checked and striped cloaks which have been worn as wraps throughout the autumn. These cloaks are called "pelisses," a revival of an old name which was then used for a walking garment that covered up the dress entirely, and, in fact, supplied its place so far as outward vision was concerned. The modern pelisse really does the same, but is far less handsome, and only really supplies the place of the ulster and the waterproof, which have always done good service in covering up old dresses, and hiding general dilapidations. It is to be feared in this kindly office they have also been the means of covering up much slovenliness which ought not to have existed. This new pelisse is of very simple and easy cut, darts are used to fit the shoulders to the neck, and there are pleats in the back seam to give plenty of room. The sleeve starts from the elbow as the Hubbard mantles did. A side view of the pelisse is shown in the figure of the young lady with the umbrella facing the storm so bravely.

Capes are worn both by themselves, and also as part of the mantle. Besides the rich materials used for carriage mantles and for dress occasions, there are many pretty cloth mantles both large and small, trimmed with fur; these have all bright-hued linings, and are also much braided, and trimmed with gimps, passementerie, and cords. Indeed, the difficulty is to find an inexpensive mantle, for the materials and trimmings being all so rich, very few cheap mantles can be found. In addition to fur, feather trimmings in brown and other colours are much employed, and velvet has re-taken its old place as an outside trimming in connection with braiding; a different colour to the foundation is used, such as biscuit colour, braided with green and trimmed with green velvet, or black braided with gold.

Tight-fitting jackets are more in fashion than ever, some of them being quite like habit bodies, giving a very trim and smart appearance, particularly when they are braided and trimmed in the front with cords and brandebourgs, like the Austrian jacket, giving them quite a military appearance. The taste for braiding, &c., has evidently been suggested by the recent warlike character of our own thoughts.

Thus, it will be seen that those who had tight-fitting jackets last winter, or large mantles, will not be very much out of fashion when they wear them this winter, and generally, with the exercise of a little taste and skill, they will be able by some small addition of braid, brandebourg, or button to make them look quite new and modern.

The staple dress of the winter is a woollen gown of some sort, made up alone, or combined with satin, silk, or moire. There are several novelties, such as a woollen cloth, covered with a very large brocaded pattern in two colours, matching the groundwork of the stuff, and a material like nun's cloth in manufacture, but thick enough to be worn in cold weather. Very large checks and tartans have been universally adopted. The jacket bodies to these are always of fine cloth. The skirt-breadths of these large plaided cheviots are sometimes cut on the cross, so that the squares set diamond wise, but the plain cloth is always used for the bodice, while, if there be a waistcoat, it is of cloth or satin, of a bright colour, in the plaid. Some of these bodices are closed and braided in military style, and sometimes the edge is ornamented with a narrow gold or silver braid, laid flatly, quite close to the edge, after the style of military waistcoats.

Tweeds, vicuna cloths, Chuddah cloths, and serges are all excellent for winter wear, and are made in such pretty colourings, and with such bright flashes of colour let in, as it were, that no one can help finding a gown to suit them, and will be pleased to find that there is so much brightness about their winter dress, in spite of its thickness and warmth. Cashmeres are as much used as ever, and the embroidered ones, with the serges of this year's manufacture, are quite a feature in the pretty things of this year. The prevailing hues in this year's winter materials are dark blue, grenat, claret, bronze, olive, paon, browns of all hues, myrtle, and prune colour. There is a pretty new colour, called tomato red, and a grey, dignified with the name of "gunpowder."

There is nothing very new in the way of skirt-making. Plain skirts, with a ruche, are now almost reserved for full dress, but by day the general effect of the skirts is much plainer. Wide and deep kilts are used, and also box-pleats, with fan-like trimmings inserted in the lower edge.

One of the newest skirts in rich broché wa nothing more than one deep puff from the waist to the frill at the hem, and the excess of its length was disposed of by raising it in pleats towards the back, causing the puff to take graceful folds at the sides towards the front. This skirt looks particularly well in plain velvet.

Tunics are not gone out, but it is difficult at present to say what is a panier and what a tunic, especially as the backs are now shorter than the fronts. The new tunics are all raised up higher on one side than on the other, and some are apparently tied up by a bow of wide ribbon.

The new silk is called "Ottoman." It is made in ribbed lines, and is really a kind of rep. Satin, velvet, and velveteen are all used both for dresses and trimmings.

I think our two pictures give the best sketch of the newest fashions I have seen, and they are clearly drawn so as to help the thrifty and clever to re-make and alter their old dresses and mantles. In the sketch with five standing figures, the first to the right gives one of the out-of-door costumes I have been writing about, check or tartan and cloth or velveteen. The upper skirt is arranged in box-pleatings; the lower one is a full flouncing of check.

The next figure shows one of the newest methods of arranging a tunic in front in a straight long piece, as though it were an apron. The next figure shows a dress made at the back in the princesse style, and trimmed in front with a scarf tunic. The next figure with the white brocaded cloak shows a skirt in three bouillonnés, confined by bands of ribbon and rosettes. The last figure on the left shows the newest way of making up the large patterned brocades and the plain materials, the bodice being of the large patterned brocade, and the front of folds of plain crossed by bands of gold braid.

The next picture shows up yet another method of making up a plaided gown, worn with a jacket of a different colour, and even of material; this dress being a skirt of red and grey woollen checked tweed, and the jacket of red cloth, the edges being cut in tabs, or what is called by some people battlemented. The front is crossed by cords; the hat is of grey felt, and has a red wing at the side, and is trimmed with red velvet. The figure sitting down wears a brocaded bodice of the new style, and the figure with the cloak shows the prettiest shape of those articles, when made of brocade or matelasse and edged with fur.

Sleeves, as will be seen from our sketch, are still narrow and closefitting, the bodices short on the hips, and pointed; the shoulders are worn as high as ever. Skirts for full dress are worn long, but for ordinary wear are short, and far fuller than last season.

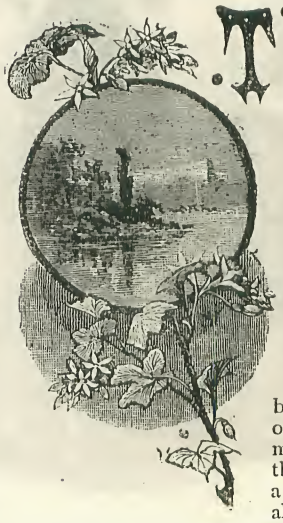
The new hats are all of smooth pressed felt, with the edge bound with repped ribbon to match, and most of them have very high, rather square crowns, with a plain ribbon round, a steel buckle in front, and masses of feathers on the left side. Some are more careless in form, and have waving plumes, cavalier fashion, at the back, and curling over the edge.

Costume hats, or toques to match the dress, of merino or cloth, are shallow, with a full but narrow binding on the edge that presses the head, and are either of the same stuff, or of velvet or satin, when these form a part of the dress. The top of the shape is covered by a puff of the woollen, which falls all round on the binding, and is gathered up to the centre of the crown, where a silk rosette is placed, or a pompon, which matches the colour of the dress. This gathered-up puffed style is the most fashionable way of making caps, in which case the puffed part is of muslin or lace, which falls over a pleating of velvet.

Collarettes of lace and gathered muslin, of pleated lace falling over a band round the throat, jabots of lace, and large cascades falling in masses are used for evening dress. Lace formed into vests is an excellent way of converting a plain bodice into a dress one. Young girls add a large bow and long ends to the lace collarettes and turn the long streamers of ribbon backwards, so that they flow down the back. Married ladies wear small bouquets of flowers, with the stalks turned upward and the blossoms downward. Linen collars have been brought into fashion again by the military jackets.

HOW TO NURSE AND TEND THE AGED.

By MEDICUS.



To the young and strong this same month of November, which poets often term "chill" and "drear," need be very far indeed from unpleasant, and those who possess the blessing of health will do well not to be frightened into staying constantly indoors by either winds or weather. We must not forget that exercise is a tonic, and, like all other tonics, it must be taken without intermission if it is to do good.

But exercise is different from medicinal tonics, for they can only be taken with advantage for a month or two at a time; but exercise does good all the year round. Outdoor games apart—and there are so few of these a girl can engage in—walking is probably the best form of exercise there is, as it certainly is the cheapest. The healthful glow induced thereby throughout every vein and muscle in the body, and in the skin itself, is an effectual preventive against colds, coughs, sore throats, &c. In driving no such glow is excited, and we have to defend our bodies from the baneful influence of cold by wraps and extra clothing.

So let us walk, and walk, and walk, in November at all events. We will have many a calm, clear, bright day, and on these walking will seem no penance. But what if the wind should blow cold and high, and the rain descend in drizzling showers? Let us walk all the same, taking our stroll in the early afternoon, if possible, and guarding against contingencies by wearing strong boots, light, warm clothing, and occasionally a well-ventilated waterproof. We will return with glorious appetites and in screaming spirits; and if the wind should afterwards increase to a perfect hurricane, and rain and hail rattle on the window panes, it will only make the parlour fire seem all the brighter, and the parlour itself more cosy from contrast.

But oh! when the sun shines, what a truly delightful month is November to those who dwell in the country! How clear is the atmosphere, how delightful are the tints on trees, on lichen-clad rocks and hoary ruins; how near the mountains seem, and how bright is the face of yonder placid lake!

In sunny, calm days in November even the very aged may come forth from cottage or hamlet, and take blithe walks on street or highway, or bask in sheltered corners of esplanade or garden. It is different with them, however, when storms rage or high winds blow, or when the rain beats against the panes of the parlour-window, and all without seems cloud and gloom, and when all within *is* cloud and gloom. It is on days like these that old people think more. Buried in the depths of an armchair, comfortable though it may be, seated near the most cheerful of fires, the past will rise up before them like a half-forgotten dream, bringing with it memories that, may-hap, were better buried in oblivion. In gloomy days, too, the aged, like the infirm, feel their aches and ailments more, and therefore need the more all the sympathy, care, and kindness that younger folks can give them.

Now, no girl needs to be told that it is her duty to be kind to the aged. It is the nature of every girl to try to relieve dependent suffering. Perhaps even to the very youngest of our readers the words of Scott might be appropriately enough addressed:—

> "——— in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
> And variable as the shade
> By the light quivering aspen made;
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!"

No, girls, do not lack the will to minister to those in pain or suffering. I would wish no better first-lieutenant in a sick-room, or sick-ward, than a girl that had the interest of my patient at heart, and was therefore willing to be guided by me and to act up to my instructions.

They do not lack the will, but they may lack the knowledge necessary to fit them to properly nurse and tend those to whose interests this paper is specially dedicated—namely, the aged.

Old age, it has been said, is a second childhood. In many ways the comparison is correct enough. In one, at all events, for in old age the mind is apt to become sensitive, even to irritability and peevishness. Especially is this the case when some infirmity or ailment is added to the debility which is inseparable from the lives of those of advanced years. This should be borne in mind by people who nurse or tend upon them. Everything that you do for an old person should be done with quiet cheerfulness. Fuss or over-officiousness is to be studiously avoided. There are many little attentions which the goodness of your heart may prompt you to pay to the aged which had better be avoided, many things you may long to do for them which it will be wise of you to let them do for themselves—so long, remember, as they are not really invalids—for the simple reason that it often worries aged people to think they are giving trouble.

Pity, on the other hand, more particularly that kind which finds vent in condoling language, is apt to be not only wasted on the aged, but positively distasteful to them. Outspoken pity partakes too often of the *memento mori* to please them. They do not want their infirmities constantly paraded before their eyes, even by those who love them. They would rather suffer in silence, and surely if they themselves try to do all they can to forget their infirmities, to forget even that they are old, it is unkind of you in the extreme to jog their memory on the subject.

Humouring an aged person is a thousand times better than pitying him. If he thinks he can do anything, let him do it, do not thwart him; if he fancies anything to eat or drink, let him have it. For, let me tell you, the state of a person's own feelings is often his very best guide to that which is good for him.

Study, while tending the aged, to be most

forbearing—forbearance is one of the qualities of the angels. Old people are often querulous, but remember this is only a symptom of bodily weakness, even when it extends to positive crossness of temper. Therefore, never resent it. The cloud soon passes away from the furrowed brow of age, sunshine and shade chase each other quickly across the faces of those who are nearing the end of life's journey.

And here I must beg leave of my girl readers to make a digression. The words and the music of an old, old song have been running through my head for the last half hour, and until I pen the former, I will have positively no peace to finish my present paper. They are Scotch, but none the less beautiful methinks for that.

"Be kind to auld grannie, for now she is frail
As a time-shattered tree bending low in the gale.
When you were wee bairnies, tott-totting about,
She watched you when in and she watched you when out.

When first in your breasts rose that feeling divine,
That is waked by the tales and the sangs o' lang syne,
Wi' auld-world cracks* she would pleasure inspire
In the lang winter nichts as she sat by the fire;
Though eerie the rude wind raved round our cot,
Grim winter and a' its wild blasts were forgot.

And mind, though the blythe day o' youth now is yours,
Time will wither its joys, as wild winter the flowers,
And your step that's noo licht as the bound o' the roe,
Wi' cheerless auld age may be feeble and slow.

And the frien's o' your youth to the grave may be gone,
And ye on its brink may be tottering alone.
Oh! think how consoling some friend would be then,
When the gloaming o' life comes like mist o'er the glen.
Then be kind to auld grannie."

From the time they get up in the morning until they retire for the night, there is many a little attention required by the aged, even in health, which kindly hands can give. They are usually early risers. Are you the little housekeeper? Then study early rising for the dear one's sake; your own health and strength will benefit thereby. Have the room tidy and cheerful, the cloth laid, a bright bit of fire in the grate, the chair ready, and if possible a flower on the table. Breakfast ought to be ready, and the tea waiting to be infused, for, remember, old people need breakfast as soon as ever they come down of a morning. It weakens them to wait. Whatever is for breakfast, let it be the best that can be procured—the bread a day or two old, the butter the freshest, the egg rather underdone, the bacon frizzled, not fried, or if it be fish, it ought to be sole or haddock, at all events not a strong, oleaginous fish like mackerel or salmon.

If the day be bright and warm enough for a walk or a ride, the best time for it is about an hour after breakfast, because then the body will have gained strength from the morning meal. Unless under exceptional circumstances, an old person should not be allowed to walk alone. Lonely walks are neither good for old nor young. Now very often after the walk, which may have extended over an hour, a little light refreshment may be needed, say about twelve o'clock. Old people often feel that they really need this. It should not be taken, pray bear this in mind, unless the want is actually felt. I do not like the expression I sometimes hear addressed to some aged man or woman—

"Oh! you 'must' want something now."

I say there is no "must" in the matter, unless the person most concerned feels the want himself or herself. Otherwise it is mistaken kindness, and will assuredly lead to mischief.

All I have got to say about the dinner itself is this—it should be as nicely cooked and as nicely put on the table as possible, and it ought to be plain, very nourishing, and digestible. I am a great believer in good, tender, juicy meat for old people, with now and then fish for a change, chiefly the white kinds. Regularity as to time is most important. It is positively cruel, in my opinion, to keep an aged person waiting for dinner. It should be served at the same time every day "to a tick," as signalmen say. Some very old people have an idea they cannot exist without bottles of cordials from the chemist. They get a prescription, or have got one at some time or other from a medical man, that did them good, and they stick to it until it becomes a habit. It is a bad habit; cordials should never be taken unless under the advice of a fully qualified medical man.

The food should be tender and easily partaken of, especially if the teeth be gone or much decayed. In this case the meat—beef or mutton—should be minced with a machine that can be bought for the purpose. The worst of it is that minced meat is apt to be swallowed too quickly, and thus it may lead to fits of indigestion, or at least to restless nights and disturbed sleep. Artificial teeth can nowadays be fitted very cheaply, and they are not only a very great comfort to the aged, but, by enabling them to masticate their food properly, actually lengthen their days.

My last paper was devoted to a discussion on tea, so I need here only repeat that good tea is one of the greatest comforts an old person can have. It should be made for the aged as for the invalid, infused only for seven minutes, and immediately decanted into another teapot, previously made warm for the purpose of receiving it. Tea that has stood over the leaves for ten or fifteen minutes is most injurious to the health of the aged, and often necessitates taking medicine, and the less of that anyone takes the better, whether she be young or old.

The water should be always pure and filtered.

Try to make the evenings of the aged as pleasant and cheerful to them as possible. They very often like someone to read to them, but they just as often like to converse or to tell stories of their own bygone days. However, they should not be encouraged to do this to the verge of fatigue or excitement. A little wine negus or mulled ale may be needful before retiring to rest, but if it can be just as well dispensed with, so much the better. This is usually called a "nightcap;" if such a thing be partaken of, it ought to be the rule to go to bed immediately afterwards, else excitement, instead of somnolency, may be induced.

Nothing tends more to render the aged happy and contented than good rest at night. Study to procure this for them. I will now tell you how.

To begin with, then, as much exercise as is compatible with health must have been engaged in during the day, an even, unruffled temper must have been maintained, and an equable temperature of body. If supper is cared for, it should be light and digestible, though not necessarily sloppy, and partaken of early in the evening. The bedroom should be as large as possible, and regularly every day about noon the windows must be thrown open for thorough ventilation, not only of the room itself, but of the bedclothes. If there is rain, or damp fogs prevail, judgment will be required in ventilating the room.

In spring, autumn, and winter a fire should be lighted early in the evening in the bedroom, so as to well warm the apartment, and it should be banked last thing, so as to keep up the heat till morning. A bit of fire not only warms the room, but it keeps the air in it pure.

Stoves, especially the petroleum abomination, are most unhealthy, not to say dangerous to life. Curtains ought to be drawn across the window to exclude the morning light, but not across the door. The bed should not be placed between the fireplace and door if it can otherwise be arranged, and there should be a ventilator at the top of the door. This secures pure air without a draught.

There must be fresh air in the bedroom. To sleep in a stuffy room is more dangerous to the life of the aged than even draughts. One hour's sleep in a pure atmosphere is worth three in a vitiated one.

The bedclothes should be light and warm, the blankets very soft and comfortable. An eider down quilt is a most excellent thing, but it should be a real and not a spurious one. A good one cannot be bought cheaply, seeing that in Iceland itself—the home of the eider duck—the down costs from 12s. 6d. to 20s. a pound, and it takes three pounds to make a quilt. I seldom see good ones in this country, but I have farther north. To show its elastic properties the Icelanders have a conundrum: What is it that is higher when the head is taken off it?—An eider down pillow.

Nothing militates more against sound sleep in the aged than cold feet, but still I do not as a rule approve of hot water bottles. Bed socks are far better and far more healthy; a nice Christmas present to an aged relative, and one that any girl could fabricate, would be a pair or two of bed socks.

The aged ought to sleep in the dark, but if they have been used to a night light, one that burns but a very short time is best. The room should be kept as quiet as possible. During the day the clothes worn should be loose and warm, but certainly not heavy; the hat or cap should not hurt the head, nor the boots the feet. A dressing-gown is a great comfort, and so are soft warm slippers. These last you may make as a Christmas gift for an aged friend.

In case of illness by night a bell rope should be handy by the bedside, and no house in which an aged person lives should be without a bottle of the finest pale brandy and a phial of chlorodyne. The dose of the latter, remember, is not more than half what a young or middle-aged person would require. Both the brandy and chlorodyne should be kept in the medicine cupboard.

Do not neglect your own health through attentions on an aged relative. This would be positively unkind to him or her; a nurse should always be well herself; it was this fact that induced me to commence by advising walks in November.

Let me finish by repeating that it is watchful care and unobtrusive, unofficious kindness that old people need to render them happy, and so, dear reader, may you yourself be treated when you are an "auld grannie."

* Stories.

THE RESULTS OF THE PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

PLAIN NEEDLEWORK.

Examiners:—DORA DE BLAQUIERE AND J. L. WILLS.

EIGHTY-TWO competitors of various ages entered the lists this time—a considerable decrease in the number, which was not surprising, as in the bright summer days our girls are taking their holidays, and very wisely too. The improvement in the work is immense, few of the samplers being utterly without merit, and many of them most beautifully performed, notably one by Miss May Fuller, of Bath, aged 14, which was deserving of a first prize, if the prizes had been so arranged as to have permitted it.

The remarks on the work, which may be useful, were as follows:—Under the age of 14, eight competitors.—The chief faults were in the eyelet holes and button-holes, both of which were unevenly worked and cut. The fancy hemming-stitch was not done properly, being over-sewn, after the manner of embroidery. The herring-boning was not sufficiently distinct. The marking in this class was universally good, and the tucking excellent.

Under 15 years, eleven competitors.—This class showed a great lack of cleanliness in their work. The faults of the last division are not repeated in this, but the whipping and over-sewing were worse, and with the turning of the corners much fault must be found. It would be better not to work the hem-stitching in red, as it cannot be made sufficiently neat. The first prize sampler in this division is exquisite in its performance and cleanliness. This is the sampler of Miss May Fuller, of Bath.

Under 16 years, ten competitors.—A great lack of cleanliness was visible in this class, and on several of the samplers a bias frill might be seen. The fancy feather-stitch was straggling and irregular, and the finishing-off lacked care and attention.

Under 17 years, seven competitors.—The first prize in this division showed excellent work, but the other samplers did not compare favourably with those of the younger competitors. The herring-boning was very inferior, and the fancy feather-stitch bad. The stitching, as a rule, was good.

Under 18 years, ten competitors.—The work throughout in this division was not so good as that of the younger girls. Many of the frills were cut the wrong way of the material, and the whipping in nearly every case bad. The button-holes and stitching were excellent, but the fancy hem-stitching in some cases left out.

Under 19 years, eight competitors.—The beauty of the work in the first prize sampler in this division must be commented on as an example of what girls can do. The marking in this competition not so good, and the competitors had, in some cases, mistaken coral-stitch for feather-stitch.

Under 20 years, six competitors.—The samplers in this division were extremely disappointing, considering the age of the competitors. The hemming was good, but the whipping very poor, while the button-holes throughout showed a lack of knowledge and experience.

Under 21 years, five competitors.—The work not good enough, considering the age of the candidates. The only mistakes in the size of the samplers were made by the older competitors.

Under 22 years, five competitors.—The examples in this class were few and unsatisfactory, and the prize sampler very decidedly the best. The feather-stitching in it was beautiful.

Under 23, four competitors.

Under 24, eight competitors.

Under 25, five competitors.

Prizes of One Guinea.

Griffin, Helen Esmê (11), Tettenhall, near Wolverhampton.
Fuller, May (14), Bath.
White, Florence (15), Cornwall-gardens, South Kensington.
Fuller, Maud (16), Bath.
Stourton, Mary Jane (17), Alresford, Hants.
Gillard, Gertrude (18), Exeter.
Fairbrother, Lizzie (19), Leamington.
Andrew, Florence (20), Gravesend.
Smith, Jessie H. (21), Barnhill, Perth, N.B.
Holmes, Helena Mary Anne (22), Sheffield.
Gillett, Mary H. (23), Barrowash, Derby.
Bland, Margaret (24), Wanstead, Essex.
Roberts, Jessie (25), Rhyl.

First Class Certificates.

Hunt, Gertrude (11), Bengeo, Herts.
Lewis, Edith Jane (14), Swansea.
Gamble, Annie (15), Scarboro'.
Barnes, Rosa Annie (16), St. Heliers, Jersey.
Price, Edith (17), Chelsea.
Barnes, Jessie Elizabeth (18), St. Heliers, Jersey.
Lyon, Maggie (19), Bromley, Middlesex.
Powell, Hannah Louise (20), Dublin.
Permewan, Jane S. G. (21), Redruth, Cornwall.
Morgan, Mary Elizabeth (22), Shrewsbury.
Ferries, Maria (23), Verneuil, Eure, France.
Milligan, Helen (23), Guthrie.
Soult, Laura (24), Godalming, Surrey.
Ainslie, Elizabeth (24), Carlisle.

Second Class Certificates.

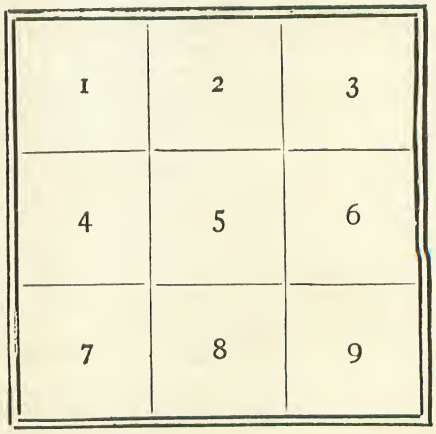
Adams, Emmeline (13), Maida Vale.
Richardson, Mary Kate (14), Pentre, Swansea.
Rawlings, Agnes (15), Bradford, Wilts.
Beard, Amy (16), Birmingham.
Gibbs, Ellen E. (17), St. Davids, Exeter.
Dowling, Mary (18), Basing, Basingstoke, Hants.
George, Mary Elizabeth (19), Anerley, S.E.
Wishart, Mary Margaret (20), Edinboro'.
Jordan, Lizzie (22), Industrial School, Alresford, Hants.
Kroloschien, Louisa (23), Ryhall, Stamford, Lincolnshire.

Third Class Certificates.

Wilson, Edith Amy (13), The Beeches, Wandsworth-common, S.W.
Hutchinson, Robina (14), Kegworth, near Derby.
Bradford, Marie L. (15), Horsham, Sussex.
Attwood, Annie (17), Charlton Kings, near Cheltenham.
Brown, Patricia (18), Sangster Cottage, Bridge of Earn.
Massey, Lilly (23), Harrow Weald, Middlesex.

THE NEW SAMPLER COMPETITION.

FOR the sampler competition on the present occasion we propose to take both plain and Swiss darning in their various phases, patching, and grafting. We have already illustrated all of them in vol. i.—plain darning on page 270, Swiss (or web) darning, page 314. The material of the new samplers must be of stocking web, and if the competitors choose, they may use the leg part of a stocking cut open at the seam, and about eight inches long and wide. This piece should be neatly hemmed round, and should display the following stitches: Plain darning, bias darn, and single darn; mending a three-cornered hole and strengthening darn; web-darning, a grafted patch, the taking up of a dropped stitch, and embroidery on stocking-web, each worker marking her initials and the lines of division in the sampler. The stitch is shown on page 314, vol. i.; fancy web-darning, see page 315. The darning should be performed in red ingrain cotton and darning cotton, and the samplers must be clean and unwashed. The arrangement of the prizes will be the same as in the last sampler competition.



Method of arranging the darns on the sampler. The cross-bars worked in embroidery or herring-bone.

BOUND TO EARTH.

By the Author of "Phil's Fortune," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE black clouds made no haste to disperse, but rather gathered fresh intensity, and when luncheon was being served, a distant rumble of thunder gave promise of a stormy afternoon.

"A nice piece of business, this!" exclaimed Mr. Leslie, irascibly. "We're in for a nice storm, I'll warrant me, and there are Julia and ever so many others travelling here, with a ten mile drive through the country before them. Those miserable, flimsy arches will be ruined, and a pretty display those tents will make. Why on earth Julia and Tom should have delayed coming home till the last day, I never could see, and now everything will be ruined. It's what I expected. You had better set the girls to work to write notes, putting off your guests, Mrs. Leslie."

"You may leave that to me," Mrs. Leslie replied, coldly.

"I should advise you to have plenty of beds got ready, and prepare for a little sick nursing," continued Mr. Leslie, as the rain began to pour down.

"Don't be silly, papa," cried Fanny. "There are several hours yet before they need leave the station. Besides, there are close carriages to be had at Little Havering."

"One or two," said her father, snappishly, "and *my* horses will not go out in a storm like this for Julia or Tom, nor my lord Tom Noddy either."

The storm threatened to be a heavy one. The hills were blotted out in a sea of mist; at intervals, gusts of wind dashed the rain and hail against the windows with the utmost fury; the sky grew blacker and blacker, and the thunder became heavier, the flashes sharper each moment.

No predictions of Mr. Leslie's could well have overrated the extent of the storm. During the whole afternoon it raged on with extraordinary violence. There was no question about a horse going out—no coachman would have driven his animals along those country roads in the face of trees crashing across his path, swollen streams, and hedgerows almost obliterated by the blinding deluge. A benighted party waited in the house of the station master of Havering Station, while those who were expecting them at Alverstone, but were powerless to come to their aid, waited in no less impatience.

"This is one of the delights of country life!" exclaimed Julia Leslie, to some of the acquaintances with whom she had travelled from London.

A temporary lull was seized upon at once. The horses were harnessed, and two carriages despatched. Alas! before they had gone a mile, the storm burst forth afresh, and they had to come back, only held in by the practised hand upon the reins.

"It is impossible for you to catch your train," Mr. Leslie said to Mr. Mackenzie. "It is five now, and it will pass through Havering at ten minutes past six, if it runs at all. You must make up your mind to stay."

"I fear I must," he replied, "and be content with the midday train tomorrow."

There was clearly nothing else to be done. The horses had already been rendered so unmanageable by their unfortunate essay, that it was evident they would draw no carriage that day, so a man was despatched on horseback, as soon as it was practicable, to render help to the expected guests by means of collecting vehicles for their transit, or in any other way in his power.

When the storm had quite subsided, a party of inspection set out on a tour through the grounds.

Alas for the morrow! The frail wood-

A STORM.

work which had already begun to put on its covering of green, was broken down and dashed hither and thither, strewing the ground with a litter of fragments. The gay tents were draggled and bespattered with mud. Branches of trees were scattered everywhere, and the flowers that a few hours ago had presented such a gay sight, were robbed of every bloom, their draggled petals lying in showers all over the borders. Mr. Leslie was half mad with rage and disappointment at the ruin everywhere displayed.

"The tents will look quite different after a few hours' sun," said Mr. Mackenzie, cheerfully, "and the flower beds too. By to-morrow afternoon we shall have a host of new blossoms. The lanterns fortunately have only been put in one or two places. The arches can soon be demolished, and the mess carted away. You will have a very gay party after all."

But Mr. Leslie could not see it. He was groaning over the wasted money, and the girls were bitterly disappointed, although fain to make the best of it rather than give up the *fête* altogether, which was, to be sure, the only reasonable plan, after so much preparation had been made.

So Mr. Leslie gave instructions to the men to proceed at once in completing the demolition that the storm had begun with as good a grace as he could. The head workman assured him that there was still time to repair much mischief, and that the men could be at work by five the next morning, if they received a little extra inducement, to which suggestion Mr. Leslie refused to listen. It is more than probable that a few kindly words would have been a sufficient incentive, for they entered into the general disappointment; but Mr. Leslie knew how to scold better than how to sympathise, and the men were not inclined to put themselves out for such a master.

The arrival of the party from the station soon drove this unpleasant subject into the background.

There was plenty of excitement over the costumes and general arrangements for the morrow, an unending topic of conversation in the extraordinary storm, and the hours passed in waiting for it to abate. Indeed, a man of any great vanity must have been grievously offended at the scant share of interest Mr. Mackenzie's pictures came in for.

When Grace opened her eyes the next morning the sun was streaming in at her window as brightly as if there had never been any storm the day before. There was a glorious exhilarating freshness in the air. She sprang out of bed and began rapidly to dress, determining to rouse Helen and Fanny, and persuade them to join her in a walk.

Fanny, however, refused to be disturbed. Helen declared she would be ready in no time, and Grace went down into the garden to stroll about and wait.

There was a sound of hammers and nails somewhere in the distance which showed that work was going on. The sun must have been up some hours, for the tents were dry and looked almost as gay as before the downpour. Having seen so much, Grace thought she would go and find out what other progress was being made.

At the entrance to the long drive some one had been busy, for there was the framework of an arch almost complete. Two men only appeared to be engaged upon it. As Grace drew near she perceived, to her great amusement and surprise, that one of these was no other that Mr. Mackenzie, who, arrayed in an old garden coat, was wielding hammer and nails as skilfully as his companion.

"Good morning," he cried, merrily. "I did not expect to be caught just yet. You see I have stayed to some purpose."

"How delighted Mr. Leslie will be!" Grace replied. "This was the principal part of the decorations in his eyes."

"It's the young ladies I'm doing it for," said the other man, sententiously, none other than the superintendent.

"I'm sure they will all be very grateful," Grace replied, heartily. "You must have worked very hard."

"We were at it pretty early," the man replied, and then Grace turned away, for she fancied she heard Helen calling her, and she was anxious for a little quiet chat with her friend.

"Has anything been done yet?" she asked when they met. The topic was one which needed no elaborate introduction. It was the one uppermost in both minds—Helen's engagement to Edward.

"Fanny spoke to Edward about it," Helen replied. "I think he was hardly pleased. He said that the right moment had not arrived—that just now Mr. Leslie was irritable by reason of this *fête*, and that it would ruin all to be precipitate. What could I urge? I think what he says is true enough, don't you?"

"Yes, I am afraid it is. It should have been done before," Grace replied. "I wish for your sake it might have been over before to-day."

"So do I," Helen replied, earnestly. "You don't know how I long to have it all cleared up. I feel sometimes as if I were guilty of deceiving Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, and yet what can I do? I suppose such affairs always go on for a while in this secret fashion."

"I don't think they should," Grace replied. "As soon as there is a clear understanding, it seems to me that the necessary consent should be obtained."

"There are such difficulties in our way," said Helen. "Supposing, after all, the consent should not be given."

"I do not see any reason to suppose it would be withheld," said Grace.

"If it were, it could make no difference to us," burst forth Helen, impetuously. "I should never marry anybody else, but we should never be able to see each other, and oh, Grace, I cannot bear to think of that—I believe it would kill me."

"It is not likely to come to that, dear," Grace said, consolingly. "How glad I shall be when it is settled, and you are relieved from this suspense."

"After all, you are the best friend I have," Helen exclaimed, with one of those bursts of demonstrativeness which had become so much rarer lately. "You think most of my real happiness."

These were the only moments alone together the two friends found that day. Everybody was pressed into service, the girls being fully occupied in arranging flowers for the house and tables. As the morning advanced the work of preparation was carried on with marvellous rapidity. Tiny coloured lamps burst forth on every bush and tree. The greenhouses turned out a gorgeous array of choice plants, flags fluttered gaily from the great marquee on the lawn. The tents under the trees displayed banquetting tables like those of an Arabian night's entertainment. All was bustle, excitement, and confusion, in the midst of which Mr. Mackenzie packed up his pictures and slipped away.

At last the girls went to their rooms to dress. Grace had told Fanny that she had a cream dress as yet unworn, with which she must be content, and Fanny, with a generosity which few credited her with, yet which was nevertheless characteristic of her, had chosen for her own wear a very simple white cambric, that she supposed would keep Grace's home-made dress in countenance. Helen's toilette was of the palest blue, with a profusion of creamy lace all about it; while Julia, a brilliant brunette, and the heroine of the occasion, appeared in a dazzling toilette of pink silk.

When the dressing was completed, they came into Fanny's room, where Gertrude was busily employed in weaving flowers and ferns together for their adornment.

"Why, Grace," Fanny cried, in amazement, "is that your home-made dress? Why, child, you outshine us all. It is simply perfect—or will be, with a great spray of Gertrude's flowers over your shoulder."

"As for you, Fanny," cried Julia, "you are a perfect fright. Are you going in for the *rôle* of peculiarity?"

"Leave me alone," cried Fanny, pettishly. "Be content that I don't attempt to rival you." "After all," she said, aside to Helen, "what does it matter? There's not a soul coming I care twopence about."

"But I cannot see anything the matter with your dress, except that it wants a good broad sash at the back," said Grace. "It is certainly simple, but it suits you admirably."

"I have a crimson sash which will just match these roses," cried Helen, flying away to fetch it, and in such happy excitement the dressing was achieved, and the girls went down to help receive the guests, who had already begun to arrive.

The principal event of the afternoon was a tennis tournament, which attracted a large number of on-lookers, while others wandered about and enjoyed the fairy-like beauty of the grounds. But the real enjoyment began at dusk, when the lighting up of the lanterns converted the whole place into a veritable fairyland.

Edward was not behaving very well, Grace thought. Whenever she saw Helen, he was by her side, her partner in tennis, her companion always. Many

"GOOD WISHES JUST NOW ARE IN SEASON."

See "Greetings," page 127.

a remark came to Grace's ears which made her cheeks tingle. "Are they engaged? Who is she?" "It is very evident what is going on there; I suppose it is all settled," and so on, for indeed their names were upon many lips, Helen's bright animated face betraying only too plainly the happiness she felt in Edward Leslie's society.

They met for a few brief moments at the end of the evening.

"Edward has promised me faithfully that he will speak to Mr. Leslie to-morrow," she whispered gladly. "Wish us success."

"Indeed I do," Grace replied, adding to herself, "It is the very least he can do after to-night."

But alas! even at that moment a messenger of ill-tidings was speeding on its way, and reached Alverstone the next morning, while its inmates were yet resting after the fatigues of the previous day. It came in the shape of a hasty summons from Mrs. Dalrymple, for Helen to return home at once, and hinting at some great unspeakable misfortune. In the shadow of this trouble all such matters as had only the night before so completely engrossed their thoughts were for the moment utterly forgotten.

(*To be continued.*)

GREETINGS.

By SYDNEY GREY.

CAN there be any greetings, I wonder,
To feeling and friendship more dear,
Than the two that so seldom we sunder—
"Merry Christmas and Happy New Year"?
When affection's whole force is paraded,
A genial warfare to wage,
And each holly-crowned home is invaded,
Like that on the frontispiece page.
Our artist has surely with reason
Permitted his fancy to rove,
For good wishes just now are in season,
And letter-bags bursting with love.

Here's a bit of young madcap's sweet folly,
Which grandpapa's laughter will stir;
Here's a card to dear Ted from Aunt Molly,
And somebody's missive to her.
Cousin Tom has a certain small token,
The sender it fails to avow,
But I doubt not his thanks will be spoken
Very close to the mistletoe bough.
Well—away on your mission, fair greetings,
High embassy yours to fulfil;
Ever hailed amid joyous heart-beatings,
The pledges of peace and good-will.

CHATS ABOUT THE CALENDAR.

DECEMBER, according to the calendar of Romulus, was the tenth month, as the name implies (*decem* being the Latin word for ten); but by the Julian calendar it was made the twelfth, and is the last month in our year. Among the Romans this month was devoted to various festivals. The peasants kept the feast of Vacuna, after having got in the fruits, and sown their corn. During this time all orders of the community were devoted to mirth and festivity. Friends sent presents to one another; the schools kept a vacation, and pleasure was the order of the day.

Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors called December the *Winter-monath*, but after their conversion to Christianity they called it *Heligh-monat*, or holy month, in commemoration of the feast of the Nativity, which is always celebrated in this month. There are few remarkable days to be noticed. Perhaps it may interest some to know that in this month the poet Gray and the painter Rubens were born; and Richelieu, John Wycliffe, Flaxman, Mozart, Dr. Johnson, Washington (names you should surely know something about) died. The 21st day is the shortest day, and from this time we may begin to look forward with some hope to the passing away of the dreary days of winter. But by far the most remarkable festival occurs on the 25th, commonly called Christmas Day. Happy Christmas! The time of family reunions, of joyous greetings, and of welcome presents. Out of doors there may be rain and wind, snow and ice; but indoors the scene is very different, with the merry games, the kisses under the mistletoe, Sir Roger de Coverley, not to mention the roast beef and turkey, the plum-pudding and the mince-pies, without which, in the opinion of many young people, Christmas would not be Christmas at all! The mistletoe is so associated with the festivities and decorations of Christmas that a word or two about it may not be uninteresting. It grows luxuriantly upon apple-trees, and upon the oak, and the fruit is made by the Italians into a kind of birdlime. The mystic uses of the mistletoe are traced to the pagan ages; it has even been identified with the golden branch referred to by Virgil in the lower regions. The Druids called it *all heal* or *guidhell*. They had an extraordinary veneration for the number three, and chose the mistletoe because its berries grow in clusters of three united to one stalk. They celebrated a grand festival on the annual cutting of the shrubs, on which occasion many ceremonies were observed; the officiating Druid being clad in white, and cutting the branches with a golden sickle. But when did mistletoe become recognised as a Christmas evergreen? We have Christmas carols in praise of holly and ivy of even earlier date than the fifteenth century; but allusion to mistletoe can scarcely be found for two centuries later, or before the time of Herrick.

"Down with the rosemary, and so,
Down with the baies and mistletoe,
Down with the holly, ivie all,
Wherewith ye dressed the Christmas hall."

And Shakespeare describes—

"The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe."

The seeds of the mistletoe ripen late, between February and April, and birds do not willingly feed upon them as long as they can procure the berries of hawthorn, hollies, ivies, and other winter food. No sooner, however, does a late frost set in, and the ground become covered with snow, perhaps for the first time, then the little food-seeking warblers fly to the mistletoe, and find the sustenance in its berries which is denied them elsewhere. If the ripe berries are rubbed upon the branches of trees they may thus be readily cultivated.

The 28th day of this month is celebrated as the slaughter of the Innocents by Herod, and there is a strange superstition which affirms that it is unlucky to begin any work upon this day.

A good many people still keep up the custom of seeing the old year out and the new year in, and I daresay many of our young readers have done so. At first it is considered fine fun, and the old year is gladly pushed aside, in order to make room for the more welcome incoming one. But as you grow older, you will not be in such a hurry to get rid of the old years, but cling more lovingly to them, as you begin to feel the truth that they can never be recalled. Hence you will treat their exit into the land where all things are forgotten, more tenderly, and perhaps even sorrowfully.

December is allegorically represented by the Ancients as an old man, with a severe countenance, clothed in a coarse (but, let us hope, warm) garment; his hands, which are encased in gloves, hold a hatchet, emblematical of the season, which is the time for felling timber. Instead of his head being surrounded by a garland, it appears to be wrapped in three or four nightcaps, with a Turkish turban over them; his mouth and beard are thickly icicled over; at his back is a bundle of ivy, holly, and mistletoe, while by his side is the sign of the goat, Capricornus, symbolical of the sun entering that constellation on the 21st.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDNA.—It might be well to write to the secretary of the Alexandra Hospital for Children with Hip Disease, and Cripples, 18, Queen-square, London, W.C., for information on the subject of a hospital for spinal disease. They have seventy-one beds, and a branch hospital at Bournemouth. There is also a "Cripples Home" at No. 17A, Marylebone-road, W., where Miss Blunt receives girls, aged twelve years, at £10 per annum for three years. But whether this be a mere home, or a place where medical treatment, with a view to cure, may be obtained, you can easily ascertain.

N. A. H. is thanked for her verses, which express excellent sentiments, on the value of "Kind Words;" but they are prose in verse, not poetry. If her verses be intended for a friend's album, she should, at least, correct the last line, placing the beat on the second syllable, and amputating the superfluous foot. "N. A. H." writes a beautiful hand. We do not tell characters from handwriting; and can only thank her for her kind commendation of our magazine.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.—Certainly, instruction in some of the first principles of religion should be given to a child as soon as it begins to understand anything. Of course, it could not comprehend the nature of faith, nor of death, and the atonement of Christ through the Sacrifice of the Cross. It must first learn that God dwells in heaven, that it is a happy, bright place; that God loves little children and takes care of them, and sees them though they cannot see Him; that some day they may go to Him, but that only good children will be taken. That it is "good" when obedient, and "naughty" when otherwise, is very soon learnt, and must be the ground-work of all you can teach a child. Make it put up its hands morning and night, and as you ask for a form, let it repeat these words after you: "Pray God make me a good child, and take care of me to-day. Bless dear papa and mamma, and brothers and sisters. Forgive me for being naughty, and take me to heaven some day, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen." Say a little prayer aloud for it yourself, also, by its bedside every night.

R. T. C.—1. An allusion is made in the use of the term "wool-gathering," to the absence from home and its duties of children, who are sent to wander over the downs and along the hedgerows to gather the wool left by the sheep. Thus, when you have lost your presence of mind, and your thoughts stray away from your present business or company around you, you are said to be "wool-gathering," no one knows where. 2. There are many ancient traditions in reference to the story of the Wandering Jew. It has its origin amongst the Greeks—Aristeäs, a poet, who was said to have appeared in a fitful way during a period of 400 years. There are two Jewish stories, that of Kartaphilos, the door-keeper of the Judgment Hall, in the service of Pontius Pilate, who is said to have struck our Lord, but soon after became a Christian; and that of Ahasuerus, the cobbler, who pushed Him away when leaning for a moment against his door to rest under the weight of the cross. In Germany, one John Buttadæus; in Italy, Signor Gualdi; and in France, Isaac Luquedem. One Salathiel ben Sadi, who appeared and disappeared, at Venice, at the close of the sixteenth century, in so sudden a manner, attracted general notice throughout Europe. The mistake made by the Apostles connected with Our Lord's observation respecting St. John was the probable origin of the Jewish traditions.

JESSIE WATSON.—For the publication of any work, you must apply to the Secretary of the Religious Tract Society, and should the subject commend itself to them, they will make an offer to have it read, when you can send the MS. Our own staff of writers is sufficiently full already, and we regret we cannot accept it for this magazine.

L. H. inquires what we consider the value of an old "black-letter" Bible (dated 1578), and adds that the cover is gone, and some of the leaves are lost. How could we form a correct opinion, not even knowing whether those missing pages render both the Old and the New Testament portions alike imperfect? Were the latter complete, and all be likewise in good order, a better idea might be formed of its value, even without an inspection. We advise "L. H." to show it to the purchaser at some respectable second-hand bookshop. We think your writing would be considered sufficiently good for a situation in the Civil Service.

ROMOLA.—We advise you to inquire at a surgical instrument shop. We have seen small silver tubes painted flesh-colour inside, which are placed within the ears on account of deafness; in one case it did not appear to have been successful, or the little discomfort at first occasioned disheartened the wearer. The other case was quite satisfactory.

LITTLE MARION has not learnt the art of mere verse-making. Some lines lack a sufficiency of syllables, in others the beat falls on the wrong words; in one place a word is repeated as a rhyme to itself; in another word, one syllable is made to do duty for two.

DISAPPOINTED ONE.—1. We regret your disappointment, and in reply to your inquiry, advise you to apply by letter to Miss Ellice Hopkins, Percy House, Brighton, for all information respecting the Ladies' Association for the Care of Friendless Girls, of which there are branches at Southampton, Portsmouth, Winchester, Plymouth, Exeter, London, Birmingham, Bristol, Cheltenham, Torquay, Wolverhampton, Nottingham, Bedford, King's Lynn, a temporary home at 5, Greville-terrace, of which the Hon. Secretary is to be addressed at 4, Wellington-square Cheltenham, besides that at Brighton. 2. There is what is called the "overland route" to Australia, which is expensive, and there are many lines of ships by long sea route, mail packets, emigrant ships, steam and sailing vessels. Apply by letter to the British Female Emigration Society, 43, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, W., addressing the Secretary, Miss Tipple.

BEATRICE.—See page 46, vol. ii., also page 335, vol. i. Your second question is of a class that we do not answer.

SHRIMP.—We think you would obtain all the instruction you need by reading the article, "How to Model a Rose in Wax."

MARGUERITE.—1. See page 64, vol. ii. You will there find directions for the production of skeleton leaves. 2. The ancient Egyptian obelisk has been misnamed "Cleopatra's Needle," as it dates back to a period prior to the time of Moses. There were two of them, which were erected by Thothmes III. at Heliopolis about 1,600 years before Christ. One of these was removed by Augustus Cæsar to Alexandria, about the year 23 B.C., and after having lain embedded in the sand for a long period, was obtained for Great Britain by Sir Ralph Abercromby in 1801, although not removed. It was again offered by Mehemet Ali, and subsequently by the Khedive, in 1877, and now stands on the Embankment. How it was brought over you can read on the inscription upon the pedestal.

EILY RANDOLPH.—We do not think that having the ears pierced could be of any permanent benefit to sore eyes, because they heal so soon. You ought to obtain a doctor's advice. They may show some constitutional delicacy.

AMARYLLIS.—The children of brothers are first cousins, those of first cousins are second cousins, and so forth. Your father's first cousin is your first cousin "once removed," and so is your mother's, the descent not being even—that is, you are not of the same generation. We feel glad to hear that you think you "owe us a debt of gratitude" for providing you with this paper.

WINNIE.—We much approve of your desire to do some little extra work for the glory of God and the good of others. But you must not suppose that earning money is the only means whereby this can be accomplished. Your little poems have more merit as compositions than the great majority of verses sent to us. The charitable and Christian feeling expressed in "Love as Brethren," and the tenderness of the sentiments in "A Child's Letter" we fully recognise. Perhaps you could help in getting-up "Bee meetings" in the parish for making baby-clothes for the poor, at which all might act as reader, in their several turns, of good and interesting books, varying the subjects so as to benefit the listeners. Your writing would be exceptionally good if sloped in the orthodox way.

NAMELESS.—Your little poem, written at night during a storm, is very freely written, and expresses good sound Christian sentiments. But there are superfluous syllables in the last verse.

SPRING-HEELED JILL.—To preserve mountain-ash berries from shrivelling you must keep them in a pickle of salt and water.

X. Y. and Z.—We sympathise much with you on the trial of separation before you, more especially in the case of twin-sisters. But if your earnest and united request to be allowed to go to the same foreign school be not granted, we can only advise you to regard the distress it occasions you as permitted by a merciful Providence for the trial of your patience and dutiful submission to those to whom you owe it. The time of loneliness and separation from each other is but for a brief period, and you must be brave, and encourage each other to look on the bright side, although it may seem to you at present further distant than it really is. You write very well.

UNHAPPY LOUISE.—We consider it to be your obvious duty to tell the young man in question that you could not possibly entertain a thought of the engagement, which he desires to form, without making his parents acquainted with his intensions, and obtaining their consent. The fact of your being altogether without pecuniary means must render your clandestine permission of his addresses dishonourable. We feel truly sorry for you, but you could never repent of doing what is right. Your spelling needs attention. "Disapprove" has two "p's," and "miscellaneous" two "l's." Your writing is also very bad. We tell you this in all kindliness of feeling.

FLOSS.—1. We are glad that our papers are so useful to you, but regret that the lines you enclose cannot be, as you request, "put on the amertures pages." You should try to improve in spelling and grammar before you attempt to send compositions to us for publication. We gladly receive the confidential letters of our readers, however poorly educated the latter may be, but as an aspirant to authorship we can give you no encouragement. 2. A gentleman is introduced to a lady, and on such occasions they bow politely to each other.

BLUE ENVELOPE.—Read the articles by Medicus, and likewise all else that has been said on the question of cutaneous eruptions in our answers to correspondents. This will be found by a reference to our indices.

AFRICAN.—We advise you to seek instruction in the method of conducting charitable institutions, at such institutions as the Deaconesses' Training Institution, Mildmay Park, London, N., and the Mission Training House for Ladies, The Poplars, Addlestone, Surrey. The hon. secretary is Miss Lloyd, 3, Otway-terrace, South Lambeth-road, S.W.

NORNA.—If you find that all this wetting of your hair when swimming and all the washing after each bath have resulted in making your hair fall so considerably, we advise you to put on a bathing cap. Sometimes, however, it is to a weak state of health that the loss of hair is to be traced.

DEWDROP.—We advise you to send your prune-coloured silk velvet to a cleaner, as it would be ruined by any amateur attempt to clean it at home.

SEMPER EADEM.—See "A Chat about British Ferns," pages 198 and 455, vol. iii.; also page 831, vol. iii.

MIDGIE MITT should confide to her mother, or lady guardian, the distress to which she is subject on account of palpitation of the heart. We could not give you any prescription for it, as we are not acquainted with your constitution, nor of the probable causes of such a condition. It may arise from indigestion, and you may eat what does not agree with you.

DOT.—1. A governess should give, and may require, a quarter's notice. 2. Much depends on whether you be "certificated," as regards salary. We should imagine that if you be thoroughly competent to teach all you profess to know, you might ask about £30 per annum. But you may find it a point of wisdom to accept £25, for the benefit of a comfortable home in times like the present, when rents are so high. It would be a disadvantage to you to leave a situation at the end of so short a period as a year.

MATER.—The information was given some months ago, on the statement of a correspondent. But we have more than once informed our readers since then that the statement was quite without foundation in fact.

MRS. SHUTE PIERS has read the offer of our correspondent "Ignorance" in reference to cast-off clothing, and makes an earnest appeal for a very poor district in the south-east of London, begging for a few articles, addressed to 11, The Terrace, Camberwell, S.E.

ERMINE.—1. The text you quote will be found in Ecclesiastes, chapter ix., verse 10. You should refer to a concordance if you cannot find the verses you want. We cannot undertake to answer such unnecessary questions. 2. You may be naturally healthy, and yet give yourself indigestion, which will produce spots in the face and redness of the nose. Perhaps you eat too fast, and read or stoop over some employment too soon after your meals.

WHITE JASMINE.—1. Tobacco juice or potato water (in which the latter have been boiled) may be of use in removing the insect blight from flowers. 2. We have more than once suggested cures for warts. See pages 319, 447, and 592, vol. i.; also page 14, vol. ii.

TADPOLE.—1. Six questions are too many to send us. We consider that for a girl of only sixteen, an allowance of £20 per annum is quite sufficient, as she is only "in the schoolroom," and has none of the expenses that attend going out into society. 2. The use of soda to the hair is bad. It dries it and renders it brittle.

PERPLEXED PATTIE, and EVA.—If you have written all these "very original stories," we congratulate you on the prospect which seems to open before you, as some editor of a magazine, not already overstocked, like ourselves, may accept them sooner or later. If sufficient for a large book, a publisher who happened to fancy them much might possibly offer to take half the expenses, and share the risk of publication. He would not pay for the work of an unknown writer.

HEPHZIBAH.—The quotation you make is from "Adam Bede," a story by George Eliot. We thank you for your kind letter, and think you write neatly and rather well.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—We are obliged by your information, but a new secretary and new offices have been selected for the Women's Emigration Society, the present address being Miss Blake, New Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.

CARNATION.—The initial letters "*R. S. V. P.*" stand for "*Répondez, s'il vous plaît;*" the French for "Reply, if you please" (literally, "if it you please"). We are pleased to hear that your parents read and so much approve of this paper.

MIGNONETTE.—We are obliged to you for your information. It was a great error on the part of the secretary of the National Training School for Music to have neglected the withdrawal of the old address at Kensington Gore, from all advertisement lists where it had been entered. We thank you sincerely for your kind wishes that God's blessing may rest on our work.

ELSIE S.—Apply for all magazines to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., enclosing stamps for the same. Try to write a more flowing and graceful hand. Accept our acknowledgments for your kind letter.

URIAH HEAP.—We advise you to write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for our list of books suitable for Sunday-school use. We do not know what you mean by "joining the Sunday-school Library," unless it be subscribing to it, and we are quite ignorant of the rules of your special library. You should ask to see them, as it is quite possible that both teachers and subscribers may be allowed to take home one book at a time. But perhaps you mean the Sunday School Union.

QUEEN ETHEL.—You render the hard water still harder by dissolving alum in it. Add a little soda to it, or oatmeal, and you will find it softened. The use of the latter renders it very agreeable for washing. 2. Maintain English rules of etiquette with English people; but when associating with foreigners in their own country, it would be ill-bred not to adopt their rules, so far as you could possibly comply with them. In a foreign country you become the guest, in some sense, of the natives. You obtain the benefit of their laws and protection, the enjoyment of their climate and country, their mineral waters and baths, and possibly their personal society. All the politeness you can show in return is due to them, and to observe the strictest care to infringe no rules that obtain amongst them should be your business. You only reside amongst them "on sufferance." Your little sister gives promise for the future, but her lines are not sufficiently correct for insertion.

STUMP.—Certainly you should not accept presents from a young curate, or from any man, not a very near relative, to whom you are not engaged.

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AN OLD DUTCH HOUSE.

By M. M. POLLARD,
Author of "Cora; or, Three Years of a Girl's Life," &c.

CHAPTER I.

UNEXPECTED NEWS.

NEAR a reach of the Oude Maas was a buff-co'oured house with many windows, and tall chimneys. It stood in the middle of a large garden that was surrounded by green fences, beyond which lay the usual sleepy wide-yawning ditches. Before the front garden gate was a wide stretch of meadow land, intersected with trenches filled with water, and at the back of the house was visible, a short distance off, the weary length of one of those melancholy-looking, huge dykes, cast up to prevent the encroachment of the river during high tides. This dyke threw a shadow over the back garden that was never lifted, and the produce was in consequence meagre and scanty. Vegetables grew up rank and coarse, and the fruit never ripened to sweetness and lusciousness. But in the flower-beds before the parlour windows, where the sun-rays lingered, and brought light and warmth, the display of bloom was exquisite. Tulips, hyacinths, jonquils, and pansies during the season vied with each other in variety of colour.

Maria de Velde, sole occupant of the buff-coloured house, was especially proud of her tulips, for her brother, Jan de Velde, left the tulip beds in her charge before he

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went away to the West Indies to seek his fortune, and during the twenty-five years of his absence she had even denied herself some of the necessaries of life to keep up the supply of "Semper Augustus," and "Admiral Leifken's" bulbs.

Most people would have called the time-worn house lonely, but Maria never thought it so, in fact she had very little time to think about herself at all. What with keeping the place tidy, according to Dutch notions of tidiness, washing the walls, the paint-work, the window-shutters, the floor, the bricks—what with polishing the brass knocker, the door-handles, and every piece of metal within and without the house at least twice a week—what with doing most of the garden work with her own hands, she was fully occupied from day to day.

The house was full of sweet associations to her, and, as she rambled about its now silent rooms, she thought of scenes that lay far away behind in her past, when life had some roseate hues even for her, and held none of the dull chill greys it now wore. There, she had spent a happy childhood, one of a united family, but now they were all gone, and of her brother Jan she had not heard for ten years. Perhaps he would come back soon; she was always expecting him, and one chamber in the house was always kept bright, and aired ready for his reception.

On the evening our story opens, Maria had been to Dordrecht, the nearest town, for a supply of provisions to last the week. Shopping was always an important business to her, for her income was limited, every coin held its full place in the quarter's expenses, and she needed to get its utmost value in commodities. What with bargaining, cheapening, hurrying from shop to shop, from stall to stall to get the most for her money, it grew late ere she set out on her return journey, and by the time she reached the fields near her own house, the sun had gone down.

Maria came wearily across the flat meadow-land, with two large bucket-like baskets on her arms. She wore a faded black cloak with a hood, a black poke bonnet, in whose depths her patient, waiting face looked pale and worn, and her large grey eyes seemed, as usual, watching for someone who never came.

She started with surprise when she came in front of her house, for a man was leaning against the garden gate, his eyes fixed on the closed-up windows. Her heart gave a wild throb. Could it be Jan come back at last? But no, even in the dim twilight she soon discovered that the stranger was younger, taller, and slighter than her brother could possibly be.

She drew near, with the key of the gate in her hand, and the stranger came towards her at once, and said in good Dutch—

"Perhaps you can give me some information. I am searching for Maria de Velde, and, from description, I should say this is her house."

"I am Maria de Velde. What is your business with me?"

"You!" He looked at her scrutinisingly in the dull twilight as he said slowly, "Your brother was Jan de Velde, I presume?"

"Yes! Oh yes! Jan is my only brother. Have you come to tell me about him? is he come home?" Her voice trembled, and she was in such a state of trepidation she could hardly speak the words.

"Be calm, I beg of you. My story will be long, and perhaps we had better go indoors before I relate it."

Maria opened the gate, and walked into the house. The stranger followed, and waited in the passage until she had deposited her burdens and lit the lamp. Then he stood by the parlour table, silently watching her.

"What news have you brought me of Jan?" she gasped.

"Not such as you will like, I fear. I had better explain that I am Jules Peterson, a lawyer, that I live at Dordrecht, that I have had communications about your brother's business from his solicitor in the West Indies; he has, in fact, put the affair into my hands."

"Jan's affairs! Why cannot he manage them himself?" asked Maria, in an eager manner, as though she expected some terrible trouble was coming, but that she yet dreaded to hear.

"He is dead, madam," was the low reply.

"Dead!" she echoed.

"Alas! such is the sad truth; but by his will your brother has left you sole legatee to his property."

The lawyer had often found such information as he had just imparted a wonderful panacea in cases of bereavement, but Maria hardly heeded it; she was numb and dazed in her deep woe, and she sat down in a low chair, rocking herself to and fro in mute agony.

Jules Peterson was a feeling man, and a polite man. He waited until her paroxysm of grief had subsided, then he asked Maria for instructions, and laid a packet of papers before her.

She had no instructions to give, and with tear-stained cheeks could only control herself to say—

"Did Jan send me any message?"

"Not a word. The will was enclosed in the lawyer's letter, and was dated years before the death took place."

This, then, was the end of all her watching and waiting! Jan had bequeathed her the hard-earned money he had given his life to win, but had left her no history of that life—of its struggles, disappointments, and achievements.

For a long time after this event, Maria felt too dulled with grief at her brother's death to appreciate the change of fortune that had come to her—it was only by degrees she realised her days of poverty and pinching were over. The property was not what some people could call large—about as much as would bring her three hundred pounds a year of our money; but it was boundless wealth to Maria compared with the pittance on which she had lately managed to subsist.

By-and-by, the old buff-coloured house began to show a brighter face to the world. The worn, faded furniture was replaced by new, and when spring came round again, the garden had such a show of tulips as had not been seen there since Jan had left off planting them himself.

Maria hired a stout servant maid to take the roughest part of the house-work off her hands, and then, having less to do, she began to think more, and ere long came to the conclusion that it was very dreary to ramble about the empty rooms alone. She began to speculate who amongst her relatives she should invite to come to stay with her, with the view of leaving them, by-and-by, the fortune Jan had accumulated.

Mistress de Velde had not any very near of kin, but she had some cousins whom she had not seen for years past. The poor and sad are not much troubled by visitors and invitations, and Maria, like many others in her case, had been quietly dropped out of sight and memory.

As soon as it became known she had inherited a fortune, and wished to renew intercourse with her relatives, there was great excitement amongst them; she might have had her pick and choice out of a dozen cousins. The Von Huysens, on her mother's side, consisted of a father, three daughters, and one son. The De Veldes, on her father's side, were represented by two girls. Of the latter, Lois, the eldest, was married to a poor thriftless man, who, with ill-health and no regular employment, was struggling on with a large family at Rotterdam, and the second girl, Anna, was music teacher at a preparatory school.

From these families, Mistress de Velde selected Anna, and Oscar Von Huysen, and sent them invitations, the former to live with her as companion, the latter to come on a visit. Anna was a pleasing looking girl about nineteen, with clear, brown, thoughtful eyes, tolerable features, and a pale olive complexion. She was not pretty, and her face in repose might have been considered a little too mild, too placid; but those who saw her eyes beaming with animation, her cheeks glowing with brightness, her lips parted in one of her sweet rare smiles, would confess her attraction was more potent than even beauty, for the light from a loving heart was reflected in her face. Her voice was low and musical, her figure small and neat, a little quaint and prim perhaps, for constant restraint and repression at the preparatory school had somewhat tended to cramp the natural gracefulness of her figure. The same cause had doubtless contributed to make her shy and timid, conscious of her own defects, forgetful of herself, and ever ready to take a secondary part, contented to be in the shade that others might enjoy the sunshine.

Oscar Von Huysen was a contrast to Anna in every way. He was strikingly handsome, and quite conscious of it. Tall, dark, with a splendid figure, symmetrical features, and a bewitching manner, he soon won the hearts of the two women in the buff-coloured house.

Anna looked at him with shy admiration, and thought him superior to herself as a being from another sphere might be; and Maria, from her standpoint of observation, considered him a noble fellow, quite worthy of being her heir by-and-by. Indeed, ere he had been long in the house it was well understood that he, and none other, would inherit her property.

It was impossible to be dull in Oscar's company when he chose to make himself entertaining. There were lurking fun and mockery in his brown eyes, a ringing laughter in his voice, a vein of humour in his conversation that was irresistible.

The old house now resounded with the sound of youthful voices, with mirth and music. Maria ordered a fine piano from Dordrecht that Anna might keep up her practising; and so, in the quiet evenings, the low rooms would be filled with harmony. Sometimes Anna and Oscar sang duets together, or Anna's sympathetic voice would ring out softly and clearly in some pathetic chanson, and Mistress de Velde, leaning back in her crimson-cushioned chair, would listen with her eyes closed, her mind dreamily recalling scenes from the past again, when she also was bright and hopeful as were her young cousins at present.

(*To be continued.*)

CURIOSITIES OF COURT RECEPTIONS.

By the Hon. Mrs. Armytage.

It is difficult to trace out or fix the exact date when Court receptions assumed the rules which at present regulate these ceremonies.

From very early ages the sovereigns of every country have been in the habit of keeping some regular court of state at which their subjects were received. In olden days, no detailed rules prescribed who should and who should not appear in the sovereign's presence.

Vassals of all degrees have come before the king either to offer fealty, or to represent some grievance. A curious custom carried down to the end of the last century was the admission of the public to see the king and

queen at their dinner, which they ate under the gaze of crowds of their subjects.

From very early times it is evident that English queens received during the morning toilet, so that the origin of the word levée is easily traced. When at Conway Castle with King Edward, we read that "Queen Eleanor received ladies qualified to be presented to her while her hair was being dressed," but there is no record at that date as to the qualifications necessary to secure the privilege.

During the succeeding reigns we find no specially interesting records of Court receptions that would amuse our readers, so we will pass on to more modern times. Queen Elizabeth was a monarch who delighted in all the ceremonies and grandeurs befitting a great sovereign, and her state progresses form a history in themselves. When she was residing at Greenwich Palace, crowds were always admitted to the long corridors through which the queen would pass on Sundays as she went to the chapel, and everyone knelt before her. We are sorry to say that Sunday was for many succeeding generations the day on which Court receptions were held; the king and queen first attending divine service and then admitting the numbers of people who thronged the Court, and in this manner the rule became established for those attending Court receptions to be in their places before the Royal Family entered the rooms, and their Majesties passing along spoke to whoever they deemed worthy of their notice by degrees. Some favoured visitors were ushered into a separate apartment, from whence no doubt originated that privilege which is now spoken of as "having the entrée at Court."

During the reign of George II., drawing-rooms, as they were then called, continued to be held in the evening, but George IV. altered this to their being held as now, in the daytime.

My readers may, perhaps, have noticed, if they ever read the *Gazettes* respecting Court ceremonials in the present day, that it is often announced that such a day is "Collar Day," and may have wondered at its meaning. By the official register we find that these days almost exactly coincide with the festival days of the Church of England. Easter Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, Ascension Day, Whitsuntide, and Trinity, with all the recognised Saints' days of the Church are Collar Days, in addition to which are added St. George's Day, the sovereign's birthday, Accession, and Coronation, and the late Prince Consort's birthday; and upon these days, if there be a levée or drawing-room or any Court ceremony, the knights appear wearing their collars, as well as the ribbons and badges of their respective orders. The history of these various orders of knighthood can be but briefly alluded to in these papers; they are of very ancient origin, and each one claims a separate and special notice. The Garter, the Thistle, St. Patrick, the Bath, and the Star of India are the British orders conferred by the sovereign, according to her will and pleasure. The Most Noble Order of the Garter ranks first. Constituted by Edward III., limited to the number of twenty-five knights, and the arms and banners of the first roll of the Garter Knights, is perpetuated at Windsor Castle, where, in St. George's Hall, we see the banners arranged along this magnificent apartment. An account of the ceremonies which have attended various instalments of the Knights of the Garter would fill a volume. St. George is the patron saint of the order. The chapel at Windsor was dedicated to their use, and the installation of any knight still takes place at Windsor Castle, though of late years the Queen has not held any formal chapter. It is customary to include foreign monarchs in their number, and upon such occasions noblemen, with a considerable suite, with Garter King-at-Arms, are despatched by the sovereign to decorate whoever it has been her pleasure to receive into the order. The dark blue ribbon now worn by the Knights of the Garter was changed to its present shade from one much lighter in tone in the year 1622. The pictures of Charles I., by Vandyke, always show the lighter shade.

The Order of the Thistle has claimed a very ancient date for its foundation—even as far back as A.D. 809; but it was either restored or instituted by James V., 1540, when he with twelve knights completed the roll. It now consists of the sovereign and sixteen members; St. Andrew its patron saint, and the colour of the distinctive ribbon is dark green. The knights of this order are invariably Scotchmen.

The Irish order of St. Patrick next follows—instituted by George III., 1783. Twenty-two knights besides the sovereign and the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland complete its numbers. Sky-blue is the colour of the mantle and ribbon.

The Order of the Bath was instituted in the thirteenth century, and seems at times to have fallen into disuse; but there are many records of quaint ceremonies attached to its reception at the time of the restoration of Charles II. The knights elect slept in the Painted Chamber of the House of Lords on pallets; at the foot of each couch stood a bathing tub, and the installation took place in the adjoining abbey of Westminster.

There are various degrees of honour in the Order of the Bath; it is equally bestowed upon officers of Army, Navy, Diplomatic, and Civil Service, a difference in the badge distinguishing them, all using a red ribbon.

It remained for Queen Victoria to create another Order, to which ladies should be admitted as companions, having long ceased to be admitted to the honours of the Garter, though there are records of many women having been thus privileged.

The most exalted Order of the Star of India was instituted in 1861, and consists of the sovereign, the Viceroy of India, thirty knights grand commanders, seventy-two knights commanders, and one hundred and forty-four companions, with extra and honorary members. The badge contains Queen Victoria's likeness cut in a cameo, and the ribbon of the order is pale blue with a white edge.

In diverging from the subject of Court receptions to the orders and insignia worn on collar days, I have said more than I intended, and must return to the records of the actual Court ceremonies.

When, in 1761, Queen Charlotte held her first drawing-room after her marriage, we read that the queen stood under the throne, and the women were presented to her by the Duchess of Hamilton, and the men by the Duke of Manchester—which is very different from the existing rule.

A most amusing account was written by Mr. Rush, Minister from the United States, in 1817, describing a levée of the Prince Regent's and a drawing-room of Queen Charlotte's—the former held at Carlton House, and the latter at Buckingham Palace, then known as the Queen's House. He describes a private presentation of himself to the queen as taking place before he attended the drawing-room; of the latter he says:—"Going through Hyde-park, I found the whole way from Tyburn to Piccadilly filled with private carriages, standing still, with persons in them, who adopted this mode of seeing those who went to Court. Trumpets were sounding, Park and Tower guns were firing, being the queen's birthday; ranks of cavalry in scarlet, with bright helmets and jet-black horses—the very same, we are told, both men and horses, that had been at Waterloo. Hundreds arriving, hundreds endeavouring to come away. The staircase branched off at first landing, with two arms wide enough to admit a partition. So the company ascending took one channel, those descending the other; but all stood motionless. The hoop dresses of the ladies sparkling with lama, plumes, lappets in confusion. In three-quarters of an hour gained the top of the staircase. Four rooms were allotted to the ceremony. In the second was the queen, then aged seventy-six. She sat on a velvet chair and cushion a little raised, and near her the princess and ladies-in-waiting. The general company bowed and passed by. When my wife was presented Her Majesty addressed some conversation to her. The Regent was present. A numerous portion of the nobility were there, with wives and daughters; others distinguished in life, though bearing neither title nor station. If the scene in the hall was picturesque, the one upstairs far transcended it. You saw a thousand ladies richly dressed. It was the first occasion of laying by mourning for Princess Charlotte. No lady was without her plume. The whole was a waving field of feathers. Some were blue, some tinged with red. Here you saw violet and yellow; there shades of green; but most were like tufts of snow. The diamonds encircling them caught the sun, and threw dazzling beams around. Then the hoops! I cannot describe these; they should be seen. To see *one* is nothing; but to see a thousand, and their wearers! I afterwards sat in the Ambassadors' Box at the Coronation; but that sight faded before this. Each lady seemed to rise out of a gilded little barricade, or one of silvery texture. This, topped by her plumes, and the face divine interposing, gave to the whole an effect so unique, so fraught with feminine grace and grandeur, it seemed as if a curtain had risen to show a pageant in another sphere. It was brilliant and joyous. Those even to whom it was not new stood to gaze, as I did; Canning for one. You saw admiration in the gravest statesmen."

So much for the American opinion of a drawing-room in those days, when hoops were still the fashion; and they continued to be worn during the first half of the long reign of George III.

At the first drawing-room held by King William IV. and Queen Adelaide, all peers and peeresses were commanded to attend in their coronation robes and coronets. The ladies' coronets were no doubt fastened on their hair, as we see in old prints, and the peers would have carried theirs in their hands; which reminds me that two peers claim to have the privilege of appearing in the presence of their sovereign with their hats on. Lord Forrester and Lord Kingsale claim the right, but we never remember hearing of the former venturing to assume the privilege. Lord Kingsale, however, did so, and, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the officials, he persisted in appearing in the Presence Chamber at St. James's Palace, where the Queen was holding a levée, still wearing his cocked-hat. Much surprise was felt, and a remonstrance made; but it is believed that the right to do so was conferred on the Barons of Kingsale by King John, 1203-4. The privilege was asserted in King William III.'s reign; also in that of George I.; but it was questionable discretion to claim it before the sovereign who was a woman. Lord Forrester received a grant from Henry VIII. conferring the same privilege.

COOKERY FOR THE POOR.

THERE is no class of the community which needs to be instructed in cookery so much as the very poor. If some of the well-to-do folks who grumble when their rump steak is not so tender as it should be, or when game is not sufficiently high, were compelled to live for a week on food which thousands of their fellow countrymen eat with relish, they would be, to say the least of it, astonished. Not only is it true that one half of the world has no idea how the other half lives, but a small portion of the population has no conception how thousands and tens of thousands of those who reside within a stone's throw of their homes live.

A good many intellectual, highly cultured people have a sort of mild scorn for cookery, although I have noticed that they rarely object to partake of the results thereof. Let cooks, however, be comforted, for their work is honourable and useful. Cookery is a larger question than these clever gentlemen imagine, for it has to do with morality. There is an old proverb which says, "Those who drink beer think beer." Whether this be so or not I cannot say, but I am quite sure that those who have been made bilious and dyspeptic by eating coarse, undigestible food, which has been badly cooked, are much more likely to commit all sorts of horrible crimes and to seek comfort in strong drink, than are those who have good wholesome food cooked in such a way that it is made not only palatable, but digestible.

A large number of those who "take to drinking," as it is called, begin to go wrong by taking beer as a substitute for food. They feel exhausted, there is no food "handy," and so they take a draught of beer, and this quickly revives them. The experience is repeated, they gradually acquire the habit of relying on beer, and go from bad to worse. If it could have been that, when this "sinking at the pit of the stomach," as they call it, was felt, some true friend had given them a cupful of good beef tea, or a cupful of coffee to drink instead of the beer, they would have felt better almost as quickly, and no harm would have been done. Unfortunately, however, beer is always to be had, and beef tea is a rarity, and so the mischief is done.

I am not going to advocate teetotalism here. It is not my place to do so, for cookery is my subject now, not the drinking habits of the community. Perhaps, however, I may be allowed to say one thing—it is that *people should never take stimulants without food, or immediately before taking food*. Let them relieve the feeling of exhaustion by *eating*, not by *drinking*, and afterwards take the beer or wine, if they must have it. If everybody would follow this simple rule, drunkenness would very soon be almost unknown among us.

Yet how usual it is for people of all sorts and conditions to take a glass of beer or wine when tired, and spoil their appetite on that. I have again and again heard cooks—for example, when hot and weary with preparing food for others—say, "Give me a glass of beer—I am ready to drop;" and when the beer was finished they have not much cared to eat. It is conduct like this which leads to drunkenness. Many poor women are accustomed to drink beer when exhausted, and when they do not drink beer, drink tea, and that is almost as bad, only it acts in a different way. How many poor women there are—sempstresses and others—who sit still to their work, who take tea for dinner! Tea and coffee both are very excellent indeed in their right places, and no one appreciates them more than I do; but they do not constitute nourishing food, and people who try to live on them are simply starving themselves by inches.

Beer and tea are both taken because they are convenient, and it is troublesome to prepare good food. Yet I fear that in many cases these poor women would not know how to cook the food even if it were at hand. It would be true charity if those who have an opportunity would teach the very poor how to cook.

There are a great many clever managing women amongst the poor who cook very well, and who are willing to prepare good food for their families. All honour to these virtuous ones! They have no place in storied page, but they are doing their life's work nobly, and they will have their reward in seeing their children grow up healthy, and knowing that their husbands are steady and respectable. Perhaps you say cookery is all very well, but it is not everything. A woman may be a good cook and yet keep a miserable home. That is true, and such cases occur, but they are not common. The likelihood is, that if a woman is clever and energetic enough to provide wholesome, well-cooked food on very small means, she can, and does, do a great deal more. I should quite expect that such a woman's home would be clean and well-kept, her children would be tidily if poorly dressed, and her husband would go about with his head in the air, feeling conscious that there never was such a clever manager as his "missus."

These clever women are, unfortunately, rarely met with. The majority of poor women know little about cookery, and care less. Moreover, they will not be taught. You can scarcely offend the ordinary working woman more than by hinting that the red herring which she gives to her baby is not exactly all that a baby requires. You may speak to these women on religious subjects and they will listen quietly, very likely regarding the sermon as a prelude to the alms which is to follow; but talk to them about getting dinner ready, or keeping the house clean, and you have the fat in the fire in no time.

Even where working women can be persuaded to learn cookery, it is not much use to tell them about foods to which they are not accustomed. Lentils, haricot beans, and macaroni are nourishing and cheap foods, but they are very little used by the working classes. Even oatmeal is not valued as it deserves to be. There has been a great deal said of late years about the value of lentils, and they are much more used than they once were, but it is not the very poor who use them. It is the middle class who are, as a rule, willing to receive new ideas, and who are anxious to learn all they can about domestic management. If we go into the poor districts, and notice the food which is offered for sale (for that is the food which is eaten), we see black puddings, small savoury pies, pigs' and sheeps' heads, liver, lights, hearts, pigs' feet, cows' heels, tripe, including "reed" tripe, chitterlings, cheap fish, including mussels, whelks, cockles, &c., but we hardly ever see lentils, haricot beans, or maize; yet district visitors and charitable people have tried their best to make lentils popular—and, so far, without success.

I will confess that if I were to speak my real mind, I should say that the taste for lentils was an acquired one, and that though lentils constitute a most valuable article of diet, unlimited lentils may become monotonous. Yet even I should prefer lentils to lights. However, these are the facts of the case, and it seems to me that if cookery teachers are to do any good, they must first teach people how to cook well food which they have a preference for, and so by gradually giving them an idea of what properly-prepared food is, they may be led to try foods which are new to them. Enlightened ideas about cookery, like enlightened ideas about all other branches of knowledge, lead people to avoid grooves. The unfortunate part of the business is, that at present the prejudices of the very poor are in favour of foods many of which are almost worthless from a nourishing point of view. If only it could be that our poor friends should lay out their money more judiciously, and pay more attention to the cooking of the food, they might, for the same amount as they spend now, have food which would build up their bodies and give them strength for the hard battle which life is to so many of them.

As, therefore, it is likely that this paper will be read not so much by the very poor as by those who wish to benefit the very poor, I will give a few recipes for properly cooking the better sorts of food which the poor are in the habit of using, and also for cooking food which it would be well if they would use.

Ox-cheek Stew.—Ox-cheek and cow-heel are favourite articles of food, and deservedly so. A stew made from the following recipe will be wholesome, delicious, and will cost very little. The cow-heel may probably be bought for fourpence and the cheek for threepence or fourpence per pound. A stew made of two pounds of cheek and one heel will furnish two or three nourishing dinners for a small family. Wash the ox-cheek thoroughly, dry it in a cloth, cut it into inch squares, mix a tablespoonful of flour, a teaspoonful of pepper, and the same of salt, and roll the squares in the mixture. Cut the cow-heel also into pieces, and keep them separate. Slice two onions in rings. Melt a good slice of dripping in a saucepan, put in the pieces of floured beef, and fry them a good brown, being careful that they do not stick to the pan. Take up the beef, and fry the onion rings in the same fat; on no account allow them to brown. Add three carrots cut up into slices and a halfpennyworth of mixed herbs; pour on two pints and a half of cold water, cover the saucepan closely, let it boil, draw it to the side of the fire and simmer it gently, skimming it occasionally for at least three hours. Taste it, and if necessary add a little more salt and pepper, pour it into a tureen, and it is ready to serve. The bones of the heel may be stewed again for soup.

Cow-heel with Parsley Sauce.—Wash the heel well, cut it into small pieces, then put it in a saucepan with as much cold water as will cover it. Let it stew very gently till the bones can be drawn out, which will be in about four hours. Put the meat on a dish, season with pepper and salt, pour a little parsley sauce or onion sauce over, and it is ready, and will be found excellent. If liked, and where there are children in the family, the heel can be stewed in a quart of milk instead of cold water, to cover. This milk, when poured off, may be sweetened and flavoured, and will make jelly; and the pieces of meat may still be served, with sauce over them, for dinner. If milk is used, the jar should be greased before the meat is put in.

Pig's Fry, or Poor Man's Goose.—Procure a perfectly fresh pig's fry. This will cost about sixpence per pound, and one pound will make a good dinner for four or five people. Wash the fry well, and cut it into small pieces. Brush and wash three pounds of potatoes, and parboil them—that is, put them into a saucepan with cold water to cover them, and let the water boil. Take the potatoes up, skin them, and cut them into slices. Peel an onion, and mix it with three sage leaves which have been finely chopped. Grease a pie-dish, and fill it with alternate layers of sliced potatoes and fry, remembering that potatoes must form the first and last layers, and that a little of the savoury mixture, with pepper and salt, must be sprinkled over each layer of fry. Fill the dish with water for gravy, cover it with the thin skin of the fry, or, wanting this, with greased paper, and bake in a moderate oven for about an hour, or, if more convenient, gently stew it in a saucepan.

Stewed Giblets. — Giblets are very delicious and nourishing if well stewed, and a good dishful, sufficient to make a dinner for a small family, may frequently be bought on Saturday evenings for threepence or fourpence. It must, however, be remembered that the giblets require to be thoroughly stewed, and also that they will not keep. Wash them thoroughly in two or three waters. Skin the necks, and cut them into small portions, cut through the top skin of the gizzard and clean it well, divide the heart and liver into halves, and remember not to break the gall bag of the liver, because gall is very bitter. Scald the claws and legs by throwing them into boiling water, then remove the skin. Be sure to use the feet, as they are rich in jelly. Put the gizzards and feet into a stewpan with water to cover, and stew for three-quarters of an hour; add the rest of the giblets, which have been rolled in flour with two onions, each stuck with a clove, a large carrot sliced, a bunch of herbs, and a little pepper and salt. Stew for an hour and a half longer, and serve very hot.

Stewed Meat.—Take a pound of scraps of meat. Fry these in dripping till brown, and also two onions, two carrots, and two turnips cut up small. Put both meat and vegetables into a saucepan, cover with water which has been thickened with a little flour, add pepper and salt, and simmer gently with the lid on the pan for an hour, or longer if the meat is tough. If liked, potatoes cut into quarters, and onions, can be stewed with the gravy. Serve very hot.

Stewed Scraps of Meat with Onions.—Grease a stewpan thickly with dripping, cover the bottom with a layer of onions, put a layer of meat on this with pepper and salt, and repeat until all is used. Cover the saucepan closely, and stew very gently for an hour and a half. The water which is in the onions will make plenty of gravy. Onions are nourishing and wholesome, and constitute a valuable article of food.

These pieces of meat will make an excellent pie or pudding. A little piece of beef skirting will help to make gravy.

Thus far I have spoke of stews only. Stewing is the most economical mode of cookery which we know. I think it was Poor Richard who used to say that he who roasted his meat threw half of it into the fire, he who boiled it threw half of it in the water, he who stewed it made the most of it. This is nothing but fact. Stewing is profitable for many reasons. For one thing, it has to be done gently, and therefore a small amount of fuel suffices for it. Many a clever housemother has provided a stew for next day's dinner by preparing it beforehand, leaving a few cinders in the range and letting the food simmer during the night. Coarse, cheap meat can be rendered tender and succulent by long and careful stewing. The process can be carried on too in more ways than one. If there is an oven attached to the range, the stewing can be done then in a jar with a closely-fitting lid, or a cover of greased paper. If, unfortunately, there is no oven, this same jar can be placed on the hob at the side of the fire, or it may be put on the hearth in front of the fire. Or, supposing a poor woman has to go out and leave her cooking operations, she may "rake" her fire, put the jar containing the stew in a saucepan, and surround it with boiling water, and it will go on gently simmering all the time she is away. When once working women learn to appreciate the advantages of stewing, half their difficulties will be over. At present, however, they are too fond of the fryingpan to value the stewpan as it deserves.

Sconse.—I believe this name is given to a stew made of scraps of meat and bones broken up, which is sold in the market-places of various towns at so much per cup. To make sconse, take cooked or uncooked scraps of meat, whichever can be obtained, cut them into very small pieces, and put them into a stewpan with the bones chopped, pepper and salt, a good quantity of sliced onions, double the quantity of raw potatoes, and cold water to cover. Simmer gently for about three hours, remove the bones, and serve the sconse very hot. The potatoes should be reduced to pulp. This is, perhaps, the most profitable way of using up cold meat and bones which can be adopted

A Scrag of Mutton stewed gently for three hours or more in three pints of water is an excellent dish. A cupful of rice or pearl barley should be washed separately and thrown into the water when it boils. The liquor will make excellent broth, and the mutton will be tender and good. If barley is used for this dish, the broth should be used quickly, as it will soon go sour.

Toad-in-the-Hole.—I have in a former paper given a recipe for toad-in-the-hole, but this one is less expensive than that. Buy a pound of meat pieces, such as are sold by the butcher for from 5d. to 7d. per lb., according to the locality. These pieces consist of trimmings from large joints, and are often of excellent quality. If they are not to be had, the short bones of a neck of mutton or a pound

of beef skirting, may be used instead. Many people use sausages for the purpose, but cheap sausages are not to be recommended. Put six ounces of flour into a bowl with a little salt; break an egg into this and beat thoroughly, adding a spoonful or two of water to make a smooth paste. Stir in a little less than a pint of milk. Grease a pie-dish, arrange the pieces of meat in it, season them with pepper and salt, pour the batter over, and bake for one hour.

Fish constitutes nourishing and wholesome food; some sorts, such as plaice, flounders, conger eel, ling, hake, haddock, mackerel, etc., are very cheap, and we hope that in the course of a year or two they will be cheaper still. Cods' heads also are frequently sold for twopence each, and excellent picking may be obtained from them. Here are two or three recipes for cooking fish:—

STEWED FISH.—Take any kind of white fish. Wash it quickly and dry it; then cut it into two-inch squares. Put it into boiling water to cover it; bring it to the boil, draw it back, and let it simmer gently for a few minutes till it is done. Take up the fish and thicken the water in which it was boiled by adding to it a tablespoonful of flour, mixed smoothly with a gill of milk to each pint of water. Stir the sauce till it boils; add a slice of butter or dripping, and keep boiling for ten minutes. Put in the fish, let it get hot once more, and turn the whole into a dish. Eat with vinegar and pepper.

FISH PIE.—Take fish, prepared as above; remove the skin and bones, and tear the flesh into flakes. Measure it and mix with it an equal quantity of cold mashed potatoes, a little dripping, pepper and salt. Put the mixture into a well greased pie-dish, place a little dripping on the top, and make hot in the oven. If liked, cold boiled rice may be used instead of potatoes; or the potatoes and fish can be placed in layers in a well greased pie-dish and baked.

BAKED FISH.—Hake and conger eel, both excellent fish, may, when they are to be had at all, be bought very cheap—at about twopence per pound. Prepared as follows they will furnish a delicious dinner. Flat fish may be cooked in the same way. Clean the fish; if it is flat, divide it through the bones; if round, cut it into slices. Melt a good slice of dripping in a tin baking-dish; arrange the fish in this; pour over it about two tablespoonfuls of water mixed with a little vinegar, sprinkle on the top a seasoning mixture composed of a small onion, boiled and chopped, breadcrumbs, pepper, and salt. Put pieces of dripping here and there upon the fish, and bake till the flesh leaves the bones easily. Time according to thickness. If a piece of hake, cod, or conger eel can be obtained, and a wire stand (to be bought for a penny) to raise the fish above the tin, is at hand, the fish may be laid upon the stand, the vinegar and water may be poured underneath, and sliced turnips, sliced onions, or sliced potatoes may be put in the tin. The fish can then be baked gently and basted frequently for about an hour. When half cooked the fish should be turned over, that it may be equally cooked.

Herrings both fresh and salt are largely consumed by the poor, as are also haddocks fresh and dried. It is scarcely necessary to say how dried and salt fish should be cooked. Fresh herrings are excellent when opened, emptied, boned, seasoned and rolled, put into a pie dish with vinegar and water, and baked for three-quarters of an hour. A few potatoes baked in a jar with herrings thus pickled form a most appetising dish.

Good soup is wholesome and nourishing, but it is not so much made or used as it deserves to be. The following is Mrs. Buckton's recipe for an excellent vegetable soup. Put a quart of water into a saucepan, and while it boils prepare the vegetables by cleaning and cutting into small dice an onion and a lettuce. Throw these into the boiling water, with two ounces of green peas, and two potatoes cooked or uncooked. Mix a tablespoonful of flour or oatmeal with two ounces of dripping, add this to the soup with pepper, salt, and a pinch of sugar. Simmer gently for nearly an hour, mix with half a pint of boiling milk, and serve with sippets of bread. If liked, carrots or dried peas can be substituted for the green peas, but dried peas will need to boil for two hours or more.

SCRAP PIE.—Put a pound or more of lean scraps of meat (beef or mutton, or both), cooked or uncooked, into a saucepan with carrots, turnips, onions, and a couple of potatoes cut into slices. Season with pepper and salt, and pour on cold water to barely cover the meat. Bring the water to a boil and lay on the top of the meat, etc., a stiff crust made of suet or dripping, which has been rolled to fit the saucepan. Put the lid on the pan and simmer gently for an hour and a half. Pass the knife round the crust every now and then to keep it from burning, and serve with the meat and vegetables on a dish and the suet crust cut into quarters and laid upon it. If meat cannot be obtained, this pie may be made of vegetables alone.

Porridge can scarcely be too highly recommended as nourishing food. The Scotch, who are a hardy race, almost live upon it. Yet it is scarcely worth while to give directions for making it, for those who appreciate its value will not need the recipe, and those who do not will scarcely be induced to try it. Perhaps I may be allowed to remind my friends that one pound of oatmeal, ground pease, haricot beans, and semolina will give a man as much strength as three pounds of lean meat. The following is the ordinary method of making porridge:—Boil a little water and add a pinch of salt. Sprinkle a little oatmeal into the boiling water, and beat vigorously with a wooden spoon or knife till the required thickness is obtained. Boil for a few minutes longer, still stirring the preparation briskly, pour the porridge out, let it stand a few minutes, and eat with treacle or sugar and milk.

SUPERIOR PORRIDGE.—Soak a heaped tablespoonful of coarse oatmeal in a pint of water overnight. In the morning put the saucepan with the oatmeal and water on the fire and let it boil, stirring it occasionally to prevent burning till wanted. It may be eaten in twenty minutes, but will be improved by long boiling.

Broken bread is frequently given to the poor, and a great scandal is created because they throw it away instead of using it. Very often, however, they do not know what to do with it. An excellent pudding of broken bread may be made by pouring boiling water upon the pieces, letting them soak for awhile, then draining them, and beating them up with a good slice of dripping, some coarse sugar, currants, and nutmeg. The mixture thus prepared may be turned into a greased pie-dish, and baked in a well-heated oven till it is brightly browned on the top. It may be eaten hot or cold.

CHILDREN'S CHEAP PUDDING.—Stew a little cheap fruit of any kind, sweeten it, and spread it upon broken bread, pour cold milk over, and let the bread soak for awhile. Children will eat this pudding with great relish.

Few dishes are more nourishing than peas, lentils, or haricots made into soup. The process in all cases is the same. Soak the beans, then draw off the water and boil them in three times their bulk of fresh water till soft. They will take three hours or more, and a little dripping should be thrown into the water with them. Flavour the soup as convenient, rub it through a colander to keep back the skins which are not easy of digestion, and serve very hot. A crust of bread boiled with soup is a great improvement, and, when it can be procured, greasy stock in which fat meat has been boiled should be used instead of water to make the soup.

An excellent supper for a working man can be made from cheese and rice. Cheese, it will be remembered, is more nourishing than meat, and can generally be digested without difficulty by those who work in the open air. Take a quarter of a pound of rice, put it into a saucepan with cold water to cover it, and bring it to the boil. Drain it, and put it back into the saucepan with three-quarters of a pint of milk and a little pepper and salt, and boil it gently till tender and rather dry. Grate a little cheese finely (dry, stale cheese will answer for this purpose if it is not hard); place alternate layers of boiled rice and grated cheese in a greased dish, and let cheese be the uppermost layer; put little pieces of dripping here and there upon the top, and brown in the oven. Serve hot.

Lentils or haricot beans may be soaked and boiled till soft, then eaten either as a vegetable or as a substitute for meat. They are excellent prepared as follows:—

HARICOT BEANS.—Boil the haricots till tender, and drain them. Mince a small onion finely, toss it over the fire, and mix the beans with it. Serve hot.

LENTILS.—Boil the lentils till tender, and drain them. Melt a slice of dripping in a saucepan, and throw in an onion finely chopped. Stir in a teaspoonful of flour, and add a little of the water in which the lentils were boiled to make a thick sauce, with half a teaspoonful of vinegar if liked. Put in the lentils, and let them simmer softly for a few minutes. Serve hot.

I have only given a few out of the many dishes which might be named, which cost little, and yet are wholesome and nourishing. We must not forget, however, that the poor have frequently to contend with an insurmountable difficulty in their cookery, and that is scarcity of fuel. How can those who have very little coal, and perhaps no oven into the bargain, prepare their food properly? It is very easy for us who have every needful appliance and utensil to say what others should do; yet very likely if we were in the place of these poor creatures we should not do nearly so well as they do. Let us, therefore, while trying to help our poorer brothers and sisters, be very charitable in our judgment of them, and remember who it was who said, "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

PHILLIS BROWNE.

GIRLS' CHRISTIAN NAMES.

(*Continued from page* 40.)

EDA. *Gothic.* Happy. *Date* 1229. Psalm cxxviii. 4-6.

EDITH. *Gothic.* Happy. *Date* 850. Psalm lxxxix. 15.

EGIDIA or GILETTA. *Fem.* of Giles. *Latin.* A little goat. Heb. ix. 12. *Date* 1239.

ELA. *Gothic.* All. Deut. vi. 5. It is doubtful whether this was ever used as a proper name by itself: it seems rather to have been a *dim.* of names ending in *el* or *ela*, such as Adela, Isabel, etc. *Date* 1110. The same may be said of Ella, which is, however, much more modern (as a female name) than Ela.

ELEANOR, ELEONORA, or LEONORA. (Elinor is simply a spelling by sound, without regard to derivation). *Celtic.* Bright-haired as gold. The old *dim.* of this name is Annora,

further contracted in modern times to Nora or Norah. *Date* 1137. Luke vii. 38.

ELECTRA. *Greek.* Amber. Ezek. i. 4, 27 (only verses where mentioned).

ELFLEDA. *Gothic.* Flower of all. Prov. xxxi. 29. *Date* 654.

ELFRIDA. *Fem.* of Alfred. *Gothic.* All peace. (It is rather a curious fact that the Queen with whom we always associate this name was not called Elfrida, if her own signature is to be taken in evidence. She signs Alfdryd and Ælthriyd, a name which has just the contrary meaning of All-threatening.) *Date* 830. Matt. v. 9.

ELIZA. *Gothic.* Hidden wisdom. Here is another of the misinterpreted names. Eliza is always taken to be a *dim.* of Elizabeth, whereas in reality it does not even come from the same language. It is the old English name Alse (pronounced like Wales, but with a sharp s), rendered in French Aleyse, and in Latin Alesia, and in modern times generally confounded with Alice. Its older French form was Alise (of which the modern French name Elise is a corruption), and it is a *dim.* of Héloïse. (*See* Héloïse and Louisa). *Date* 1247. Psalm li. 6.

ELIZABETH. English *dim.*, Bess, Bessy (until 1700), Betty, Betsy (until 1800), Libby, Lizzie (modern); Scotch *dim.*, Elspeth, Elsie. French *dim.*, Lisette. German *dim.*, Else. *Hebrew.* My God hath sworn. *Date* 1166, but came into common use 1464. Heb. vi. 18.

ELLEN. *Fem.* of Alan. Old spelling, Elaine; *dim.*, Nell, Nelly. Irish form, Aileen. *Date* 1220. *Gothic.* Bright-haired. Matt. x. 30. No connection with Helen.

ELVIRA. *Fem.* of Aubrey. *Gothic.* Rich in purity. *Modern date.* Came from Spain. Psalm li. 7.

EMILIA or EMILY. From the Etruscan name Æmylia, and therefore cannot be interpreted with the least certainty, as the language of Etruria is wholly lost. Some have supposed it to mean Lily, and others Gentle. But these are really either mere guesses or mistaken derivations. (No connection with Amelia.) 1 Chron. xxix. 15. *Date* 1714.

EMMA. *Gothic.* Mother. *Date* 1000. Isaiah lxvi. 13.

EMMELINE. *Gothic.* Gentle mother. *Date* 1084. Isaiah xlix. 15.

ERMENGARDE or HERMENGARDE. *Gothic.* Brave guard. Eph. vi. 10. *Modern date.*

ERMENTRUDE, ERMYNTRUDE, or HERMENTRUDE. *Gothic.* Valiant for truth; or, Brave darling. *Modern date.* 2 Tim. ii. 3.

ERMINE or ERMINIA. *Fem.* of Arminius or Herman. (The former is only the Latinised form of the latter.) *Gothic.* Brave. Joshua i. 9. *Date* 1800.

ERNESTINE. *Fem.* of Ernest. *Gothic.* Earnest. Phil. i. 10. *Modern date.*

ESMERALDA. *Italian.* Emerald. Rev. iv. 3. *Modern date.*

ESTHER. *Persian.* Star. (Ashtoreth in Hebrew, and Stella in Latin, mean the same thing.) *Date* 1640. Job. xxv. 5.

ESTELLA or ESTRELLA. The first is *Italian*, the second *Spanish*, both meaning Star. Psalm cxlviii. 3. *Modern date.*

ETHEL. *Gothic.* King, or Noble. *Modern date.* 1 Cor. i. 26.

ETHELBURGH. *Gothic.* Queen of the City. *Date* 600. Prov. xxxi. 31.

ETHELDRED. *Dim.*, Audrey. *Gothic.* Threatening queen. *Date* 650. Prov. xxi. 19.

ETHELFLED. *Gothic.* Royal flower. *Date* 870. Luke xii. 27.

ETHELSWITH. *Gothic.* Powerful queen. *Date* 830. Deut. viii. 18.

EUDOCIA or EUDOXIA (the latter is more correct). *Greek.* Good glory. 2 Cor. iii. 18. *Modern date.*

EUDORA. *Greek.* Good gift. 1 John v. 11. *Modern date.*

EUGENIA or EUGÉNIE. *Fem.* of Eugene. *Greek.* Well born. *Date* 1234. Acts xvii. 28.

EULALIA or EULALIE. *Greek.* Well-spoken. Eph. iv. 15. *Modern date.*

EUNICE. *Greek.* Good victory. 1 Cor. xv. 57. *Date* 1552.

EUPHEMIA. Scotch *dim.*, Effie. *Greek.* Melodious. *Date* 1272. Psalm xcvi. 1.

EUPHROSYNE. *Greek.* Cheerful. Phil. iv. 4.

EURYDICE. *Greek.* Good judgment. John vii. 24.

EUSEBIA. *Fem.* of Eusebius. *Greek.* Reverent. Isaiah lxvi. 2.

EVA or EVE. *Hebrew.* Living. Deut. xxx. 19, 20. *Date* 1176.

EVANGELINE. *Greek.* Gospel (which means good news). Luke ii. 10, 11. *Modern date.*

EVELYN. (*See* Aveline.) Eph. iv. 31, 32. *Date* (female) 1780.

FABIA. *Latin.* Working. *Fem.* of Fabius. 1 Thess iv. 11.

FANNY. (*See* Frances.) John viii. 36. *Date* 1700.

FAUSTINA. *Dim.* of Fausta, which is *fem.* of Faustus. *Latin.* Prosperous. 3 John 2.

FELICIA, FELICITA, FELICITAS. *Fem.* of Felix. *Latin.* Happy. *Date* 1215. Prov. xvi. 20.

FEODORA. (*See* Theodora, of which it is the Russian form.) Rev. xxi. 6.

FIDELIA. *Latin.* Faithful. Rev. ii. 10. *Date* 1700.

FLAVIA. *Fem.* of Flavius. *Latin.* Golden. Job. xxiii. 10.

FLORA. *Fem.* of Florus. *Latin.* Flower. Psalm ciii. 15, 16. *Date* 1670.

FLORENCE. *Latin.* Flourishing. *Date* 1221, but very uncommon before present century. Psalm xcii. 12-14.

FRANCES. *Dim.*, Fanny. *Fem.* of Francis. *Gothic.* Free. *Date* 1390. 1 Cor. vii. 22.

FREDERICA. *Fem.* of Frederic. *Gothic.* Rich in peace, or the Kingdom of Peace. *Modern date.* Col. iii. 15.

FRIDESWIDE. *Gothic.* Holy peace. *Date* 1464. 1 Thess. v. 23.

FULVIA. *Fem.* of Fulvius. *Latin.* Golden. Job xxii. 23, 24.

GABRIELLE. *Fem.* of Gabriel. *Hebrew.* My strength is God. Isaiah xxvii. 5. *Modern date.*

GENEVIEVE. *Gothic.* Strong woman. *Date* 1265. 2 Tim. ii. 1.

GEORGIANA or GEORGINA. *Fem.* of George. *Greek.* Tiller of the soil. *Date* 1710. 2 Thess. iii. 10-12.

GERALDINE. *Fem.* of Gerald. *Gothic.* High honour. *Modern date.* John xii. 26.

GERTRUDE. *Gothic.* True honour, or Loving honour, or Honourable love. *Date* 1520. John v. 44.

GISELA or GISELLA. *Gothic.* Pledge. Psalm lxxxvi. 17.

GITHA. *Gothic.* Songstress. *Date* 1000. Psalm xcvi. 1, 2.

GLADYS or GWLADIS. The British form of Claudia, which see. *Date* about Christian era.

GRISELDA. *Dim.*, Grissel. *Gothic.* The derivation of this name is a little uncertain, but it most likely means Old Age. *Date* 1469. Prov. xvi. 31.

GUENDOLEN. *Celtic.* (Probably) Fair plain. Heb. xi. 16. *Modern date.*

GUENLLIAN. *Celtic.* White linen. *Date* 1357. Rev. xix. 8.

GUINEVERE. *Dim.*, Jennifer. *Celtic.* Bright as silver. Mal. iii. 3. *Date* 480.

GUNDRED. *Gothic.* Speaking graciously. *Date* 1118. Col. iv. 6.

GUNILDA. *Gothic.* Gracious maiden. *Date* 1258. 2 Peter iii. 18.

GWEN. *Celtic.* Fair. Prov. xxxi. 30. *Modern date.*

HAGAR. *Hebrew.* Stranger. Exod. xxii. 21. *Date* 1640.

HANNAH. *Hebrew.* Grace. Psalm cxii. 4. *Date* 1630. (*See* Anne.)

HEBE. *Greek.* Youth. Psalm cx. 3.

HEDWIG. *Gothic.* Happy warrior. 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.

HELEN or HELENA. *Greek.* Attractive. *Date* 1205. 1 Peter iii. 1. (No connection with Ellen, or Eleanor.)

HELOISE, or ELOISE. *Gothic.* Hidden wisdom. *Date* 1180. 1 Cor. ii. 7. (*See* Eliza and Louisa, which are variations of this name.)

HENRIETTA. *Dim.*, Harriet. *Fem.* of Henry, or rather Harry, the older name. *Gothic.* Rich lady. *Date* 1625. Luke xii. 21.

HEPHZIBAH. *Hebrew.* My delight is in her. Isaiah lxii. 4. *Date* 1650.

HERMIA. *Greek.* Gain. 1 Tim. vi. 6.

HERMIONE. *Greek.* Violet of Hermes (the Greek Mercury). Hosea ii. 8.

HERODIAS. *Greek.* Belonging to Hera (the Greek Juno). Isaiah xlii. 8.

HESTER. (*See* Esther.) *Date* 1780.

HILARY or HILARIA. *Latin.* Joyful. Isaiah lxi. 10. *Date* 1201.

HILDA. *Gothic.* A girl. Psalm cxliv. 12. *Date* 614.

HILDEGARDE. *Gothic.* Guarding maiden. 1 Sam. xxv. 32, 33.

HIPPOLYTA. *Greek.* Loosing horses. Prov. xii. 10.

HONORIA or HONOR. *Latin.* Honour. *Fem.* of Honorius. *Date* 1498. Psalm xci. 15.

HORATIA. *Fem.* of Horace. *Latin.* Worth looking at. Ezek. xxviii. 17. *Modern date.*

HORTENSE. *Fem.* of Hortensius. *Latin.* Cultivated. Isaiah v. 4.

HYPATIA. *Greek.* The best. Col. ii. 10. *Modern date.*

IANTHE, IONE. *Greek.* Violet. Matt. v. 5.

IDA. The *Greek* name Ida may mean Seeing; but, as an historical English name, Ida is simply the *dim.* of Idonia, which see. *Date* 1247. Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

IDONIA. A name of doubtful derivation. It *may* be *Celtic*, in which case it probably signifies The Island Mountain. It is also spelt Idonea. *Date* 1228. Isaiah xl. 4, 5, 15. Edna is a variation.

IGNATIA. *Fem.* of Ignatius. *Latin.* Lazy. Prov. xiii. 4. This was also used as the Latin synonym of Agnes.

IMOGEN, sometimes spelt Innogen, is probably a corruption of Innocentia, a Latin name meaning Innocent. *Date* little after Christian era. 2 Cor. v. 21.

INGEBORGA. *Gothic.* Angel of the city. Gen. xviii. 26-32.

IPHIGENIA. *Greek.* Daughter of might. Psalm cxl. 7.

IRENE. *Greek.* Peace. *Fem.* of Irenæus. John xiv. 27.

IRIS. *Greek.* Rainbow. Gen. ix. 16.

ISABEL. This is the true old English spelling, Isabella being an importation of Italian spelling, only about two centuries old. The name is constantly misinterpreted, being supposed to be a corruption of Elisa-bella, or even to be derived from "Isabella colour," a dirty yellowish white, so named in compliment to a Spanish princess called Isabel about 250 years ago. Isabel is a *Phœnician* name, the same which we recognise in our Bibles as Jezebel, and is the heathen counterpart of the Jewish name Jochebed, both meaning Glory of the Lord. *Date* 1070. 2 Cor. iii. 18.

ISIDORA. *Fem.* of Isidore. *Greek.* Gift of Isis (the Egyptian goddess). Hosea ii. 8.

ISMENE. *Greek.* (Probably) Isis, the Moon Goddess. *Date* 1420. Psalm viii. 3, 4.

ISOULT or ISOUDE. The *British* form of Cæcilia, which see. Christian era.

(*To be continued.*)

INASMUCH!

By ISABELLA BANKS.

In the glow
Of the fireside cheery all is bright,
Cosy and comforting, warm and light,
Pleasant, inviting, this winter night,
Where crimson curtains, fold upon fold,
Soft rugs and carpets, keep out the cold
From the happy inmates young and old,
And hours as they pass are lightly sped,
Whilst the holly shines glossy, green and red
In the glow.

In the snow
A wand'rer, from just so warm a nest,
Sinks on the cold doorstep to rest,
Pressing a babe to her aching breast;
Sick, faint, and famished, she moans aloud,
As shadows of death her eyes becloud,
And soft flakes promise a fleecy shroud.
Hush! Ruth hath ears for the feeble cry
"For Christ's sake," she cannot let them die
In the snow.

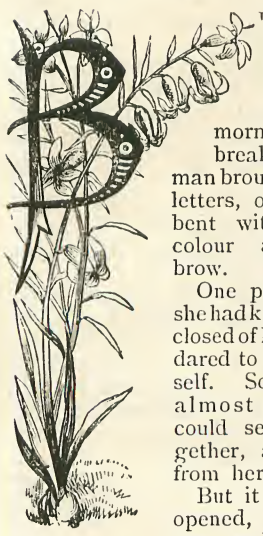
LAURA LEIGH.

A TALE OF HIGHBRIDGE PAPER MILLS.

By M. M. POLLARD, Author of "Cora; or Three Years of a Girl's Life," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

LAURA'S SECRET.



BUT it happened Miss Leigh was not to see Norah again.

The next morning, just after breakfast, the postman brought her several letters, over which she bent with heightened colour and puckered brow.

One page in her life she had kept pretty much closed of late, had hardly dared to muse on it herself. Sometimes she almost wished she could seal it up altogether, and banish it from her thoughts.

But it had to be reopened, reconsidered now, and nerving herself for an effort, she looked up suddenly at Marion, who was covering some books for the village library.

"I suppose I must go home at last; I cannot well remain away any longer," she said, abruptly.

"Why need you go away, Laura?"

"Are you not tired of me yet?"

"You know I am not. We all like to have you here. You should stay until the cold weather robs the country of its charms. Just at present, it is in its very prime, you know."

"Yes, I am well aware of that, Marion, and am more sorry to go away than you can even imagine, but Blanche has fixed her marriage for next month, and—and Eustace Montague is coming home from Gibraltar very shortly."

"What have Eustace Montague's movements to do with yours?" asked her cousin, with quick surprise.

"Oh have you not heard? I am engaged to him."

"Engaged!" Mrs. Hayward dropped her needle with astonishment, and sat staring at Laura.

"Why do you look at me so?" asked the girl, with a short laugh, as she folded up one of her letters, and put it in her pocket.

"I think you might have told us of this before, and I don't think your ways have been quite those of a betrothed wife."

"What do you mean, Marion?" asked Laura, crimson to her brows.

"Does Vincent Ashton know you are engaged?"

"He never asked me; why should I tell him?"

Marion's eyes were still fixed on her cousin with a perplexed expression.

"Don't you think you have allowed him to suppose just the contrary? As a looker-on, I should say so."

There was more asperity in Mrs. Hayward's voice, more reproach in her eyes, than had ever before been addressed to her cousin. She was really angry at what she considered heartlessness and mere love of attention on Laura's part.

Had not Miss Leigh led Vincent on and on, until it was evident to all interested observers he was extremely attached to her? And, up to this moment, Marion Hayward had firmly believed his affection was returned.

"How strangely you are talking, Marion!" said Laura, in high indignation.

Mrs. Hayward made no reply, nor did she attempt to argue the point when Laura said, decidedly—

"I *must* go home to-morrow, and I will write and tell Blanche by what train she may expect me. As I have several letters to write, please do not wait for me at luncheon."

Laura went up to her room, in anything but an enviable frame of mind.

She had been reproaching herself of late, but to have Marion's reproaches hurled at her also made the matter worse.

She said to herself, rather impatiently—

"It was too bad of Marion to talk like that. As if I have not enough to bear without her blame! I suppose there never was anyone as unhappy as I feel just now. I don't know what to do, or how to act; but I suppose, as Blanche insists on it, I must return home at once."

Laura scribbled off a short reply to Blanche, naming the very earliest train that was to start on the next day.

"Best to get it over as soon as possible," she decided.

Then she wrote another letter, equally short, to Eustace Montague—dashing away something that felt like tears on her eyelashes. Laura, having finished her letters, placed a dainty white hat with drooping feathers on the sunny tresses of her head, and, with a white sunshade in her hand, set out for the village post-office.

She was glad Mysie and Trot were still at school, and that she could take her walk alone—glad, also, she did not meet a creature in the long round she took through the fields.

It was harvest time at Highbridge. On every side was the cheerful stir of labour as the ripe yellow corn fell before the reapers, and the golden sheaves were piled in the fields. The sounds of men's voices were borne on the breeze.

"Why can everybody be so busy and so happy, whilst I must go away, and perhaps never see any of them again, never come back to the place where I have learned what true happiness means?" murmured Laura, as she walked briskly on her way.

Vincent Ashton was in the little post-office when she entered it. He was bending over the low counter writing a telegram, and the postmistress was standing near him as he filled up the paper.

"Can you send off this at once?"

"Certainly, sir."

And then he looked up and saw Laura standing at the door. A glad light came into his eyes as he shook hands with her.

"Is your telegram ready, sir?" asked the postmistress.

"Never mind my telegram, Mrs. Deans; pray attend to Miss Leigh."

"Oh, I only wanted some stamps for my letters, and a time-table."

These articles were soon supplied, and then Laura nodded to Vincent, and took her departure.

She had reached the short lane that led to the fields, when she heard steps behind her, and presently Mr. Ashton was at her side.

"I was on my way to Mrs. Haywards," he said. "My mother has commissioned me to invite you and your cousin to our long-talked-of drive to Five Elms Hill. It will be splendid across the moors this afternoon."

"I cannot answer for Marion, but *I* shall not be able to go. I must be busy packing, as I start for London by the first train to-morrow morning."

"You! Going away?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, do you not think it time for me to go home? I have been a long while down here, you know."

"It has not seemed long. Why are you in such haste now?"

Laura had never talked much to Mr. Ashton of her home, of her friends, or of her life in London.

It was all, as she argued, so "different, so very different." Her "set" held such notions about "caste" and trade, such fancies about fashion, about people who might be on the visiting list, and people who might not be there.

Altogether, she had shirked bringing up topics that might surprise or disturb, and was contented to enjoy, as it came, that exquisite, dreamy country experience that seemed, as she said, "almost like an idyl." But now she began talking about Blanche.

"My sister is going to be married shortly, and I shall be wanted at home," she said.

Mr. Ashton was silent for a moment. There was a question he had long intended putting to her that had been in his heart perpetually of late, but that his natural shyness prevented his asking. Now surprise gave him courage, and before Laura had time to stop his eager words, he had asked her to be his wife.

"Mr. Ashton, you must not talk to me like that, indeed—indeed—I cannot listen."

"Have I been too abrupt? Have I

startled you? Did not your own heart tell you the question was coming? You must know how well, how truly, I love you."

He caught a glimpse of her crimsoned cheeks as she half-turned away, and said, in a quick, low tone of voice—

"I was engaged to be married before I came down to Highbridge. I am engaged still, so you see why I cannot listen to you."

"Engaged!",

He had drawn himself a little way from her, and stood, with white face and set lips, looking at her.

"You are not angry with me?" she asked.

"Angry? Oh, no; but I have been mistaken in you—grievously mistaken. Were you only making me your dupe? Do you really love that other man? Tell me, I must know!" he said, in an agitated voice.

Laura did not reply—she could not, for her eyes were full of tears, her voice choking.

He caught her hand in his, and said, in a softer tone—

"Pardon my presumption; I have no right to pain you, but why did you not tell me of this before? Nay, do not distress yourself, Miss Leigh; I am not worthy of your tears. May you be happy in the love that is yours. We may never meet again. Perhaps it will be better for us both we never should do so, for a man cannot love twice as I have loved you. But I can never forget you—never! No other woman shall ever take your place in my heart."

He turned aside as he finished his sentence and walked quickly away into the shadows of the wood.

Of the two, Laura was most to be pitied, for she had the infliction of a mind ill at ease. That reproach in his voice was justly merited, she knew, and that outspoken tenderness of a true, generous, loving heart was, she also knew, a treasure not to be lightly won and rudely thrown away.

He had believed in her, trusted her, and now he might justly suppose her to be false, mean, and vacillating.

Laura returned through the cornfields, keeping as far as possible away from the groups of men and children, lest any of them should detect the tears that would still keep rushing into her eyes.

When she reached the curate's cottage she darted at once up the stairs, and shut herself in her own room.

Mr. Hayward and his wife were seated at their frugal luncheon. Bread-and-butter, fresh milk, and ripe fruit decked the board, but neither of them seemed much inclined to eat, for they were talking of Laura Leigh, and of her delinquencies.

"I haven't common patience with her," said Marion, sharply. "To think of her being engaged all this time, and never once mentioning it! She has given Vincent Ashton far too much encouragement, and I am sure he loves her. There is a vast difference between Vincent and that horrid Eustace Montague."

"Why do you call him 'horrid'? It sounds a hard word."

"Nevertheless, a true one. When I knew him, some years ago now, he was a wild, unprincipled fellow, for ever in debt and difficulties, and bitter and sarcastic to boot. No more to be compared to Vincent than that fork is to real silver," said Marion, looking round the table for an object to illustrate her comparison, and fixing on the rather tarnished specimen of a fork that lay near.

"It is a pity Laura should marry anyone with such a character," replied the curate. "She is a fine spirited girl, who, under right influences, might develop into a noble, high-souled woman. I am truly grieved for her; she deserves a better fate. How do you account for her being betrothed to a fellow like Montague?"

"No doubt Blanche made the match; you know what an ambitious woman she is. Eustace Montague is well connected; he will have a title some day, when his father dies, and it is said he is his Aunt Louisa's heir. But as an offset against all this, it is also said he has mortgaged nearly all the reversionary interest he might reasonably expect—a mere trifle, of course, in Blanche's category, and she has immense influence over Laura, more's the pity. Look! there she is now, running up the garden path."

"Where has Laura been?"

"To the post-office with her letters. How miserable she looks! I verily believe she has been crying. What can have happened?" asked Marion, anxiously, as her cousin, with a half-frightened glance in at the window, darted through the study entrance out of sight.

"Probably she has seen Ashton, I met him about half an hour ago; he was then on his way to the post-office."

"Then I expect there has been a scene between them. Things could not go on for ever as they have been going on of late. No doubt there has been an explanation, and no end of reproach, for Vincent has a spirit of his own when he chooses to show it. Listen! Laura has locked her door. Had I better go upstairs and inquire what it all means?"

"I think not, Marion. Best leave the poor child to herself for a while. Some sorrows require very delicate handling, if one would apply a really soothing salve, and you are rather disturbed now, my dear."

"Disturbed! I am angry, furious! To think of her treating poor Vincent in that manner, and he such a fine, generous, true-hearted young fellow as he is! She has thrown away a chance not one girl in a thousand could have."

"Do you think she likes Ashton?"

"Oh, her liking for him, even if it existed, would only complicate matters, make them worse. She had better forget him now as fast as ever she can, if she intends her marriage with Eustace to be anything better than perjury," exclaimed Marion, indignantly, for she was very wroth with Laura.

Meanwhile, the unfortunate delinquent was weeping bitterly in the solitude of her own room, her face buried in the bed-clothes to prevent her sobs being heard.

"Was there ever anyone so miserable as I am? Why is life such a puzzle?" she murmured; and with a still deeper sob she added, "And why must I marry Eustace Montague?"

O, if she had only not engaged herself to him! But unwise engagements are almost as bad as hasty marriages.

By-and-by she tried to rouse herself, and went downstairs, looking pale and haggard.

All the bright colouring had gone from her fair young face, her eyes were red, her lips quivering, her manner subdued and hopeless.

Mysie and Trot had come in from school, and had just been told the news that their Cousin Laura was going away.

They flew to her the moment she entered the room, and clung one to each of her arms.

"Is it true? are you really going? How badly you look, darling! Has the packing-up hurt you, and made you cry?" asked Trot.

"Packing is not very pleasant work, but it is over now," replied Laura, attempting to be brave.

"You should have waited until we could help you. Mysie and I could have folded up your handkerchiefs, and have done lots of things for you," continued Trot.

"I suppose we shall not have any more nice games in the garden, nor pretty stories, nor long walks, and Mr. Ashton to help us over the stiles?" said Mysie, with a regretful voice.

Mrs. Hayward noted her cousin's pale cheeks, the troubled look in her eyes; she saw the difficulty she had in keeping her quivering lips in order, her tears from bursting out afresh, and at last she felt some pity for the girl, and believed there must, after all, be something more than coquetry at the bottom of all her sorrow, and so she called away the children from her side.

"Run away, both of you, and see which can make the nicest bunch of flowers for your cousin; you will find plenty in the back garden. Cut the best, for flowers are always a treat in London—are they not, Laura?"

"Yes, and Highbridge blossoms will always have an especial value in my eyes," she replied, with a dreary attempt at a smile.

"I am very sorry to leave, though you may not believe me, Marion," Laura said, presently.

"Why should I not believe you? A change is often pleasant, though it may be a change that may seem less attractive than one's usual surroundings," Marion said, drily.

"But I seem to have left so many things unfinished. I meant to have gone so often to see poor Norah. She will wonder I never went near her again."

"I will explain the reason, and tell her you have returned home."

"Then, Mrs. Ashton! She has been so kind, and I shall have to leave without even saying 'good-bye' to her. Do you think she will be very vexed with me?" asked Laura.

"What! for not bidding her farewell? If *that* is the only reason she has for being vexed with you, I believe she will forgive you."

Laura flushed. Her cousin's words

were pointed, she thought, but she made no reply.

Mrs. Hayward had fully intended to be very candid and uncompromising to express her opinion to Laura about her conduct before she parted with her.

She had planned to say how detestable she considered anything underhand, particularly an unconfessed engagement, accompanied by manners that were anything but suitable to a betrothed girl.

She had planned all this, but somehow, at the last, Laura's pathetic eyes, her troubled countenance, her grief, evidently so genuine, disarmed her cousin's speech of its intended sharpness, and the parting was one of regret on both sides—of many tears on Laura's.

Mr. Hayward walked to the railway station with her in the early morning, closely followed by Dick Hill and his donkey cart, on which reposed Miss Leigh's boxes and portmanteau.

In his mild way, the curate showed his sympathy for Laura's trouble by talking to her on every subject but that uppermost in their minds.

"How he must despise me! What contempt there must be under all that kindness!" thought Miss Leigh, as she tried to keep step with him, and to reply when an answer was required.

But her opinion of the curate's feeling towards her was altogether unfounded. His whole heart was full of a tender pity for the young, motherless girl—so untrained, so undisciplined—despite all her proud beauty and world-approved manners.

A prayer went forth for her that she might be kept safe, "unspotted from the world," even when once more she was in the whirl of London society, with its stir, its excitements, and its flatteries.

Seated alone in the first-class railway carriage, Miss Leigh strained her eyes at the window for a last look at Highbridge mills.

There they stood in the soft morning light, with a slight haze hanging over them, calm and peaceful. No stir of work yet, for the labours of the day had hardly begun, and only a few people were moving about the grounds.

"I suppose I shall never see them again, nor their owner either; I do not deserve to," mused she. "Marion will not invite me to Highbridge again, of *that* I am quite certain."

But already one part of her supposition proved wrong, for a tall figure was standing beside a clump of fir trees, on some rising ground near, and her quick eyes recognised Mr. Ashton.

Had he walked there in the early morning on the mere chance of seeing her in the passing train? Had he taken all that trouble for one more look?

If so, he could not despise her utterly, he could not altogether hate her, even now, she thought.

That he had discovered her was very certain, for he raised his hat, and stood watching the train as long as it remained in sight. After this incident, Laura's spirits revived a little, her overwrought nerves became calmer, and the train whirled on, bringing her every moment nearer the home of her childhood.

(*To be continued.*)

TOBOGANS AND TOBOGANING.

By ALFRED C. W. HARMSWORTH.

"WHATEVER is a tobogan?" is probably the question asked by an English girl on reading the title of this paper.

A tobogan is nothing more than a small sledge. Tobogaining is a sport almost unknown in England, simply because we never get a continuance of weather cold enough to cause what is necessary for the enjoyment of the sport—hard, dry, frozen snow.

Although a tobogan is a kind of sledge—or "sled" as they say in America—it is very unlike the ordinary winter vehicle of cold climates. Its form is exceedingly simple; it has no "runners," or springs of any kind. It is made of a plank of birch or Indian basswood, in length from six to eight feet. Bass is exceedingly delicate, and resembles cedar or the wood of the lime-tree in its softness. The plank is about eighteen inches or two feet broad, and as it has a maximum thickness of considerably under a third of an inch, it is strengthened by the addition of braces made of some firm wood placed at a distance of a foot apart. About two feet of the front portion is turned up and back, and the bend thus formed is kept in shape by two strings of catgut. With the addition of "leading lines" for pulling it about, cushions for sitting on, and a neatly-painted name, you have a tobogan of the most perfect kind. The majority are without either cushions or names, and are simply bent planks of wood. In Canada, and some parts of the United States, everybody tobogans except papa and mamma. Morning, noon, and night you meet rosy-faced toboganists of both sexes, setting forth to the neighbouring tobogaining grounds. Every suitable hill for miles round is covered with the votaries of the sport, some flying down at lightning speed, others toiling up, and resting ever and anon to criticise the "form" of the flyers.

I will suppose you to be a stranger to the art—a Britisher or Yankee anxious to see how the "Canneks" (as the Yanks call the Canadians) "fix things." Under the escort of an expert friend you have arrived at the top of the slope on which the sport is going on. All you will have to do at first is to sit in and hold tight; he will do the steering. You cry "All right!" and in a second or so you feel the tobogan slipping slowly down; the pace increases, and in half a minute you are rushing along at a pace that takes your breath away. The snow flies up and the keen air almost cuts your face. You feel certain that you will be upset, and wish that you had never ventured. Your friend, who is sitting behind you, with the greatest *nonchalance* possible, suddenly cries, "Look out for the *cahoot*." Not knowing what a *cahoot* is, you are at a loss what to do, so hold on with might and main. Without the slightest warning the tobogan gives a jump in the air; you just manage to hold on as it rises, when suddenly it comes down again on the snow, and for a moment you scarcely know where you are. On you go with the speed of thought in your wild, Mazeppa-like career, and then, gradually and almost imperceptibly, the tobogan stops, and there you are at the bottom of the hill. "Well, how did you like it? Not bad, eh?" On the whole, you think you *do* like it, and want to come down again, so give the leading lines to your instructor, who proceeds on the upward journey.

There is—to use a strange but expressive Canadian term—a vim* about the sport peculiar to it. The nearest approach to it I know is flying down a hill, "legs over handles," on a bicycle.

That there is a certain amount of danger in this "sport gone mad," as an American writer calls it, there is no doubt. There is danger in everything—in riding, driving, bicycling, tricycling, cricket, and even lawn-tennis. "No rose without a thorn" is as true as regards tobogaining as it is to anything worth having.

The *cahoots*—one of which so nearly threw you out on your first journey—are the chief source of accident. The word *cahoot* is a curious one, and methinks it smacks of the French. In my French dictionary I find that

* "Go," spirit, dash.

cahot is a jolt, so there can be no doubt that it is one of the many terms borrowed from the old possessors of our North American colony. These *cahoots* are of two kinds: the most common is that caused by a ground swell; the other is the work of the *traîneau* (sledge). These *traîneaux* are a nuisance to every one except their drivers. They "rough" the snow as they go, and leave it in a state in which it is impossible to sleigh or tobogan over in comfort or—as regards the subject of my paper—in safety. Some years back the Canadian sleigh owners unsuccessfully petitioned the Government for the suppression of these vehicles.

As yet I have said nothing about the manner in which the steering is done, but as by this time you have arrived at the top of the hill, and are ready for your second attempt, your friend will induct you as far as in his power into the mysteries of guiding a tobogan. What is wanted in this delightful pastime is *practice*. One might read every known book on horse-riding or swimming, and then, when mounted, or in the water for the first time, feel as helpless as an infant. No amount of reading or instruction without the real thing would make one a toboganist. Some tobogans have small pieces of wood on each side by which to steer. If you wish to proceed to the right, you press down the piece of wood at your dexter hand, and the tobogan "answers her helm" immediately. But the majority are steered by the hands or feet. A tobogan so guided has a far more exact and sensitive steerage than one with wooden "guides." The proficiency gained by practice is really marvellous. I once heard of three young toboganists who were descending with all the momentum caused by the weight of three strapping lads and a steep hill. Suddenly, when at their swiftest pace, they perceived a farmer's one-horse sleigh ten yards in front of them in their direct path. It was a very dangerous position, to say the least, but their steerer cried, "Lean back and duck your heads!" and they passed right underneath the horse, and were yards off when the poor animal gave a neigh of fright.

You are now seated and just off for your flight. "Be careful and steer lightly," is the parting warning of your friend as he starts you off—this time alone. With only the weight of a single occupant the tobogan jumps about fearfully, you think. As yet you have not tried to steer, but now you make your first attempt. You want to clear that rough snow and glare ice in front, and leave it on your right. You dig your left hand into the snow, and the result is a spill. The snow is all over you, down your neck, in your eyes, and covering you like ice on a cake. And where is your tobogan? Why, over there, some ten or fifteen yards away. "*Experientia docet*"—to give a free translation, "Experience does it"—and when you come to the next obstacle, after having made a fresh start, you lightly touch the snow and find that a very little pressure is sufficient for all ordinary occasions. At the conclusion of your second ride you are smitten with a tobogan fever. And in truth it is a delightful recreation. It has all the charms of sleighing and skating, and strengthens both limb and nerve.

I have only once or twice seen toboganing in England. In the frost which delighted the hearts of skaters two years ago there were several toboganists at Hampstead Heath, near London. Quebec is the great toboganing city of Canada. Montreal is building too fast, and all the adjacent ground has been cut up. If you are in Quebec you join a party and enjoy a seven miles drive in one of the quaint *cariole* (sleigh) along the river to the falls. There is the finest "location" for toboganing in the world. Thousands of sledists and toboganists in their picturesque *toques* make the glittering panorama a charming sight. The toboganists slide down the ice-cone formed by the successive spray splashes. The descent is tremendously steep. At night, when the moon is up, and the sleigh lamps are darting hither and thither, the scene is beyond description. Toboganing can never be successfully introduced into England. I see no reason, however, that it should not flourish in some of the colder parts of Scotland.

The tobogan itself is no new invention. The Canadian Indians used them long before the advent of the French. They were then, however, not instruments of pleasure. In those days the traveller across the snow-covered prairie used to proceed on foot, and drag his food and furs in his tobogan. There is, besides toboganing, the favourite pastime of "snow-shoeing" for the youth of higher North America. These snow-shoes enable one to travel tremendous distances in a day. From forty to fifty miles is considered an average walk. They have a wooden framework, and are in form not unlike a tennis racket.

NO TIME.

No time! One might call this expression the watchword of many girls. With it they ward off invitations to works of mercy and charity, entreaties from the world's workers to aid them in their desperate struggle with the sin and misery around them; even recommendations so to train their own minds that they may represent more worthily the results of centuries of intelligent, throbbing life, and live more as feeling themselves to be those upon whom "the ends of the ages have come."

"We have been wanting a teacher for our little ones in the Sunday-school for some months. The class is far too large for one lady to manage, so now that you have come to live at home, Miss Fanny, I hope that we shall find a worker in you," says the much-burdened vicar of a large London parish to a young member of his congregation; and Miss Fanny smiles her sweetest, and "would be only too happy; but now that I have left school, mother wants me to go out with her so much, and there are so many little things to do in the house, that really I *have no time* to prepare Sunday lessons; and I am sure you will agree with me that, unless one can do that, one had better not attempt to teach."

This last assertion is quite indisputable; so the vicar goes away, perhaps with an ironical smile, perhaps with a grave word of warning; and Miss Fanny fritters away her time, passing it quickly and pleasantly enough, and really managing to persuade herself that she has not any to spare; while the poor, overworked teacher, who, as likely as not, also teaches in the week, struggles on with a class of from twenty-five to thirty infants, wondering what fault there is in herself to make the children seem so irresponsive and troublesome, when the truth is that she is over-burdened with numbers.

Or Miss Bessie takes some friends over the Union. "Papa is one of the guardians, and the arrangements are almost perfect," she explains with a little pardonable pride.

The girls go through the wards, and are saddened by the looks of vacancy and utter indifference on so many poor old faces.

"Ah," says the kind-hearted matron, "the poor old things need cheering up; that they do. We do all that we can, but, you see, when they leave their homes and all their bits of things, they leave their interests behind them. Now, I have often thought, if some young ladies like you would come and read or sing to them sometimes, it would give them a deal of pleasure."

"Oh, Mrs. Smithers," says Bessie, "I am afraid that you will have to find some one who lives nearer than I do, much as I should like to help you. You don't know what it is to be the only sister with a number of brothers. One or other of those boys is always after me, wanting something done. And as for getting away by myself to walk three miles, and then read for half an hour, it would be almost impossible. I should be a very irregular visitor. I really *have no time*."

And so it may be that no brightness dawns for those poor world-wearied lives until in "the land that is very far off," in the deep tenderness of the Father's smile, they learn that there is love and pity even for them, and in that sweetest draught of the wine of God forget that the "cup of cold water" was denied them here below.

Or it is Miss Alice, with whom some kind, sensible friend is expostulating. "Don't you think, my dear, that now you have left school, you ought to have a regular time for study—say at least an hour every day. The more knowledge you have, the more useful you may be in the world, and you owe to your parents and teachers the duty of making some use of your capital education."

But, Alice has *no time* for study. Of course, she does not mean to forget all that she has learnt at school, in fact, she does intend to "keep up" some of her studies. But as for sitting down to a regular hour's work every day, there are so many interruptions at home that she should *never find time* for that. "Besides," she says to herself, "in a matter that only concerns me, I can surely do as I like."

No, Miss Alice, an old book says, "Ye are not your own; ye are bought with a price." But Miss Alice does not think of that, and she too leads an empty, unconsecrated life. What is the result? In after years, perhaps, when she has seen the vanity of living merely an animal life, some call to work comes to her, and alas! she is not ready for it. She has wasted her opportunities, she is not "meet for the Master's use." It may be that the superintendent of a working women's college is needing a teacher for her history class. She appeals to Alice, knowing that at school she passed good examinations in the subject: "It would be such a kindness, and you might get good influence over the young women, my dear."

And Alice is willing enough. She does not say now that she has "no time," but alas! she is really unable to teach. Not only is she wanting in actual knowledge, but her thoughts have become dissipated. She has no power of concentration, and the work cannot wait while she is training herself for it. She is sorry enough, but alas! we do not get over our mistakes and sins by being sorry for them; their consequences follow us throughout life.

Now, often when a girl urges this excuse of "no time" she is not uttering a conscious falsehood. The excuse does not deceive others, but she is often blinded by it. The happy little domestic offices, which are a girl's first duty, unfortunately admit of being dawdled over to an alarming extent. As long as Emily has dusted the china in the drawing-room before callers arrive, her mother probably does not inquire whether the operation occupied her for twenty minutes or for an hour and a half at intervals, the intervals having been employed in the perusal of the last new library book, which lay so conveniently on the table. And Emily herself has only a vague remembrance that by the time she had finished dusting, luncheon was ready. "The mornings pass so quickly, you know," she observes to her bosom friend; "one is always doing something, and yet one never seems to be able to say what one has done."

Now, dear girls, is it not dreadful to think of so much good work in which you might help

being paralysed for the want of workers, while you are dawdling and chattering and frittering your time in busy idleness? Do you ever think of the wasted hours that shall rise in judgment to condemn you when you shall hear the awful words, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me"? Yes; it is Christ Himself who comes to you in His members asking for a little of your girlish brightness to cheer hearts and homes that are destitute of love and light. What a great happiness to be entrusted with work for Him!

Some two or three years ago I was talking to a very well-known lady writer on the subject of work. "Well," she said, "I believe that every season of life has its special work. There is a work for youth which cannot be done in later life, just as certainly as young people cannot do the work of older ones." What a sad pity, if any of our girls, in their happy, careless, sunshiny years, are missing the special work designed for them in the Father's plan—a work which their very light-heartedness and freedom from sorrow are giving them a particular power to do.

No time! But all the time you have, every minute of it, is only lent you to be used in God's service in doing His will. It is a very solemn thought—perhaps some of our girls may be inclined to think it almost too solemn, but the only hope for the sweetness, trueness, and unselfishness of England's future womanhood is that England's girls may be brought to see the deep realities that underlie the seeming trivialities of their daily life, and to feel what a true consecration may, if they will recognise it, rest upon their happy girlhood.

And they are not hopeless girls at all, these girls who have "no time." The almost hopeless girls are those whose time hangs heavy on their hands, who find life uninteresting, and must have perpetual excitement to make existence at all endurable. The very power that makes girls happy in pretending to be busy may make them splendid workers if they will really find something to do.

In these days of societies, one really almost wishes that a society could be formed, the members of which should undertake not to say, without four and twenty hours' consideration, "I have no time," when asked to help on good work. If every girl who has "no time" when her vicar wants her to take a Sunday-class, or to read to some poor old woman, were to ask herself, "Now, supposing I were being asked to help in some private theatricals, with rehearsals twice a week, could I find time?" do you not think that the answer in nine cases out of ten would be "Yes"?

"Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" That, after all, is the best question when we are doubtful as to whether we can undertake any good work. For—

> "Every hour that fleets so slowly
> Has its task to do or bear,
> Luminous the crown and holy
> If thou set each gem with care."

E. A. L. K.

BOUND TO EARTH.

By the Author of "Phil's Fortune," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

"WHERE is Miss Dalrymple?" asked Mr. Mackenzie of one of the astonished domestics at an early hour the morning after the *fête*. It will be remembered that the artist had quitted the house on his way to London the day before.

"None of the young ladies are down yet," the maid replied. "Mr. Leslie is taking breakfast alone."

"I will go to him. Please take this letter to Miss Dalrymple at once." As he spoke he handed her an envelope marked "urgent."

He found Mr. Leslie, as the maid had said, taking breakfast alone, and in no amiable mood. It was half-past nine. He began a torrent of abuse against the laziness of his household, mixed up in a ludicrous way with astonishment at seeing Mr. Mackenzie back again.

"Well, well," said the artist, "they will no doubt be tired after last night's festivity. A little extra rest will do them no harm. In fact, it is necessary after the dissipation of a party. It is one of my objections to parties that you lose so much of the next day."

"All very well," grumbled Mr. Leslie, who had set his heart upon Mr. Mackenzie's picture, and was therefore inclined to be amiable to the artist; "but how on earth did you get back at this hour?" he asked, letting his mind for the first time rest upon this extraordinary fact, with a glimmering hope that the idea which ought to have been so obvious to his guest had at last dawned upon his brain.

"Very simply," Mr. Mackenzie replied. "I found yesterday, when I arrived at the station, that on account of the damage done to the line by the storm, the traffic had been stopped, and there would be no train till this morning. I was up early as usual, and walking by the post-office turned in to see if there might be by chance a letter for me. Mrs. Stallart emptied the bag for me to sort, and I found one for Miss Dalrymple marked 'Urgent.' I asked Mrs. Stallart how soon she was going to send up to Alverstone, to which she replied, 'at midday,' and could not be persuaded to alter the usual time. There was only that stupid lad of hers available, so as I had some hours to spare I thought I would get a horse and ride over with it, in case the letter was very urgent. It had already been lying there since yesterday afternoon."

"I daresay the girl won't thank you for it," Mr. Leslie remarked, grumpily, not at all pleased at the motive which had brought Mr. Mackenzie back, and which appeared to be the sole and only one.

In the meantime Helen had received her missive and sat down to read it in the midst of her dressing. It was a long, incoherent letter from her mother, speaking of desperate misfortune, and overwhelming trouble, but not saying what had really happened. Something to do with her father, she gathered, but what she could not tell. So much lamentation and despair must mean something very dreadful, but there was no word of illness or death, and what misfortune could be equal to these?

Stunned and dismayed, fearing she knew not what, she threw on her dressing-gown and ran in to Grace, thrusting the letter into her hand and begging her to read it.

"There is but one thing to be done," Grace said, gently. "You must go home at once, Helen."

"Oh yes," Helen cried, distractedly. "How soon can I go, I wonder? When is there a train? I shan't want any breakfast, Grace. My things could be sent after me."

Grace was much calmer. She had been up in her room some time, and was perhaps more collected.

"Go and finish dressing, dear," she said, with the gentle decision which is so soothing in moments of distraction; "I will go down and find out what I can. I am quite sure there is no train until the middle of the day, so there will be time for Gertrude to get some of your things together. Ask Fanny whether she may do that at once. And if I see Mr. Leslie, shall I tell him?"

"Do please," Helen cried, gratefully, "and there is Edward. I wonder whether he is down yet, and oh, Grace, I do wonder what can be the matter!"

Grace wondered and feared too, but it was idle to speculate about the matter while there was so much to be done, only Grace's heart misgave her that the despairing, heart-broken tone of that letter could only forbode some terrible trouble for her poor friend.

She went down to the breakfast-room, finding Mr. Leslie and Mr. Mackenzie there. The former was reading aloud from a newspaper, embellishing his reading with frequent explosions of wrathful abuse against somebody. Mr. Mackenzie sat listening with a troubled face.

"Mr. Leslie," Grace began, "Helen has heard bad news from home; she is anxious to go home at once. Her mother wants her."

"I daresay she does," burst forth Mr. Leslie, with a harsh laugh. "A good thing too. The sooner the girl is out of the house the better. I've seen what's been going on. My eyes are not to be blinded by their manœuvres. Let her go home, by all means."

"Mr. Leslie," cried Grace, in the utmost shame and distress. "What has Helen done to offend you? She is in the deepest grief. There is trouble in her home. It is only natural she should wish to go. Would you not expect your own daughter to do the same?"

"Might expect," growled Mr. Leslie, in an undertone, and then added aloud, "Most natural, and the thing I wish her to do. Tell her I know all the whole precious business."

"The poor child may not know herself," suggested Mr. Mackenzie.

"She knows nothing," cried Grace, apprehensively. "Does anyone here know what has happened? Perhaps they have written to you, Mr. Leslie. Let me tell her. She will bear it better from me?"

"Is there any need to tell her now?" Mr. Mackenzie said, rising from his chair in an impatient and half-angry fashion. "Her mother has spared her."

"Tried to hide it from us," interrupted Mr. Leslie, contemptuously.

"And it would be worse than brutal to precipitate the matter. For pity's sake, spare the poor young thing as long as may be."

Grace looked from one to the other in terrified amazement. "May I ask is it anything I ought not to know?" she faltered.

"Look here," cried Mr. Leslie, thrusting the paper into her hand. "That girl has dared to set her vile traps for my son, pretending she was a rich man's daughter, and——"

Mr. Mackenzie had astonished both by snatching the paper with an angry gesture from Grace's hand. "Don't look at it," he said, apologetically. "You can best comfort your friend by keeping her in ignorance, and if you know nothing you can tell nothing."

Grace looked at him gratefully for Helen's sake. "Helen is my friend," she said, turning indignantly to Mr. Leslie, "and I know she is quite incapable of the conduct you have attributed to her." Grace's face burnt with shame at the bare thought of having to defend poor Helen against such a charge; she was bitterly angry with Mr. Leslie, and scarcely less so with his son for exposing the girl he professed to love to such indignity. "I cannot remain here," she cried, the hot angry tears welling into her eyes, "to hear such cruel things said. Your son has behaved in the most cowardly way to Helen, and whatever mistakes she has made are entirely his fault. It was always her earnest wish that you should be told everything, but Edward put her off from day to day. Helen is not the girl to set traps for anyone. It is she who has been injured."

"Well, well," cried Mr. Leslie in surprise, as Grace, fairly carried away by her own impetuosity, at last stopped suddenly, fearing lest she might say too much and do Helen more harm than good, "and this is your idea of respect to your elders, Miss Grace; pray go on."

"I am very sorry," Grace added, "if I have been rude, Mr. Leslie, but I could not hear anyone speak of Helen as you spoke without defending her. I have known her much longer than you have, and I can assure you, you are quite mistaken in her character."

"I am glad to hear it," Mr. Leslie said, coldly. "Then she will have the good sense and honourable feeling to know how she ought to act," he added, after a moment's hesitation. "When a man disgraces himself, of course he disgraces his family. That's his business, and——"

"When does Miss Dalrymple think of leaving Alverstone?" Mr. Mackenzie asked, abruptly.

"By the first possible train," Grace replied; "I came to find out for her; she is beside herself with fear and anxiety, and can think of nothing but her wish to go to her parents. I think if I might take her something to her room, I could perhaps persuade her to eat it," she added, turning to Mr. Leslie.

"Gray will see to that," Mr. Leslie replied, ringing the bell. "There is a train at one o'clock."

"Take some breakfast to Miss Dalrymple in her own room," Mr. Leslie said to the servant.

Grace did not dare say how much rather she would have waited upon her friend herself, and was secretly chafing at the formality which rendered such small loving ministrations out of the question. "Servants despise you if you wait upon yourself," Fanny had told her, and it was not her place to contravene the established ideas of the house, but oh! how different it would have been at home.

Anyway, no curious eyes should be witness of Helen's grief, she thought, excusing herself to Mr. Leslie that she might return to her friend.

Helen was sitting in her room, pale and tearful, in an agony to be gone, yet not knowing what thing to do first. Grace's heart ached when she thought how little comfort it was possible to give her.

"There is no train before one o'clock," she said, as cheerfully as she could. "So we shall have plenty of time. You haven't asked about Gertrude, have you? That's a good thing, dear. I'm going to do your packing, you don't know how quickly I can pack; I have had so much practice. And some breakfast is coming up here for you. We will have some together; it will save time. We shall manage beautifully."

"Do they know that I am going, and why?" Helen asked.

"Mr. Leslie knows," Grace replied, checking the angry indignation with which the remembrance of her interview filled her.

"Grace, darling, do tell me what you think can be the matter. I am so frightened about it," and she began to cry again, wringing her hands helplessly. "I so dread going home. Can papa be dead, and mamma hiding it? She says she can never hold up her head again, and that ruin and misery stare her in the face. What can she mean?"

"It may not be so bad as she thinks," Grace replied, evasively, remembering only two keenly Mr. Leslie's harsh allusions to disgrace, and with a terrible foreboding that Helen's worst fear could not be too great. "Come, dear, be taking your things out of the drawers ready for me to put in your trunk."

Helen went across the room obediently, but in a few minutes she broke down again, and stood, with her elbows on the drawers, her face hidden in her hands, sobbing bitterly.

Grace went up to her and took her into her arms. "Dearest Helen," she cried, tenderly, "do be brave, you are unnerving yourself before you know what has happened, and unless you can bear up, how will you be able to comfort your parents?"

"Oh, Grace," cried Helen, clinging to her, "I wish I could be like you—you seem so brave and strong. If only you were coming with me! Think of me going all that long way alone, with this terrible dread upon me. What shall I find when I reach home?"

Grace thought a moment, and then her decision was taken. She had no wish to stay under a roof where such harsh, unfounded aspersions had been and were likely to be cast upon her friend. She believed that her parents would approve her decision.

"I will come with you, darling," she said. "But you must help me, Helen, for I shall have plenty to do. Here is our breakfast."

She took the tray at the door, not caring for the servant to enter, and sat down with the most unflurried air, to eat and drink, and make Helen do the same. Her quiet self-possession had the happiest effect upon the poor distracted girl, who regained some degree of composure, and managed to eat a fair amount.

Fanny came presently into the room with the hurried query—

"What is the matter? Mackenzie has turned up again, and he says Helen is going up to town by the one o'clock train, and that you and she are having breakfast together. What does it mean?"

Grace told her in a few words, ignoring, of course, her interview with Mr Leslie, while Helen was present.

"I shall accompany Helen," she added; "and if Gertrude could get my things together that would be such a help. Helen wants my companionship, and I feel quite sure it is what mamma would like me to do."

"I will see about your packing," Fanny said, seeing by Grace's manner that she had quite determined what she intended to do. "Does Edward know about this?"

"I don't know," Grace replied; "Mr. Leslie knows. I wish, Fanny, you would go and explain it to Mr. Leslie, and, if you could, see that we have a fly ready to take us to the station."

"The carriage will go, of course," Fanny replied, quitting the room. She found her father still in a rage, and learnt enough to see that it was best for both Helen and Grace to follow out their plans.

She ran back to help them, and in the few brief moments which Grace was able to snatch, learnt from her something of the true state of the case.

"You were right," she said; "Edward

ought to have spoken before. How can it end? Where on earth is he?"

Poor Helen was beginning to wonder the same thing. It was drawing near the time for their departure, and he had not sent even a message to tell of interest in her trouble. There could only be a brief, formal farewell before the others. One word of sympathy would have been such a comfort!

But when the two girls descended into the hall, Edward was not among the group waiting to bid them good-bye. Mr. Mackenzie was standing by the carriage door, and remarked, briefly, "I am going to town by this train, and will escort you safely on your way." Then took his seat beside the driver.

"Write me all news," whispered Fanny to Grace. "What can Edward be about?" And then the carriage drove off.

"If I had known that man was coming here to paint my scenery, and live at my expense week after week, and never so much as offer me his paltry picture, I'd have seen him at Timbuctoo first!" burst forth Mr. Leslie, venting some of his anger.

"Papa, I'm ashamed of you!" cried Fanny, venting some of hers too. "How can you talk like that! And, good gracious me, the scenery is not yours! And, oh, dear me, I'm as thoroughly ashamed of my own family as ever a girl can be!"

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

THE MASTERPIECE OF KNOWLEDGE.

The masterpiece of knowledge is to know
But what is good, from what is good in show.
Quarles.

TAUGHT BY NATURE.—Those who have obtained the farthest insight into Nature have been in all ages firm believers in God.—*Whewell.*

WHAT GIRLS SHOULD DO.

A young lady writing to me the other day to ask what I really wanted girls to do, I answered as follows:—

Woman's work is—

1. To please people.
2. To feed them in dainty ways.
3. To clothe them.
4. To keep them orderly.
5. To teach them.

Ruskin.

AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL OF DIFFICULTY.—Because you find a thing very difficult, do not presently conclude that no one can master it; but whatever you observe proper and practicable by another, believe likewise within your own power.—*Steele.*

GOD AND THE WORLD.—If the world be in the middle of the heart it will be often shaken, for all there is continual motion and change; but God in it keeps it stable. Labour, therefore, to get God into your hearts, residing in the midst of them, and then, in the midst of all conditions, they shall not move.—*Leighton.*

DAILY DUTIES.—See that no day passes in which you do not make yourself a somewhat better creature, and in order to do that find out first what you are now. Do not think vaguely about it; take pen and paper and write down as accurate a description of yourself as you can with the date to it. If you dare not do so, find out why you dare not, and try to get strength of heart enough to look yourself fairly in the face, in mind as well as in body. I do not doubt but that the mind is a less pleasant thing to look at than the face, and for that very reason it needs more looking at; so always have two mirrors on your toilet-table, and see that with proper care you dress body and mind before them daily. After the dressing is once over for the day, think no more about it; as your hair will blow about your ears, so your temper and thoughts will get ruffled with the day's work, and may need, sometimes, twice dressing; but I don't want you to carry about a mental pocket-comb; only to be smooth braided always in the morning.—*Ruskin.*

THE QUEEN WHEN A LITTLE GIRL.—When Queen Victoria was yet a child in short frocks, she, with other members of her family, spent some time at Malvern. They stayed at a large house on what, out of compliment to Her Majesty, has since been named Queen's-road. The royal child is spoken of both as a romp and a rattle. Her two particular weaknesses were climbing walls and trees, and cantering about on a donkey. One day she had climbed an apple-tree and could not get down again. She remained there sobbing bitterly, till some time afterwards Davis, the gardener, attracted to the spot by her cries, got a ladder and brought her safe and sound to *terra firma*. The little girl was deeply grateful for the man's assistance, and immediately opened her purse and presented him with a piece of gold. Davis is alive to tell the tale to this day, and at the same time to exhibit to the curious the Royal Guinea—neatly framed—which the Queen, when a wee lassie, gave him.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPING.

A RUSSIAN GIRL.—You will find full instructions for all kinds of "Bread and Breadmaking" on pages 350 and 438, vol. i. Brown bread would be made in the same way as white.

E. O. and W. K.—The doctor you employ would tell you the proper test to use, or else consult your chemist. The London Directory would also give you the names of the public analysts.

NELLITZ.—The word is *manchet*, and means a small loaf of fine bread, or a "roll," as it would we called now. This French word has been used in England from an early date, and is found in Bacon's writings. In order to transfer patterns you must use both tracing and transfer-paper, which may be procured at any stationer's.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER, ELSEE, will find all possible suggestions in vol. i., page 571, "The Girls' Own Hall and Staircase."

A. G. S. L.—It seems certain that cakes or buns made with soda, constantly partaken of, lead to indigestion, but we do not think used occasionally they would produce any evil effect if they agree. A very small quantity added to the water in making the tea does not seem to do harm. You write a beautiful hand, and a most ladylike note. We wish many of our readers could see it, as a good example of what always should be!

JANET M. M.—So far as we remember, "Mater" has the washing done at home, and the ninepence is the price of the soap and soda. No extra help is obtained. Another correspondent writing on this subject tells us that she has the washing for a family of four, and sometimes five people, with the house washing, done for ten shillings a month. She washes every fortnight, and has a washerwoman for two days (one day intervening). Wages of washerwoman, (without beer), nine shillings, one shilling soda, soap, and blue. The clothes are folded by the cook on the intervening day, and generally starched.

MEDORA.—To procure information on the subject of "How to Wash and Iron," read our articles at pages 18, 107, and 219, vol. ii. Neither boys nor girls attain their legal majority until they are 21 years of age. Her Majesty was pronounced of age at 18, only by Act of Parliament. But when parents wish to give their children the uncontrolled use of their money at as early an age as 18, they are at liberty to do so, just as they may refuse it to them until 25 years of age, although in neither case is their infancy or majority "in the eye of the law," affected by it. Amongst poor persons, however, who cannot afford to support their children in their own homes after the age of fifteen, the law acknowledges the right of such children to leave their home and earn their own living.

IGNORAMUS.—To "feed *plentifully and well*" seven persons—four men and three women—without wine. Dinner at one, meat once a day, as a rule, and cheese at supper (or a pot of jam for those who prefer it), we think a really good manager might make about £200 or £230 per annum sufficient. This is supposing that you are of the middle-class, or the gentry of limited means.

CHRISTINA.—To take cod-liver oil out of linen, pour a solution of boiling water and soda on the stain, and wash well with soap. We thank you for your good wishes for the "Girls' Home," and all kind intentions with reference to aid, should our hopes in reference to it be realised.

E. EDWARDS.—1. When household or other linen has been carelessly washed, and is sent home with a bad yellow colour, you may restore its natural whiteness by having it well washed in water to which a strained solution of chloride of lime has been added. But the linen must be previously well rinsed, both previously to the washing just prescribed, and afterwards. 2. Scorched linen may be restored—if not too much burned—by the application of the following compound, viz.:—half an ounce of soap, the juice of two large onions, two ounces of Fuller's earth, one ounce of dried fowl's dung, and half a pint of vinegar. Boil the whole together, and when cold, lay the mixture thickly over the scorched part. We have not tried this recipe, but have obtained it from a good source.

MUSIC.

EVANGELINE HATCH.—The song, "Sweet spirit, hear my prayer," is from the opera of *Lurline*, by Wallace. It has been used as a hymn. You can procure the original song at any musicseller's. The other we do not recognise. We were amused at your teacher describing your writing as "whimsical." It reminded us of a photographer who once told us to hold our hands "playfully."

J. P. A.—Inquire at any music shop. You might perhaps clean your bag with a little crumb of bread.

MENA.—Perhaps the Royal Academy of Music, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, might be suitable.

TRUE BLUE.—The lines have not been set to music. Several books on the plain needlework course of the School Board are sold by Messrs. Griffith and Farran, St. Paul's-churchyard.

LIZZIE and NELLIE.—We are glad you found our last Christmas charade so useful. We do not think you would hurt your voice at all, but, on the contrary, improve your ear, and render your voice more flexible. Gargling the throat with a little salt-and-water may strengthen it.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—We were glad to hear from you, and will remember your request.

A YOUNG SUFFERER.—We see no *difficulty in* your learning to play, and *think you* would find the violin the best and most suitable. You must consult an aurist on your case.

HELEN GRAY.—We think that of the Society of Arts would suit you best. You will find the primers published by Novello very useful. We are so glad to hear our paper has been useful to you in the best way of all, and we think from your letter you have begun to see some of the "beauty of service," and you will not be long before you find the happiness of it also.

CREOLE.—Your query about the song is so vague we cannot help you. Your writing is "immensely" legible, but not very pretty.

CORNCRAKE.—The rests in that position signify to lift the bow from the instrument, we suppose. Do not cut your hair short; have it "ended," or snipped with the scissors, and use a simple wash of rosemary.

MURRIE.—There are two poems called "The Flowers of the Forest," both ending with the same line. The first, by Miss Jane Elliott of Minto, was suggested by the losses of the Scottish army at the Battle of Flodden Field. It begins: "I've heard the lilting at our ewe-milking." The other was composed by Mrs. Cockburn, and was suggested by the bankruptcy of a number of Scottish gentlemen in Selkirkshire. It begins: "I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling." The first is the one you mean, and you will find it in any collection of Scotch airs.

GRACY M.—You must inquire at a musicseller's. The song is an old one, but could, doubtless, be procured for you.

CHERITH.—We advise you to go to a music publishers, or music shop, and ask for the simplest work issued on the theory of music. There is a series of primers by Novello. In our article, "How to Improve One's Education, page 796, vol. ii., you will observe that the fourteen lessons in harmony, by "J. E. P.," which were published in the *English Mechanic and World of Science*, from June 26th to October 14th, 1874, are very highly recommended. Your kind wishes are fully appreciated and cordially reciprocated.

WORK.

MADGE.—For information on feathers, see vol. i., pages 399, 511, and 606. You should procure a small book on "Indian Housekeeping" from the "Bazaar" Office, 170, Strand, London, W.C.

WEST VIEW.—Perhaps a very fine brush and a very little spirit of wine or turpentine might help you to remove the mark, but you must be careful not to touch the satin. You may refresh old black straw hats by giving them a coating of gum arabic.

HOLDFAST.—You will find what you need in "My Work Basket."

IVY.—Blue serges are not made-up with any other material this year; they are braided instead. If it be a good one you may wash it at home; otherwise, send it to a cleaner.

JENNIE.—If you know how to net, you have only to cast on for a length that will make the long ends required for tying under the chin, and decrease rapidly towards the short corner of the *fichu* which will lie over the head. We have not given directions for making one, but an idea of how the *fichu* might be both rendered warmer and prettier may be seen at page 396, vol. iii., under "My Work Basket."

AN ART WORKWOMAN recommends our young friends who make their own dresses under the directions supplied in this paper, to employ sewing silk instead of cotton, in every place where stitches may be seen. She informs us that it washes and dyes well, whereas cotton fades when washed, and takes a different dye to that of the dress. We think this seems a reasonable idea, and thank our correspondent for her kind letter and advice.

JOE'S PARTY.—If you put maize or red bows on the dress, and clean frilling, you will have done all that is possible. A sash tied round the hips is also very pretty if you have one.

WINNIE.—We have just supplied our readers with a recipe for knitting a vest, and the same pattern would suffice for a "jersey." But why not purchase one ready made? Those woven are much finer and more suitable as a substitute for a bodice. You could procure the cloth by the yard if you preferred to have one made expressly for you. Your writing is of the class that may be described as "spidery."

NAUSICAA, F. D. N., and F. G. H. D.—See page 175, vol. ii., for "Sailor's Satchels," with an illustration. Write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for the number dated December 11, 1880. Also see page 160, vol. ii., and you will find directions for knitting mittens with a thumb, the number being dated December 4, 1880. We could not give recipes for work a second time. We are glad to hear that "F. D. N." finds our patterns for knitting so reliable. She should write with a little more care.

M. A. B.—For directions on the subject of washing crewel-work, see pages 96 and 431, vol. ii. Your letter has given us much satisfaction, and your hand is fairly good.

ADA.—The sketch you send us appears to be a specimen of netting, and possibly machine-made.

QUEEN MAB.—Knitting, netting, and crochet work in wools would not, we imagine, try your eyes. Your writing is very good, but much too small, especially as it must be injurious to your sight, judging from what the oculist has said about fine embroideries.

OIL AND WATER.—What is the difficulty in using transfer papers a second time for crewel-work? We have employed them many times successively. Your writing is very queer-looking.

EDUCATIONAL.

ADELAIDE.—For young women who desire to complete their education on a thoroughly Christian basis, there is a society in connection with the Christian Women's Union called the Christian Women's Education Union. The particulars respecting this institution may be gained by applying to the Secretary, Miss Caroline G. Cavendish, Otway-terrace, South Lambeth-road, S.W. The doctrinal bases of membership are:—1. The Divine inspiration of Scripture. 2. The Doctrine of the Trinity, including the atonement and perfect work of Christ. 3. Justification by faith. 4. The work of the Holy Spirit in converting and sanctifying.

DAISY K. G.—Procure an ordinary instruction-book in the rules of arithmetic, at any shop for second-hand books, and the more of the rules you learn the better, making yourself really well acquainted with them, and able to demonstrate that proficiency when called upon so to do. You ought to be "certificated" if you wish to obtain a situation in either a school or private family. Your writing is neat and properly formed and sloped, but a little too angular for beauty.

LITTLE BIT OF BLUE.—1. There are books of dates, and also of days, but we cannot recommend the works of other publishers. It would be well if you sent for our General Catalogue, and you would see at once for yourself what books we could supply, and for what others you should apply to your own bookseller. 2. It is desirable to change your diet in drinks, as well as solid food from time to time, at the same time remembering that persons in delicate health, or suffering from any special complaint, may have to refrain from certain beverages—tea, coffee, cocoa, chocolate, or milk, &c. Always to take the same is not to be recommended. Invalids, according to Miss Nightingale, should not take tea later in the day than 5 p.m. We thank you for your kind letter.

ART.

LILLA.—A new process has just been invented, by which photographs may be taken instantaneously from a railway carriage. But experiments are only now being made, and we cannot say more about it at present. Procure some outlined landscapes in black and white to copy, and practise well with their aid before you make your tour. Of course a few lessons from a master would start you with a good method for very rapid sketching.

ANNETTE.—1. You must take your Christmas cards to some shop where such articles are sold, and offer them. Some specimens of your work must be shown with a view to obtaining orders, but do not waste much time and money on their execution, before you know with what favour you will meet. 2. A "Mother Hubbard" cloak would probably suit you very well if tall, and not very stout, nor high in the shoulders.

ADMIRER OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.—You should take the indiarubber cloak to a shop where articles in gutta-percha and indiarubber are exclusively sold, and if it can be cut and re-joined, they will do it, but you cannot do so satisfactorily yourself.

COOKERY.

E. W. is thanked for supplying directions for making "pumpkin soup." Cut the inside and edible part of the pumpkin into large dice, and place it in a pan with three ounces of butter, and half a pint of water. Simmer it gently for twenty minutes, and when reduced to a pulp, add two tablespoonfuls of flour. Stir well, so as to mix all thoroughly, and then add three pints of stock, or else of milk, and then boil for ten minutes, flavouring with pepper and salt, and serve with fried toast. 2. To make a "pumpkin pie," cut the pumpkin up as above directed, and add a very little water, some apples and butter, and when it has simmered gently for twenty minutes, and reduced to a pulp, add sugar, cloves, lemon, vanille, or other flavouring. Line the pie-dish with paste, place the mixture in it, and lay a border of paste round the flat edge of the dish. Then bake in a slow oven. There are other recipes, but this may be found satisfactory.

UNCLE SAM'S NIECE.—We are obliged to you for the recipe very kindly contributed for a cheap sponge cake. Beat up the yolks and the whites of four eggs separately, the latter into a stiff froth. Take half a pound of sifted loaf-sugar, quarter of a pound of flour, and mix well all together, and place in little tins, baking for about an hour. Your writing is fairly good.

DESSIE.—1. See page 74, vol. ii. 2. See page 800, vol. ii., answer to "M. C. P."

MISCELLANEOUS.

L. A. D.—One style of folding a table-napkin is called a "Mitre." Fold it in three equal parts; one fold made, the second must be folded backwards. Fold in three parts again, by turning the two ends together, so as to meet in the centre. Take the left-hand corner, and fold it across in a right angle (diagonally), and then take the opposite corner, on the left-hand corner at the top, and fold it in a similar way; turn over and fold in halves, lengthwise, and open the points. Bend the point made towards the right, and tuck it into the groove; then turn the point backwards towards the right hand, and tuck that in likewise. When small rolls are supplied, they are often placed within the "Mitre," in the centre. We have just told a correspondent that we considered an illustration, or practical demonstration, essential to giving satisfactory directions as to the various methods of folding; but we give this verbal recipe, and leave our readers to work it out for themselves.

HOPING PATIENTLY.—We rejoice to hear that the advice we gave you proved of such value and consolation; and we shall always feel pleasure in assisting you in the same way, whenever you may apply to us; although we may, of necessity, postpone a reply.

CANDIDATE.—Apply, as we continually tell you, to Mr. Tarn for all books and periodicals published by the Religious Tract Society (such as the *Leisure Hour*).

PENELOPE.—The Latin words, "*Hic liber meus est*," which you have found written in so many books, mean, "This book mine is."

WOULD-BE INDEPENDENT.—You wish to obtain a situation as a nursery-governess or a mother's-help. For the former you are quite unqualified; spelling, grammar, and composition are too defective. For instance, you say, "What salery out I to ask?" None as a teacher. As mother's-help you might be efficient if you have carefully studied some good book on the care of infants and children; the treatment of all accidents such as burns, scalds, swallowing of improper substances, dislocation of fingers, &c., and the ordinary duties of a nurse in cases of sickness, and treatment of the common diseases of children. Also, the way to make poultices, or put on leeches, or make slops, gruel, and barley-water, &c., and to cook a little if required. Also to be handy at your needle, to mend well, and to be mistress of all the branches of plain sewing. But to "learn elocution" and "music," in lieu of the acquirement of those things we have enumerated, would be to waste your time completely.

DAVID GILCHRIST.—We can only say that "doctors differ, and patients die." We are ourselves of opinion that land-sand mixed with fine gravel is more suitable for canaries and other small birds than the sea-sand, which would not be naturally within their reach, and is full of salt; and were the feet wet, tender, or gouty, it would irritate them. According to H. G. Adams, "clean river-sand" should be employed, which may be procured from bird-dealers, oilmen, and grocers, or even a sprinkling of fine "loamy earth," which the bird may swallow; hence, he adds, "the necessity for being careful that no marine sand is used; as the saline particles would be prejudicial to the bird." (See "Cage and Singing Birds," page 8).

RITA.—Your bird is very weakly, and may have grown prematurely old. Blow some sherry over the body to occasionally stimulate the skin, guarding the eyes; and feed it well, and keep it warm. If you find parasites, sprinkle some pungent Scotch snuff under the wings and about the body; and clean the cage well with turpentine.

LILY.—Write for the index to Mr. Tarn, as we have so often told our correspondents to do. The Editor has nothing to do with the sale of the magazine. Pronounce "lieutenant," as "litenant;" and "trousseau," as "tru-so."

WIDOW.—Amongst other foreign watering places, at no very great distance hence, which might be suitable from its cheapness for the residence of one who has several young children, and but small pecuniary means, we may suggest Concarneau. It is a quaint and primitive Breton fishing village, where there is excellent sea-bathing; the hotel charges are only five francs a day, and the food is good. The place is a favourite with artists, but one of the few little known to tourists in general. The route is from Southampton to St. Malo, thence by railroad to Redon, where you may sleep; and then there is a drive of nine miles to Concarneau. Lodgings may be obtained, but meals are taken at or sent from an hotel. The visit of a clergyman is, unfortunately, of chance occurrence. But it is hard to find places that have not been made expensive by swarms of persons who, like yourself, have been seeking a place where they may economise in comparative privacy.

VOL. IV.—NO. 154.] DECEMBER 9, 1882. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

AN OLD DUTCH HOUSE.

CHAPTER II.

MARIA DE VELDE'S COUSINS.

ONE afternoon they were having tea in the garden summer arbour, or "bust-huis," as it was called. It was a rustic place, roughly built, and octagonal-shaped, with three windows, from one of which they could see the broad flat marshes, emerald green, with black cattle roving about them; from another, the front garden beds, glowing with waving, rainbow-tinted tulips; and from the third, the huge, melancholy dyke, that cast such deep shadows. A rustic table was spread with preparations for an appetising meal, plates of gingerbread made with honey, thin biscuits, bread-and-butter, and spiced beef, while a brass bucket filled with burning charcoal, kept the kettle singing merrily.

Anna, in a white dress, her hair tied with blue ribbons, poured out the fragrant beverage, and smiled as she handed Oscar his cup.

"What are you doing, you idle boy, with that knife?" asked Maria, turning round to her favourite cousin.

"Carving a motto on the door of the arbour."

Maria read aloud, "Well-to-vrede"—(well contented)—"Is that your state of mind, Oscar? If so, I am glad, for one does not often meet with a person whose wishes are all gratified."

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Oscar Von Huysen laughed as he replied—

"I must confess to a little mental reservation ere I can take that for my motto. I have still one ambition very deep down in my heart, not satisfied, and I suppose that never will be."

"What is this wonderful ambition of yours?" asked Maria.

He hesitated a moment, then replied in for him an unusually grave tone—

"I have always had a desire to matriculate at Leyden University, to become a Doctor of Medicine, but my father was never rich enough to send me there. A poor, hard-working clerk has no chance of giving his son a college education."

"I consider your ambition very laudable," said Maria. "The profession of a Doctor of Medicine is surely one of the most useful there is, in its relation to poor humanity, with all its ills and ailments. Our great Master Himself, you know, went about amongst the sick, the suffering, and He healed them all."

"Very true, and physicians get good fees," retorted Oscar.

"Our cousin's view of the subject is best," replied Anna, quickly.

"Granted, but as I never shall be a doctor, it is little matter what ideas I form on the subject," replied Oscar, moodily.

Maria de Velde was much impressed with her cousin's wish of going to college, and began to ponder how it could be accomplished; when anything appealed to her in the light of a duty she used every effort to perform it, and she set herself to reckon up whether she could provide the necessary funds. True, her income would thereby be considerably diminished, but she decided to make the sacrifice, and ere long told Oscar his wish was granted—he could go to Leyden.

Delighted as Oscar Von Huysen felt, he could not yet take "well contented" as his maxim, for he still had a wish unrealised; he desired to win for himself the love of Anna de Velde.

It was hardly to be expected two young people thrown so much into each other's society should be indifferent to the situation, and in this case a mutual affection had sprung up between them.

The evening before Oscar left for Leyden, he came into the parlour where Anna was sitting, playing a sonata.

"It is my last night here," said he, "and yet you pay more devotion to Beethoven than you do to poor me; shut up the piano for once, and come with me into the garden."

Anna closed the instrument, and went out leaning on his arm. They rambled into the arbour, and looked out on the soft grey twilight creeping up over the fields. How calm and still the scene was! Not a sound to be heard of the world beyond the garden walls but the monotonous croak of the frogs down in the marshes, or the heavy flapping of a crane's wing as it flew lazily past.

And there, in that peaceful scene, he told the tale of his love, he held Anna's hand in his, fascinated by the soft eloquence of her eyes, the sweet smile on her lips, the rose blushes in her cheeks, that told him, more than words, how fondly his love was returned, and there he pressed her to his heart, and vowed truth and constancy for ever.

"You will often think of me when I am away, Anna?" he asked.

"Oh yes, I shall never forget you."

"And by-and-by, when I get my degree, we will make a home of our own, where you shall be the joy and delight of my life, my darling!"

The very thought of such happiness almost dazed Anna. She felt it untold bliss to gaze at Oscar's handsome face, to listen to his earnest words. It seemed almost marvellous he should care for *her*—that her shy devotion was returned, and that one so splendid as Oscar Von Huysen should think of marrying a little plain, insignificant girl.

Mistress de Velde was greatly pleased when she heard of their betrothal. She had become deeply attached to her young cousins, and even congratulated herself on being the means of introducing them to each other.

Oscar set out for Leyden University in high spirits, and at last he called himself "well contented."

Two calm happy years passed away. The student spent all his vacations at the buff-coloured house, and his visits there were the chief incidents in the lives of Maria and Anna.

He always came back to them bright and merry—full of anecdotes of college life, some of them very ludicrous — others, verging strongly on the marvellous. He praised the sunny Rhine-land, the parks, the promenades, the scenery—the gay friends who made much of him, and invited him to their entertainments. But still, he always seemed delighted to come home, and his attentions to Anna never lessened in the happy times they spent together.

There were some people, however, who said Oscar's career in college was anything but satisfactory and studious. They spoke of his being too fond of frolic, too wavering to settle down to hard work—too easily led into company that was not improving. Nay, they talked of him as a "good fellow," fond of smoking, singing, drinking, gaming parties—they said he was the life of convivial gatherings, one who would sacrifice anything for selfish gratification.

Perhaps some rumours of this nature reached Mistress de Velde's ears, for she grew uneasy at the amount of the bills she had to pay. One demand for a larger sum of money than she had yet given out made her very thoughtful, and she said to herself, "If I leave my poor Jan's hard-earned fortune to Oscar, he will soon come to the end of it, and for my brother's sake, I must see that the money is wisely and prudently used. Oscar will spend it—Anna will be careful, and therefore I shall alter my will, and leave it to her. As they are to be married, it can matter little in which name it stands. And I must do the business quickly, for these frequent pains at my heart—this faintness, warns me it will not be very long ere I follow my brother."

The next morning, Mistress de Velde told Anna she was going to Dordrecht. "Peter Sykes will drive me there in his cart, and I shall not be long away," she said.

"May I go with you?" asked Anna.

"I think not, my dear. I have business to do that must be done before it is too late, and I would rather be alone that I may have nothing to distract my attention."

Two hours after this she was in Jules Peterson's office, where she was giving him instructions about making the new will. The lawyer had been on friendly terms with Maria ever since the day he brought her tidings of poor Jan's death, and he ventured to express his surprise at her change of purpose. "Von Huysen is named as your heir in the first document. Anna de Velde has only a small pension and the old house," he said.

"I have changed my purpose, and have very good reasons for doing so," replied Maria, shutting her lips firmly, and looking at him fixedly. The lawyer knew then he would be told nothing more. "I want the will signed and sealed at once; delays are dangerous, you know." And so Jules Peterson's clerks were called in, and the will duly signed and sealed ere she took her departure.

Maria seated herself on cushions in the spring cart, and as she was driven home by Peter Sykes—her old and tried friend of forty years' standing—she felt strangely faint and wearied. Indeed, she was often tired and ill now, though she kept her feelings to herself. Some over-mastering influence seemed to stop the throbbing of her heart at times, to set her brain wildly whirling. She grew taciturn, sickly, and weak, and though she had always intended telling Anna about the alteration in her will, and why she had made it, she put off the narration until the time for earthly confidences was over.

When the first storms of winter were sweeping over the marshes, howling round the gables of the old house, and sighing and sobbing down the chimney, Maria de Velde suddenly and calmly went forth beyond the wintry tempests.

She had trusted in her Saviour, and her last words were of her faith in Him.

Oscar was at Leyden when the news of his cousin's death reached him, and with decorous expressions of regret he hastened to obey the summons to the funeral.

The buff-coloured house was strangely gloomy and sad. In a closed upper room lay poor Maria de Velde, waiting for interment on the coming day. The little kitchen-maid had sobbed and shivered by the stove, trembling at every sound, until at last she had crept up to her bedroom, to forget her terrors in the calm sleep of youth and health.

Rough winds still held their revels over the marshes, and shrieked with fitful wails round the house, as Anna de Velde sat alone in the parlour. On a round table beside her lay a pile of papers that had not long before been sent to her by Jules Peterson, the lawyer. They consisted of written directions for the funeral, penned long before by Maria's own hand; and there was also a copy of the will, addressed by Jules, in an envelope, to Anna.

The girl was not clever in business matters. They did not often claim her attention, and, with a slight glance at the documents, she pushed them aside, and clasping her hands over her eyes, resumed her sad meditations on her dead cousin upstairs. Maria had always been kind and considerate to her; there was no trace on her memory of a harsh word, an unjust reproof, uttered by those now cold lips.

Anna's grief was sincere, tears ran down her cheeks, as she recalled her kinswoman's goodness and loyalty of heart. Hours passed away, until, even grief had spent itself, and then Anna once more set herself to examine the papers. Presently one of them fluttered to the ground, dropped by her in startled surprise at its contents, for she discovered she was Maria's sole legatee, sole executrix to the property.

"All left to me, and nothing to Oscar," she exlaimed aloud. "Surely there is some mistake; it cannot be true. What have I done to merit such favour?"

The more Anna pondered, the more bewildered she became.

"It will be a terrible disappointment to him. To Oscar, this means failure, utter ruin. His college career will be over, his high hopes extinguished, he will become a desperate man, and all beause Maria has left her fortune to an insignificant girl like I am. Why did she do this? I am not pretty, clever, nor even very good. I feel full of faults and weakness, while Oscar is brilliant, handsome, and splendid. Such injustice must not be, I cannot be a party to my poor cousin's mistake, her disastrous lack of judgment."

Musing thus, Anna suddenly remembered Oscar would arrive by daybreak in the morning, and unless something was quickly done to prevent it, the whole story would soon be known to him. What would he do? Drift away in bitter rage and despair, as some men have done whose hopes have been crushed? No, Oscar must never be tried in that manner, he must never even know he had been so unjustly treated if she had power to prevent it. And what would she not do for his sake?

It was now past midnight, the storm had in

no whit abated; but Anna did not hesitate when once her plans were formed. She went up to her own room, hurriedly dressed herself in her long black cloak, the hood firmly fastened over her head, and crept softly out of the front door, without disturbing the little servant-maid, who would have gone into fits had she known the dead woman and herself were the sole occupants of the house.

Anna placed the door key in her pocket, and drawing her cloak around her, set off to consult Jules Peterson, the lawyer, at Dordrecht. What matter did it make to her that the way was lonely and dreary, the storm high? She had a purpose at heart strong enough to make her even forget herself, and the tediousness of the long miles she traversed. She hardly met a creature on the road as she sped along the marshes and found her way beside the sluggish canals. There was not a sound to be heard but the wind that howled through the leafless trees, and the frogs that croaked to each other across the swamps.

When Anna reached Dordrecht, the ancient city was wrapped in silence, and with quick steps she found her way to the Groote Hoold, where stood Jules Peterson's tall, red-bricked house, with its peaked gable ends and its large windows. It was a solid, substantial building, old fashioned and respectable, that probably dated its existence to the early part of the fourteenth century, and that now stood frowning at her, wrapped in shadow.

Jules Peterson was in bed, doubtless dreaming pleasant dreams, for his annoyance was great when he was disturbed by persistent knocking at his door.

Soon his dark, curl-crowned head and indignant countenance were seen protruding from his bedroom window.

"Who is there?" he shouted; and in her reply he recognised the voice of Anna de Velde.

"What brings her here?" he murmured, as he snapped the window close, and made a hasty toilet in which he might make his appearance to admit the young girl to his presence.

"Jufrow Anna de Velde!" he gasped after on, as he placed a chair for her in his quickly-lighted office, and stood before her, much wondering what could be the cause of her visit.

Anna made no apology; she had a request to make, and she made it at once. When the heart is full of a purpose, words flow forth freely. By Jules Peterson's reply, the subject of her desire may be guessed.

"You wish Maria de Velde's will done away with? Impossible! None of us have power to do that."

"But the money is left to *me*. I am of age, I can dispose of it as I like, can I not?"

"Certainly, Jufrow de Velde. You may fling it into the deep waters of the Oude Maas, if you choose, though I should hardly consider that a sane proceeding."

"I would not throw it away, Mynheer, but I wish Oscar Von Huysen to have it."

"Make him a present of the money, then; he will doubtless be very grateful to you."

"But he must never know the part I take in the matter. I want him to suppose the property came to him from our cousin herself. He always understood from her he was to be her heir, and I would fain save him from the grievous disappointment otherwise in store for him."

"You are strangely considerate about Von Huysen's feelings," replied the lawyer, in a tone he could not help being rather sarcastic. "I suppose the report I have heard is true, and you are going to be married to him?"

"Yes, Mynheer, we are betrothed," replied Anna, as her pale face flushed, and her soft brown eyes drooped under his scrutinizing gaze. Then she added, eagerly, "You see, it will be all the same in the end which of us has poor Maria's fortune, but I wish *now* to make it all over to Oscar."

"*Will* it be all the same?" asked the lawyer, still sarcastically. "Ah, my generous friend, there is an old saying that perhaps you have not heard about, 'Many a slip between the cup and the lip,' and if you take my advice, you will keep your money in your own hands."

The lawyer remembered Mistress de Velde's words about there "being very good reasons" why she had struck Oscar's name out of her will, and he had no great opinion of the young man himself. But the more he argued the firmer Anna grew, and at last she said she should leave his office and go to another lawyer, who would draw out the document she required without hesitation.

"Wilful woman must have her way, I suppose," said Jules Peterson at last, and he reluctantly began to prepare the papers, insisting, however, on introducing one or two points of his own. In the first place, he reserved for Anna the pension and house originally named for her in the first will, and this part he read aloud for her approval; and in the second place, he put a clause that Oscar would forfeit the whole of the money if he married anyone but Anna. In that case, the property would again be hers, but this clause he did *not* read aloud to Jufrow de Velde. As the expectant bride of Oscar Von Huysen, she would have considered such a proviso altogether unnecessary, but as a friend of the late Maria de Velde, Jules considered himself justified in protecting her young cousin as well as he could from possible injustice.

The business was at last settled to Anna's satisfaction, the lawyer remarking, as she signed the papers—

"Oscar Von Huysen will not be very particular in inquiring the why and the wherefore if he gets the property."

Jules Peterson had recovered his temper by this time. If Anna chose to be rash, and place her money in Oscar's power, that was no reason why she should be shivering with cold at that hour of the night. So he roused up his old housekeeper, ordered her to get hot coffee prepared, and whilst Anna was gladly partaking the fragrant beverage, he went out into the yard, got his chaise ready, brought out warm rugs and a fur cloak, and drove Anna safely home to the old house, her absence altogether unsuspected by the timid servant maid.

When the funeral was over, and Oscar had taken possession of the property—not being, as the lawyer had prophesied, very particular in inquiring into the "why and wherefore" such good fortune had fallen to his lot—he stated his intention of starting off at once to Arnhem to see his father and three sisters.

"I have not been there for an age," he said, looking down smilingly at his betrothed. But his smile was not returned. Anna was thinking how dreary the old house would soon be—Maria gone, and Oscar going away also.

"Shall you be sorry to lose me?" he asked, as he looked at her sad face.

"Yes, very sorry; and Arnhem is so far away," she sighed.

"Then you must come to Arnhem with me. Who, I should like to know, has a better right to a welcome in my father's house than my intended wife? I will write to Agatha, my eldest sister, at once, and she shall send you an invitation. Agatha manages all our affairs for us."

Anna did not object, so the letter was written, the invitation came in due time, and then, in some trepidation, the girl began to prepare for her visit. She had never seen any of Oscar's relations; her natural shyness made her almost shrink from going amongst strangers; but then Oscar would be with her, and he would give her courage.

The preparations were rapidly made. Anna found the little servant girl another place, packed her mourning dresses in a portmanteau, and, locking up the old house, left it lonely and deserted.

Oscar was in high spirits; prosperity agreed with him.

"My sisters will be glad to welcome you," he said, "and my father will look on you as a new daughter. Who knows but our marriage may take place from his house, and be far nearer than we expected?"

Anna was very happy as she journeyed through new and strange scenes. She had been so long accustomed to the dreary flats, the canals, the marshes, the windmills with their flapping sails, with the dismal dyke near the old house, that all seemed fresh and beautiful, and when, at the last stage of the journey, Oscar drove her in a carriage to Arnhem, it seemed like going into fairyland. As they passed through a magnificent avenue of trees, dark in its intense shadows, the slant rays of the setting sun shone in at the further end, and touched with gold the lofty spire of a church that seemed to close up the vista. On one side rolled the waters of the Rhine, crossed by its picturesque bridge of boats, with steamers going up and down the calm waters; on the other were rich banks, and slopes dotted over with pretty villas and gardens. Anna was almost sorry when the journey was ended, and when Oscar, with a smile on his handsome face, exclaimed—

"Now we shall soon be at home."

She did not say why the journey had been so pleasant to her, but she felt it was because she had had Oscar to herself all the way, and he had been so kind, so thoughtful for her comfort.

Mynheer Von Huysen's house was in the business part of the rather fashionable town of Arnhem. It had ornamented gables, a red roof, and stood close on the pavement, without garden or grass plot in front. Before Anna entered the house, she was painfully conscious that more than one pair of eyes were curiously inspecting her through the diamond-shaped panes of the large window near the door. It was draped with dark, heavy curtains, and adorned with plants in pots, but the inquisitive eyes were distinctly visible to her, as she stood on the pavement waiting for Oscar to finish his bargain with the coachman.

(*To be continued.*)

ART NEEDLEWORK.

If any of "the girls" have a scrap bag or drawer, now is the time to bring out its contents. You have no idea how many really pretty things may be made at a moderate or very small cost from scraps of velvet and velveteen, plush, satin, and cloth, but you must also bring to bear on them a good deal of neatness and taste.

No doubt there are many of you at home for the holidays now, who are ready and willing to give some of your time to the making of pretty things, either for the adornment of your own homes, or for presents. It is for such of you I am writing this special paper, in which I am going to tell you about some things which will, no doubt, suggest to you many others, according to what you may want.

For many small things a frame is almost a necessity to success, as they *must* be kept

smooth and unpuckered; these frames you can procure at most fancy shops, or at any stores, I should think. You must be very careful about sewing your material straight on to the webbing which is nailed to the rollers, and then stretch it evenly, or you will find it warped when you take it out. After the stretchers are put in, it is generally necessary to brace the work a little more tightly with string or coarse thread.

In working you will find it better to keep the right hand underneath, as it may be supposed to be more clever at finding its way alone than the left, which needs the eye to guide it. You must, of course, in this case use two thimbles.

Fig 1 is a slipper toe, which you might perhaps work in the hand, if very well done. You see it would only want a small piece of cloth even to make a large pair of slippers. The one I give is a child's size, intended to be worked solidly on diagonal cloth. It would be so easy to make little patterns which would do for these, and, worked in crewel on diagonal cloth, they would be very inexpensive, as you could line, bind, and sew them on to a pair of fleecy soles yourselves; or you could make much handsomer ones on velvet or plush, outlining the pattern with gold and filling it in with filoselle. The ordinary shoe-shaped slippers can also be easily worked with small designs on the toes, but as they would have to be made up by a shoemaker, they would necessarily be more expensive.

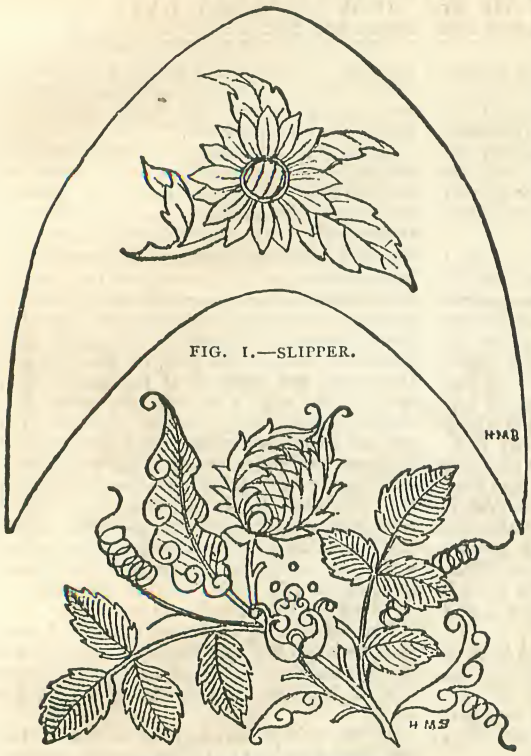


FIG. 1.—SLIPPER.

FIG. 2.—END OF NECKTIE.

Fig 2 is the end of a necktie; for these I think only conventional patterns look well. You can work them on any colour, or *in* any colour you please, but I advise you to keep to white or cream colour. Strips of Indian or Chinese washing silk will be best. I have often found that bits copied from a scrap of brocade or cretonne will make capital patterns in this style; you can work them easily in the hand, using self-coloured washing or "bobbin" silk, and working in satin stitch.

The design I give is for a straight end finished off with lace insertion, about one inch, and lace edging about two inches wide; and neckties such as this would be very pretty for young girls or children.

Fig 3 is a fan, to be worked on satin. The subject of fans is so wide and varied a one that I am sorry space will allow me to give you but one design, but I will suggest others which you can make for yourselves; for instance, a subject such as the blotter in figure 4 could be easily utilised as a fan. For working one you must, however, procure properly prepared silk or satin, because it has to be stiffened; or with care you might prepare some yourself, by nailing it out on a board and pasting it with starch on the wrong side, before you put it into your frame. Fans to look at all well *must* be carefully done throughout.

FIG. 4.—BLOTTING OR SCRAP-BOOK.

The design I give could be worked with fine silk, nicely shaded, and using lighter shades for the upper leaf; but it is my idea in the drawing to work it in gold or silver thread, the under leaf solid, and the upper one only in outline. Sprays of honeysuckle, wild rose, or white and pink hawthorn are very pretty, or you may make slight outline sketches in Japanese style and work them in gold or silver, which on black or dark-coloured satin will make very pretty and effective fans at the

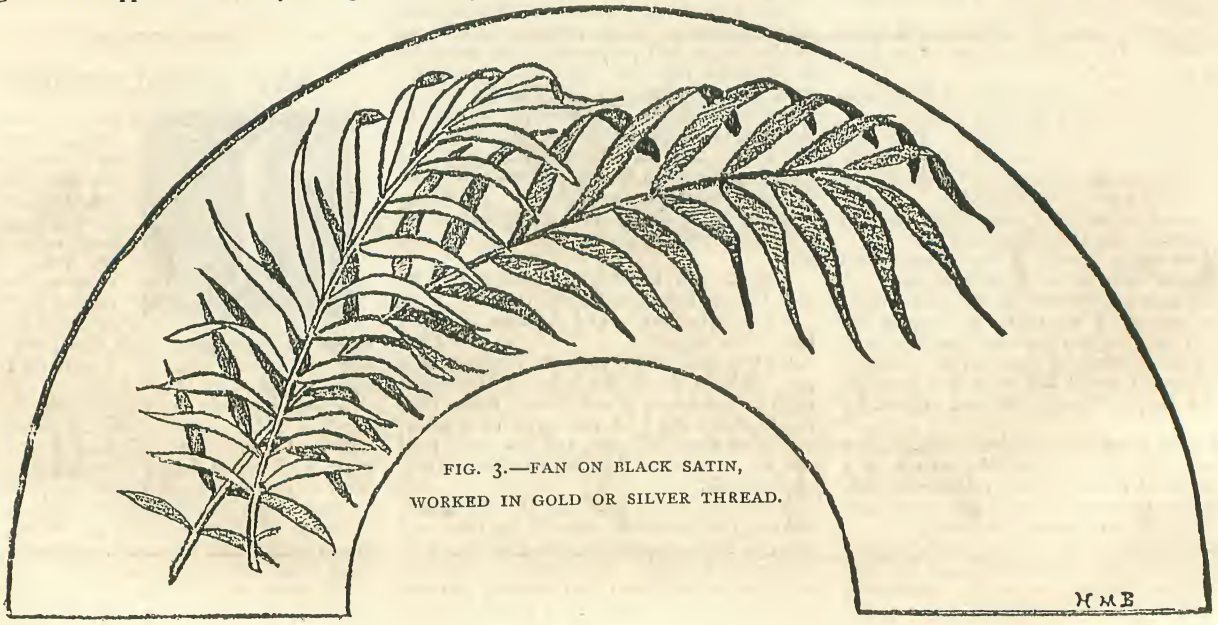


FIG. 3.—FAN ON BLACK SATIN, WORKED IN GOLD OR SILVER THREAD.

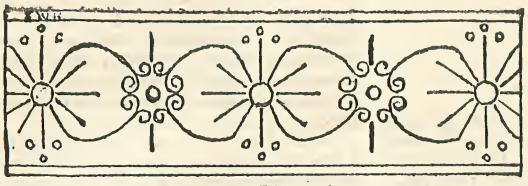


FIG. 5.—TABLE NAPKIN RING.

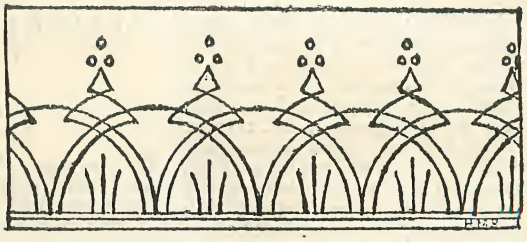


FIG. 6.—SMOKING-CAP BORDER.

expense of little time and work. Powderings of butterflies, or humming-birds, or a graduated flock of either would be very pretty.

Fig. 4 is a blotter, which you can make into an inexpensive article, or otherwise, as you may desire, according to the material used. If worked on jean or Roman satin in crewel it would not cost much, and might be worked in the hand, either in outline or solidly. You can alter the shape at will by taking away from or adding a little to the design in enlarging it. It would, however, be much handsomer worked on velveteen or satin in silk and gold.

Conventional designs of corners and centres are much used for blotters, or well-arranged natural groups, such as you will often find on cards, could also be copied; and anything that you use for a blotter could at the same time be made to serve for all sorts of things in the way of books and boxes.

Fig. 5 is for a table-napkin ring. A set of them worked on different coloured scraps of plush, velvet, or satin would be very pretty, and would only need very neat home work in making-up. Suppose the design to be on plush, you would outline it in filoselle a shade or two lighter, using only one, or, if you like, two shades for each, and each ring should be of a colour that will harmonise well with the rest. I think a crest with a scroll under it, or a pretty monogram, or tiny flower sprays, nicely worked in gold on a set of different coloured velvet or plush rings, would be charming; but unless you are a fairly practised worker I advise you to keep to the outline patterns. A set of these would be a very pretty and useful present at a trifling expense, save of time and taste.

Fig. 6. I suppose I must give a smoking-cap border, because as long as brothers will smoke sisters will be found good-natured

FIG. 7.—BRACKET. NATURAL ORANGE BLOSSOM AND FRUIT.

FIG. 8.—BRACKET. CONVENTIONAL BRIONY.

enough to indulge them with these superfluities. For my own part I do not care to see delicate material and tasteful work go to be defiled by the atmosphere of a smoking-room. Upright conventional borders are the best to use for this purpose, but running patterns of small flowers, either conventional or natural, will also do. I will not say anything about the material to be used for these—it will be best to consult the taste of prospective wearers on that point; but if you work something of a quiet and unobstrusive nature on cloth or crash which shall fit its owner well, it would serve also for a lawn-tennis cap, for which purpose a smart one on satin or velvet would be an absurdity. A monogram, or a school, college, or club crest worked in front of a serviceable cap, would no doubt please a tennis player.

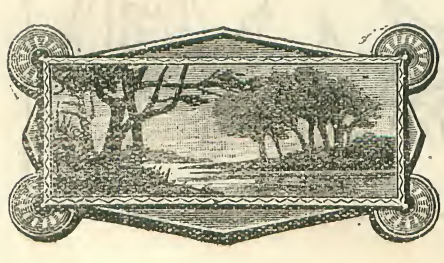
Fig 7. And now I have come to brackets, which must be great favourites in these china-loving days, and so, though I am encroaching on the courtesy of the Editor by so doing, and taking up more space than I am entitled to, I think I must give you two distinct styles, for they are the last of the small articles which I promised you. The first is a conventional arrangement of natural orange blossom, and, worked on dark blue or green diagonal, with the leaves in natural-coloured crewel, and the flowers in silk, it will be very pretty. You can, of course, make it any size you like. It is not intended for a corner bracket, unless it be a very large one. You can use more expensive material if you please, and work it only in outline, but in this case you must do it in a frame, whereas the cloth could be worked in the hand, and carefully stretched afterwards, and would, I think, look equally well when made up.

Fig. 8 is another bracket in a very pretty style. The festoons may be repeated as often as necessary to make it long enough. It would have a good effect, at the cost of less time and work than fig 7.

This is conventional, but a natural trailing spray of briony, either in flower or with its berries, Japanese honeysuckle, or any plant of a trailing nature, would do to use in the same way; or you might make little wreaths and festoons of flowers copied from old needlework, such as our great grandmothers used to do so beautifully. For narrow borders I think this style is most suited to the china the brackets are intended to support. The pattern I give may be either worked solidly, or the leaves worked in outline, with the veins put in of a different shade, and the berries solid. You can use any material you like, and finish off your brackets with fringe, in the same way as narrow table borders.

If space permitted I could tell you of so many other pretty trifles on which to employ your ingenuity; but I hope the few I have been able to give you will help you to make many others. If technical difficulties should at any time occur, I would refer you to the articles on crewel work and other embroidery subjects previously printed in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and which contain much valuable information about stitches and other matters.

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.



SERVANTS AND SERVICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

IT is a great pleasure for me, dear girls, to think that in the papers I am now commencing, the scene is laid by the fireside—the characters are all to be found under the home roof-tree.

A little while ago I was wandering from factory to factory, watching girls at work amongst whirling spindles, clattering machinery, and clinking hammers; wondering often that the young creatures were not bewildered or permanently deafened, by the ceaseless noise which accompanied their hours of toil; wondering still more at the varied articles produced by girl-hands, and at the way in which the comfort of persons, in every rank of life, seems to depend upon, and be ministered to, by what they do as outdoor workers.

The comfort of the world at large, of the great human family, is very largely influenced by the girl-toilers in these hives of industry. But how much more is the happiness of all the separate families which go to make up the vast total, influenced by the lives and conduct of those who actually serve in the home itself!

From these few opening words, dear girls, you will judge that I am going to address myself especially to those amongst you who fill the *honourable* and *responsible* position of domestic servants.

You will, perhaps, think that I use strong terms respecting your work and the place you occupy. I mean to justify these expressions, and to show you how truly important is that work, how high is your position, when measured by the vast trust which employers are compelled to repose in the girls whom they receive into their homes as servants.

I should like to establish confidential relations between you and myself, to begin with. The pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER make a capital meeting-place for us, because it is a friend whose face is seen everywhere. I know some mistresses—not young ones either—who read it in the drawing-room, and then send it down into the kitchen; daughters of the household who take it, and then pass it to their waiting maidens, with a comment on such portions of its contents as are likely to interest them in turn; and what is, if anything, more pleasant still, I know more than one handsome, well-appointed home in which a young servant lends her G.O.P. to her mistress!

Does not this prove that, thus meeting, you and I will come together in the right place? Now for the reason why you should believe in me as a friend, my dear girls.

I have been the mistress of a house for a great many years, and yet, considering that I have usually had four female servants at once, I have not had a large number in the whole time.

The reason is that very few have left our home except to start in houses of their own, or from some equally satisfactory cause, and usually after a long term of service. Also, that when circumstances have rendered it necessary for a servant to leave us, it has been the rule for the family and herself to part with feelings of mutual regret and goodwill. It is always a pleasure for us to welcome under our roof those who have served us faithfully, and to hear of their well-being.

I have had only one thoroughly bad servant—but she was a systematically bad woman, who would have wrought mischief in whatever position of life she might have occupied. Ignorance of household routine, and inexperience in the performance of certain duties, may easily be corrected wherever a servant is able and willing to learn, and a mistress to bestow time and pains in teaching her.

It makes me glad as I write to think that I both have had, and still have, servants whom I regard as dear friends; who have proved themselves sympathetic and self-devoting in various seasons of sickness, and when extra labour and watching were needed; who have been true helpers and comforters to all around them.

Some, too, have been associated with me in Christian work, and have deemed themselves more than repaid for any additional labour which has thus devolved upon them, by the happiness that accompanies the very act of good-doing for Christ's sake.

I think of such servants as these not only with pleasure, but with the deepest thankfulness. With all my heart I desire to thank God for such service, and for the sense of family comfort and safety which has been one of its happy consequences in my own home.

I am sure every girl who occupies the position of a domestic servant will agree with me, that it is a good thing when a mistress can kneel down and thank Our Father in heaven for the great family blessing He has sent her in the shape of a faithful servant. Equally so, when a girl, coming a stranger into a new home, can thankfully feel that she too is regarded, not as a human machine to be sent away as soon as she breaks down, and, once out of sight, out of mind also; but as a member of the family, to be cared for by the rest both in regard to health of soul and body—and most of all by the mistress as "house-mother."

I wonder whether servants and mistresses generally understand what the word "family" means.

I have alluded to each servant as a member of the family, but I know that people usually take a much narrower view of its meaning, and think it should be confined strictly to those who are united by the ties of kindred.

The word is used in several senses in our language, but the one which takes the lead is as follows:—"Family. The collective body of persons who live in one house and under one head or manager of a household, *including parents, children, and servants.*"

So you see, dear girls, who serve in other homes than that of your parents, you are none the less members of the family into which you enter, though your actual place and work in it differ from those of the parents and children. But if you claim to be of the family, you must remember that the very privilege brings also responsibility.

It forbids the putting of self in the first rank, and binds you to consider the well-being, convenience, and comfort of every member of the household, at least equally with your own. To work and think for the common good, *because you also are of the family.*

Notice how the Bible recognises this. Read through the Ten Commandments and see what individuals are named in those rules given by God Himself for the government of the human race. Here they are following each other: Father and mother, son and daughter, man servant and maid servant.

Not many pictures of girl life are to be found in the pages of Holy Writ. We catch glimpses now and then of Rebekah and Rachel and the daughters of Jethro tending their flocks, and watering them from the precious and jealously-guarded wells. These show us something of their occupations out of doors, of their readiness—ladies though they were—to serve the stranger and wait on the weary traveller. But the curtains of the tent are rarely lifted sufficiently to give us even a peep at the girls within, whether young mistresses or waiting damsels, when employed in household duties.

Ruth has a whole book given to her and her family. But we only see her for the first time in her widowhood, and when she has been ten years a wife. Esther has a still longer

book, but in her story is involved the fate of a nation of captives.

But there is a little picture given in another place, and I never read it without thinking how, delightful it must be to every young servant, to look upon this word-sketch of the little captive maid who waited upon Naaman's wife.

It tells so much in so few words. It shows us the girl, far away from her home and her kindred, a stranger in a strange land—yet full of sympathy with her mistress, realising that she is one of the family and anxious to do good to its afflicted and suffering head.

Putting away the memory of her own wrongs, she would fain direct her master to Him at whose word, she believed, the loathsome disease would vanish and Naaman be made whole.

This little servant maid must have remembered her own home and friends, because she could speak of the miracle-working prophet in her own land. A revengeful girl would have rejoiced in her master's affliction. A selfish one would have made terms and only told of the healer, on condition of being restored to her own friends.

This young servant girl did neither. She uttered a wish which was also a prayer on behalf of him who held her captive: "Would God, my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy."

Though she was in such a humble position, she had gained a character for truth. Her mistress durst speak after her! A king durst write a letter, send an embassy, and despatch an offering of enormous value, in sole reliance on the word of the little foreign servant.

Her master, a great and powerful general, the mighty man of valour and conqueror in many a battle, set out on a journey with a heart full of hope because he could believe the wish she had uttered was sincere, and that she was convinced of the prophet's power and will to heal him.

Only a story contained in three verses of the Bible, but how much it tells! What a beautiful character it reveals! A young servant girl, truthful and trusted; forgiving and doing good to her captors; realising that she was one of that family in which she served; forgetting self in her sympathy with suffering; repaying the kindness and confidence of her mistress, not merely by faithful service, but by heartiest goodwill.

Ah! dear girls—you who serve in the homes of others—well may you rejoice to think that one in a like position is the heroine of this delightful Bible story. May you in reading it take home all its sweet lessons, and in your own narrower circle, and perhaps a far humbler household, imitate the example, and reproduce the disposition shown by the little Israelitish maiden when a captive in a strange land.

On Choosing a Situation.

I am now going to offer you a little advice on the subject of choosing a situation. This is a most important matter, above all, to a girl leaving home for the first time, as so much depends upon making a right beginning.

Probably many a young, aye, and old woman too, looks back upon her girlish days in service, and recalls the period she spent under one particular roof as a turning point in her life for good or evil. If the former, she will lift up her heart in thanksgiving as memories of wise, loving counsel and patient teaching come before her mind's eye.

Some, perhaps, are still in situations, and regularly and habitually doing their daily work as if the eye of the mistress was always present. Each thinks of one who, in bygone days, was the means of making her the valuable servant she is, by dint of much careful training and painstaking when she went, a mere girl and very ignorant, to her first place. She knows that the seeds sown by that hand have brought forth in herself the fruits of regularity, order, neatness, cleanliness, and punctuality; and that truth and honesty, if not planted, were fostered and encouraged by that true friend and experienced mistress.

Perhaps she remembers, too, that, in those early days, the patient teacher did not always find a patient scholar; that the lessons which were given for her good were often little valued, sometimes even resented as the acts of a fidgety, worriting, too-particular mistress whom nothing could satisfy.

She knows better now, and rejoices that she fell into hands equally firm and kind. But the memory of her own little tempers and impatience under training makes her, let us hope, more patient and forbearing with other young girls who are in turn placed under her, to be similarly instructed.

I fancy I hear a chorus of young voices cry out, "It is all very well for you to say we should be particular about the places we take, but we cannot always choose from a number. Often our very bread depends on our getting a situation. If we are unable to get what we want, we must take what we can get."

Quite true. Yet it is not often that a girl who is worth having has to leave a situation at less than a month's notice, so that she has always some time to look about her and make inquiries.

Shall I tell you my recipe for getting a good servant? It will be just as useful to you in securing a good place. *It is prayer*, as well as the use of ordinary means. Whenever a servant has been about to leave us, it has been the custom for my husband and myself to kneel together and ask God to guide us in the choice of a successor. We felt that the peace of our home, the well-being of our family, and perhaps even more than all, that an important influence on the minds and manners of our little ones would depend upon the new comer. Was it not, then, worth while to ask God's guidance and blessing? If good for master and mistress, surely it must be equally so for the girl who seeks work and a home amongst strangers.

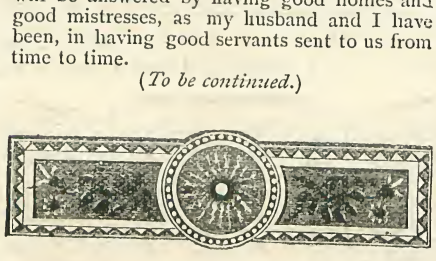
Do not take a place where you cannot have Sunday privileges.

A widowed mother, herself in service, applied for a situation for her young daughter. She returned disappointed, in one sense, but not in another.

"Jane could have had the place, and good wages. But when I named the going to church on Sundays, the lady said Sunday was always her day for company, and she could spare none of her servants to go out. She would give her another day instead. I told her this would not suit my girl," said the poor mother, who had much cause for anxiety about employment for her child. "I had all my life tried to train her in the faith and fear of God, and specially taught her to value and remember to keep holy the Sabbath day. I dare not go against my own teaching and conscience, come what may. I must trust; the Lord will provide."

And He did provide. The mother's prayers were not in vain; her faith was not disappointed. Pray, then, for guidance, dear girls. You will not ask in vain; but I believe you will be answered by having good homes and good mistresses, as my husband and I have been, in having good servants sent to us from time to time.

(*To be continued.*)



VARIETIES.

Happy Hearts.

Life's but a stage; then learn to sport
And cast aside all care;
Or learn with trust in Heaven's support
The ills of life to bear.

Cares and Prayers.—Learn to entwine with your prayers the small cares, the trifling sorrows, the little wants of daily life. Whatever affects you—be it a changed look, an altered tone, an unkind word, a wrong, a wound, a demand you cannot meet, a sorrow you cannot disclose—*turn it into prayer*, and send it up to God. Disclosures you may not make to man you can make to the Lord. Men may be too little for your great matters; God is not too great for your small ones. Only give yourself to prayer, whatever be the occasion that calls for it.

A Lesson in Humility.—Of trees I observe God hath chosen the vine, a low plant which creeps upon the helpful wall; of all beasts, the soft and patient lamb; of all fowls the mild and gall-less dove. To be humble to our superiors is duty; to our equals, courtesy; to our inferiors, generosity.—*Feltham.*

A Few Words About Wives.

"A wife is the gift of heaven—there's no doubt of it. Every other kind of gift, such as lands, rents, furniture, right of pasture or common—these are all mere gifts of fortune, that pass away like shadows on a wall; but you have to apprehend no such misfortune with a wife. Your wife will last longer, perhaps, even than you may desire.

"A wife! Why, how can a man have any adversity that has a wife? Answer me that. Tongue cannot tell, nor heart think, of the felicity there is between a man and his wife. If he is poor, she helps him to work. She takes care of his money for him, and never wastes anything. She never says 'Yes' when he says 'No.' 'Do this,' says he. 'Directly,' says she.

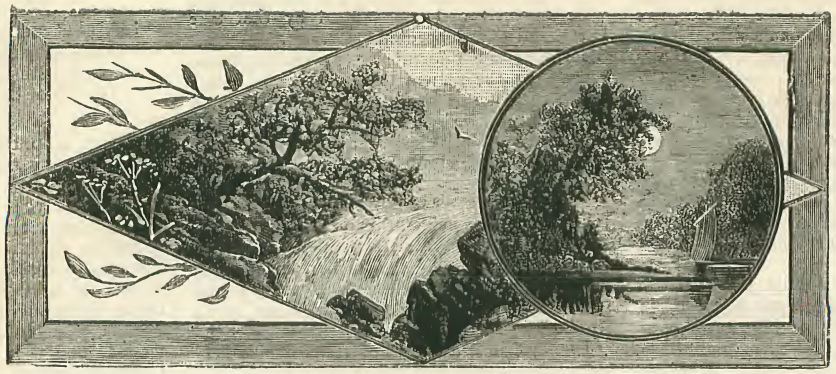
"Oh, blessed institution! Oh, precious wedlock! thou art so joyous, and at the same time so virtuous, and so recommended to us all, and so approved by us all, that every man who is worth a farthing should go down on his bare knees, every day of his existence and be thankful for having such a wife; or, if he hasn't got one, he ought to pray for one, and beg that she may last him to his life's end, for his life is in that case set in security.

"He has only to act by his wife's advice, and he may hold up his head with the best. A wife is so true and so wise. Oh, ever while you live take your wife's advice if you would be thought a wise man!"

The above extract is from the poet Chaucer, modernised by Leigh Hunt. It is full of sarcasm, as you may see, but, girls, it will serve a good purpose if it makes you resolve never in your own persons to be examples of the great difference that often exists between what a wife is and what she ought to be.

The Scholar's Wife.

To a deep scholar said his wife—
"Would that I were a book, my life!
On me you then would sometimes look;
But I should wish to be the book
That you would mostly wish to see:
Then say what volume should I be?"
"An almanack," said he, "my dear;
You know we change them every year."



LESSONS OF THE GORSES.

Words by ELIZABETH BROWNING. *Music by* ALICE MARY SMITH (MRS. MEADOWS WHITE).

VOICE. PIANO.

Allegro.

p

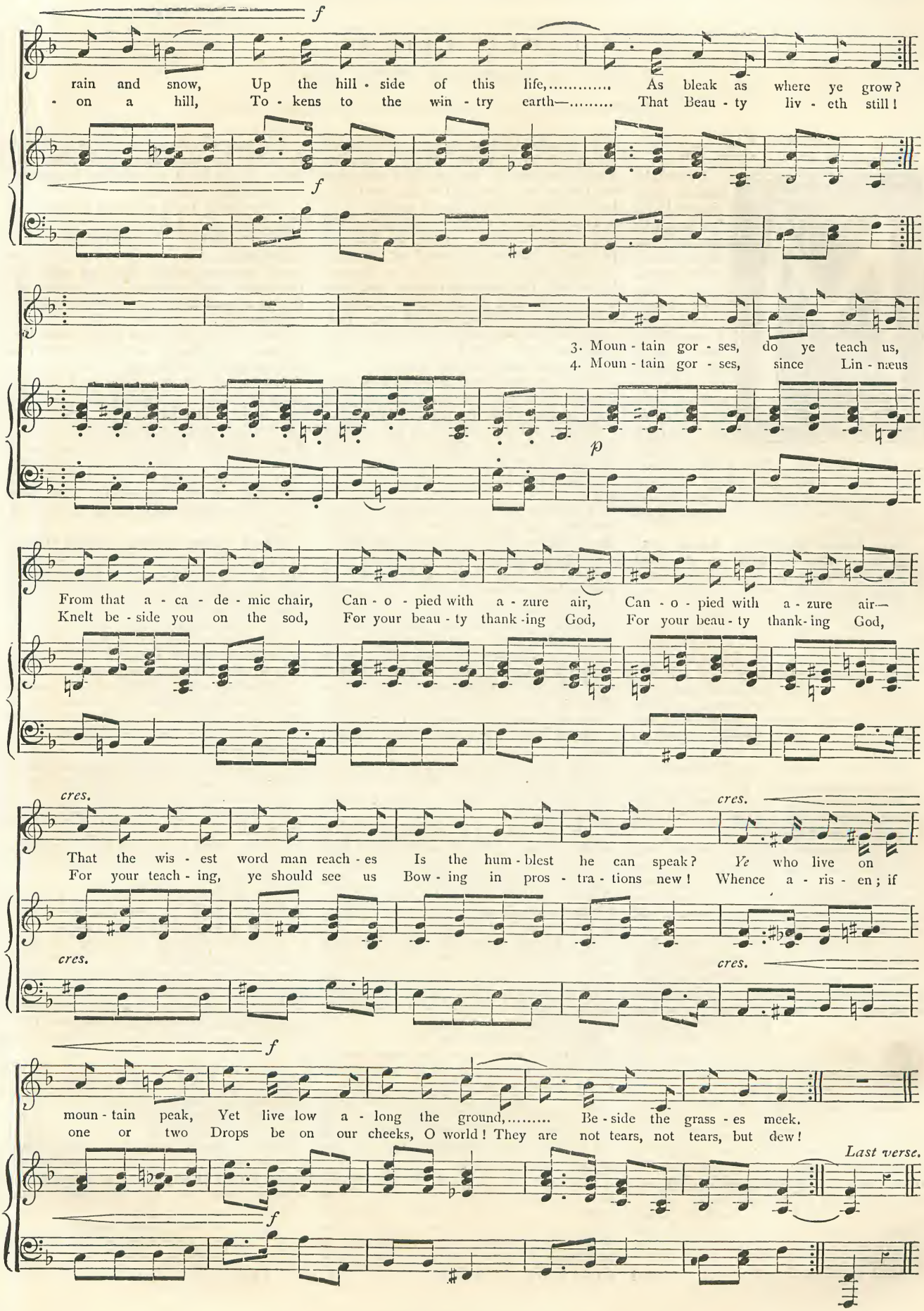
1. Moun - tain gor - ses, ev - er gold - en,
2. Moun - tain blos - soms, shin - ing blos - soms!

Can-kered not the whole year long! Do ye teach us to be strong, Do ye teach us to be strong!
Do ye teach us to be glad When no sum - mer can be had, Bloom-ing in our in - ward bosoms!

cres. *cres.*

How - so - ev - er pricked and hold - en Like your thorn - y blooms, and so Trod - den on by
Ye whom God pre - serv - eth still, Ye whom God pre - serv - eth still, Set as lights up -

cres. *cres.*


f
rain and snow, Up the hill - side of this life,..... As bleak as where ye grow?
- on a hill, To - kens to the win - try earth—..... That Beau - ty liv - eth still!
f
3. Moun - tain gor - ses, do ye teach us,
4. Moun - tain gor - ses, since Lin - næus
p
From that a - ca - de - mic chair, Can - o - pied with a - zure air, Can - o - pied with a - zure air—
Knelt be - side you on the sod, For your beau - ty thank - ing God, For your beau - ty thank - ing God,
cres.
cres.
That the wis - est word man reach - es Is the hum - blest he can speak? Ye who live on
For your teach - ing, ye should see us Bow - ing in pros - tra - tions new! Whence a - ris - en; if
cres.
cres.
f
moun - tain peak, Yet live low a - long the ground,..... Be - side the grass - es meek.
one or two Drops be on our cheeks, O world! They are not tears, not tears, but dew!
Last verse.
f

LAURA LEIGH.

A TALE OF HIGHBRIDGE PAPER MILLS.

By M. M. POLLARD, Author of "Cora; or, Three Years of a Girl's Life," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

BLANCHE AND LAURA.

R. LEIGH'S house was situated in a fashionable square, at the west end of the metropolis. He was supposed to be a wealthy man, and it was also said his late wife's very considerable fortune was settled on his daughters. This latter report, added to their being—all three of them—very attractive girls, made the Misses Leigh quite the belles of a gay circle of acquaintances.

Mrs. Leigh died when Laura was little more than a child, so she had known but little of a mother's care, though that little still lived amidst the sweetest recollections of her life.

Since the mother's death, Blanche, the eldest daughter, had held supreme sway as mistress of her father's house, and had held it with a very lofty hand.

She was perhaps the handsomest of either of the girls, of a grand, haughty style of beauty, with flashing dark eyes, dark hair, and with a proud, imperious manner.

The world called her "charming," but those who knew her best, knew most of her overbearing temper, and of the strength of will that lurked within those lustrous eyes of hers.

In her earliest youth Blanche had numbers of admirers at her feet, and she ruled her slaves like an autocrat, feeling sure that, though she might cast them off by her capricious ways, she could win them back with her smiles.

But the incidents of her triumphs, her ambitions, her disappointments do not belong to this history, for at the time her youngest sister Laura was staying down at Highbridge, Blanche Leigh's beauty was on the wane. Her rounded olive cheeks had become thin and sallow, her figure was waxing angular, and her "dearest friends" and rivals more than hinted she was getting *passée*.

Blanche knew this latter fact herself. Every time she looked in the mirror, she noted traces of "Time's busy fingers," and like a disconcerted general, who has *not* won a victory, she looked round her to make the best of her position, lest she should sustain a defeat at last.

Squire Gregory, of Rockley Hall, Yorkshire, would have married her—as she well knew—any time during the last dozen years.

More than once she had flatly refused him, feeling that to accept *him* would be a great "come down" to her ambitious views. But now her marriage with him was a settled thing, and was to take place in less than a month.

True, Squire Gregory was twenty years older than herself. True, he had no particular charms of mind or person. He was bluff, outspoken to a degree, knew well the value of money, and how to keep it, and never spent a guinea when twenty shillings would do. But, then, he was rich enough to satisfy even Blanche, and that fact, in her idea, made up for many shortcomings.

The Gregorys were an old Yorkshire family, of undoubted good standing, so *that* qualification also satisfied Blanche.

Besides all this, there was yet another reason why the eldest Miss Leigh deemed it prudent to make sure of an establishment of her own while she could get it.

A shadow had been gathering up and casting its gloom over her father's threshold, and she knew not how dense and black it might ere long become.

She did not quite understand all particulars of the case, but she knew her father had lost a large sum of money through the failure of a City bank, and she had heard more than hints that some speculations in which he had been induced to invest had altogether failed.

Mr. Leigh had told her they must soon diminish their expenditure, curtail their expenses, perhaps even sell the large freehold house and remove to a smaller one.

And the fair Blanche had listened to all this with apparent calmness, but in the solitude of her own chamber she had exclaimed—

"Never!—never! no mean, paltry home for me. People shall never look down on *me*, and sneer at my downfall!"

She had suddenly come to the conclusion that she had better marry Squire Gregory, and now she was making preparations for the wedding.

Mr. Leigh was a tall, refined-looking man, the youngest son of a baronet, with the youngest son's portion. He had once been Member of Parliament for a remote borough, and had made two speeches in the House.

One was about the local taxes of Middletown, the borough he represented; the other, concerning the lunatic asylum of the same place.

When his wife died he retired altogether from political affairs, and had since lived on his means, speculating in an unwise way, that had ended in the result already named.

His wife had a good fortune, which at her death was settled on her three daughters. Of this Blanche and Agnes had received their shares as they came of age, but Laura's portion was still in her father's trusteeship—or, at least, ought to have been there.

His second daughter, Agnes, was a little like Laura in appearance, but had none of her high spirit, her cleverness, her winning manners.

She was a mild echo of Blanche in character, copied her ways, and agreed with her opinions. When Colonel Muir, a widower, with one boy, and with a good income, made her an offer of marriage, she thought, as Blanche did, it was a good match, and accepted him accordingly.

She was at this time living with her husband in India, where he held a responsible position under Government.

Laura, of all the girls, had always been her father's favourite and pet. She was like her mother in appearance—just the image of what his fair young bride had been when he first brought her home to his house in the square. And this was a sure passport to Mr. Leigh's affection, for he idolised his wife, and had never been the same since her death.

When Laura Leigh arrived home from Highbridge, she found Blanche in the height of business. Dressmakers were bringing home costumes to be tried on, tradespeople were sending parcels, letters and presents were pouring in.

The house and everyone within its walls were more or less in a state of preparedness for the coming event.

Blanche took her sister to task as soon as she reached home. She went up to the room where Laura was removing the dust of travel, and exclaimed, with emphasis—

"What in the world kept you at Highbridge so long? I thought you were never coming back again!"

"The time did not appear so very long."

"You were away just three months. Was it very lively down at Marion Hayward's?"

"I liked staying there, the place is quite countrified, and, you know, the country is very pleasant in summer."

"A trite remark of yours, not altogether new, I think. But I had no idea you were such a staunch admirer of rural scenes, green fields, haystacks, and the like. But to come to a more important point, has Marion any nice neighbours?"

"Oh, yes, several; some of them very sociable."

"What sort of people were they? By-the-by, I wondered so much at her introducing you to that paper-mill man and his mother. Parsons' wives *must* visit with everybody in the parish, I suppose; but she had no need to bring you into contact with them. Your letters were full of those Ashtons at one time, though you have not mentioned them lately."

"No," replied Laura, meekly.

"I suppose the intimacy was broken off?"

"I think not."

"It does not matter much now, I suppose, as you are not likely to visit Highbridge again in a hurry, and there is no chance of your meeting them in town. They are not at all in 'our set,' and that you must have known. Marion's *rôle* is to make herself popular with all his people for her husband's sake, but, I repeat, she had no right to draw you into the same clique."

"I am quite sure Marion's friendship for the Ashtons is founded on far better grounds than desire for Harry's popularity."

Blanche turned round, stared at her sister, and laughed.

"What a dear, matter-of-fact, solemn thing it has grown! But, joking apart, Laura, your looks do not say much in favour of country air. Now I glance at you again, I can see your face has grown pale, and you are positively haggard. Did I not know such a thing is impossible at your age, I should say you are beginning to fade already."

"I am very tired, Blanche. You forget the journey from Highbridge is long, and I was up and dressed before daylight this morning."

"Perhaps that accounts for your white cheeks. I will send you up some tea, and when you have rested a little, you had better go down and see papa. You will find him in the library."

"Does he expect me? I had better go down at once."

"He does not expect you, for he has not been told of your coming home, so you need not hurry."

"Is Mr. Gregory here?" asked Laura, presently.

"No; why should he be here?"

"Well, I supposed there might be a reason, considering he is to marry you so soon."

"I do not expect him until the day before our wedding; that will be quite time enough for him to come. Everything is arranged about business settlements, and such like, and I must say he has been extremely liberal. For the rest, he is much better out of the way."

Laura looked up at her sister inquiringly.

"Yes, I mean it. What do men know about preparing the trousseau? Those sorts of things are simply a bore to them. Laura, I must show you my dresses before they are packed. Some of them are superb!"

"I suppose so," said the tired traveller, wearily.

"Ah, you wish me to leave you alone, I see! Here come the men with your boxes. I will send up your tea directly."

As soon as the promised tea had been despatched, and Laura had donned some indoor costume, she went down the broad staircase to the library, where Blanche had told her she would find her father.

(*To be continued.*)

STUDIES OF GIRLS.

By the Author of "Her Object in Life," &c., &c.

THE GIRL WHO DARED.

"Something ventured and won."

IT is a very trite adage, yet one whose truth some of us never realise all the days of our life, that it takes all sorts of people to make up a world. Many of us adopt pet virtues—generally those which come most readily to ourselves; and then are too apt to regard the complementary virtues as something very like vices. And what is true in this way of individual judgment holds good also with great masses of public opinion. A few years ago, even more than now, the world made over to women all the passive virtues; and its ideal was she who could wait and watch and endure and surrender, perhaps without question whether such waiting and watching, such endurance and sacrifice were really suited to or good for the material in which her life worked. "She has borne so much," was deemed sufficient praise, without much inquiry whether such bearing was right, or in the least likely to bring forth wholesome results.

From the very first, however, the strong hand of inspiration drew no such dim and lightless picture of female excellence. Solomon's virtuous woman stands before us, neither as invalid nor sick nurse, neither as slighted wife nor neglected mother. Her virtues are of the wholesomest sort—those which shine forth without need of the candlestick of other people's weakness or wickedness to set them manifest before the world. She does not imply anybody's wrong by her right. One instinctively respects her husband, who had the sense to choose such a woman in those days of his youth when mere beauty and meretricious sentiment so often have such deadly fascination. One feels that her children turned out well, and that her maidens were good girls who willingly submitted to a strict training in good habits. One even realises that the public opinion of her neighbourhood must have been pure and healthy, or she could hardly have been such a free and busy woman, since one of the first signs of moral corruption and decay in any community is that its women are fettered into indolence. She is not, as so many gifted pens have loved to depict woman, a mournful angel sent down to minister to souls in purgatory. She is a happy citizen in the kingdom of God.

And after all, the girl in whom patience and submission, and all the quiet graces of suffering are really beautiful, is she who has strength and courage and capacity for action. There is no merit in sitting still if one is unable to walk. There is no merit in being silent if one does not know what to say. And if a girl has strength and courage and capacity, she has a right to infer that God intended her to use them until she hears His voice in the oracle of Duty, calling on her to give them up. Then she will have a sacrifice indeed meet for His holy altar—no rusty talent folded in a mildewed napkin, like those worthless traits of undeveloped character which are often idly dedicated to Him, when the world finds no use for them. She will lay her very life under the keen edge of His will, to receive it back renewed in His due time.

"Those also serve who only stand and wait" is a beautiful truth, but not for the indolent and incapable. A good servant does not only stand and wait while there is anything to be done which it is in his power to do.

How many girls might be what Kate Barbour is, and do what she has done, if only they would let their lives stand out before them in the clear daylight which shows what is right, instead of only peeping at them in the tinted lamplight of what is easy and pleasant and "usual."

Kate Barbour was left an orphan when she was about seventeen. Up to that time, she had lived with her widowed mother in a quiet country town. Their means of subsistence had been an annuity, which died with Mrs. Barbour. It had, however, been but small, and had required to be doled out with a sparing hand to make it "go round" at all. Kate had been sent to a very plain school of the old-fashioned kind, where few of the "ologies" were dreamed of. Her time there was short enough, for she had been taken away when she was only thirteen, but her real education was carried on during the following four years in their sitting-room. Whether under the influence of her homely teachers or from some innate tendency in herself, Kate had acquired a true taste for reading. Her mother had a small but solid library, and the two together went through many of the great masterpieces of prose and poetry. Their method of study might not have satisfied exacting educationists. They did not enter on questions of philology or archæology. They only discussed principles of human conduct and mysteries of human nature—only caught a vein of high feeling which made Kate sensitive to shrink, not from what was humble and homely, but from all that was small and petty in the life around her.

And then Mrs. Barbour died, and poor, penniless Kate, with a very few relics of her happy childhood, adjourned to take up her abode with a paternal aunt and two maiden cousins in London.

This aunt, Mrs. Dodd, and her daughters, were very much better off than Mrs. Barbour had been; but there was a constant sense of economy, not to say parsimony, about them. They had taken up the *rôle* of poor-rich people—that is to say, they tried to make every pound do the work of two, and *felt* themselves "forced" to spend so much money on this and on that, that they rarely had a shilling to do as they pleased with. They were kind-hearted women, and would not have thought of shutting their doors on their orphan relative; but they accepted her with resignation, as a burden, and felt that in her very existence, as in many other things, Providence had not been kind to them.

It was such a strange life to Kate—this life in a row of fifty little villas, all alike, except in their numbers. She felt smothered. Even the daily newspaper seemed to have "nothing in it," because there was nobody to talk it over with, since the Dodd ladies entirely ignored leading articles and reviews. There was no housework to be done, for the little household kept an elderly cook who, from her kitchen, ruled it with a rod of iron, and a small housemaid, who, according to her mistress's report, broke the china, flirted at the area rails, fingered Miss Dodd's lace and jewellery, and was really available for nothing but to open the street-door in a demure face and an immaculate apron. There were not many callers, but their bare possibility was considered a sufficient need-be for this girl's troublesome and expensive maintenance, and also for the Dodds confining themselves and all their occupations to the close little dining-room, that the orderliness of the drawing-room might be maintained in deadly precision.

Indeed, the paying and receiving of these few calls seemed the reason for the Dodds' existence. Dresses were bought, and hours

arranged with reference to them, and to the still fewer evening parties which the spinster sisters attended. They took Kate with them, and Kate tried hard not to yawn through half-hours of disquisition on the weather, or of minute analyses of the reigning housemaid's faults and foibles.

"The truth is," said Jane Dodd, wearily, one morning when this functionary had been finally detected in theft and summarily despatched to her friends, defiantly declaring that "she never had seen such a place before, no, never, though she'd a many"; "the truth is, we can't expect to get a nice girl. Gibb (that was the cook) won't put up with a raw, untrained one, and, indeed, she wouldn't look well at the door either, and if a girl is passable in appearance and has a little training, she can command better wages than we can offer, if her character is really good. So we must just endure what we can get."

Kate's heart burned within her. They were maintaining her, she knew, out of pure kindness, in a wearisome, idle existence, which bored her and made her feel wicked. Kate had often envied the servant the tasks she had grudgingly performed.

"Cousin Jane," she said, suddenly, "why need you keep a girl at all, now I am here? I can do all she did. I have always been accustomed to do a great deal more, and it will be so much more pleasant not to have an unreliable person about the house."

"It is not to be thought of for an instant," said Miss Dodd, shortly.

But her younger sister, Lavinia, remarked gently, "There might be something to be said for it. Kate is old enough to have some independent allowance for dress now, and yet we can scarcely afford to give it. If she spared us the servant's wages, there would be those. I have often thought how much well-bred, middle-class girls would make of the money that these poor things squander so heedlessly."

"It is not to be thought of," returned Miss Dodd, with energy. "We might consider it, if it was not for answering the door. Lavinia, reflect. Your own father's niece! What would the world say of us!"

Kate could scarcely press the matter after that, for she could not urge her relatives to do what they considered would disgrace themselves. So another girl was hired, and the usual domestic grievance went on. Kate soon found that the only usefulness permitted her was to constantly alter and remodel her cousin's dresses and bonnets and furbelows to keep them in a good conceit of themselves when they went to talk about the weather and the fashions with their acquaintances.

"And was this a meet product of a human life?" Kate asked herself. She had a full realisation of all the sweet uses of needlework, when it is applied to give warmth or comfort or beauty. She had quite enough tender sentiment to understand that a pair of stockings knitted by loving fingers are snugger than the best we buy. But to put her whole life into driving flimsy fabrics through one fashion after another, each uglier than the last, and that for no object more noble than to give her cousins the false appearance of spending more money on their dress than they really did! This was more than Kate could bear.

"It is as bad as hiring oneself to walk about with a board advertising an adulterated article, or a mock auction!" said Kate to herself. But what she said aloud was to give her cousins a hint how she felt that, instead of preying helplessly on their bounty, she ought to be trying to make a way for herself in the world.

"She is really very useful to us," said Miss Jane. "I'm sure she made my old satin dress like new, by her graceful admixture of cashmere."

"But, perhaps she is not very useful to herself," timidly suggested Lavinia.

"Oh, well—if she thinks of nothing but herself!" retorted Miss Jane, aggrieved. "If she is not to consider us all—why, then, perhaps——"

The sisters were alone during this conversation. "She may be considering us," said Lavinia. "You know you felt it rather hard lines to have her come here."

"I did not then know she would be so handy," observed Miss Jane, "so handy and so unobtrusive. And I'm sure we have been very kind to her. She is not the sort of girl whom I should have imagined would turn ungrateful."

"She has scarcely been with us six months," said Lavinia, "not longer than an ordinary visit among old friends: and she has made herself most useful. If such slight kindness fails to bind her in slavery to us for the rest of her life, is it fair to call her ungrateful?"

"I see you mean to take her part," said Miss Jane, ungraciously. "I suppose this comes of the new ideas about women's rights."

"I suppose every woman has a right to do her duty—if she can find it," submitted Lavinia.

"It is a wonder you never wanted to run away yourself," snapped Miss Jane.

Lavinia sighed.

But somehow the leaven worked in the little household. Miss Jane was one of those who object to everything at first on principle. But presently she began to reflect that if they were spared Kate's maintenance, after their resources had proved equal to it, they might surely indulge themselves a little more in pleasant expenses. And when Kate's diligent needle had set Miss Jane's wardrobe in ornamental order, which might serve her for a year, that lady reflected that the girl would certainly be back again upon their hands before that time had elapsed, and that the sooner she went the better.

Old Mrs. Dodd herself objected very faintly, partly because she was a faint and feeble person, and partly because she had often mistily wondered what would become of Kate when she herself died, and her money died with her, and of the income, which would so meagrely provide for four, there would remain but two-thirds to provide for three.

Miss Jane, having decided to object no more, took the matter into her own management, and persisted in writing out poor Kate's advertisements, and, what was worse, in urging her cousin's merits and claims upon her friends.

"She would be invaluable," she said, "to anybody who wanted a nice, lady-like companion. Salary would be no object compared with a refined home and light duties, such as reading aloud—Kate was a good reader—or playing—Kate was no performer, but could manage dance music prettily—or a little millinery or fancy work—nothing menial, of course. It was no wish of theirs that Kate should go out at all, only they felt bound to respect her spirit of independence."

O how thankful Kate was when one after another of Jane's "circle" civilly replied that they would bear her cousin in mind; but there were so many such young ladies, and so few suitable openings for them, that they could hold out little hope, &c., &c.

Jane's first advertisement announced:—"As companion.—A young lady requires an appointment. Nothing menial. Salary moderate."

That went into the papers for a fortnight, and there was not a single answer. Then Jane varied her announcement:—"As governess.—Can teach French and music. Salary not the first consideration."

"But I can't really teach French and music," pleaded Kate. "I am fit for little but plain reading, writing, and arithmetic."

"You know as much of them as many governesses," said Miss Jane.

And Kate held her peace then, thinking it would be time to protest firmly if any answer came. And only one arrived from a lady who had five daughters, whom she wished, she said, "to be brought up *accomplished*," for which result she could offer a salary of £10 per annum and a comfortable home, "sharing everything with my girls, even their bedroom."

Then Kate took the matter into her own hands, gently, but resolutely. The result was:—

"Advertiser wishes situation. Can teach the rudiments to young children. Is skilful in all kinds of useful needlework. Has been accustomed to domestic duties. Is active and healthy. Aged 18."

"You will be little better than a servant," fretted Jane. "And you need never expect to make a good marriage."

"I thought you said no woman should allow herself to think about such things," said Lavinia, while Kate laughed *gaily*.

"I'll take Cousin Jane's advice in that respect," she observed. "I'll leave God to care for that for me. As 'a prudent wife' is 'from the Lord,' I presume so is 'a good husband.'"

Before that advertisement had appeared twice, Kate had several answers. Some of them were dated from localities and were of a style which led Kate to feel that they were from shabby-genteel people, anxious to get a servant and call her a governess as a sign of good social status. These she laid aside. And the one which she finally took into consideration came from Shetland. It was from the partly-invalided mother of several children, the eldest a girl not much younger than Kate, who found the sole responsibility of the little ones too much for her.

"I think you may be happy with us," wrote the lady; "we are very happy among ourselves, and should be almost self-dependent if I were only strong." She forwarded references from the parish minister, and professed readiness to pay the expenses of the long journey.

"I'll go," decided Kate.

"I should not wonder if they expect you to milk the cows," warned Miss Jane.

"I hope they will, if they'll take the trouble to teach me how," laughed Kate.

"It's very far away," said Jane, but there was a tone in her voice as if that was not an unmixed calamity, as it was in the eyes of Mrs. Dodd, who had the poorest opinion of her neighbours and the greatest dread of the unknown.

The night before Kate's departure, Lavinia came to her room.

"You're quite right to go, dear," she said, "though I'm sure I'll miss you. I see we have got to begin early to make life worth living, if we are to begin at all. It is soon too late. It is a terrible thing to look back down one's life, and feel as if nothing would have been a bit different if one had never been born at all. Perhaps it is something to be thankful for, if one does not seem to have done any harm. Only one never feels sure of that. I often think that mother and Jane would have done quite as well without me—better even—for they get on best when I'm away, and seem to enjoy me a little when I come back. But they wouldn't have liked me to go. It is not always so easy to see what is right, as it has been in your case, dear."

Kate often smiled in her Shetland home to think how Jane's worst prophecies came true. Milk the cows!—that was nothing. On some occasions she helped to shovel

the snow, and once she and one of her boy pupils dug out a sheep! It was a very happy family, and the life in it was full and busy, and yet easy and occupied. But over and over again the invalid mother told Kate that she had been the greatest blessing which had come to them for many a day—supplementing the sister's influence over the wild boys by her own, towards which they felt the restraint and deference due to new authority. Her pretty "dance music" kept their restless feet in harmonious motion on winter nights. She introduced them to the master minds who had swayed her own girlhood, and whose works had stood on their shelves hitherto as honoured but unfamiliar guests. She taught them new handicrafts, and showed them the beauty and use of their old-fashioned wood-carving and net-making. She saw one after another of them go out into the world, and followed them with her graphic letters, which their own mother and sister could admire, but could not emulate.

She stayed there till she was what she called "a staid woman of thirty-two," when there came to her an unexpected legacy of five hundred pounds.

Jane wrote to her that surely now she would give herself a breathing time. Mrs. Dodd was dead, and she and Lavinia had often said what a mercy it was that Cousin Kate was surrounded with plenty, instead of staying on there with their diminished income. But now the interest of this little fortune—Jane could tell her where good interest might be got—would make all easy, and the little fortune itself was a nest egg for old age.

Kate wrote back, thanking her cousin, and saying that she often wished that she and Lavinia were not so very far away. But she could not leave her friends, as they had not ceased to want her. Besides, she added, she did not want her money to help her to leave off living, but to help her to more life.

The end of it was that two or three years later, Kate went out to Canada with two of her ex-pupils, fine young lads of fifteen and seventeen. Their father wished them to settle in the Dominion, but had no money at the time to buy land for them. So Kate went out with the boys and invested her little property in acres of virgin soil, and lived on them in a two-roomed log shanty till a better one was built, and there she looked after the lads, and toiled for them and kept them straight, and saw that they did justice to themselves and to her, till in due time their portions came out and they started on farms of their own—her near and helpful neighbours.

Even that is years ago now, and Miss Kate Barbour, of Pine Field, will tell you she has lived a great deal since then. There is a look on a bright face which only their faces have who have given up their best to God, and know that He keeps it safely. She has naturally much influence in the hamlet, which has grown up around her, and in some matters perhaps she is a little despotic. One of her ex-pupils says she chose his wife for him, but that he could not have done it so well himself. She has taken up and trained several of the destitute London children whom good people send out to the new country. She is Miss Kate Barbour still, and will remain so: there is a grave in the little cemetery which she keeps bright and trim—the grave of one whom she had known in Shetland, and who came out to Canada after her, and died by an accident before he had time to change her name from Kate Barbour. It is an old story now, but never old to her; the strong hearts ever keep safe places for their own romances.

And now Miss Jane Dodd and Lavinia are coming out to live with her. For Miss Jane invested her money at such very good interest that—she lost the capital. "What a good thing it is for me that I didn't always get my own way," admits Miss Jane, "or Kate would not have a home of her own to open to us. But the wisest of us make mistakes sometimes."

We can read between the broad lines of Kate Barbour's history a long story of constant energy and courage and self-denial and cheerful surrender. But she herself always says that she never felt anything so hard to resist as the sluggish atmosphere of the Dodds' house, and the sense of Jane's disapproval of her ventures. "I often wonder how I dared run counter to so much which surrounded me," she says. "And the lesson of my life is, that even that must be done sometimes."

BOUND TO EARTH.

By the Author of "Phil's Fortune," &c.

CHAPTER X.

"GRACE," said Helen, after a long silence, "can you think why Edward did not say 'good-bye' to me?"

"Perhaps to spare you dear," Grace suggested, "or perhaps he was out and did not even know anything of what had happened."

"But he has never before gone out until he has seen me and told me where he was going."

"You were not down this morning, you know," suggested Grace. "He may not have been able to wait."

Helen caught at the idea. "That must be it," she agreed, "and he will be sure to write when he hears what has happened, but I should have liked to have seen him. He was to have spoken to Mr. Leslie this morning, you know. That is why I am anxious. Can there be anything wrong? If I could only have known, it would have helped me so to bear the home trouble."

"We must not anticipate troubles," Grace said, cheerfully. In her heart of hearts she felt no comfort in the matter. She had formed her own opinion of Edward Leslie, and it was not a very flattering one. Indeed, his character had appeared to her in so weak and unstable a light, that she could only marvel how Helen could have been attracted by it. To a girl of Grace's disposition, and carefully trained as she had been, it would have been impossible to give love where she had not already given esteem.

Mr. Mackenzie was most thoughtfully kind. Having seen to the luggage, he took his place in the railway carriage, burying himself in a newspaper in the corner farthest from the two girls, apparently oblivious of their existence. Grace and Helen were thus able to converse together in low tones which were quite hidden from his ears by the noise of the train.

As they drew near the end of their journey Helen's spirits, which had somewhat revived, began again to droop.

"You will come all the way with me, Grace," she said, imploringly. "No one will be better able to cheer up poor mamma."

"Oh yes, darling, you will do that much better than I should," Grace replied. "Remember I am a perfect stranger to her. She may not care for me even to know what has happened." Grace had vividly in her mind the words, "If a man disgraces himself he disgraces his family." What shocking revelation was awaiting poor Helen?

Helen looked up in quick alarm. "You are no stranger to her," she said, "I have told her so much about you; and what could there be that you mightn't know? I shall tell you all as soon as I know it. I am sure it will not make any difference to you whatever it is."

"No, indeed," Grace replied, warmly, "but I will not come, dear, you must see them alone at first. You will have a Friend near you, who will help and sustain you better than I or any other could. Try to let that comfort you, dear."

But alas! it did not comfort Helen much. She had never been taught to make religion a part of her daily life. Naturally amiable, affectionate, and pure-minded, she had ever been, as Grace had said, a good upright girl, but rather because goodness attracted her, than as the result of any deep-rooted principles. Had her disposition been otherwise, her conduct would have been different, for it was not founded upon careful religious training as Grace's was. Yet Helen had some general notions of religion, and she tried to believe that God would help her out of her trouble, although somehow she was very little cheered by the thought. You see there is a great difference between believing steadfastly in God's help, and *trying* to think He will help us, and again Helen was endeavouring to think He would help her *out* of her trouble,

which is very distinct from being helped to bear it.

At London Bridge Mr. Mackenzie called a cab, and saw Helen safely into it. Grace thought she would not easily forget Helen's woe-begone face when the cab drove off, leaving her and Mr. Mackenzie waving an adieu.

"Poor child," said the artist when the cab had turned the corner. "Is she the only one, Miss Grace?"

"Yes," Grace replied. "Mr. Mackenzie," she added impulsively, "you know what misfortune has befallen Helen. Will you not tell me, now she has gone? Whatever it is, it would never affect my friendship for her."

"Why should it?" Mr. Mackenzie said, somewhat sternly. "She is innocent of everything but being her father's daughter, and those who have to suffer for the guilty need true friendship far more than the happy, light-hearted ones with whom the world goes smoothly." He was thinking only too bitterly of Mr. Leslie's words that morning. "She will need all your friendship, Miss Hardinge. She will have few enough friends now. Be the truest friend you can to her."

"Indeed I will," Grace said, solemnly, with tears in her eyes.

"You will find all about it here," said Mr. Mackenzie, thrusting the paper he had been so intently studying all the way up, through the cab window.

"Good-bye."

Grace seized the paper and scanned it eagerly as the cab drove off. Her eyes fell upon the words, "Great failure in the City. Extensive frauds. Escape of the conspirators."

She read the first few paragraphs in bewilderment, attracted by the name "Dalrymple & Co." But it was too soon apparent what the sensational headings meant. The great firm of Dalrymple & Co. had failed, but that was not all. An inquiry instituted by the creditors had brought to light the facts that the heads of the firm had been guilty of some action about which Grace could only understand that it was designated by the name of conspiracy,—that when these gentlemen were called upon they were not forthcoming, that indeed they had absconded, and that the police authorities had received instructions to find them and bring them back to answer to the charges laid against them.

"My poor, poor Helen," Grace cried, leaning her head back against the dingy cab cushions, and unable to read more for the tears that rained down upon the paper.

But presently a new idea flashed into her mind. "People have been accused wrongly often before now. Her father may not be guilty. Oh no, it is impossible, he cannot be. But, oh, poor Helen and Mrs. Dalrymple! If papa had been suspected of such a thing, what should we have done? God help them to bear it."

Then her thoughts flew back to the Leslies. It was clear enough what Mr. Leslie thought. He believed it all. How could he? Did Mr. Mackenzie believe it too? He was a man and would understand the bearings of the case, better than she could. She thought over all his words. How kind and sympathetic they had been, but not hopeful, no. Remembering them, she could take but little consolation from them. If he had seen any hope, she thought he would have acted differently. He pitied Helen, but would offer her no false comfort. He believed Mr. Dalrymple guilty, and though he was too just to visit the father's disgrace upon his innocent family, was not that fact the worst and keenest humiliation he could offer them?

"It is worse than anything I ever dreamed of," she said to herself, in the deepest sorrow. "Well might Helen's poor mother say that she would never hold up her head again, and that ruin and misery stared her in the face."

And then she thought of Edward and his strange absence at the time of their departure. What did it portend? There was not much comfort to be gained there either. She could hardly believe that he had wilfully and deliberately turned away from Helen in the hour of her trouble. Small as was her esteem for him, she could not believe that any individual could be so base and cowardly. No; she preferred to believe that some such reason as she had suggested to Helen had been the true cause of his absence. But even then, what good could this engagement ever bring to her friend? By Fanny's own admission he was idle, vacillating, and shiftless. Fanny would never have acquiesced in the idea, but that she knew Helen to be a good girl, who, she hoped, might influence him for good. And she believed that Helen would have a sufficient allowance from her father to provide for her. Fanny had not even then looked very gladly on the engagement, for, as Grace well-remembered, she had little faith in her brother, and doubted whether Helen's character was strong enough to greatly influence him. It was indeed but a sorry prospect for Helen's happiness. Would he care for her sufficiently to alter all his old habits and work for her? Grace hardly dared to hope so much.

Anyhow, she must wait for time to reveal all these things, but her spirit was chafed, and waiting is of all things the hardest for a young, impetuous heart to do patiently.

Weighed down and distracted by the burden of her thoughts, Grace never remarked where she was going till the cab stopped suddenly before the dingy old house where her father lived.

"Why, lor, miss!" cried Ellen, the demure little housemaid, in astonishment, "I never heard so much as that you was expected home to-day."

"I wasn't expected," Grace replied. "Where's mamma?"

"She's gone out with the doctor," Ellen answered, "to spend the evening, I think."

So Grace had to put the curb on her impatience and wait. How she wondered what poor Helen was doing, and whether she had yet learned the extent of the blow that had fallen upon her! Presently she sat down to write to Helen, unable to bear this galling inactivity any longer.

"I know all, dear Helen," she wrote, "and I am so very, very sorry for you. Do write and tell me how you are, and how your mamma bears up. I wish mamma could come and see her; I know it would comfort her. If I may, I should like to come over one day soon. Do you think Mrs. Dalrymple would allow me? Dearest Helen, you know that I am, and always shall be, Your most loving friend,

GRACE."

How glad Grace was when her mother and father came home, and she could confide all her trouble to them.

"I accompanied Helen. I thought it was what you would have wished me to do if I had had time to write," she said, having told them all that had happened.

"You were quite right, darling," her mother said, heartily, "not to forsake poor Helen in her grief. You acted as you would have liked your own friend to act to you, and that is the best guide."

Dr. Hardinge had already been made aware of the facts that were now known to all the world.

"Do you think it can be a true charge, papa?" Grace asked, eagerly.

"I am afraid it is," her father replied, gravely. "No man would act as he has done were he altogether innocent. He may not be as guilty as he is supposed."

"And papa," asked Grace falteringly, "if he is brought back, what will happen?"

"It is impossible to say until the extent of his guilt is proved. I fear it will be a heavy penalty, Grace—utter ruin and disgrace to his family."

"How shocking, how cruel!" Grace cried, unable to restrain the passionate rebellion against overwhelming misfortune which the young feel so keenly. "Why do they not let him go? Can they have no mercy upon his wife and daughter?"

"My child, that kind of law is impracticable," her father returned, tenderly. "The guilty must be punished. God himself has ordered it so. The knowledge that their innocent ones must suffer ought to restrain men, if no other consideration can."

"Oh, papa, how will they bear it? It is worse than death—a lasting, life-long disgrace. What will they do?"

"God has let it happen. He has His purpose. He is watching over them and will help them to bear it," Dr. Hardinge said, reverently.

The very words Grace had used herself to comfort Helen, but she had not then known the extent of the evil. It was hard indeed to see any good in a blow so terrible.

"I have written to Helen. You will let me go and see her if Mrs. Dalrymple does not mind."

"Of course, dear," her mother replied. "You need not doubt that."

"And would you go yourself? I am sure it would be a comfort to them."

"Yes Mary," her husband added, "you might go over to-morrow and take Grace with you."

"I should like to very much, if I were sure Mrs. Dalrymple might not think it intrusive."

"She will have none too many friends," Dr. Hardinge returned, "and sympathy is always welcome. I would certainly go."

"I will then," Mrs. Hardinge replied, and with this grain of comfort Grace was obliged to be content.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

DOROTHY.—You can obtain all the information you require by applying to Miss Frost, of Berners-street, Oxford-street, where you may also procure all the books and appliances in use for the "Kindergarten" system of instruction.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—There is no opening for making translations of books. The few so employed are persons who have made their name in literature. You might hold classes for French conversation, or go out for an hour or so at a time to private houses, for the purpose of helping people to converse who need practice.

DOUBTFUL.—We suppose that the governess to whose advertisement you refer charges the sum stated for each of the branches of education named, not for the eight collectively. In any case, it is cheap, competition being so very great.

TOLO, SUNSHINE, and MISS GRACE LATHAM.—We think you are under a misapprehension, and advise you to write for the Yearly Report; address the office "Christian Women's Education Union," 3, Otway-terrace, South Lambeth-road, S.W., and read the "Students' Branch Report." We can recommend also the Society for the Encouragement of Home Study, hon. sec. Miss A. More, Oakfield, Eltham, Kent (subscription one guinea, we believe, yearly) to both "Tolo," "Sunshine," and yourself.

ERNESTINE HARCOURT.—You must make the inquiry of some friend. There is generally an examination for such positions, or else the certificates of certain examinations having been passed are required.

DAFFICUS.—The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, was twice destroyed—in B.C. 356, and also in A.D. 256 or 262, by the Goths in their naval invasion. The site of the second temple was discovered in April, 1869, by Mr. J. T. Wood. Ephesus was in a ruined state in the time of Justinian, A.D. 527. A recent visitor says, "A few sheep and their shepherds are the only signs of life to be seen at Ephesus."

QUEENIE.—We have answered this question on the pressing of flowers and leaves so often that we can only request those of "Our Girls" who do not know how to proceed to consult our "Answers to Correspondents."

U. E.—We are sorry you failed, but do not think the cause lay in your style of handwriting.

LILY A.—You should procure Novello's primers.

EUNICE.—At the Charing Cross Hospital ladies can be trained during a period of three months only, and the candidates must apply to the "Lady Superior," St. John's House, 6, Norfolk-street, Strand. But "pupil nurses" for other institutions, or district work, are trained for not less than six months, at the rate of £30 per annum. The Deaconesses' Institution, and Training Hospital, The Green, Tottenham, London, N., "trains Christian women," who propose to become deaconesses, gratuitously, in the care of the sick.

WORK.

DAISY.—For directions respecting "Swiss Darning," see page 314, vol. i.

A CHILLY BODY.—See page 394, vol. i., for a carriage sock which answers the purpose of a bed sock; also see page 223, vol. ii., and page 176, vol. ii. Of course, you cannot be "always walking out-of-doors" to keep your feet warm, but you might occasionally retire to your room, or somewhere in private, where there is sufficient space, and make use of a skipping-rope for five or ten minutes. Besides this, there are blood-warming articles of food, of which you probably do not eat enough. Peas and lentils would be good for you. We advise you to read from page 5 to 10 of the small manual recommended in our article, "Food for Invalids," at page 612, vol. i. The advice there given may be of use to you.

MUSIC.

CERITA.—It is a pity you do not write a little larger, so as to fill a whole line with one word! No one would then depend on you to be the family correspondent, and if they receive no pleasant and interesting little scraps of home news, at least, they will get no bad. If the paper will hold your name and address, the date included, they will, at least, be spared the expense of dragging the canals, or troubling the police for that much information. You could obtain the name of the song from the words of which you quote, by applying to any musicseller. We thank you for your letter, and grudge no trouble by which we can serve or please our readers.

MARGARET.—We owe you our best thanks for your very kind letter, and are glad to hear that the gentlemen of your family feel an interest in our paper. Read our articles on music, referring to the indices; and for exercises, read "How to Play the Piano," and other papers on similar subjects.

A MUSICAL STUDENT.—Apply to the secretary of the Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, W. As yet, the National School of Music, under the special patronage of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, is not in working order. For instruction in a good method of imparting what you know to others, pay particular attention to that adopted by first-class teachers with reference to yourself.

ART.

POPPIE.—1. Neither drawing nor music teachers bear the expense of providing their pupils with subjects to copy, nor pieces and songs. This is an expense that devolves on the students, or their parents if young and dependent. The case is the same at all schools; and with reference to private tutors and governesses. Tell your pupils you have had pleasure in starting them with subjects, and bearing the expense so far; but that of course it was one never incurred by the teacher. We were much interested in your letter. 2. You might work your brother a pair of braces, or of warm woollen cuffs for the winter, or a double-knitted "comforter."

ETHELINDA.—Some articles on painting on materials of various kinds will be given shortly. Use water colours for painting on kid.

MARIANNE.—We do not give addresses, but we think that your daughter might find them for herself by looking at the covers of children's books, and the edges of Christmas cards. She must then apply personally, taking specimens of her work, which seems very good.

KITTY KENWICK, C.—Certainly. Apply for admission to the Royal Academy, Burlington House, as a student, by writing to the registrar for a printed form, enclosing a reference from some person of respectability.

CARISSIMA.—We thank you much both for your kind letter, and your clever and artistic pen-and-ink sketch. But we could not undertake the great expense of having our correspondent's illustrations and designs on paper engraved. Those which appear in this magazine are produced from "blocks," executed on box-wood, engravings, and electrotypes. And besides this we have our regular staff of artists already engaged supply all we require. We regret any disappointment to you.

TRISSIE.—The term "stippling" signifies that the watercolours are not laid on with one clear "wash," or sweep of the brush; but with small touches with a partially dry brush, giving a sort of dappled appearance such as you will recognise in any ordinary miniature portrait.

CHING CHONG.—You may not copy any picture for sale without the leave of the individual who owns the copyright. In the public galleries, permission must be obtained for such a use to be made of any work, and for the right of copying for yourself only. Your hand is good.

JANE PECK.—You must address yourself to the secretary of the "Religious Tract Society" for any grant of pictures, or picture-books, for the charitable institution which you name. The editor of any publication belonging to that society is not the person to whom any such application should be made, as he is not the proprietor. Under peculiar and exceptional circumstances, grants have been sometimes but not commonly made.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POMONA.—There are six words misspelt in your short note, and the writing is shocking for a girl of seventeen. We do not know any more of the Witch of Endor than the Bible tells us. The flower that represents Italy at present is the marguerite, or daisy, we should think, as the Italians have adopted that flower from their love and admiration to their queen.

MADELINE.—To restore the beautiful white appearance of silver ornaments, such as they present when first purchased from the makers, you must employ prepared chalk moistened with methylated spirits—one pennyworth of each. This mixture will restore the appearance of the silver and render it equal to new.

CORAL.—The quotation—

> "The desire of the moth for the star,"

is from poems written in 1821, by Shelley.

DEBORAH.—Matthew Roydon is the author of your quotation—

> "Continual comfort in a face,
> A full assurance given by looks,"

only you have thus transposed the lines. Your second quotation is from Shakespeare's *Tempest*.

FRANCES.—We have received your two letters, and think you have made some mistake respecting the institution you require. Stationers' Hall was founded for the registration of printed works. However, if this be what you want, you should get some friend in London to go to the office and carry out your wishes, giving him a written order to do the same, or a letter with full instructions.

DALNADA.—The use of a little vaseline, and constant care and cleanliness will prevent blistering. Woollen stockings are also recommended. We do not give addresses.

JUST SEVENTEEN.—There is nothing incorrect that we know of in beginning your letters, if you wish, with a personal pronoun.

DAISY.—Take your window plants into the house, or else put them into the greenhouse.

"MATER."—Réaumur's scale is the one you mean. The centigrade scale was that of Celsius; it is used in Northern Europe, and very generally by scientific men everywhere.

MYSOTIS.—We have said many times that no Christian can possibly lay down hard-and-fast rules to bind the conscience of another on any of those matters on which Christ has left us free. We must "not let our good be evil spoken of." Nor must we "give offence to any."

ANNIE B. BAKER.—We do not propose to bring any other objects of charity before our readers at present. Cards, tracts and books in all languages may be found at the Religious Tract Society's Depository, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

R. A. M.—Your suggestion is a most helpful one, but we fear half our readers who ask the question would not understand the method of discovering the answer, easy as it is to those who know the way.

UGLY DUCKLING.—The "Royal Charter" was wholly wrecked on the night of 25th October, 1859, off Moelfra, on the coast of Anglesea; 446 lives were lost.

POPPŒA,—Yes, there is a Navy as well as an Army List The letters stand for the words, "*Répondez, s'il vous plaît*"—"Answer, if you please."

ANXIOUS ONE.—Many thanks for the recipes. We did not give the information on our own authority, and left our readers to inquire into its worth.

DOG DAISY.—Send the hats to a cleaner's. You have probably been giving your canary too much rape and hemp seed.

ROSEA VILLA.—Many thanks for your kind letter and the pattern.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.—You probably use too much soap to your face. Your writing is neat but unformed.

ETHEL E.—Unless you are experienced we should advise you not to try dying the hats yourself, but if they be not of much value you may not mind spoiling them, to gain knowledge.

ARABELLA.—If you have earned as much as you say during the past year, we do not see why you should wish to join any such society. It cannot *really* help you, for, as you must have found out, merit is the real requirement for success in such a career. Go on steadily and quietly, and in time you will win your own way.

ANXIOUS ONE.—You must not forget that, as one who is in the paid employment of a master and mistress, you are residing in their house, not your own; and could not venture to make a noise with any musical instrument without their special consent and approval. Besides, you must also bear in mind that in the intervals between your several engagements in their service, you have to take your meals, read your bible, and any instructive book, mend and make your clothes; and, if a cook, study some book of instructions and recipes, to perfect you in your vocation. If a nurse, you should study one on the care of children, and treatment in the several descriptions of illness, or of accidents. If a lady's maid, you should learn the various new methods and styles of dress-making, millinery, and cutting out of underlinen, and the latest arrangements in hair-dressing. Over and above these duties of your business, in the way of self-improvement and fidelity to your employers, you will find no time for the study of mere accomplishments, even if you did not choose one that would make you a nuisance in another person's house. If you can find spare time for learning to write and spell well, you would make yourself of more value to those with whom you live.

ALECK HILL. — The British Female Emigration Society deals with women of the working class. If you apply for information to the secretary, Miss Tipple, 43, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, W., she will give you advice as to what steps may be taken for the two young women you name, and inform you of any branch association, or other benevolent society, where they might be befriended at Sydney. Perhaps a letter of introduction to the rector of the parish in which they have taken up a residence at Sydney, from their own clergyman or pastor at home, would be of considerable service to them. They ought to have taken one out, and all the other testimonials they could procure.

PERPLEXITY.—Your having latterly abstained from such a custom is only seemly. Do not recommence it. The giving of presents, excepting to the nearest relatives, or persons of your own sex, is not desirable, as a rule, but persons "engaged" to each other are exceptions to it. Gifts made to the poor, as an act of charity, are likewise permissible, as we need scarcely tell you.

BROWN EYES.—You write a very pretty hand, and we owe you our best thanks for so kind a letter.

A CHRISTMAS ROSE.

By Clara Thwaites.

A white, white thought flew out of a rose
And nestled about my heart,
And there it sings while the winter snows
Whirl over city and mart.
Ever it warbles a song of faith,
Above the clamour and din;
Ever I ponder the word it saith,
And glad is my heart within.

"Behold!" it cries, "how the Lord of all
Perfects my transient bloom!
The winds may rave and the snows may fall,
And yet through the chill and gloom
He doth a care for my petals give,
And crowns them with beauty's dow'r.
Oh, children of earth, who toil and strive,
Trust to His love and His power!"

A white, white thought flew out of a rose,
And I waft its song to thee;
Oh, hear it sing o'er the winter snows—
The thought is for thee and me.
Will He not perfect this life of ours?
Are not His touches divine?
Will He not deal with His human flow'rs
With a care and touch as fine?

Yield thyself to His fashioning skill,
For He is able and true;
Above the storm and the tempest's will
His heavens are ever blue.
Above the sorrow, above the fret,
His kingdom ruleth o'er all,
A million worlds are His empire, yet
He heedeth a sparrow's fall!

VOL. III.—No. 155. DECEMBER 16, 1882. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

AN OLD DUTCH HOUSE.

By M. M. POLLARD.

CHAPTER III.

THE VISIT.

ANNA, pale and shy, entered the parlour, leaning on her betrothed's arm. The sensitive girl almost trembled under the keen glances cast at her by the three sisters, who, while they gave her words of conventional greeting, watched her intently; and even at that first meeting with them, Anna became aware, by some subtle instinct, that she was an unwelcome guest, and that their opinions

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of her personal appearance were not favourable.

The two eldest, Agatha and Ursula, were imposing looking women, years older than Oscar. They were dressed in bright marone cashmere, and wore gold ornaments, and white lace collars. Not a scrap of mourning was visible for poor Maria de Velde, though they were quite as nearly related to her as Anna was.

The truth is, they had always looked down on Maria in her days of poverty, and though their handsome brother had been taken notice of by her, and had been chosen as the recipient of her fortune, as they supposed, yet they did not consider it necessary to make any pretence of regret for their kinswoman.

The third sister, Annette, was a mere girl; tall, like the others, but unformed, awkward, and bashful.

Anna de Velde, in her sable robes, felt shrunken, sombre, and shadowy in the gorgeous presence of Oscar's sisters; it needed all her betrothed's encouraging looks and words to set her at ease with them.

"Where is father?" asked Oscar, presently.

"Not home from business yet. He spends far more time than he need in the burgomaster's office, poring over the old account books. Do you know, Oscar, the burgomaster's daughter has called on us, and we have returned her visit, and she talks of giving a party when you come home. Jufrow Babette looked quite pleased when I said we expected you this week."

"Babette! Does she remember me?" *asked Oscar, quickly, and he* flushed a little when he mentioned her name.

Why he should have supposed Babette's memory was defective is a mystery, for *he* remembered the burgomaster's daughter very well indeed. She had been his ideal of beauty ever since his earliest boyhood, when he used to peep at her walking in her own garden, near the pond where her favourite swans were sailing about. Babette was stout and slow, with large blue eyes, light hair, round, pink-tinted cheeks, and she always dressed far better than most of the other Arnhem girls. She wore costly silks and massive ornaments, and why should she not? for her father was rich, and she was an only daughter. In those remembered days of his boyhood, Babette had seemed as far away from Oscar as a remote star, but now, to be invited to her house was something delightful and unlooked for, and thus he blushed when he mentioned her name.

Mynheer Von Huysen came home in time for supper, and was very tired and hungry. Anna thought as she looked at him that he was like an old-fashioned edition of Oscar himself, grown worn, and dry, and shrivelled. Originally, he had been tall, but now he was bent from long sitting day after day, year after year, in that little dreary office of the burgomaster's warehouse. He had worked long and faithfully for his employer, receiving but a scanty pittance of a salary, while he had helped more than anyone else to fill his master's coffers.

Supper was served in a small back parlour, that had a waxed floor, and dark painted walls, from the gloom of which looked down on them a large, floridly-coloured portrait of the defunct Mevrow Von Huysen—Oscar's mother. Mynheer saluted Anna gallantly, asked a few questions about her journey, then seemed altogether to forget her presence, as he silently applied himself to his meal. The supper was frugal in the extreme, but it was daintily set out with old silver and cut glass, for the Von Huysens prided themselves on being of good pedigree, and they kept up ancient traditions of grandeur despite their long experience of scanty means and stringent economy. A dish of boiled fish, some sliced raw ham, and new cheese formed the chief part of the meal, and while they ate, Agatha and Ursula kept up the conversation by talking chiefly of the burgomaster and his daughter.

After supper, Mynheer Von Huysen betook himself to a small pleasure house in the back garden, and there, with a lighted stove, and with doors and windows closed, he slowly puffed away at his long clay pipe until bedtime, apparently enjoying those depths of mental quietude that none but a phlegmatic Dutchman seems thoroughly to understand.

In fact, such is the force of habit, that Mynheer's whole days, his whole set of ideas alternated between the burgomaster's office and his smoking-room; all the rest of the world might wag on as it pleased, as far as he was concerned. Long and charming were the confidences between Agatha, Ursula, and their brother. Prospects of enjoyment were opening up, never even dreamt of before. Now Babette had sought their acquaintance, what might they not hope for next?

In Arnhem, as in most other places that boast of a season, and of fashion, prosperity is the magical key that opens the jealously guarded portals of society, and thus the sunshine of Oscar's good fortune was already falling with reflected rays on his sisters.

If truth must be told, Babette herself was rather anxious for the intimacy. Whatever she had thought of Oscar in former days, it is certain she had great worldly wisdom for one so young, and she was fully awake to the fact that the student in Leyden University, with a good income to set him up in his profession, was quite a desirable acquaintance. Besides, was he not handsome, and clever, and polished? And these qualities, seen through the halo of prosperity, were wonderfully magnified.

Invitations for the party arrived on the very next day, and were eagerly accepted by the two eldest sisters, and by Oscar.

"Of course, you cannot go in your mourning, Anna," said Agatha, as she shook out a pale grey silk dress from its folds.

"No, thank you, I should not wish to go to a party so soon after my poor cousin's death."

"Your cousinly affection does you credit. What a pity it was not more appreciated by Maria de Velde," sneered Agatha.

Anna looked up at Oscar's tall sister with her mild brown eyes, but she did not retort, as she might have done, by telling how her cousin had shown her appreciation.

Oscar and his sisters went away to the party in great style, and Anna stayed at home with Annette, and taught her some new stitches in knitting, while Mynheer smoked in solitude in the garden.

Late at night, they all returned from the burgomaster's house in high spirits. "Such a grand entertainment, and Babette had been so charming, and looked so lovely," they said. They were full of anticipations about a private concert for which Babette had given them tickets. Of course there was not one for Anna. How could she go whilst she was in deep mourning for her relative? So she remained at home again, and taught Annette some more stitches in knitting.

These days, and these incidents, were but patterns of many days and many incidents that followed, until the long winter months passed over.

Oscar, when alone with Anna, would give way to fitful expressions of tenderness; but she noticed a difference in him she could not explain. His sudden fits of affection seemed to spring more from duty than love, their days of sweet confidence were over, and Anna looked up at her betrothed with sad, thoughtful, questioning eyes.

Without being in the least of a suspicious or jealous nature, she could not help wondering whether Babette, so fair, so insinuating, so self-indulgent, had anything to do with this change in Oscar. Was she stealing her lover's heart from her?

Else, why this increasing coldness on his part, these sudden gleams of affection that seemed like mockery to her faithful constancy?

Had Oscar brought her to his father's house only to pain and mortify her?

She would not suspect him of a purpose so cruel, and yet he and his sisters vexed and grieved her perpetually, though she did not complain.

One evening, Oscar had gone with Agatha and Ursula to a small dinner party at the burgomaster's to which Anna, as usual, had not been invited. Annette sat at the opposite side of the table with her knitting, and every now and then she leaned back in her chair and fixed her great, brown, sleepy eyes on Anna's face; all at once she said—

"Does Arnhem agree with you?"

"I do not think it does. Why do you ask me?"

"Because you have grown so thin and pale, there are black shadows round your eyes that never used to be there. Only that you are so cool, and calm, and indifferent, I should say this affair of Oscar's is killing you."

"What affair of Oscar's? Tell me what you mean, Annette?"

"Oh, don't you know? They say you were engaged to him when you first came to Arnhem; but Agatha insisted that was all stuff and nonsense—that Oscar would never be so unwise as to think of marrying *you*—she contradicted the report everywhere, told Babette there was not the slightest truth in it—and now Babette and Oscar are engaged—and he is trying to break off with you by degrees. But there, I should never have told you all this, only Agatha says you are stoical, and really do not care one bit about it."

Anna listened to the girl's gossip with a wildly beating heart.

"Not care? Stoical? Do I really appear so?" she gasped, as she covered her eyes with her thin hands to hide the terrible anguish of pain.

"How shall I be able to bear it?" she murmured.

"What do you say?" asked Annette, who half caught the meaning of her words, and looked at her scrutinizingly.

"My head is aching badly this evening, I will go to bed at once, and I do not suppose they will miss me when they return," was her truthful reply, as she crept away to her own room.

Anna thought with throbbing pulses over all she had just heard, and felt how closely Annette's words but interpreted her own presentiments.

Oscar then no longer loved her, and was breaking off his betrothal by slow degrees, subjecting her to a mental torture, and all to further his own selfish ends. Maria de Velde's money, which she had given up for Oscar's sake, had proved after all only a golden bait that had won the worldly-minded, luxury-loving, indolent Babette's favour, and Anna's self-sacrifice had been in vain.

Well, the secret of the means by which the property had come into Oscar's hands had not been revealed; only the lawyer and herself knew of it. And a secret it should remain for ever. In her true, unselfish love, she felt even then it was best for Oscar to have it, best even that he should marry Babette, if she could make him happier than he would have been in a marriage with herself.

It was long ere she could really believe Oscar was altogether unworthy of the great treasure of love she had bestowed on him; long ere she could realise he was weak, shallow, vain, self-seeking and unstable; that his handsome face and pleasant manners were but the gilding to a very commonplace nature indeed.

Like many others, she had been attracted

by outward appearance, and the awaking from the glamour of her delusion was very bitter. Ere a sleepless night had passed away, Anna had decided her betrothal to Oscar should be broken off at once, and that she would do it herself. After breakfast the next morning, she asked for an interview with him, and they went together, out of Agatha's sight and hearing, into the summer house in the garden, sacred to Mynheer and his long clay pipes. The subtle odour of tobacco clung to chairs and table, mats and ceiling, as the lovers held their last meeting together. Truths were spoken on Anna's side that Oscar could not deny, as she looked up at him with her brown sorrowful eyes. Ere she left him, Anna had spoken the bitterest words that had ever been heard from her gentle lips.

"You love Babette," she said. "Go and marry her, and be happy, if you can. I have been deceived in you, that is all."

"Oh, if you wish me to marry Babette, it makes matters plain, but I thought you cared for me yourself. How hard it is to understand women!" retorted Oscar, with a faint tone of reproach in his voice.

Perhaps he would have added more, but Anna had left the summer house ere his speech was finished, and was already on her way to her room to prepare for her departure.

Oscar went off to console himself with a visit to Babette, and when he returned, Anna was gone.

Agatha had parted from her coolly, never once alluding to her betrothal with Oscar having been broken off; indeed, all along she had ignored that any betrothal ever existed.

"Such presumption for a girl like Anna to think of Oscar!" she said—"a girl who has neither beauty nor money, and Babette has both!"

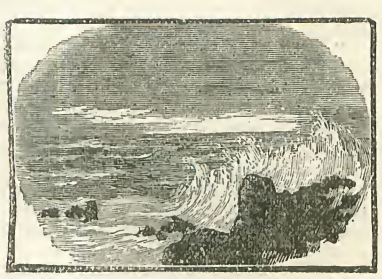
What a sad journey home that was to Anna, so different from her almost triumphant entry into Arnhem!

When she reached the buff-coloured house, the little servant was speedily recalled, and right glad was she to exchange the service of Mevrow Skiene, the sharp-tongued matron, with her nine troublesome children, for the calm delight of being again with her beloved mistress.

To one of Anna de Velde's character, trouble did not come with a scathing, withering power; rather, it seemed to draw her only closer to Him who, even in His divine sonship, knew of human trial and "learned obedience by the things He suffered."

She did not mourn with hopeless affection, nor waste her days in sorrowful retrospection, but with hopes raised heavenward, and with undying faith, she sought to make her life such as her Master would approve, and in the homes of the sad and sick she found a sphere of duty ready at her hand. In that sparsely inhabited district her services were invaluable, and she was often summoned to the bedside of the suffering, to tell the joyful message of salvation, to pray for the Spirit's influence to bless that message.

(*To be concluded.*)



WHAT WE USED TO DO AT CHRISTMAS.

By Ruth Lamb.

"Aunt Joe can remember lots of things about Christmas and New Year, and can tell us what she used to do when she was a little girl. Of course, I mean *old New Years*," added Jack Swainson, by way of giving a particularly lucid explanation of his speech.

Aunt Josephine, or "Joe," was Mrs. Rivers, and Mr. Swainson's only sister. She had been many years married, but having no children was equally beloved and tyrannised over by those of her brother, on whom she bestowed the affection which might have been given to her own, had they lived to claim it.

Christmas would have seemed dull, and the New Year of as little account as the old one, had not Aunt Joe and her equally popular husband formed members of the family party at these seasons.

"Well, tell us about Christmas and New Year, aunt."

"Ah! we did a great many things, and were pleased with some very simple ones which you children would laugh at now. But, then, *I* can remember my first ride on the first railroad made. I can remember being taken out—in fact, we children all went, solemnly and with quite awe-stricken faces—round the town to see the effect of gas for the first time, just as some of you will be able to speak to your children of the first electric light you saw. It was Christmas time, and though I am sure the gas was very poor, and the lamps few and far between, it was *the* sight of the season, to us children especially. We were all allowed to stay an hour later when we went out to tea that Christmas on account of the increased safety insured by the improved lighting. Before that we had a dim oil lamp per quarter-mile or so, when there was no vestige of a moon visible. At other times no pretence at lighting."

"How did the church look?" asked one of the girls.

"It had large, square pews, in which little people were quite extinguished, unless the elders kindly mounted them on the seats, and so brought their heads into view. Boys were not generally mounted thus, and I am afraid that, as they could neither see nor be seen, they occupied much of their time, when unaccompanied by their elders, in cutting their names and drawing, sometimes, objectionable hieroglyphics on the woodwork.

"Woe betide the sacrilegious artists if the old sexton caught them! He was a tall, old man of severe aspect, and something peculiarly awesome about the eyes, the lids of which were unnaturally elongated, and looked as if they were turned inside out. He used to pace solemnly round the church at intervals, walking softly, and carrying a long cane. His height enabled him to look down into the pews as he passed, and the youngsters who saw him coming would be still as mice, and keep their eyes steadily turned towards the part whence the voice of the preacher proceeded.

"If he caught a carver busy at his work, down would come the cane on his devoted head, with a 'swish' that could be heard all through the church.

"If a cry followed, a scuffle was certain to come next, and the shutting of a door told that the offender had been bundled out of the sacred edifice. I had a great awe of the old sexton, and so had your father, Jack, when we were children. In later years we knew him as a trustworthy and useful old fellow, who, out of church, had nothing terrible about him.

"There was no heating apparatus, except a little stove in the vestry by which to warm the parson's fingers—no light except what came from a central chandelier, and here and there a candle stuck in a tin socket of primitive pattern, and attached to the woodwork of the pews. The church was of great size, and you may fancy how we shivered through the services during an old-fashioned Christmas.

"As to our decorations! They corresponded in style with the system of lighting. The clerk did them, and his method was to stick in a good branch of holly, laurel, or other evergreen wherever there was a hole in the woodwork into which he could insert a stem. The tops of the pews appeared to have bushes growing thereon at irregular intervals, and of equally varied shapes and sizes.

"The decorators never scrupled to enlarge the holes in the woodwork by a vigorous use of the pocket-knife. The effect of their operations may be imagined when rendered fully visible by the removal of the withered evergreens at Candlemas. This mode was appropriately termed 'sticking the church.'

"As to the clergyman, his head looked out from a perfect thicket, it being considered correct to make the pulpit a complete bower of greenery. Somebody irreverently compared him to an owl looking out of an ivy bush. I am sure the dear good man's hands sometimes suffered amongst the holly, which, on account of its gay berries, was lavishly used on desk and pulpit.

"Had we plenty of bell-ringing, did you say? I should think so. Not only at Christmas, but for weeks and weeks beforehand. It was the custom to practise ringing for Christmas, so for three nights in each week the musical old peal of eight bells was kept on a continual jingle. The ringers tried firing salutes, change ringing, and even played Christmas hymn tunes on the bells. We, however, not only had the result of all this painstaking when the time came, but we had been hearing all the blunders and their gradual correction for at least six weeks beforehand.

"There were two ringers for each of seven bells, but it was an article of faith with us that there was only one man who could ring the biggest. He was leader, teacher, and tyrant all in one, and the bells made pleasant melody under his guidance. Still, his fourteen subordinates often grumbled, and vowed that, after the New Year had once been rung in, they would stand no more of Dick's 'ordering ways.'

"But they always forgot this threat when they came to receive contributions and to be complimented on their fine ringing on New Year's morning. At length the day came when they sorrowfully rang a muffled peal for their chief, and another stepped into Dick's vacant place. The biggest bell was not silent, but sounded much the same as of old—another proof that however much we may think of ourselves, we can be done without, and the world goes on as before."

Aunt Joe paused and looked thoughtful. Somebody whispered the words—

"Carol Singing."

A smile came on Aunt Joe's face.

"We had the Waits, of course, as we have now. But I always want to laugh when I think of a woman who used to come round when I was a little girl. She carried a wooden box under her arm, suggestive of a small coffin, smuggled beneath her shawl. She used to fling open the street door, and standing in the doorway, commence the old carol—

'God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
Remember Christ, our *Sa-vi-or*,
Was born on Christmas-day.'

"I presume she called her performance singing, but it was simply indescribable. She jerked out each syllable in a nasal shriek with a touch of howl in it, and I never heard a

second verse myself, or of any person who could endure more than the four lines, which would be got through whilst someone reached the scene of the performance.

"She 'shut up,' as you would say, Jack, so far as the carol was concerned, when we children made our appearance, and, throwing aside her shawl, brought out the box, opened the lid, and displayed a wax doll dressed in white and adorned with artificial flowers.

"I suppose it was meant to typify the infant Saviour, and we looked at it with a certain amount of awe, chiefly, I think, because it suggested a dead baby in a coffin rather than a living one either in cradle or manger.

"Then *mother would give* the least amongst us a silver coin to pass to the exhibitor, who bobbed a curtsey, shut the box, and passed on to fling open the next door and repeat her performance."

The youngsters here asked if Aunt Joe could give them an imitation of the style of singing. She began, but after a line or so her voice was drowned in shouts of laughter, and the youngsters declared it was no wonder that a second verse was never called for.

"On Christmas Eve, in my native county, everybody baked hot currant, or *plum cakes*, as we called them. The oven was heated by the blazing yule-log, and the hot cakes were served with spiced ale and cheese for supper, all comers being invited to partake thereof. It used to be one of our local superstitions that for every sample of Christmas or Yule cake that we tasted, we should have a happy month in the coming year. Of course, everybody wished to taste in at least twelve different houses, so as to ensure a year of perfect felicity.

"We used to ask each other how many cakes had been tasted, and condole with those who had not made up their dozen.

"The same thing is sometimes said about mince pies, which are in certain localities counted equally lucky and indigestible.

"There was a great deal of pig killing at this season, and it was customary, and I daresay is still in my native county, for little presents to be sent by those who did kill to those who did not. A little maiden would carry a basket neatly covered with a snowy cloth, and deliver the same 'with mother's love, and she has sent you a taste of *pig cheer*.'

"*Lift the cloth*, and mince pies proportioned to the number of the family, links of sausages, a highly-ornate raised pork pie, or perchance a spare-rib would be revealed. And all this was done with the simplest kindness, and the plenty of the one household overflowed into the homes of the neighbours who were not pigkeepers.

"We had our superstitions, too, at which you youngsters would only laugh to-day. Amongst these was a desire to have a lucky person as

'THE FIRST FOOT ON NEW YEAR'S MORNING.'

"I once heard a gentleman declare that were a woman or a fair-haired man to endeavour to be the first to enter his house on New Year's morning, he should be ready to use force, if needful, to hinder such an unlucky 'first-foot.' Dark-haired men were supposed to bring luck; and it was not the poor and untaught who said this, but the richest and best educated people in country communities at that time.

"Some would sit up for the ringers, who would be the first to enter. Others had a member of some particular family who would come long before daylight and do duty as 'first-foot.' Of course he received hospitable entertainment and a New Year's gift, in proportion to the means of those he visited.

"I can remember stealing downstairs, as a little toddles, in very unsufficient garments, to see our 'first foot' admitted before there was a ray of morning light. I was scolded, bundled up in a warm shawl, and allowed to remain by the kitchen fire whilst he partook of the usual refreshments.

"He always brought with him a large stick, which he placed in a corner of the parlour. This was in obedience to the old saying, that something should always be brought into the house on New Year's morning, before anything was taken out, to insure plentiful supplies during the year. Every inmate of the house was expected to fetch in some article, which was duly placed in a fitting corner or on a shelf, and not stirred until the following day, for fear of ill luck.

"I do not know what calamity would have been expected had one of these articles been inadvertently removed; but, as masters and servants were equally superstitious, and children solemnly warned not to touch, nothing was ever disturbed.

"Sometimes people would play tricks by bringing in some lumbering article and placing it where it would be in every person's way. All the same, it had to stay there.

"You look as though you would like me to give you an instance, children, so I will. A waggon laden with corn was standing under the shed ready for starting on January 1st. It had been made ready overnight, but the men who should have gone with it wanted a holiday on New Year's day. Knowing their master's superstitious feeling about the removal of any article that might be first carried into the house, they propped up the waggon, took off a hind wheel, and carrying it into the great kitchen, placed it in the very centre of the floor.

"The farmer knew why the trick had been played, but he would not have the wheel moved. He only laughed good-humouredly, and gave the men the wished-for holiday.

"There was another thing which was deemed unlucky, and that was the paying of money on New Year's day. 'Never do it,' said an old woman, in my hearing. 'If you begin the year by paying money, you will be doing it all the year through. You will pay much and take little.'

"In like manner it was said that, in whatever occupation we spent the first day of the year, we should also pass the greater portion of the remaining 364; so we were warned to be cautious, and employ its hours wisely and well.

"Let me see. What else did we do? We took off the yule-log before it was quite consumed, and extinguished the fragment in a pail of water. This was carefully preserved and used to light up next year's log.

"Parties of mummers used to go about dressed up in all sorts of tags and ribbons. I think I see St. George with his wooden sword, swaggering up and down a farmhouse kitchen, attended by an impossible dragon, and repeating an old rhyming jingle that had been handed down from generation to generation, for many past centuries. These exhibitions, and the superstitions I have told you of—familiar to the country folk of half a century ago—are gradually dying out. The mummers, guisers, and plow-jags, or jaggers, on whose coming we children used to count, are no longer seen. Many of the old customs that are still kept in mind are regarded in a very different light from what they used to be, and happily so, since they were usually the outcome of gross superstition."

"But what did you do before Christmas trees were invented?" inquired a small girl.

"We did without and never missed them. They are becoming old-fashioned institutions to many of you young people, and every year there are fresh contrivances to surprise and amuse you. Still, I think no little people would like Christmas trees to be abolished. In my young days everybody—that is, all who were acquainted—invited everybody else out to tea at Christmas time, when we played the games which our great-grandmothers had delighted in, and were abundantly satisfied therewith."

At this moment Uncle Tom made his first remark during the sitting. "I can tell you," he said, "that of all the girls I ever heard about, Aunt Joe was the very naughtiest."

There was an indignant protest from the whole assembly, and several voices insisted loudly that Aunt Joe might have been fond of tricks and fun, but *real wicked!* Never!!

"That is what I meant. She played tricks on everybody, but they were such as the victim could laugh at as heartily as could the lookers-on. She was a great taleteller too in those days."

"Tell us a proper tale, Aunt Joe."

"About one of your tricks."

"A Christmas trick, Aunt Joe," shouted a chorus of voices.

Aunt Joe complied with suspicious promptitude, and there was a mischievous twinkle in her eye as she began:—

"When I was a girl of twenty, I was one of a number of young guests at a delightful country house. The owners had no children, so they invited as many guests as they could accommodate at Christmas and New Year, and then called together the neighbours of similar age to meet them.

"Country neighbours often live several miles apart, so guests that had a distance to drive used to leave early. After their departure we still had a pretty long evening before us, often extended, too, beyond the usual bedtime. I used to be treated then much as I am now by you children—pounced upon and made to do as I was bid. Our dear, kind hostess would stay with us, though I am bound to confess that the stories which pleased the children, often had the effect of sending her to sleep in her chair.

"It was on New Year's Eve—how well I remember it! I had been telling tales for hours. Amongst my hearers was a gentleman of about five-and-twenty, the youngest brother of our dear hostess. He had no business amongst us. He ought to have been with the gentlemen, instead of sneaking off in that objectionable manner, and leaving our host and his friends, in order to listen to stories never intended for his ears.

"The children resented his presence. As a matter of course, one's tales were interfered with by that grown-up wet blanket. How could I talk nonsense properly with that dreadful, whiskered individual sitting glowering at me and taking in every word?

"He was so atrociously quiet, too! and I dare say he thought that would be a recommendation, and entitle him to a good-conduct certificate and unlimited toleration in the listeners' circle. We all regarded it as an additional aggravation. Perhaps the most annoying thing of all was that, when we had forgotten his presence for the moment, the tiresome creature would break out all at once into a chuckling laugh, which showed that he had taken in every word of the story. Then, as if afraid of consequences, he would become as silent and sober-looking as though the laugh were all a mistake, or somebody else was the guilty party."

"What a nuisance of a fellow!" said Jack.

"We thought him so; and the youngsters wondered how we might contrive to keep him out of our snuggery. But we had to be careful, for Mr. John—I will call him—was our dear hostess's favourite brother, and we would not have pained her for the world.

"'If Mr. John comes to our room to-morrow evening I shall either leave it or remain silent!' said I, at the close of our sitting.

"This resolution did not suit the youngsters, who clamoured against it.

"'If we could only send Mr. John to bed!' they said.

"A happy thought seized me.

"'I *will* send him to bed,' said I. 'He shall go, or he shall leave the room, at any rate, before ten o'clock.'

"The young people wondered how I should accomplish this, but I would not tell them, and they looked anxiously for the accomplishment of my promise.

"Evening came; some friends who had dined with us went off at nine o'clock, and the usual party retired into the snuggery, Mr. John excepted. He was detained by his brother-in-law to talk over some family matters, and we thought that there would be no need to carry out my threat.

"At half-past nine a servant always placed a certain number of bedroom candlesticks on a side table in our apartment, for there was no gas in that country home.

"Just before ten o'clock in came Mr. John, more hurriedly than usual, as if to make up for lost time. He could hardly help glancing at the group of candlesticks as he entered, and quickly as possible I darted from my seat, seized one of them, and, having lighted the candle, presented it in the most insinuating fashion.

"You were looking for your candlestick, Mr. John,' I said. 'Allow me to give it to you, and say good-night.'

"He took the hand I offered, shook it, said good-night in turn, made his adieux to all the rest, and departed. Whether he went to bed or not I did not care to ascertain; but after having fulfilled my threat, I am afraid I felt some compunction of conscience for the trick I had played him. The youngsters laughed uproariously at my success, and began to gather round me to make a night of it, after our ordinary fashion. I could not join in their mirth, or feel properly triumphant and at ease. The thought of Mr. John's disappointed face, his longing glance at the expectant circle, his lingering departure, and of the shy nature which had not courage to assert its right to sit up another hour, or to sit down amongst the young guests, made me feel a little dissatisfied with myself. My listeners were also dissatisfied, and, with the frankness of children, told me that my stories were not half so good as usual. We broke up our sitting earlier than common, and——"

"And," interrupted Uncle Tom, "then *I* turned taleteller, and I managed to make Aunt Joe listen to me, though she had treated me so unjustifiably on the preceding evening."

"You! You! Why, you are not Mr. John!" shouted the young folks.

"Ah! do you not know that taletellers seldom give real names. The children called me Mr. Tom in those days."

"And what tale did you tell, Uncle Tom?" asked a small voice.

"I told Aunt Joe that she had the sweetest voice and the dearest face in the world. That no child amongst them liked to listen to the one, or look at the other, so well as I did. And, after all these years, I repeat *that* tale to-day. I told her she had stolen my heart away, and must give me hers instead; that my home was lonely, and she must come to cheer it, and make it and me bright with the sunshine of her dear presence. She listened—and, children, you know the rest. We are old husband and wife now, but nearer and dearer than ever. And, though Aunt Joe turned me out from her group of hearers once, I have had cause for thirty years or more to thank God that she listened kindly to my story."

LAURA LEIGH.

A TALE OF HIGHBRIDGE PAPER MILLS.

By the Author of "Cora; or, Three Years of a Girl's Life," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE LIBRARY.

How large, wide, and stately this town mansion seemed when compared with the curate's cottage, where Laura had been staying so long! She shuddered as if with cold, as she passed through the lofty hall, and found her way along the corridor to the well-known oak door.

It was twilight by this time. When she looked into the library all seemed so still, so shadowy, so calm, that she thought Blanche must have made a mistake; the room was apparently deserted.

But near the hearth-rug stood Mr. Leigh's arm-chair, with its high back towards her; and stepping forward, she discovered her father was seated there, his head thrown back, his eyes closed.

The light from the fire fell full on his face, and she started when she saw how

"THE LIGHT FROM THE FIRE FELL FULL ON HIS FACE."

pale, colourless, and changed it was. His hair seemed to have grown greyer, and a few long, straggling locks fell over his brow, adding to his haggard appearance.

Laura's heart almost stopped beating as she bent over him. So motionless, so like a corpse was he, that it seemed as though the worry of life was over, and that he had fallen into the calm sleep of death, whilst sitting alone by his own fireside.

It was a pitiful thought to Laura, and brought quick tears into her eyes.

That he was *not* dead she soon discovered, for he was breathing quietly, his hands were folded together, and they twitched now and then with a nervous motion.

She knelt on a low stool by his side, and watched the flicker of the flame play on his face. How changed he seemed in the comparatively short time she had been absent from home.

"He must have been ill, and Blanche never wrote to tell me," she thought, as she wiped away some tears.

Presently, Mr. Leigh awoke, and saw the fair, young face bending over him with tender, tearful eyes.

But he showed no surprise, nothing but a weary apathy, as he repeated—

"Always watching, Laura; always watching me!"

It seemed terrible to her that her father should have no glad word of welcome after her long absence from home.

She took his thin fingers in hers, pressed them to her lips, and said, in an eager tone—

"Are you not glad to see me, papa? I have come back to you."

"Have you been away?" he asked, dreamily.

"Yes, down at Highbridge, staying with Cousin Marion."

"Ah! they told me something about it, but I did not believe them. Do not leave me again, my pet, for Blanche gets very vexed and angry with me, and she blames me."

"No one shall blame you, dear papa. Have you been ill?"

"Yes, very ill, my pet, and my head gets bewildered sometimes. I think it is trouble that causes it, but Blanche won't believe me, and says I must not tell you."

"Tell me anything you like; please, do."

"Do you think your mother will blame me like Blanche does when I go to her, soon, and she asks me what I have done for her girls, and I say I did my best to make them rich, to place them above the changes and fluctuations of the world—will she be vexed with me because I failed?"

"No one shall be vexed with you, darling," said Laura, through her tears, that were now coming thick and fast.

"People have no patience with failure and disappointment; they lift the finger of scorn to the man who fails. But perhaps God, who sees the motive of the heart, may take another view of the case—He may not judge too harshly the poor faint-hearted servant who is crushed down by ruin."

Mr. Leigh talked on in a loud, husky whisper, in tones as different as possible to his usual voice. A red spot burned in each cheek; his eyes had a strange glittering brilliancy.

Laura was distressed beyond measure. Something was *very* wrong. Her father's weakness of body seemed to have an answering weakness of mind.

"He cannot know what he is saying. He must be under delusions, rambling—talking without sense or reason," thought his daughter, as the husky whisper went on in the same rapid manner.

"Surely I have done the best for my girls! Agnes is married, Blanche is to have her wedding soon, and so will Laura when Eustace Montague comes home. But why are you crying, child?"

"I am afraid you trouble yourself too much about us, dear papa. We shall all get on very well, I hope."

"Yes, when Eustace comes home. His father was a brave, honourable man, and Eustace will be like him some day, I hope."

Mr. Leigh, as if wearied, leaned his head against the cushion of his chair, and ere long closed his eyes and fell asleep again.

Laura never left him for the evening. She watched him while asleep, and tended on him when awake, with a quiet tenderness that was infinitely soothing to the invalid. Though she could not understand the nature of his ailment, she was shocked at his weakness—his premature old age—all pointing out too truly that he was fast fading away from the cares and worry of his anxious life.

Blanche was holding a reception that night.

Some dozen or two of her "dear friends" were assembled in the drawing-rooms. She had told them it was to be "quite her last tea party before her marriage."

Dressed in a splendid ruby velvet dress, with a bunch of tea-roses on her shoulder, a shining gold fan in her fingers, she seemed in high spirits, as she moved about amongst her guests and received their congratulations on the coming event.

She did not even hear the whispered remark of her old schoolfellow and companion, Esther Dennis, as she said to her sister—

"Blanche is dressed out like 'sweet twenty-one' to-night, but she looks positively aged. I suppose Squire Gregory is her last chance. She does well not to let him slip out of her hands!"

Miss Leigh would not have felt flattered had she heard her dear friend's whisper. But then, would any of us have reason to be gratified did we hear all people say about us?

All through that first evening of her return home, Laura sat in the quiet library, and the sound of music and singing floated downstairs from the large drawing-rooms.

She looked round the classical retreat, with its deep shadows, and lofty ceiling. The long ranges of books on the shelves caught the reflection of the lamp-light on their crimson and gilt, purple and brown bindings, and they looked, in their rigid uniformity, as though not one of them had been touched, except by the dusting-brush, since she had last been in that library.

Possibly they had not—for Mr. Leigh had never been a great reader, even in his best days, and Blanche had far too eager an occupation in studying men and manners, taking note of the real incidents that happened day by day, and turning them to her purpose as it suited her, to give much time to books.

On this evening, Laura had no desire for reading either. Her thoughts were too busy, her heart too sad.

She was grieved Blanche had not thought it necessary to write and tell her of her father's illness, for that he was *very* ill she felt fully convinced.

It was cruel to leave her in a state of blissful ignorance—to allow her to dream away her time at Highbridge, while she might have been making herself useful to her father.

Ah, those dreams—what had they brought? Only a too bitter awakening; for she must forget the past, and take up the present with its added cares and sorrows.

Musing thus, she sat on a low chair opposite her father, with her eyes fixed on his pale weak face, starting over towards him, when he seemed unusually still—when she could not catch the sound of his breath.

At last her sister's guests went away, and the hall door was shut with a bang by the weary footman, who had been at Blanche's beck and call since early morning, and had grown just a little tired and out of patience.

The noise startled Mr. Leigh. He rose suddenly from his chair, and stood leaning on its arm, looking round the room in a dazed, bewildered manner.

Laura was by his side in an instant.

"Are you awake, dear papa? It is late, and quite time for you to be in bed. Shall I ring for John?"

He looked at her face for some moments in puzzled silence.

"You here, Laura? Oh, I had forgotten, for I see you so rarely now since you were married. Tell Eustace he is far too exacting; he ought to spare you oftener to come and see your father."

"I am not married, dear papa. Eustace will never have power to keep me from you," she said quickly.

"Have I vexed you, that your eyes look so sad, and tearful? Forgive me, Laura. You are pretty and kind, like your mother was. Yes, you may ring the bell for the footman; I will go to bed."

His daughter guided him across the room, and he bent his head and kissed her tenderly, as John took her place, and led his master off to bed.

Blanche appeared no more to view that night. As Laura passed her door, on the way to her own room, there was no light visible. Doubtless the "bride expectant" was already sound asleep and dreaming of her triumphs in the past—her ambitions for the future.

(*To be continued.*)

CHRISTMAS AT COURT.

By the Hon. Mrs. H. Armytage.

"RIGHT royal Christmas" is a traditionary expression very often put into the mouths of Englishmen, and yet when seeking materials on which to write an interesting paper under this heading, we find that at the present time there is not very much to relate respecting any special Court festivities at Christmastide. From the date of the Norman conquest we have records of the great feastings of our former sovereigns and their Court on each recurring season. The Norman kings held these feasts at York, at Gloucester, or at Windsor. William I. chose Christmas Day for his coronation. Richard Cœur de Lion once kept the feast with all his Court at Sicily. Edward I. is mentioned in history as being at Bristol among other places on a Christmas Day. In 1343 Edward III. renewed the famous tradition of the Knights of the Round Table, and instituted the Order of the Garter with great magnificence and unlimited feastings at Christmas. Henry V., during the lengthy siege of Rouen, would not let the day pass unheeded, but ceased hostilities and made it known by heralds that all of the enemy's force who would come to the English camp should be well fed at his expense. And again at the siege of Orleans a cessation of hostilities was requested that the day might be devoted to merriment and pleasure. A curious edict, dated 1461, forbid all diceing or playing at cards among the people except at Christmas. Henry VII. and VIII. both held splendid festivities during their respective reigns; neither did Queen Elizabeth fall short of them when she was on the throne, and the very serious tax of New Year's gifts is recorded in old documents which are most interesting. On the 1st January an usher knocked at the King's door (Henry VII.) and announced "A New Year's gift from the Queen." The messenger being admitted received the regulated number of marks for bringing Her Majesty's present. He was quickly followed by others, carrying gifts from all who would stand well in Royal favour, and to each a suitable payment was made from the King's exchequer. The catalogue of these gifts is extraordinary.

A purse containing gold was often given; valuable jewels and rare ornaments, while personal garments were not unfrequently presented. "A richly embroidered smock" to Queen Mary, and other articles of apparel, are noticed.

In return it appears that the sovereign made presents to his suite and others, and no doubt some of the gifts received by himself were passed on to others, as in one catalogue it is said a gilt cap given to His Majesty was presented to one of the courtiers.

There came a day in 1652 when, under the rigid rule of Puritanism, it was prohibited to commemorate the Holy Day of the Lord's Nativity in any manner; but with the restoration of Charles II. the Court broke out into the wildest amusements at Christmas as well as other times, masques and mummers, &c., having full swing.

There are now but few traces of the old English Christmas customs in any Royal gatherings. The wassail bowl is never served, and the splendid baron of beef which is always supplied to Her Majesty's table is almost the only special adornment of her Christmas board.

It is not many years since a very curious mess was served up at St. James's Palace to the Queen's chaplains. It was known as plum porridge, and from all accounts must have borne a strong resemblance to the original French idea of an English plum pudding.

It was always the duty of the poet laureate to compose an ode on the 1st of January, but the rule is not now enforced.

In Her Majesty's household, wherever she may be residing, the day is not observed in any special manner, nor have there been any very great Christmas festivities at Windsor Castle during her reign. The poor in all the parishes where Her Majesty has a Royal residence receive large gifts of clothing and of provisions. At Windsor this is always laid out in the large riding school, and the recipients assemble there on the day of distribution.

At Whippingham, in the Isle of Wight, the same is provided, and of late years the Court have generally passed the season at Osborne, so that Her Majesty takes a personal interest in the dole there given; but until the death of the Prince Consort, the Queen and Royal Family were generally present at the riding school at Windsor when the poor people assembled. At one time Her Majesty and the Prince were in the habit of having dramatic performances at Windsor Castle, and they generally took place at Christmas. Some additional guests were always included in the Royal dinner party on Christmas Day.

The German custom of Christmas trees on New Year's Eve or Day was certainly introduced, and though now it has been so extensively adopted in England as to have become almost an English custom, for many years it was seen in very few houses beyond the Court. Queen Victoria and her family keep the custom on New Year's Eve. A large tree, covered with lights and presents, is prepared for the servants of the Royal household, and the Queen herself distributes the gifts which surround the tree to each individual.

The ladies and gentlemen of the household are equally remembered, and receive a New Year's gift. In 1841 the Queen in her diary alludes to the dance given at Windsor, and that according to the German custom, as the clock struck twelve a flourish of trumpets sounded. Such family gatherings, with the addition of various members of the Royal household, and some chosen guests staying in the castle, have been the only festivities of the season.

T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales since their marriage have generally spent their Christmas at Sandringham with their children and other guests. Seasonable gifts to the poor on the estate, with good cheer to all, are distributed as at Windsor in presence of the Prince and Princess and their family.

Within the last few years many of the minor commemorations of the season at Court have been done away with. Formerly all officials at any of the Royal offices received certain gifts. Mince pies of gigantic size, game, &c., were allotted to their use, but are so no longer.

VARIETIES.

The Best Women.—The best women are indeed necessarily the most difficult to know; they are recognised chiefly in the happiness of their husbands and the nobleness of their children: they are only to be divined, not discerned, by the stranger.—*Ruskin.*

In Difficuty.—When things will not suit our will, it is wise to suit our will to things.—*Arabic Proverb.*

True Happiness.

True happiness is to no place confined,
But still is found with a contented mind.

Sound and Sense.—The Persians say of noisy, unreasonable talk, "I hear the sound of the mill-stone, but I see no meal."

How to Manage a Husband.—A lady was asked to reveal the secret by which she had always preserved the attention and affection of her husband. "It is," answered she, "in doing everything that pleases him, and by bearing patiently everything that does not please me."

Base Ingratitude.—Ingratitude is the abridgment of all baseness—a fault never found unattended with other viciousness.—*Fuller.*

For the Musical.—Music is the only sensual gratification which mankind may indulge in to excess without injury to their moral or religious feelings.—*Addison.*

The Changes of the Kaleidoscope.

The number of changes of which the kaleidoscope will admit are amazing. Some idea of them may be got from the following curious calculation:—

Supposing the instrument to contain twenty small pieces of glass, &c., and that you make ten changes in each minute, it will take the inconceivable space of 462,880,899.576 years and 360 days to go through the immense variety of changes it is capable of producing; amounting (according to our frail ideas of the nature of things) to an eternity.

Or if you take only twelve small pieces, and make ten changes in each minute, it will then take 33,264 days, or 91 years and 49 days to exhaust the possible variations. However exaggerated these statements may appear to some, they are actually the case.

Old and Young.—An ignoramus was ridiculing a learned man on his great age. "An ass," replied the learned man, "is older at twenty than a man at sixty."

How to Grow More Beautiful.—We are told by jewellers that there is no diamond of so fine a water but it requires some aid to improve its lustre. This observation has been also applied to young women, and no objections can be made thereto, provided it be understood in a fitting and healthy sense.

A Contented Mind.—All people have their trials and afflictions, but a contented mind accommodates itself to every vicissitude of life; neither poverty nor distress, neither losses nor disappointments, neither sickness nor sorrow, can effect its equanimity.—*Dr. Brewer.*

Without Love.—A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love.—*Bacon.*

"AND THERE AT THE DOOR STOOD OUR BRAVE SOLDIER LAD."

THE RETURN.

By SYDNEY GREY.

'TWAS close upon Christmas, the joy bells were ringing
To tell of the story we fondly revere,
The snow to the earth like a mantle was clinging,
The breath of the Frost King had frozen the mere;
'Twas the time that bids loving hearts love the more strongly,
And kindly folks think of the poor and ill-clad,
When the step that we longed for was heard on the threshold,
And back from the war came our brave soldier lad.

The mistletoe swung from the broad oaken rafter,
The holly was ready to brighten the wall,
Yet we missed in our carols and even our laughter
The voice of the one who was far from us all.
Good news had arrived of the enemy routed,
But would *he* return to us eager and glad?
Ah! long had we trembled, and wondered, and doubted,
When back from the war came our brave soldier lad.

Dear mother was seated, as well I remember,
Quite snugly and warm in her old elbow-chair,
Just plucking the goose, for you know in December
The housewives make ready their daintiest fare.
We girls mixed the pudding mid fun-seeking chatter,
Though truly our hearts were a little bit sad,
When Bruno jumped up with a terrible clatter,
And there at the door stood our brave soldier lad.

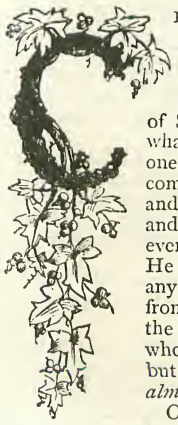
Swift welcome we gave him, half *smiling, half* tearful,
The young ones were all nearly wild with delight;
And my father's worn face looked so happy *and cheerful*
To see his forebodings put fairly to flight.
That evening how sweet was our song of thanksgiving,
And oh! what a glorious Christmas we had,
When we knew that our loved one was still with the living,
When back from the war came our brave soldier lad.

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

By L. C. SILKE.

CHAPTER I.

CHRIST AS SAVIOUR.



CHRIST'S birth had been foretold and waited for during long ages. Other births also had been foretold; those of Isaac and of Samson, for instance; but what birth ever equalled *this* one? Many deliverers had come into the world—Moses, and Gideon, and Jephthah, and others, but none were ever like *this* Deliverer. For He came, not to free us from any mere earthly yoke, but from that of the "Prince of the power of the air;" and who could break his power but One who possessed *almighty* power?

Of Samson it had been declared beforehand, "He shall begin to deliver Israel out of the hand of the Philistines;" but of Christ, "He shall save His people from their sins;" not only begin the work, but accomplish it, for St. Paul's triumphant exclamation is, "He *hath* delivered us from the power of darkness." He came to set open the prison doors and "proclaim liberty to the captives," bound in Satan's chains; He came expressly to "deliver the needy when he crieth, the poor also, and him that hath no helper." And all that He came to do He has achieved; this mighty Deliverer who was to "subdue all things unto Himself."

How did this wondrous birth take place? When an heir to a throne is born, what rejoicings and demonstrations are made! But that day—a day marked out for ever from all that had gone before or that could come after, a day standing alone in the annals of mankind—the world went on its way as usual, little heeding that its great Deliverer, its only Saviour, was being born.

Let us for a moment picture the world at that time. Rome was dominant everywhere. Britain was just a distant province of her mighty empire, which extended from the Atlantic on the west to the Euphrates on the east, as far as the deserts of Africa on the south, and the British Channel, the Rhine, Danube, and Black Sea on the north. Judea had been practically under the government of Rome since Pompey had conquered it. Now it was a time of universal peace. All this was favourable for the spread of the Gospel. Had there been many different governments, or various wars going forward, the Apostles could not have travelled so easily from place to place and country to country, preaching and teaching, after their Lord's ascension into heaven.

But though a time of peace, it was a time of great wickedness and corruption. People were sunk in sin, and luxury, and sensuality. Many a deed of darkness we may be sure was being committed that very night on which Christ was born. Perhaps revelry and debauchery were going on in Herod's palace.

Herod himself was notorious for cruelty. He had put to death his own wife, her mother, brother, and grandfather, as well as two of his own sons, whilst he caused another son to be slain about five days before his death. Moreover, he gave orders when he was dying that the chief men among the Jews should be shut up, and executed immediately upon his death, that, as he said, "every family of the Jews might mourn his decease." On the other hand, to ingratiate himself with the people, he had rebuilt the Temple with great magnificence.

Thus the whole world was lying in wickedness, with the exception of just a few here and there who were thinking of the promised Messiah. There was one aged widow at Jerusalem "who departed not from the Temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day," and was doubtless doing so on that eventful night when so much was transpiring at Bethlehem. Simeon, too, was waiting, and longing, and hoping. But such as these were few—almost isolated exceptions.

The world little knew, on that night which witnessed the birth of Christ, that the greatest, the most transcendently important event in its history up to that time, was then happening—so quietly did it all take place.

And just so, in secret and in silence, is generally transacted the greatest event in the history of each soul—that new birth through which it becomes heir to the kingdom of heaven.

But to return to that night. No crowds awaited in eager expectancy the event, but even the people in the inn little guessed or suspected the wondrous things that were occurring under the very same roof. Had they done so, surely they would have made more "room" for that lowly virgin mother. As it was, she was left to shift as best she could.

But did not all this show the nature of Christ's kingdom—that it is one *not of this world?* And every follower of His, who receives the new birth, must remember that, though now become heir to a kingdom, it is to one not of this world, and therefore she must not, any more than her Lord, seek to have her portion here, but must be content to let earth's things go by without striving to grasp and retain them, willing to be, like Christ, despised, forgotten, little thought of here, but ever looking onward to a crown of life and the glories of the heavenly inheritance hereafter.

"It doth not yet appear what we shall be," only we know that the lowliest here will be placed the highest there. And shall the disciple wish to be greater than his Lord? Let us, on the contrary, make haste to learn the lesson of humility and unworldliness which meets us at the very beginning of the life of Christ. Let us stand beside the lowly manger, and give heed to the voice which speaks from it, "Learn of Me, for I am *meek* and *lowly* in heart." Let us remember that our new birth, which introduced us into Christ's kingdom, was to be the starting-point in a life such as His—a renouncing of the world, its honours, pleasures, greatness—a taking up of the cross and following in the steps of Him who from the manger to the grave was "despised and rejected of men."

And though He never calls His people to go through all that He went through, or to drain the cup which He drank to its very dregs; though He stands out pre-eminent in suffering as in everything else, yet are we not severing our union with our lowly Master when we seek great things? If we would abide with Him we must dwell where He dwells. "Master, where dwellest Thou?" was the question once asked of old. "Come and see," was the reply. "They came and saw where He dwelt." What was it they saw?

No lordly mansion or luxurious dwelling, but the very humblest abode was His who afterwards had not "where to lay His head." And as we in spirit stand and look as the disciples did—amazed, perhaps, shall we even say disappointed?—at the absence of all that the world most esteems in the surroundings of our Lord on earth, and shrink a little at the thought that if we would dwell with Him it must be *here*—not in Herod's palace or in rich men's houses—there sounds in our ears the words, "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not" (Jer. xlv. 5). Well for us when we can bow our head and say, "Master, if only I may be with Thee, I am content to dwell where Thou dwellest."

Such should be the *spirit* of our lives. Our outward lot may be different—some have more of this world's goods, some less; to some is appointed ease and wealth, to others toil and poverty; but the spirit of all Christ's followers must be the same. There must be a readiness to unclasp the hands from all earthly things, to let them come or go, content to lose all, to forsake all, rather than forfeit or risk the loss of the heavenly inheritance, or the smile of the King.

How this would put a stop to earthly ambition of every sort, all seeking to be first and foremost in the eyes of our fellow-men, all coveting to be rich, all wishing for praise and applause! This last is frequently a snare even to Christians; they are often tempted to desire the approval of their fellow-Christians, to long to do some great work for God instead of some little lowly task. But Christ sought not the esteem of men. "And the angels work unseen, unthanked. Are they not 'ministering spirits'? And yet who sees or thanks or praises them?" Should we not imitate them?

So at the manger we learn the lesson of unworldliness.

But though this wondrous birth took place amidst such lowly circumstances, yet it was not unnoticed and uncelebrated. If earth welcomed not her Lord and made no rejoicings, heaven was not silent, but there was a burst of joy among the angelic hosts, who took up the song of praise (Luke ii. 13, 14).

How surpassingly sweet it must have been! And human ears were privileged to hear it! Who were they who were thus honoured? Was it sung in Herod's palace, in his ears and those of his courtiers, or beside the banks of the Tiber, where Augustus held his court? Nay, it was only a few poor, humble shepherds, pursuing their calling and watching over their sheep, who were allowed to hear the songs of heaven. Happy shepherds! No other human ears had ever heard the angels singing; but now it was as if the door of heaven had been set open for a moment, that these simple, untutored men might catch a note of the angelic strains continually resounding around the throne.

And not only that, but first of all there had come that wonderful vision of glory—"the glory of the Lord shone round about them"—that glory which, when St. Paul had caught a faint glimpse of it, was "above the brightness of the sun at mid-day"; that glory which of old gave light alone to the most Holy Place in the Tabernacle and the first Temple, and "was like devouring fire on the top of the mount in the eyes of the children of Israel."

Moses had had a glimpse of it in the burning bush, and when he came down from the mount his face shone with a faint reflection of it, so that the children of Israel "were afraid to come nigh him." Isaiah, too, had had a vision which had made him cry, "Woe is me, for I am undone!" But, as it has been remarked, "Never before had there been such a manifestation to such men as these. What had been the privilege of patriarchs and priests was now granted to shepherds, and the first proclamation of the glad tidings was to those who were poor in their outward life as well as in spirit."

Does it not teach us, among other lessons, that the diligent, faithful pursuit of our daily duties, of our lawful calling, need not prevent special communion with God; nay, rather, that it has often been God's wont to vouchsafe special revelations of Himself, to give special calls to men employed in their ordinary tasks? Moses was keeping sheep, Gideon was threshing wheat, Elisha was ploughing, Peter and Andrew were fishing, James and John were mending their nets, Matthew was "sitting at the receipt of custom," when they received their several calls and commissions. The "daily round, the common task," need never, in our case either, hinder God's closest approach to our souls, for has He not shown how much He honours the faithful discharge of ordinary duties?

And has He not in store for us, if we are true followers of His, a brighter revelation, a sweeter call than ever gladdened the eyes or sounded in the ears of priest or prophet or patriarch of old? Our eyes shall see the "King in His beauty," our ears shall hear the King's voice saying, "Come up hither; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

But to return to the shepherds. The sight of this glory shining round about them made them "sore afraid." But their fears were calmed by the angel's voice saying, "Fear not." Then they were able to listen to the good tidings and to the angels' song.

They did not listen to it merely as a sweet song and nothing more (Ezek. xxxiii. 32), but when it ceased they went with haste to see the thing which had come to pass, which the Lord had made known unto them.

What was it that had been "made known" unto them?

That to them and to all people was "born that day a Saviour."

They could not receive such a statement as this with indifference. They must go to prove the truth of the angel's words. In eager trembling "haste" they went. We can picture them hurrying along in the silence of the night, with the vision of that glory still before their eyes, and the angels' song still ringing in their ears, as they climb the steep hill of Bethlehem, until at last they stand beside the manger.

A Saviour born to them! The whole gospel was there. This is the good news which the Bible proclaims to us; that for *us* there is a Deliverer from the tyranny of sin and Satan. Do we all, like these shepherds, on hearing the glad tidings, hasten to prove it for ourselves, and rest not until we press into the very presence of that Saviour, and gazing on Him appropriate Him to ourselves, saying, "He loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*?" Do we rejoice in this birth relationship and claim it?

The shepherds of Bethlehem had not far to go to find Christ their Saviour. Neither has any sinner far to go to find his Saviour. A step will bring him into His presence—nay, he is already in it; his Redeemer is already close beside him, stooping down to catch the first sigh of penitence, the first whispered words of confession and contrition; and then—with the glad exclamation, "Behold he prayeth"—ready to utter the comforting, absolving words, "Thy sins are forgiven thee."

That gracious Saviour is equally near to every sinner all over the wide earth. He stands beside the penitent African, Hindoo, or Red Indian; is present in the crowded alleys of our large towns as well as in the palaces of our kings; wherever a soul seeks Him, there He is.

We may come to Him just as we are, with nothing in our hands, unless, indeed, it be the burden of our sins. And He stoops His shoulder as He bids us lay the burden there and go away freed from the load.

If we could look down upon this earth as the angels do, as God the Father does, we should see throughout its length and breadth multitudes of the spiritually blind, lame, maimed, going to Christ for healing without money or anything at all in their hands—many a leprous one coming, just as he is, covered with leprosy, full of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores, in his self-despair going to his Saviour to be made clean—and one and all, after receiving the touch of that Divine Hand, going away saying, "He healeth *all* my diseases!" Many such a scene is being enacted at this moment. Will you not come to Him with your disease, whatever it may be—your weakness, your infirmity—and, casting yourself down at His feet, tell Him all, beseeching Him to put forth His power, and do for you as He has done for others. It needs but a word from Him, and you shall be whole; cleansed by the mighty efficacy of that Blood which can make the sin-stained soul "whiter than snow," and strengthened by that almighty power working in you which is nothing less than the "strength of the Lord God" imparted to you. Put Him to the proof, and see if He will not do "great things" for you.

(*To be concluded.*)

NEW MUSIC.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

E. ASHDOWN.

Enid. By Walter Macfarren.—A simple melody, effectively written, and only requiring taste and feeling in its rendering to make it very pleasing to all listeners.

Marche Héroïque. By Michael Watson.—A spirited and clever composition, needing clear and careful playing. We recommend this march to our readers as being worthy of their time and attention to the practice of the octave passages.

Air de Danse. By H. Latour.—This is an easy and pretty piece, well adapted for the drawing-room.

I Pifferari. Duet. By Sydney Smith.—A simple but showy duet, easily learnt, and not needing very experienced performers to render it very suitable for a breaking-up party.

VOCAL MUSIC.

RICORDI.

Ohè! Mammà! By Tosti.—There is much musical feeling in this song. The theme is attractive and graceful, and the refrain, "Ohè! Mammà!" throughout is excessively melodious. Written in two keys: No. 1 in E flat; No. 2 in C.

That Day. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Tosti.—We cannot say too much in praise of all the songs written by this composer. "That Day" will be as great a favourite as the well-known song, "Good-bye," by the same writer. The words and music are very happily assimilated. Published in four keys.

I will suffer silently. Words by J. Endersohn. Music by L. Denza.—A pathetic song. The theme is extremely melodious and well adapted to the words. Written in four keys.

Gathered Lilies. Words by Harold Wynn. Music by Louis Diehl.—An earnest and sympathetic composition, which will be gladly welcomed by all lovers of sad and plaintive songs. The simplicity of the accompaniment is a great charm. This song is written for a contralto voice.

MARGARET'S NEIGHBOURS.

By DORA HOPE.

"If you please, m'm, will you come and see what Master Julius is doing in the garden; he won't pay no attention to me no more than if I was a wooden doll," said Margaret's nurse, in indignant tones, one morning about a fortnight after the little fellow had taken up his abode with his aunt.

Margaret went to the window, and beheld Julius on the garden-wall, which was high, throwing stones, branches, and anything else he could reach over at some invisible foe, whom he was inciting to retaliation by warlike cries, and taunts, "Oh! look at the holes in his coat; he'th nothin' but a little beggar boy. You haven't got no boots on, yah!"

And Margaret beheld to her horror that it was her eldest child, the one whom she had been accustomed to consider the most lamb-like of the flock, who was scouring the garden for missiles, with which he kept the tyrant on the wall supplied. The baby Cecily stood looking on, her little face expressing interest not unmixed with admiration; whilst Hugh, the second boy, who was really tender-hearted, and a timid, gentle little fellow, stood weeping in a corner, thinking that all sorts of slaughter and bloodshed were being enacted around him.

It must be explained that this wall separated the garden from a narrow lane, a short cut between two thoroughfares. The lane was patronized chiefly by errand boys and the like, who found it a capital play-ground, as it was not often traversed by their natural enemy, the policeman.

It was the sight of some poor children engaged in the pleasant pastime of making mud pies that had roused Julius' pugnacious spirit, as soon as he espied them from his perch on the wall.

Margaret was really grieved to think that he should have such a bad disposition as to feel bound to torment the children simply because they were ragged, and to see her own child waiting on the little rascal was quite a shock to her.

She threw some halfpence over to the unfortunate little creatures in the lane (although they had not been at all backward to take up arms in their own defence), and took the two culprits to her own room for a serious talk, which she thought had really impressed them.

A few days later, however, she was again called by the nurse, who declared that "since Master Julius came there was no doing nothing with any of the children, and there they'd got all the ragamuffins of the neighbourhood a-playing in the garden."

It was indeed a droll spectacle which presented itself, for the party in the garden was increased by the presence of a very small butcher-boy, whose empty tray was deposited in a corner; another, who appeared to be a chemist's errand boy, and two more bootless and hatless urchins, apparently of no profession. These were all solemnly capering round the garden, under the direction of Julius, who, as general, was leading his company of horse soldiers to battle. At sight of Margaret the visitors one and all speedily fled over the wall.

"Julius! Claud! How can you be so naughty; how could you ask those dirty, horrid children over the wall?"

Claud hung his head, but Julius answered quickly, "Why, Aunty, you thaid th'other day they wath ath good ath we wath, and we wath'nt to make no differenth whether they wath poor or rich, cauthe God don't make no differenth, you thaid."

Here Claud plucked up his courage and chimed in, "Yes, mamma dear, you did; and those boys are perfect gentlemen, or else we shouldn't have asked them over."

Margaret could hardly help laughing, but she tried to make clear to the children how and where to draw the line in their relations with these little outsiders; she mentally resolved at the same time to prevent further difficulties of this sort by having the top of the wall furnished with formidable iron spikes.

It had always been Margaret's pleasure and pride to educate the children herself, but Julius' coming had opened her eyes to a good many objections in this plan. Her other engagements and frequent interruptions had prevented her having the children at their lessons with perfect regularity, in itself a bad thing; though hitherto the children had played happily enough by themselves when she was compelled to leave them in the middle of their lessons. Now Julius seemed to have roused up an unruly spirit in them, and she never dared to leave them a minute without either herself or the nurse to look after them.

"I am so disappointed," she said, when telling Wilfred her troubles; "I did hope I should have been able to reform Julius, and make him like our own; but I feel sure that my forte is not teaching and managing children. I have only done well in the past because our children are unusually good, but I certainly cannot have trained them rightly, for here, on the first temptation, they are quite willing to follow Julius in any mischief; in fact, the naughtier he is, the more they look up to and admire him."

"You don't think you are hard on the little chap, do you?"

"Oh, I hope not, poor little orphan; I do try not to see how very naughty he is, and how much better our own children are."

"I expect where you make a mistake with him is that you think everything is naughtiness which is really only the effect of an energetic and excitable nature. He is much more energetic than our own children, and has been left to his own devices to find amusement, so that he finds the quiet play that satisfies them rather tame. It seems to me that he is the kind of child who wants plenty of occupation, and not too much scolding; and I believe you will find praising him for doing right have much more influence over him than scolding him for doing wrong."

"Perhaps I have been hard on him, though really he is very trying. But, Wilfred, I have been thinking it would be better to have a daily governess, and then their lessons could be regular, with nothing to interfere with them. I really have not the time, even if I had the ability, to teach them properly, and the boys are getting too old to be much with nurse."

And so it was settled, and Margaret was fortunate in very soon hearing of a suitable lady to undertake the work. Miss Baines seemed young for the post, but there was a look of firmness about her mouth and chin, and withal a kindly, sunny smile, which reassured Margaret. She was the eldest of a large family, and through the death of her mother and reverses of fortune which befel her father, the care and education of her younger brothers and sisters had fallen upon her; so that her experience in managing and teaching children had been considerable.

Margaret and she had many talks as to the best way of planning out the day, for owing to the very different capabilities of the children it was a little difficult to arrange their work; but after a few experiments they made out a plan which proved quite satisfactory.

Miss Baines came at half-past nine in the morning, till which time all the children played together, either in the garden or the nursery, according to the weather. On her arrival, for half an hour they had marching, drilling, and singing, in which even little Cecily joined, toddling after the boys, and waving her tiny arms in the exercises with the greatest possible enjoyment, if not with military precision.

The singing was made a great point, for Margaret was most anxious that her children should sing well, and before they could speak quite plainly she had taught them little hymns and songs. Miss Baines agreed with her, not only because she considered it a delightful amusement for the children, but because she thought the training of the voice could not be begun too young, having, as she told Margaret, been assured by musicians, who were in a position to speak with authority, that it is under seven years of age that the ear of a child can be best educated, not by teaching them to sing from notes, but by training them to imitate musical notes correctly.

After this, baby Cecily went back to her nurse, her studies for the day being over.

Julius, in spite of his superior age, was considerably behind four-year-old Hugh; in fact, he knew nothing at all beyond what an intelligent child will pick up for himself. But he was quick and had a good memory, and it was evident he would not be long in overtaking the more leisurely Hugh. Their small intellects were not equal to a whole morning's application, so they had various kindergarten games and exercises, as well as ten minutes' music-lesson each, while Claud continued his more advanced studies.

An hour before lunch was spent in a brisk walk in the park, or along some pleasant open road.

After lunch the little folks were sent into the garden or nursery for twenty minutes' play, while Miss Baines arranged the afternoon lessons. These were not very severe; each boy practised for fifteen minutes the music he had learnt in the morning, and the rest of the time was occupied with drawing, natural history, and some form of handwork. Claud only had some lessons to learn to repeat the next day.

As Wilfred said of her, Miss Baines was a lady "with theories;" but as her ideas all seemed to be very good ones, Margaret was only too pleased to agree to them.

One of her great points was that though children must necessarily learn a good deal from books, the more information they could acquire from their own observation the better. Consequently she trained them to notice everything both in the garden and in the streets, and tried to make them think for themselves. Frequently some of the regular afternoon lessons were entirely omitted, in order that she might give them an explanation of something they had met with in their walks. For instance, one day they saw some Italian women, probably artists' models, who greatly excited the interest of Julius, the country boy;

so on that afternoon she gave them a map of Italy to find the place whence these people came, describing the country and people to them, showing them pictures and telling them tales till they felt quite at home with the subject, and were not likely soon to forget it. Another day she found two of them having a discussion on the nature of a piece of coal. This gave her the opportunity of teaching them of the chief places where coal mines are found, and describing the method of getting it, and the dangers to which the miners are subject, which she did with so much vigour that poor little Hugh burst into tears at the recital of their hardships, while Julius declared he would be a coal-miner himself when he grew up. A walk in the park generally resulted in a simple little lesson on botany, insect life, or some kindred subject, as she encouraged the boys to bring her any curious leaves or insects they saw; and in fact everything they met with was turned to account in their lessons, either as illustrations or a motive.

Another theory Miss Baines held very strongly was that boys as well as girls would be much happier if they were taught to do something with their hands. She assured Margaret that they would learn any kind of manual work much more quickly than reading or writing, and that it was not only a pleasant and very useful training for them, but, by making them observant, would really sharpen their wits. She taught them to draw, to cut out cardboard models, and endless other things which even a tiny child can learn, promising them that as soon as they had become tolerably proficient in working cardboard she would ask that they might have fret saws, and make real wooden things. Hugh's hands were not strong and steady enough yet for cutting thick cardboard, so he had to content himself as a general rule with making paper boxes and boats, copying over texts with coloured chalks, and other easy tasks. On fine, bright afternoons Hugh did not return into school, but went out either with Margaret or the nurse, as it was considered that the morning's lessons were as much as his little brains could bear, except on wet days, when it was a relief to have some occupation.

A second walk filled up the afternoon till tea-time, which they took with Miss Baines in the school-room. That lady then left them, and the children looked forward to this little time after tea as the pleasantest part of the day, for Margaret made a rule of having them with her then till their bed time.

Miss Baines soon found she had a difficult subject to deal with in Julius. He had been so accustomed to have his own way in everything that it was some time before he could understand that he must do what he was told, and that he would never get anything by screaming for it. His little fragile form and pale face moved one to pity, and his large dark eyes had at times a wistful and pathetic expression which went straight to one's heart. He would sit with a heavenly expression, his whole soul in his eyes, apparently in rapt attention, as Miss Baines taught them some Bible lesson, and she could congratulate herself on having for once made some impression on his stony little heart, when a shriek from his next neighbour would betray a hidden pin, and Miss Baines would experience a considerable revulsion of feeling towards the sweet-faced little rascal.

She tried patiently to discover a way to his heart, or anything by which to get a hold upon him. One small step she made in finding out that he was very fond of animals, and she could ensure his good behaviour for a short time at any rate by the promise of an elephant story, or the sight of an animal picture book. On the days for natural history, if he had been good, she would let him choose what should be the subject of their lesson; and at her instigation Margaret promised him that if he would really try to be good and obedient she would give him a real canary in a cage for a Christmas present. This promise was a great help to Miss Baines, as it enabled her to coax him along the paths of virtue with considerably more success than had attended her efforts before.

After Miss Baines had been coming to the house for some weeks, Margaret took an opportunity to tell her how pleased she was so far with the result.

"I often think I am a very bad mother," she said, half in jest. "I am afraid I am not at all fitted to have children to bring up; and I am so pleased to have met with you, for your influence over them seems so good. How do you manage to keep them in such perfect order all day?"

"I do not know exactly, Mrs. Trent, and when I first had the care of my little brothers and sisters it was difficult. At first it seemed as though I must either let them grow up carelessly, with their faults uncorrected, or else be always finding fault. I fell into that mistake at first, and irritated both them and myself by perpetually scolding; but after a time I found it was necessary to strike a line between the two courses, and insist on prompt obedience, for there is no peace or comfort with disobedient children, and yet guard carefully against constantly 'nagging' at them."

"But one must tell them when they are doing wrong."

"Yes; anything serious must, of course, be stopped at once, but I think it is better to overlook little failings sometimes; only when one *does* speak, one must be obeyed on the instant. If I tell one of the children to stop doing anything, I satisfy myself that they do stop immediately; disobedience and disorder creep in when a governess is constantly scolding or giving directions, and then does not trouble herself to see that her instructions are obeyed. Another great mistake my dear mother warned me against was being inconsistent with the children, taking no notice of bad behaviour at one time, and then being angry with them whenever they happened to inconvenience me."

"I do not quite understand you."

"For instance, a lady told her boy to leave off playing with some ornaments in the drawing-room; but as he was not accustomed to obedience, and she did not take any further notice of him, he went on doing it, till one day he quite accidentally dropped a china figure and broke it, whereupon the lady was excessively angry, and sent him off to the nursery in disgrace. That is what I call inconsistent; she allowed the child to disobey her without hindrance till her neglect brought about the breaking of the ornament, and then she punished him severely for what was a pure accident. But I do not believe in scolding children at all, except very rarely; very few children can be influenced in that way. The majority are much more easily brought up by praising their efforts to be good and reasoning with them when they are naughty."

Margaret regarded her companion with wonder and almost envy, for she looked almost a girl, and yet talked so calmly about the prompt obedience which she required, and what is still more, always received from her pupils. And it was plain that she obtained it without any undue severity, for the children loved her already, and even Julius, though he made no demonstrations of affection, still apparently did not look on her with disfavour, which for him was saying a good deal.

Margaret's heart felt so warmed towards her during this talk that she asked her to remain for the evening.

"We have the musical class here to-night, Miss Baines," she said; "you know we meet at each other's houses in turn, and as we are pretty well up in our parts, I think you might enjoy it. We are singing 'The Ancient Mariner.'"

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Trent," Miss Baines replied; "it is very kind of you to ask me, but my father is so invalided that I hardly like to leave him so long alone, unless I can be of any use to you in playing the accompaniments."

Margaret would not press her to stay, respecting her motive for refusing.

These musical evenings were a pleasant institution, got up amongst a circle of friends. One gentleman was appointed conductor, and to him also fell the task of selecting the music, subject always to the approval of a majority of the members. Everyone provided his own music, and it was announced each evening where the next meeting would be held.

They met at eight o'clock, and all being supposed to have dined, no refreshment was provided till nine o'clock, when there was a short interval for rest; and tea, with biscuits, rice cakes, and other plain fare was handed round, but no bread-and-butter, that there should be no danger of greasing the music. At Margaret's house, home-made lemonade was provided also for those who objected to tea.

After this there were solos and glees, the more solid practice being completed during the first hour.

Since Wilfrid's nieces, the Lancasters, had settled in the neighbourhood, their presence was permitted. Jack sat among the basses, but his voice being at the awkward stage of cracking, his singing powers were of an uncertain nature, and it was only because of his great fondness for music that he was admitted at all. Evelyn's soprano was an acquisition, and she enjoyed the opportunity of displaying it before so large an audience. Lulu's alto was not to be despised. She shone chiefly after tea, however, when she would, at request, bring out her violin and play some simple air with considerable power and feeling. Jack used to say it was a pity she should not be always playing the violin, for she looked better then than at any other time.

When the other friends had gone on that particular evening, Evelyn, who was in high good humour, her rendering of a difficult solo having been evidently admired, began to tell Margaret of some new *protégés* of Lulu's.

"You know, aunt, Lulu always has some one on hand in whom she is violently interested for a little while. Just before we left home it was a very dirty, disreputable-looking old woman, who convinced Lulu that she was a countess in reduced circumstances; but we thought it odd that one in so exalted a position should have such a weakness for snuff, with which Lulu kept her supplied till we left."

"It was not snuff, Evelyn; how can you say so! It was tea, and she really was of good family, aunt; for she showed me her crest. But these people I have found out now are really *so* interesting; it is a Polish refugee, at least I think he must be one, for he has one of those odd names with a sneeze at the end. He is in consumption, and has the queerest little girl of six years old. They keep a sort of attempt at a tiny music shop, and I buy my violin strings there; and I mean to make everybody else I know do so too."

(*To be continued.*)

BOUND TO EARTH.

By the Author of "Phil's Fortune," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN the carriage which bore away Grace and Helen and Mr. Mackenzie was out of sight, Fanny turned away from the door in no very happy frame of mind, and thus her father's outburst against the guest to whom he had lately paid so much honour drew from her the sharp, disrespectful answer already recorded in another chapter.

"A nice set of people you fill my house up with," her father continued, wrathfully. "A girl whose father passes himself off for a rich man and a gentleman, while all the time he knows he's nothing but a swindler and a rogue, for whom hanging is too good—a piece of milk-and-water goodness, who is not above flying out like a young tigress at the master of the house in which she visits—and a mean scarecrow of an artist who doesn't know manners, and deserves to be kicked. If these are your choice companions, my lady, the less you let me see of them the better."

Fanny turned upon her father contemptuously. "You are in a bad temper about something, papa, and do not know what you are talking about. Only yesterday you held up Grace as a model for me, and you know very well that you asked Mr. Mackenzie here yourself. Can you tell me where Edward is?"

"Yes, I can," burst forth Mr. Leslie with fresh anger; "I sent him into Havering, out of that designing creature's way."

"Then he knows nothing of what has happened?" Fanny asked, calmly.

"Certainly not. The boy's a born dolt, and only knows how to get himself into scrapes. We wanted no promises and farewells. He'll hear from me when he returns what I think of the matter."

"Then you know all about it, papa. I should have thought from your manner you did not."

"It was not my business. I have never been consulted. It would have been time enough for me to have known it when I was told. If your mother did her duty, she'd have put a stop to all that nonsense in the beginning, but she lets you all do as you like."

Fanny interrupted this tirade impatiently. "You seem to know why Helen was summoned home, papa."

"Well, considering that the whole disgraceful affair is in every newspaper, I suppose I do, along with the rest of the world. Her father is a forger and a swindler, and a bankrupt, and nobody knows what else beside. He has flown the country. That's your chosen friend."

Fanny had started and winced under these words, but she was too well used to her father's strong exaggerations when he was out of temper to accept his statements wholesale. She went into the breakfast-room to get the paper and see for herself.

"Let Edward come to me when he returns," Mr. Leslie called after her.

Fanny could guess what that was for, and she saw at a glance that her brother must not be taken unawares. She caught up a garden hat and went out to meet him.

As she walked hastily along the one road by which alone he could come, her thoughts rapidly skimmed over the state of affairs, and she arrived at the conclusion that it was a tolerably bad one. She reproached herself now for having aided and encouraged the attachment between her brother and Helen. It was difficult to see how the matter could end; but of one thing Fanny was sure—Helen was innocent and must be spared.

She met her brother presently and gave him a brief account of what had happened. He was at first completely stunned, but when he had a little recovered the shock, he flew into a great rage, and stormed against Fate, his father, Mr. Dalrymple, his own folly in allowing himself to be sent out of the way—anything and everything in an aimless and inconsequent fashion. Even Fanny came in for a share of his anger for having let Helen go before his return.

"It was much better she should," said Fanny a little impatiently, for, fond as she was of her brother, he often exasperated her. "My father would very likely have insulted her if he had seen you with her. You know very well what he is when he is angry. Besides, I had no idea where you were. What I want you to do is to make up your mind what you intend to do with regard to Helen, for it has come to a crisis at last, and no mistake. Papa will never consent, and now you see how much better it would have been if you had settled the whole matter at first. It would have spared no end of difficulty."

"Of course I shall stick to her," said Edward, contemplatively, "but upon my word it's an awkward piece of business. I've got nothing to live upon, and the pater will certainly never come round. What on earth is to be done? Was ever a fellow in such a pickle!" and Edward gave a long whistle, indicative of a very puzzled frame of mind.

"If you care for Helen as I believe she cares for you, there is one course open. You have brains and hands, you can work. You have, too, a small income to begin with. Many a man has far less," Fanny said, coldly. "At any rate, you are determined not to give her up," she added, with a searching glance at his downcast face as they drew near the house.

"Give her up!" he cried, with sudden enthusiasm. "*Why, I believe* it would break her heart. Why, Fanny, you have no idea how fond she is of me."

"And she is in the deepest trouble," Fanny said, gently, checking the impulse to say something much sharper, for Edward's speech did not altogether please her. "Two such blows would be enough to kill a gentle, affectionate girl like Helen."

With this skilful thrust Fanny left her brother to his interview with her father. "I shall wait in the garden to hear the result," she called after him.

Edward's ease-loving disposition would have preferred to indefinitely postpone this interview had it been possible, but with his father impatiently awaiting him, and Fanny behind thrusting him on, he felt in a sort of helpless way that there was no escape.

"That girl is gone," Mr. Leslie began when Edward entered.

"So I hear," said Edward, coldly, all the indignation and good feeling of which he was capable roused by this contemptuous allusion to Helen.

"Perhaps you have heard the rest of the matter?" Mr. Leslie added.

"Yes, I have."

"What do you intend to do?"

"I intend to do nothing."

"What on earth do you mean by that, sir?" thundered Mr. Leslie. "Pray do you suppose you are going to *marry* that girl?"

"I suppose *that is very much* what I did mean," replied Edward, stung into resistance by his father's harsh manner.

"Certainly, sir, you are of age, and are responsible for your own actions," retorted Mr. Leslie, in his most sarcastic tone. "If you choose to marry a girl whose father's name is on everyone's lips as a rogue and a vagabond, and who will probably be the inmate of a prison for years to come, you are welcome to do so. Only understand this, you need never expect me to acknowledge you or yours; you will hold no communication with anybody under my roof. You will be as one dead to me."

They were bitter words, and Edward felt them so. Moreover, they had brought home vividly to his mind the disgrace that would attach to him in the eyes of the world if his name were connected with Helen's. It was not a pleasant reflection, and it stung him to the quick. Yet he was fond of Helen. He knew her to be good and true, and he felt keenly that to desert her in the hour of her affliction would be but a

base and cowardly deed. Never was a young man so beset.

"A nice, grateful set of children I have got," exclaimed Mr. Leslie, with great bitterness—"children who spend my money, and waste my substance, and care no more for my wishes than as if I didn't exist. You have ever set yourself to thwart me, sir, and now you wish to crown my old age with dishonour. It never seemed to you necessary to consult me before you entered into this engagement."

"There is no definite engagement," Edward returned.

Mr. Leslie pricked up his ears. "That is well," he said, in quite another tone, "then there is not much damage done. Most likely the girl will have enough good sense to see that the matter must drop."

Edward doubted that, but he made no remark, and his father continued quite cheerfully—"There has been a great deal too much fuss made about it. Of course, it is only a stupid boy and girl affair, the sooner forgotten the better. The girl will have plenty to occupy her mind, and I am sure, poor thing, I am sorry enough for her, so long as she has nothing to do with my family. She will forget everything, very naturally, while her thoughts are so occupied with her father. What a good thing I interfered in time!"

While his father thus congratulated himself, Edward had discovered a straw of comfort. "Perhaps the trial may result in proving Mr. Dalrymple innocent," he suggested.

"It may," said Mr. Leslie, with skil ful policy. "I doubt it, but it may. At any rate, there will be no harm in waiting to see."

"Yes," said Edward, eagerly, glad to seize upon some vacillating, uncompromising course of action; "it would be certainly as well to wait for that."

Mr. Leslie agreed heartily. He knew very well that the trial would last a long time, and that for Edward to deliberately enter upon an engagement with Helen after such a long and painful humiliation would require much more courage than now, when his feelings were stirred by the recent separation from her. He was quite content to leave it so.

Fanny was walking swiftly up and down the garden path, hardly able to restrain her impatience.

"Well, Edward?" she exclaimed, hastily.

"I have promised to wait until the result of the trial is known."

"Coward," cried Fanny, angrily. "I know very well what that means."

"Dear me, Fanny," Edward exclaimed, feeling himself desperately ill-used between these two. "Is it nothing to have for one's father-in-law a convict, as Mr. Dalrymple will be if the charges are proved; and what, pray, is the good of promising to marry Helen if I cannot provide for her?"

"You should have thought of these things before; at any rate, this is not the moment in which to desert her," cried Fanny, bitterly. "What business had you to engage her affections without weighing such considerations? Supposing she had been your wife—would it have made any difference then?"

"I wish to goodness she had been," cried Edward distractedly, "and then it couldn't have been helped; but she isn't, and that's just it. And as for weighing such considerations, how could anyone suppose such a thing would happen? You are tolerably unreasonable, Fanny."

"And you are a tolerable coward!" cried Fanny. "It's not the world's affair, it is your own. I wonder whether Mr. Mackenzie would have behaved so?"

Fanny flew away in too great a rage for further discussion. "It is cruel—it is wicked," she said to herself. "Edward is a coward, and papa is a brute, and the world will uphold them. There is no one to help the oppressed. Oh, what a world full of injustice it is!"

Only One, of whom poor Fanny knew little or nothing. And with her really warm, sensitive heart and keen sense of justice, could anyone be more unhappy at this present moment than she? Perhaps not even Helen herself was suffering so keenly.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

A. E. W.—You will obtain all information by applying at the head office of the Women's Education Union, 112, Brompton-road, S.W. A corrected calendar comes out on the 15th of every month, for a few pence, with which they will supply. Write to the secretary, who will give a list of all branch institutions in the country.

Lenzie.—We have had no inquiries made, so far as we remember, about Glasgow University—excepting, perhaps, in reference to instruction by correspondence—in connection with the Local Examination Scheme, which extends to the eight counties belonging to the Glasgow University district. Application to be made to Miss Jane MacArthur, 4, Buckingham-street. Why does "Lenzie" invariably omit to stroke what she means for a "t," and make a heavy dash over other letters and often over an empty space?

Kirkintillock's writing of her name is almost illegible, the "K" is so badly formed. The electric current flows from north to south. It is recommended (by many doctors) to those who are bad sleepers, and are of a delicate and sensitive habit, to place the head of the bed to the north, where practicable; but with what amount of advantage we cannot undertake to pronounce. We prefer the writing of "Kirkintillock" to that of her friend "Lenzie."

Ossunto.—See page 543, vol. i. The information respecting female clerkships in the Post Office is reply to "Annis." Apply to the secretary of the Civil Service Commission, in Cannon-row, E.C.

Faith.—You have the prayers for which you ask us, that you may succeed in passing your examination, which will be of so much importance to your mother and yourself. But you must pray also for aid yourself. You write fairly well.

Nancy.—We do not recommend to young people the reading of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," on account of the taint running through it of infidel sentiments. Otherwise, it would be a valuable work. To persons whose views are matured, the case would be different. In the present day, there is such an over-weening pride of intellect and feeling of self-sufficiency abroad, even amongst those of tender years, deficient in experience, and with undeveloped judgment, that we prefer to save them, if possible, from all risk of deadly taint in the recommendation of the works they should study. Read our article, "How to Improve One's Education," at pages 637 and 794, vol. ii. 2. Yes, you can procure theoretical works on the science of music; but whether you would be capable of acquiring a thorough knowledge of it unassisted by a master, we feel disposed to question. Your writing is cramped and unformed.

Lucy.—Apply to the secretary of the Civil Service Commission, Cannon-row, E.C. Candidates must be aged from fourteen to eighteen years, should send in testimonials from two respectable persons, and apply in their own handwriting. Printed forms will be supplied to the candidate for a Post Office clerkship, for the two separate testimonials; and for her own application. A preliminary examination will have to be passed in writing, and from dictation, with pen or pencil; in the four rules of arithmetic, simple and compound, and also in the geography of the United Kingdom. Your writing promises well, but is scarcely yet formed, and you do not write straight (across the page), and you abbreviate—"havn't," instead of "have not." Avoid this habit. We wish you all success.

Mignonette and Claudia.—Apply for all information to the secretary, C. B. Hodgson, Esq., College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. We thank "Claudia" for all her kind wishes, and expressions of warm approval.

Sophie.—See "Nursing as a Profession," page 454, vol. i. If you have not got this volume, procure the monthly part for July, 1880, No. 28. Every hospital (or nearly so) is there named, and sufficient particulars given to enable you to judge of your own eligibility.

Daisy.—1. We have just given some particulars to a correspondent of the duties of a "mother's help"; read them. In a short time hence "nursery governesses" will become as extinct as the "dodo." To obtain any situation as a teacher, you must be "certificated." 2. If you were to have some lessons in drawing, we think you might accomplish it fairly well. But why did you select a deformed person as a model? The poor, dreary-looking, open-mouthed girl has a hump-back, and holds herself all on one side.

Galatea.—"Nursery governesses" are not expected to teach children over ten or twelve years of age. You had better procure a testimonial from your clergyman or minister of your chapel, besides that of the mistress of the school where you have acted as a pupil-teacher. The rudiments of music are required, and sometimes of drawing. Of course a "daily governess" is more independent, and could employ her time at home in some lucrative way; but she has greater expenses to bear.

L. J.—Why do you not refer to our index, vol. i.? Under the word "clerkships," you will find all the information you require; for, having so great a number of correspondents, we really cannot continue to repeat the same things over and over again. To answer a question once ought to be enough. We think that your writing would be considered sufficiently good.

COOKERY.

Maidenhair.—See page 294, vol. iii., for various breakfast dishes. Your little sister is doing quite enough for her age. You must endeavour to rule by love, and by principle, "because it is right."

Mary.—We think you must use isinglass, not gelatine, to make your rhubarb into a jelly. Boil the syrup first.

Kathleen Barkley.—For "Vegetable-marrow Preserve," see page 3, vol. iii. We cannot read the word you inquire about; it is quite illegible.

Patience Smith.—1. The best sauce to be used with roast beef is horseradish sauce. 2. Ham is not eaten with beef. It is served, like tongue, with fowls and turkeys.

F. A. F.—The cranberry is the fruit of a species of *oxycoccus*, and grows on a thin bending stalk. It is a native of cold countries. It comes to England in barrels from America, Norway, and Russia. It is too acid to be eaten raw. The barberry is constantly seen as an ornamental shrub in gardens and hedges. Both berries are used for preserves or pastry. Both are too acid to be eaten raw, but otherwise they are not alike, nor would there be any difficulty in distinguishing between the two, we think.

Coal-rake.—Manual labour is not always necessary to work a churn. In some countries dogs have been trained to do so, and horse-power is in common use in Great Britain. Steam-power has also been applied, but its use is rare.

ART.

Jessellina Ruby.—An article on colouring photographs was given in the number, December 17th, 1881, page 183, vol. iii. We could not repeat it here. Wear gloves to preserve your hands, and make them soft and white.

High Art.—Read "Velvet Painting," page 504, vol. ii.

Hebe.—Use oil colours. You will not need either flake or Chinese white as a foundation. Poppies and cornflowers with large reeds would look very well.

Amanda.—Some articles on the subject are to be given during the present year.

Edith.—Use a wash of ochre to colour your plaster figures.

Enthusiastic Admirer of The Girl's Own Paper (Cape Colony).—1. The "moist colours" are far more satisfactory than any others for water-colour painting. It would be contrary to our rules to recommend the colours of any particular maker to the prejudice of

another. 2. Our first number of this paper came out January 3rd, 1880.

A HOPEFUL ONE.—We think no Christmas card competition has been advertised this autumn. Kindly refer to two answers on page 830, vol. iii., which give the fullest possible information about medical missionaries. We should advise you to write for directions how to prepare yourself for your intended work to one of the many addresses mentioned there.

UNE BONNE AMIE.—We have already given a series of articles on terra cotta painting, see page 225, vol. ii.; also one on "Teaching the Young" at page 30, vol. iv.

ROSELLA.—"How to Paint Christmas and Birthday Cards," vol. i., page 485, will give you the information you need. We should use a brush and Judson's paints for the letters. We know of no society of the kind.

MOSS ROSEBUD.—Mounts of all sizes may be procured for drawings and painting at any artists' colourman's. We do not recognise the bird by your description.

BARBARA.—We are obliged by your explanation, which we were fully aware of, and also our correspondent; but her query was, "Was there any legend or tale connected with the picture, or was the origin purely fanciful?"

LILAC.—We regret we cannot help any of our girls to dispose of their paintings.

HELEN MACGREGOR.—We think you must cultivate patience, as too much heat would certainly spoil your work.

PRESTO.—You will find the directions for painting in water-colours in "Sketching from Nature," in this paper. They begin on page 279, vol. ii. With their help you will have no difficulty in mixing your colours, nor in selecting brushes.

JASMINE.—We think the flower you name is a kind of rush, and the colour used would be brown-red; the stem of the bulrush would be greenish, and the top deep red.

MINA GREEN.—Read "Terra Cotta Painting," page 225, vol. ii.

AN ENGLISH GOVERNESS.—Looking at and studying pictures, and reading the works of art-critics, such as Ruskin, and the lives of the great painters may help you. We know of no one book which we could name in particular.

ETHEL.—Perhaps the most celebrated of Mr. Ruskin's works are "Modern Painters," "Seven Lamps of Architecture," and "Stones of Venice;" but the number is so great that we have not space to enumerate all.

BEATRICE.—Sarpedo, or Sarpedon, was a son of Jupiter by Europa, and went to the Trojan war to assist Priam against the Greeks, where he was attended by his friend and companion Glaucus. He met his death at the hands of Patroclus, but only after he had made an immense slaughter of the enemy.

TETRA KRISS.—Such an arrangement is not at all in our power to make.

THE TURKISH MARCH.—1. In all water-colour painting the fewer washes the more transparency you attain. 2. Both methods of pronunciation are perfectly right.

MY QUEEN.—You must scrape the background of the china. Some articles will be given on the subject of painting on various materials.

L. W. R.—We fear we cannot help you further than by suggesting that your bottle of medicine may be bad, and that you should write to the makers and repeat the story you have told us. As they are also the patentees, they can probably give a reason for your failure.

JUNE.—We do not think the shiny look of the photograph will prevent its adhering to the glass. But if you have the instructions you had better proceed by them. The statue which was said to utter vocal sounds when the first beams of the sun fell on it was that of "Memnon," at Thebes. It was formerly believed to be caused by some machinery placed in the head by the Egyptian priests, but recent travellers consider that the material of which the statue is composed (a quartzy sandstone, highly crystallized, and containing much iron) would give a metallic sound when struck, which would much resemble the sound said to have been produced in the early days of Egyptian history. This statue is now in the British Museum, having been conveyed here in 1818.

WORK.

DARKIE.—1. We are much pleased to hear that our monthly dress articles have been so useful to you, and that, being "quite in accordance with the latest Parisian fashions," they save you the expense of buying any other magazine for your assistance in making or purchasing dress. As you reside in Paris, this information will be satisfactory to other readers of our paper, especially those who have to ply their needles for themselves. 2. The postage of the monthly parts of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER varies according to the weight, which is not invariably the same in every part.

A STALWART DRAGOON.—We fear we cannot help you further, as the description seems sufficiently clear.

PATIENCE.—You will find the recipe for a Tam o' Shanter cap on page 591, vol. i. Use either strong glue or gum to make the shells adhere.

LADY VIOLET DUDLEY.—To transfer designs on to material, see page 189, vol. i. For the origin of the barber's pole, see page 416, vol. ii.

STANISLAS.—We do not think your sister's case unusual, but we should have her examined by a doctor. Read "How to Paint on Terra Cotta," page 225, vol. ii.

COURTINA.—The shoe might be an ordinary slipper, which you may cover with a piece of quilted silk of some bright colour. An old one would answer the purpose of the "little woman" and her "many children," if nicely lined and covered.

TWENTY-SEVEN is much thanked for her recipe for the knitting of a vest. Inquiries are coming in on the question, and we give it at once, in view of the coming winter season. Six ounces of "peacock-fingering," and six No. 14 needles. Cast on 252 stitches for a vest of small women's size. Knit 3, and pearl 2 plainly, until there be about two inches in depth of ribbing; then cast off. Pick up the stitches, taking care to have the same number of them, as it is destructive to the design to make an uneven number. Knit eight inches plainly, then divide for the arm hole, leaving 126 stitches on two needles for the back, and the same number on 3 needles for the front. *Drop one stitch, and then knit and pearl the front to and fro, just as for the heel of a stocking, three inches, to finish the front. You need not feel alarmed at finding the vest reduced to only half its due length, as it will be pulled out as long as it was again. Knit 29 stitches for the shoulder * drop one, make one, knit one, and so continue from this asterisk until 29 stitches only be left, and then knit plainly on to the end. Turn back, pearl 29 stitches, cast off 67 stitches, pearl 29 and turn back. Turn back, knit and pearl a depth of one inch for the shoulder, and then drop every other stitch, (but not those outside) making a new one at each place, and cast off. Join on the wool and finish the other shoulder in the same way. Repeat from * for the back, sew up on the shoulders, pull out until the dropped stitches have all run down to the bottom, and finish the top all round with a crochet or knitted edging, or else by a ribbed border to match the ends of the sleeves. To make the latter, cast on 90 stitches upon three needles. Knit 1½ inch of ribbing, and cast off. Pick up the stitches and knit for a space of two inches plainly, then drop every other stitch, making a new stitch at every drop, and cast off very loosely. It may now be sewn into the arm-hole. Of course the respective lengths of both vest and sleeves may be regulated by the wishes of the individual by whom it is to be worn.

MUSIC.

VERITAS VINCIT must inquire for violin (and all other) music at a music shop. We do not recommend pieces, nor give addresses of this description, in our answers to correspondents.

MISS WALDRAM.—Many thanks for your kind and flattering letter. We have forwarded it to Miss Tidd, with its kind offer of assistance at any concerts which may be got up for that charity.

DAISY FLORENCE CAMERON.—We think the primer published by Messrs. Novello would give you the information you seek. The late Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, was with the Prince Consort when he died.

DENVERITA.—Why not try to learn the violin? It would be more generally useful than the zither.

KEYNOTE.—We think the words have been set to music; the song is called "Remember or Forget." We are much obliged by your kind letter.

DASEY.—A great many girls have to bear being "rather surprised" when their letters remain for some time unanswered. We ourselves feel as much surprised at the enormous number of letters that are answered; and that in the comparatively small space we can devote to correspondence. Little Miss "Surprised," must await her due turn like the rest. It is possible that an article may be given on the art of "Feather-work;" but the limits of the space allowed for an answer would not suffice to give the instruction she needs.

LADY PSYCHE.—Mandolins are only somewhat like guitars, but they are essentially dissimilar in two or three respects—as, for instance, in the method of playing. It is contrary to our rules to answer inquiries about prices. You write tolerably well, and are very kind in your commendations.

FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY.—Read "Mendelssohn's 'Songs Without Words,' and How to Play Them," pages 537 and 548, vol. ii. There are plenty of other exercises, including Cramer's, Heller's "Introduction to the Art of Phrasing," Chaulieu's "Extensions," and others.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BLUNDERING BARBARA.—You are perfectly right in correcting a child from the age you name, by a tap or two with your hand, for an act of wilful disobedience. Instant submission and obedience must be required from the first, and this will spare endless trouble afterwards, both to the child and yourself. The first appeal is an arbitrary one to his duty, then follows that to the child's reason, and when he has obeyed unquestioningly from duty; then explain the reason for the command, if desirable, more or less fully, as he may be able to understand the "why and wherefore." Never let him touch the fire, on any account, nor let him, except on your own or someone's lap, ever approach it. The hearthrug should be a tabooed place for a child; unless there be a high nursery-fender all round the hearth; which fender he should never be allowed to lay hold of. Nor should he ever be permitted to throw anything whatever into the fire, even in your presence.

ASTORE.—The meaning of the word is "dear"; we see no impropriety in your wearing it. We advise you to write copies to improve your writing.

IVY LESLIE.—Some articles on the meaning of girls' names are now being given in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. We hope you are better by this time, and feel much sympathy for you in your troubles.

S. L. C.—We are much obliged by your letter. We cannot agree in your opinion as to the illustrations, or as to the alteration of tone which you desire.

PERPLEXED ONE.—"Migdol" means a tower; it is mentioned in Exodus xiv. 2. It is probably the modern Bir Suez, a fortress or tower erected at a watering place a few miles north of Suez, near Edom. We could not help you in the matter.

MOTHERLESS.—It is by no means likely that the various descriptions of excellent soap which you have enumerated are to be credited with giving you the eruption of which you complain. We advise you to attend to your general health, and daily hours and habits respecting meals, work, and exercise. Your digestion may be out of order. Read our articles by "Medicus," and consult a doctor if our advice be insufficient.

ONE OF SIX, IRISH DIAMOND, and NOBODY'S DARLING.—We regret to say that the verses are not correct in their composition, and lack any originality. For "setting smoke pictures," see pages 284 and 399, vol. iii.

A READER.—The central office of the Young Women's Christian Association and Institute Union is at 17, Old Cavendish-street, W., and the secretary is Miss Weitbrecht; travelling secretary, Miss Malden; and secretary for the country and foreign branches, Miss Lucy Moor, Cossington, Clifton, Bristol. A list of about 350 localities in the United Kingdom, at which secretaries and referees hold classes; and also of meetings, may be obtained from the secretary, with addresses of rooms and homes.

NELLIE B.—

"Say not 'Good-night,' but in some brighter clime
Bid me 'Good-morning.'"

is from a poem by Mrs. Barbauld, called "Life."

REBECCA and ROWENA.—There are four Maries mentioned in Scripture beside the mother of Our Lord—Mary, the sister of Lazarus; Mary, the wife of Cleophas; Mary Magdalene, and Mary, a godly woman of Jerusalem, believed to be the mother of John Mark, the Evangelist. The 29th January 1864, was a Friday; the 15th September, 1866, was a Saturday.

CUP and SAUCER.—There is a Girls' Friendly Society Lodge, 11, Red Lion-square, for young lady-clerks. Also a home for working gentlewomen, The Cedars, High-street, Old Battersea, Miss Barton, superintendent, and two students' homes, Brunswick House, Brunswick-square, W.C., and Russell House, Russell-square, W.C. We fully recognise all your difficulties, some of them are to be surmounted by two or three friends living together, and taking unfurnished rooms. But we hope that some of the addresses we give may be of service to you.

M. FLORENCE G.—1. "There is no rule without an exception." Very probably the *majority* of persons force down the quick under the nails by the use of a brush or a penknife in cleaning them. Brushes tear the skin, and make what is called in the nursery "hang-nails." Your nails are evidently of a different description from the more ordinary kind, and need different treatment in some respects. 2. Anyone may change the style of their handwriting if they wish to do so. You may write a thoroughly "formed" hand—that means, invariably the same in character one day as another—and yet change it into another "formed" hand. If we wrote yours, we should select a prettier model. We by no means think your sending a letter to us "a nuisance." You write unusually well with your left hand.

MURIEL DAGMAR seems anxious that we should know that her mother's guests say she "has a splendid touch," and "is a good player." She might thank them, and modestly reply, "you are very kind to say so," or some observation to that effect. 2. It is not usual to shake hands with a gentleman on a first introduction.

MARIANNE.—It would not be idiomatic to say, *Aimiez-vous le sermon?* the second example you suggest is preferable, *Le sermon était-il à votre goût?* The French do not speak of "the mind's eye;" "*l'œil de l'esprit*" would not be idiomatic. We thank you for your good wishes. Your writing is fairly satisfactory, but stiff.

BIDDY.—Were you to read our answers to other correspondents, who wish us to purchase stories and articles, you would see that our staff is complete; and that we are unable to avail ourselves of your offer. We regret that you should be disappointed.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—"The Burial of Moses" was written by Mrs. Alexander. We have answered this question before. Your writing would be improved were the "d," "k" and "h" more in proportion with the rest of the letters.

TOPSY.—Leave the lump alone, if it does not show, it would be foolish to meddle with it. The doctor who told you it arose from a tooth, was probably right.

NINA.—The newest thing in albums this season is one published by Messrs. De la Rue. Each page contains a design of antique lace, thus constituting the album a history of lace. The book is most handsomely prepared and bound, and would form an excellent Christmas present for your friend.

K. A. A.—The quotation, "I could not love thee, dear, so much," is by Richard Lovelace, 1658.

THULO.—The nearest to it is "Mephaath," Josh. xiii. 15. We think you were mistaken in thinking it in the Bible.

HARRIETTE MACGANNON.—The legend is that the snakes which infested the precincts of the convent at Whitby were changed into coils of stone at the prayer of the Abbess Hilda. That is the legend; but the stone-snakes really exist, and are still found at Whitby. They are fossil shells of the secondary period, related to the nautilus, and they are called "Cornu-ammonis," or "Ammonites," the name being derived from an appellation of Jupiter—"Horn of Ammon," when he was represented with the horns of a ram.

AUSTRAL.—The Pass of "Kumiluasi" is over the Andes in Peru, and is 16,160 feet high. You will find all kinds of suitable designs for outline embroidery at page 323, vol. i. We do not answer privately, and regret that we cannot accept your kind offer.

E. G. H.—Many thanks for your letter. You will find your derivation given in the article on Christian names. We think your last conjecture more than likely to be correct.

JACKLESS JILL.—Of course, you may adopt any Christian name you like, in addition to your own; but you should beware that in so doing you do not interfere with any legal papers, settlements, wills and bequests, and trifle with your right of inheritance of any money coming only to the individual who could prove her identity by the real names entered in the baptismal register. You might not be legally recognised under a name not really yours.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.—We thank you for your kind letter. Your hand is not yet formed. Accept our best wishes.

ETH. JONES.—In the possessive case and in the plural you must say, "The libraries of their respective fathers-in-law." Your writing is free and good.

HUMBLE LEARNER.—At any linendraper's or dressmaker's, leaden weights, like buttons, can be procured that will suit your purpose, or you can procure the lead and make them yourself.

TERRA COTTA.—There is an article on the subject of skating in our paper. See page 27, vol. i.

JANE S.—There is a Cripples Nursery at 15, Park-place, Clarence Gate, Regent's-park, N.W., and a Branch Home, at 10, Seaview-terrace, Margate. Address Mrs. Kirk, 15, Park-place, Regent's-park, N.W.

ROSE DAVIES.—The diet should be carefully attended to; and much salt employed. But the method of treatment of such a case cannot be described in this magazine. You should, long ago, have placed your boys under the care of a medical man.

MAUDE SAXBEY.—Your "marrying privately," on account of your lack of means to render marriage judicious, will not better your circumstances; and we fail to see that economy will be ensured by effecting that union by special licence, instead of in the ordinary way. Amongst domestic servants and others, young married people often have to earn their living apart for a time. If your means do not admit of your union with your affianced husband at present, we certainly advise you to be patient, and postpone it until you can change your condition with common prudence.

STRAY LAMB.—Have you no strength of mind that you cannot hold your tongue when disposed to be hasty in your temper? And has not a promise of Divine help been given to those who seek it in persevering prayer?

E. A. STACY.—Many thanks for your kind offer. There are so many books on the subject, and especially an exhaustive one by M. A. Lower, that we think it is not new enough to interest our readers.

MARIAN CATHERINE W.—We thank you for the pleasant little story, which was well written.

DOXIE.—The quotation, "See, how these Christians love one another," is taken from Tertullian, "Apologet." c. 39. "Gigue" is the way in which "gig" was first written by the writers of the 17th and 18th centuries.

STELLA.—We regret that we cannot help you, as your quotations are quite too vague.

ROSA EDITH.—Camellias require heat, and flourish best in a cold greenhouse. Read "Some Talks about Gardening," page 410, vol. i.

GERTRUDE A. FRYER.—"Dry rot" is occasioned by the attacks of fungi, and other parasitic growths; the fine threads of which diffuse themselves through the timber entirely destroying its texture.

TRUST LOVE.—We are obliged by your note and the poem, which latter will not, however, suit our columns.

A SAILOR'S FRIEND and A MARLBOROUGH GIRL.—Many thanks for your suggestion, which has frequently been laid before us.

A WELSH MAIDEN.—"He was a man, take him for all in all," is a quotation from *Hamlet*, act i. scene ii.

TINTO, EDNA IVY, and ADA H.—1. You can procure the numbers and indices from Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. 2. In some future numbers some articles on lace-making will be given.

NANSY PANSY.—Write MS. designed for the Press on one side only of every page, and divide the work into chapters yourself.

C. P. V. and H. H. F.—It would be necessary to demonstrate such designs before you, or to give illustrations which we cannot promise you. You must get a few hints from those in the habit of attending at dinners, and learn, and practise on paper.

MOSS ROSE.—Read all that we have already said, in connection with the inquiries made by our correspondent "Baby Worshipper." We do not give private addresses. 2. The mandolin is an old-fashioned instrument of a very charming kind, and played with a quill. The playing is very difficult of accomplishment; but of the price we cannot give any information. Inquire for yourself at a musical instrument shop, and for an instruction book at a music publisher's. Your appreciation of our paper is gratifying, and we return all your good wishes cordially.

NOBODY.—The ghostly individual (as we must suppose she is, if her name be well selected) may wander where she will with perfect security. But, joking apart, we only lay down a general rule for the good of our readers, to which exceptions may usually be found. We are in ignorance of the locality where she resides; but, at least, we regard her county as one where, formerly, we could leave the hall door unbolted at night without alarm. But in any and all counties, and near large towns, tramps, and gipsies, and drunken men are often to be met, and women are wise, and fortunate, when they will or can walk in pairs. Harvest time, haymaking, and hop-gathering seasons bring dangerous folks into otherwise quiet neighbourhoods; and, sad to say, the women amongst them are known to "aid and abet" bad men in any crime of robbery or violence.

A ZIGZAG.—"There is a book who runs may read" is the first line of a hymn by Keble. It is No. 168 in the new edition of "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

A HOUSEMAID.—We think you had better keep THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for reference. You write an excellent hand.

TODDIE.—The figure at the head of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is drawn from a marble bust, and, as it is not usual to give eyes to statues, we fear we cannot accede to your wish.

JULIETTE.—We do not know of any place, but you should make the inquiry wherever you purchase your machine.

MISS M. D.—The secret of pressing flowers and leaves is to change the paper in which they are placed frequently, and to avoid too sudden pressure at first. After autumn leaves are dried and pressed, they may be varnished with gum arabic, which will make them shiny and bring out the colours.

PAUL VIDOCQ.—Many thanks for your kind offer, but we are already overstocked with all kinds of stories.

S. C. W.—You must put your own shoulder to the wheel, and, taking examples of your work, make inquiries at all the publishers of cards.

A LOVER OF DAMARIS.—The writer of "Curfew shall not ring to-night" is Rosa Hardwicke. We only know it as yet through the weekly press, and have not seen it in a book.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—The lessons on riding were contained in the numbers for October 1st, 1881, and November 26th, 1881. These numbers may be obtained at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

SEDGEMOOR.—The value of old china is variable, fashion having much to do with it. A visit to two or three dealers would give you an idea of what yours is worth by comparing their offers to you. "Spode china" is not *very* valuable.

SOLDANELLA.—Stamped postage covers came into use on May 6th, 1840.

AN EXILE FROM OLD ENGLAND.—We have read the account you name, but its authenticity is disputed; it seems, however, to embody the traditional description of our Blessed Lord's personal appearance. The earliest known picture is in one of the Roman catacombs.

A WELSH GIRL.—Many thanks for your kind letter and its kind wishes. We do not feel entitled to give such information, however, as you ask concerning our contributors.

SYRINGA.—Buddhism dates from the sixth or seventh century B.C.; Mahometanism from the Hegira, July, 622 A.D. We should advise you to study history.

LANSDOWN.—You will find some French books in the foreign catalogue of the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

ANXIOUS ANNIE.—Nothing is a cure, save taking them out with tweezers. The 1st October, 1858, was a Friday.

WILDFANG.—Antigone was the daughter of Œdipus, King of Thebes. She buried her brother Polynices by night, against the orders of King Creon, who ordered her to be buried alive; she committed suicide, however, before the sentence was executed. Her death forms the subject of one of the tragedies of Sophocles.

LITTLE DORRIT.—Yes, he is the son of Charles Dickens. Your writing is an unformed round hand.

JESSUM.—The initials "*R. S. V. P.*" represent the words, "*Répondez, s'il vous plaît,*" the French for "Answer, if you please."

AMY FARLEY.—We thank you for your letter, and are glad to hear that our recipes have proved so very useful to your mother.

SISTER MARIE.—1. We should not always keep a piece of sugar in a canary's cage, but a piece may be occasionally given. 2. There is no resemblance whatever in the respective forms of worship of the Established Church of England, and the "Eglise Protestante" of France.

APPLE BLOSSOM.—We are very sorry for your trouble; but it need not prevent your writing better. Use a softer pen, with a wider nib; and study your spelling a little more. We say this in all kindness. It is pleasant to hear that you derive so much advantage from our paper.

BUTTON.—See our reply to "Dresden China," page 47, Part 34, November, in reference to calling Athens "The City of the Violet Crown."

H. T. J. S. G. F.—1. Be careful what works you read on the subject of geology, as some have been written by very unsound authors. That by J. W. Dawson, LL.D., "The Chain of Life in Geological Time," 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., is excellent, and has illustrations. 2. You must shade the face, following the shape of every part very delicately, and use the proper stump, such as sold for the purpose, afterwards.

BUSY BESSIE.—New volumes of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER always begin in the month of November. See pages 35, 352, and 495, of vol. i., for the recipes you require, in regard to the making of tea-cakes. We do not want to know the real names of our correspondents, it is optional with them. The high value you set on our paper is gratifying to us.

PERPLEXED UNA.—1. The individual in question is bound to make his wishes known to the father confidentially, otherwise the matter would be clandestine. Tell your friend so. The heart of a young minor should not be engaged unknown to the parent still living. 2. Dogs usually go mad from the month of November, and through the winter; not in the "dog-days," as commonly supposed.

C. J. W.—Coin No. 1 appears to be a milled crown or half-crown of Charles II., 1667, value 8s.; No. 2 is a George II. half-crown, date 1731, our coin-list says, "rare and valuable"; No. 3, a crown of Anne, 1708, the letter "E" under the bust means that it was minted at Edinburgh. Worth 8s. 6d.; No. 4 appears to be French, but the rubbing is too imperfect to tell; No. 5, if a sixpence of George II., with a young head, would be worth 2s. or 2s. 6d.; No. 6 is a half-crown of George II., worth from 4s. to 6s.; No. 7, illegible; No. 8, William and Mary halfpenny, 4s. 6d. to 6s.; No. 9, a coin of George III. You do not state the metal of which any of the coins are made, so of course all our readings may be wrong. In writing to ask for such an opinion, we wonder you were not more careful in giving particulars.

A CONSTANT READER.—We do not understand the sentence, and think the authoress must have been misinformed. York is on the Ouse, which is formed by the junction of the Swale and Ure, and again unites with the Trent, to form the Humber.

JASMINE may procure the article in question from any chemist, and we do not think the recipe would be useful to the generality of our readers.

EPSILON.—We do not think the small oil-stove would be in any way injurious, if you were careful to ensure absolute cleanliness in its use. Most of the tortoises are inhabitants of warm climates, the largest variety being the Indian tortoise.

LOUISE HELENE.—Inquire for it at any bookseller's, and he will obtain it for you. We give no such addresses.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.—People now wear both gold and silver trinkets when in mourning, and when of a deeper description than that for a great-aunt. Consult our indices for directions respecting the treatment of the hair. We cannot continue to give the same answers through every successive volume of this paper. Your writing is fairly good.

CYMBELINE.—To cut the nails "to a point" is both ugly and otherwise objectionable, as they may scratch other people, and catch in muslin, &c. We need not look as if we had birds' claws, like Nebuchadnezzar.

ZARA.—There is a Governesses' Benevolent Institution, 32, Sackville-street, which grants annuities. Also there is a Home and Registration office at 47, Harley-street, W., and likewise an Aged Asylum at Chislehurst.

HAY? (Beachwood.)—We would gladly answer your letter, but we find it impossible to decipher it, and can hardly read the signature.

LALLA ROOKH.—"Lorraine" is derived from "Lotharingia," the Kingdom of Lotharius, which christian name means "illustrious warrior," and is the same as "Luther." An egg is used to cleanse the hair only. Your writing is large and clear, but not pretty.

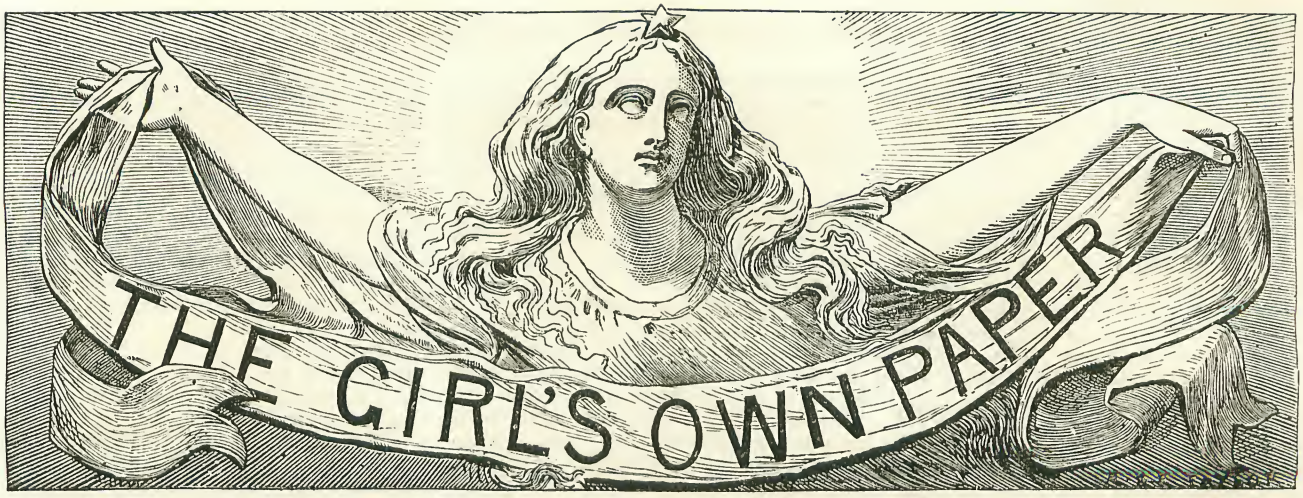
LONGSHANKS.—The saying has its origin in a matter of fact, as was exemplified in the recent experiments in Aberdeen.

COUNTRY MOUSE.—You must be guided by the wishes and opinions of your father and mother.

BATHSHEBA.—We cannot help you. The peculiar smell seems to be given in the stamping process, when the pattern is put on. February 12, 1862, was a Wednesday.

ERMENTRUDE.—"*Audi alteram partem,*" means "hear the other side"; "*sine quâ non,*" means "an indispensable condition"; and "*invicta,*" "unconquered."

EAGLEHURST.—We should think Spain the best country for a riding tour, as we have heard of several parties going there.



VOL. IV.—NO. 156.] DECEMBER 23, 1882. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

LAURA LEIGH.

A TALE OF HIGHBRIDGE PAPER MILLS.

By the Author of "Cora; or, Three Years of a Girl's Life," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

WHAT MRS. ASHTON SAID.

A WEEK or two after Laura had left Highbridge, Mrs. Ashton, in her clinging crapes and widow's weeds, drove over to the curate's house, and asked to see Marion.

It was early in the morning, and Mrs. Hayward was in the kitchen, trying a new recipe for making cold mutton into a tasty and savoury dish. It was to be quite as nourishing, and to have all the properties of the meat when first dressed (vide recipe).

Of course Marion was anxious her

All rights reserved.] "'I SEE YOU ARE BUSY, SO I WILL NOT STAY LONG.'"

dish should turn out well, she meant it for her husband's dinner when he came in from parish visiting. But at Mrs. Ashton's summons, she left the dainty mixture on the stove, and went into the parlour with a slight flush on her cheeks —and wearing her cooking apron.

"I see you are busy, so I will not stay long," said the visitor as she shook Marion warmly by the hand; "but I thought a chat with you might do me good, I am feeling so depressed and cast down this morning. The house is more desolate than ever, now Vincent is gone."

"Gone! Your son gone away? I am surprised to hear that," said Marion, and she felt the flush deepening in her cheeks—for of course she thought at once of Laura and her misdeeds.

"Yes, he went away nearly a week ago. There was business in the north, that had to be seen to, sooner or later, and I persuaded him this was just the right time to take it in hand."

"Change is good for us all sometimes," said the curate's wife, sagely.

"Yes, and I hope the change of scene and associations may be of use to Vincent. He has not been in his usual spirits lately, and I may as well say I do not think your cousin, Laura Leigh, treated him fairly. She has the art of winning affections, but that is no reason why she should trifle with them when won. Was it right of her to raise hopes she never intended to fulfil? Was it right of her to come, with that fair, false face of hers, to make sport of my son's love? It was a true, honest love he gave her. He offered her the devotion of his life—asked her to share his home and fortunes, and though she *seemed* to have been luring him on to offer marriage, he was met by the reply that she had been all the time engaged to another man."

"Laura was thoughtless, I confess, but I do not think she acted as she did from the design you attribute to her."

"What else could she have meant? It was no mere foolish flirtation on her part. She seemed just as much in earnest as Vincent was—and one cannot blame him that his hopes ran high. He had planned out a grand future for them both—for what could be more noble in the sight of men, in the sight of God, than lives dedicated to usefulness to their fellow creatures? — and there was a noble field open for them amongst our people, work at their very door, one may say. He used to tell me of his projects, and I, like a foolish, fond mother, encouraged him to give me his confidence, for I believed, as he did, that Miss Leigh had a high sense of honour, and was as true and good as she was fair."

"Poor Vincent! how sorry I am," sighed Marion.

"You may well pity him. His is a deep heart sorrow, and though he talks little about it, though he will not allow me to blame your cousin, or to say hard things about her, still, I can see how disappointed he is. In my belief, he used to go mooning about to all Miss Leigh's favourite haunts, like a pilgrim to his shrines—recalling associations, feeding regrets that were only useless. I always thought him *so* sensible, *so* strong before this happened, but I suppose young people will have young people's feelings and affections to the end of time. And so I advised him to go away for a month or two."

Marion looked up at last with her clear, candid eyes, and said with a little asperity—

"My sympathies are altogether with your son, Mrs. Ashton, and I wish from my heart Laura could have accepted him for a husband. Why she engaged herself to a man like Eustace Montague is a puzzle to me, and I can only believe some home influence has been used to bring about the betrothal. Perhaps, after all, my cousin is more to be pitied than blamed."

"Just what Vincent says—he will not allow her to be blamed. Mine may be old-fashioned notions, but I consider Laura has acted equally ill to her intended husband as she has done to my son. I know but little of the gay modern London world, to which she belongs, but I believe many things are sanctioned there, which we, with our lowly simple country ways, could not approve. They may call it a triumph to sport with human affections, to laugh at the distress of the hearts that they have won. This may be the case, and your cousin perhaps has learned to think thus, but I do not believe it is her nature to be cruel."

"I am sure it is not—she is gentle, kind, and considerate as possible in every other but this unfortunate instance. For example, she has won my children's affections most thoroughly—Mysie and Trot were both in despair for days after she left us."

Mrs. Ashton sighed, as she said—

"That is another instance of her influence. I suppose she has forgotten us all by this time, and is the gayest of the gay amongst her London friends."

"On the contrary, Laura is leading a very retired life at present. I had a letter from her yesterday, and she tells me Blanche is occupied with preparations for her marriage, and that her father is very ill, physically and mentally. She devotes all her time to him, hardly ever goes out, and sees no one unless positively compelled to do so. Laura is anything but the 'gayest of the gay.' In fact, her letter struck me as having been written in bad spirits. There is a strange mixture of festivity and gloom in her home just now."

"Then I conclude that her lover has not returned yet?"

"She said he was on his passage from Gibraltar—he will be back in time for Blanche Leigh's wedding."

"Well, I wish the poor child every happiness, and tell her from me, that if I can ever be of service to her, ever take the part of a friend towards her, I shall be glad to do so, despite all that has happened. I have to write to Vincent by this post, and I wish I had better news to send him."

"I wish you had," echoed Marion, as she followed her guest out to the front gate, and waited for the pony carriage to be driven up nearer. She still wore her cooking apron, and as soon as Mrs. Ashton had driven away, returned to the kitchen, to see how the dainty dish of cold mutton, prepared according to the new recipe, was getting on.

Alas! she found it a smoking mass of dust and ashes on the hob, for Ann had gone upstairs to sweep out a bedroom, and had forgotten to remove the saucepan away from the flames. So a new dish had to be prepared for the curate's dinner.

After this day, Mrs. Ashton drove over several times to the curate's house, for it seemed a sort of comfort to talk to Marion about Laura and Vincent.

This incident had disturbed the monotony of her secluded life, had somehow served to rouse her interest and energies to activity again. She was eager to hear every scrap of news about Laura, and Mrs. Hayward strongly suspected all these fragments of information were repeated in her letters to her son.

It happened about this time, the Rev. Henry Hayward had the offer of a good living out in Australia, which he gladly accepted, and preparations for going were at once commenced, for it was required that he should leave England as soon as possible.

What glowing expectation reigned in the cottage at this favourable change of prospects! Mysie and Trot were half wild with delight at the idea of going to places they had often found out on the maps. The idea of crossing the seas, and seeing no end of strange and delightful things, represented perfect bliss to them; they counted the days and hours that must pass ere they set out.

Mrs. Hayward was glad also, for she remembered there would be no more pinching and scraping in their daily *ménage* in future, no cooking of cold meats over and over again, no weary mending and piecing of garments already worn threadbare.

The curate's meagre income would be a thing of the past, a more generous sum for outlay would be the rule in future.

Still, she was sorry to leave Highbridge and the people to whom she had been so long accustomed, and she shared her husband's regrets when the time of parting came.

Mingled with these regrets, there was still great thankfulness. They were going forth, they hoped, to a fresh, free, vigorous, beautiful life, in a climate that was like a long summer's day.

Mrs. Ashton drove over to the cottage as soon as the news reached her. She held Marion's hand in hers, as she said in a grave, sad way—

"I shall miss you and your worthy husband more than I can tell, for I have grown too old and weary to seek for new friends. But for Vincent's sake, I should draw in like a snail within its shell. I should retire more than ever from the world."

"You must rouse yourself for his sake," urged Marion.

"Yes, I know that is my duty. With my feeble strength I ought to help him in every way, as far as I am able. He will be sorry to find you and Mr. Hayward gone from the place when he

returns here. I suppose we shall never see your cousin in this part of the world again."

"Hardly, I think; I have not heard from Laura lately, though her sister's wedding must be over long since. It is not usual for her to be so remiss in writing."

"Miss Leigh is by nature a bright, sweet girl," said Mrs. Ashton, presently.

"When you next write to her, say my resentment towards her is gone, and I repeat I am still her friend, despite all that has happened."

"I will certainly give her your message."

"And add, that if ever she is in trouble or needs a friend's assistance or sympathy, she may come to me unhesitatingly, for my heart yearns towards the poor motherless child, surrounded as she is by influences that must act unfavourably on her nature."

"Laura will be pleased to know of your kind feeling towards her," replied Marion, much moved by Mrs. Ashton's evident earnestness and emotion.

Ere long, Mrs. Hayward and the widow parted, never to meet again. A wide, vast stretch of waters soon lay between them, as the curate and his family voyaged forth to their new life in the strange land.

Thus it became less than ever probable Laura would revisit Highbridge again, for the links that bound her to the place were severed by Marion's departure.

(*To be continued.*)

CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS.

By L. C. Silke.

CHAPTER II.

CHRIST AS KING.

We learn a different lesson from the next part of our subject—the coming of the wise men from the East (St. Matthew ii. 1-11).

They came to worship Christ as *King*.

To reach Him they had to leave home and country and take a long, weary journey. They probably came from beyond the Euphrates, and very likely were at least four months upon the road.

"Everywhere throughout the East men were looking for the advent of a great king who was to rise from among the Jews." How disappointed these magi must have felt when, after their long journey, they at length reached Jerusalem, to find that the Jews themselves knew nothing of a king born in the land. And when told of it, they do not believe or care about it. The Scribes could tell from the written word where Christ was to be born, yet it does not appear that they went themselves. Like sign-posts they pointed the way, but failed to take it. We do not read of any from Jerusalem joining themselves to this little company of strangers as they proceeded on their way to Bethlehem.

But they persevered in their search, and followed the star until at length it led them to the Sun of Righteousness Himself, who was even then arising "with healing in His wings." Let us imitate them; let us follow the light we have, even though at present it is only like a faint, feeble glimmering; but let us make much of it, and walk in it, and then for us too will come the day when the Sun of Righteousness will break through all mists and clouds and shine upon our gladdened sight. Maybe, for the present, even though we are praying Christ to manifest Himself to us, yet we seem to see Him not, and our eyes are still dim; but if we are honestly seeking, then the word for us is, "Though the vision tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry." For are we not told that "light is sown for the righteous," and "the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth *more and more* unto the perfect day"?

At length these persevering seekers find Him whom they seek, and, falling down before Him, worship Him, presenting their offerings, the usual gifts of homage to a ruler.

Are there not these two steps generally in the history of a soul?

The first step is to come to Christ as Saviour; and to do that there is, or need be, no weary journey to take, no offering to bring—only a sigh from the penitent heart, only a prayer, a look.

But then comes the taking Christ as King, the yielding ourselves to His service, the offering of all we have and all we are—our most costly things—to Him, and that is often a later step. When we come to Him as sinners to be saved He asks nothing, but gives pardon freely, "without money and without price." But then, having become his redeemed ones, and that at no less a cost than His own life laid down, He expects us to keep back nothing from Him, even as He gave all for us.

Could He demand less than our whole-hearted allegiance? He must reign as King, enthroned in our hearts—supreme there, without a rival.

This full consecration is often not an early step in the Christian life. Many are content to be half-hearted; they wish to keep a little of the world, a little of self; and it is long before they yield themselves entirely. And yet, so long as we refuse to give Him *all*, to make over ourselves *wholly* to Him, we are keeping back that to which He has a right, we are defrauding Him of that which is His own, and are guilty of robbing God. "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me" (Mal. iii. 8). "This word 'rob' implies the withholding what is right, either in measure or quantity." In Mal. i. 7, 8, and 13 we see the people of Israel offering that which was bad in *quality*—the torn, the lame, the sick—that which came short of their *best*. In chap. iii. 8-10 they are reproved for bringing that which was deficient in *quantity*, not that full measure which they might and ought to have brought.

How have we been acting? Have we always brought our best? or have we too sometimes offered the torn and the lame? and given scant measure of service?

The magi brought costly offerings worthy of a king.

And Mary brought a costly offering when she lavished that ointment of spikenard upon the feet of Jesus (John xii. 3-5). Why was she not content to make something less expensive do? Because Christ was enthroned in her heart as King. A smaller offering might have sufficed for a lesser person; but to the King of her heart and life must be brought an offering meet for a king—at any rate, nothing short of her very best.

And yet often that which seems poor and of little account in man's sight is esteemed by Christ as of great value. That widow who only threw two mites into the treasury was said by Him to have "cast in more than they all;" and yet many a rich man had been bringing his gifts that day. But she had brought her *all*: of her "penury" she had cast in "all the living that she had." She might have given the half, the one mite; but she lavishly cast both in, in the true spirit of love, which does not ask, "How little need I give?" but "How much may I give?"

Do not Christ's words of commendation teach us that He looks not so much at the value of the gift in itself, as at the *proportion* it bears to that which we have received from Him? For when we give it is only out of that which He has first bestowed upon us and entrusted to our stewardship.

Let all we have be consecrated to Him: not only our substance but our service, our time, our talents.

Some feel they are not gifted as others are. Still let them offer of that which they "have" (Luke xi. 41), even if their service, as compared with that of others, may seem but as the widow's mite contrasted with the offerings which the rich men cast that day into God's treasury. She gave "of her penury," not thinking her poverty excused her from giving; indeed, she did not want any excuse, she was so bent on giving; nor, on the other hand, did she yield to the feeling that having so little to offer it was almost useless to bring it, and therefore it might as well be withheld.

Let us see that we imitate her example. If we have but *one* talent let us give that up to God, and never doubt its being most graciously accepted. For, "if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that *a man hath*, and not according to that he hath not."

Perhaps of many a timid worker, mistrustful of her powers, and possessed it may be of but slender capabilities, but true in heart and pure in motive, Christ may be saying even now as His eye marks her humble service, "She hath cast in *more than they all*."

On the other hand, all is worthless unless love be the constraining motive. St. Paul says, "Though I bestow *all my goods* to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing" (1 Cor. xiii. 3). For want of this the Pharisees' offerings were not acceptable, even though they "gave tithes of all that they possessed."

What can we bring as our offering to our King? Let us each look into the matter, turning over our store, as it were, to see what we have of most costly, that we may present it; for surely if we have come to Christ at all, if we know what it is to be delivered from death and condemnation, we shall long to prove our gratitude, and hasten to do homage to our great Deliverer. We cannot be content to stand apart whilst others are pressing into His presence with their "gold, and frankincense, and myrrh" to lay at His feet. Our one little talent will do; this gracious King does not despise offerings which, in an earthly monarch's sight, would be contemptible, because in this case love, with its wondrous alchemy, can turn all into gold. Let us remember we are never required to give of that which we have not, are never told to go and trade with other people's talents. The great thing is, so to live and so to act that Christ may be able to say of each one of us, "She hath done *what she could*."

Think of the rewards our King gives His followers. Nothing less than a kingdom, and that an eternal one. What other king ever had such things to bestow on all his loyal subjects?

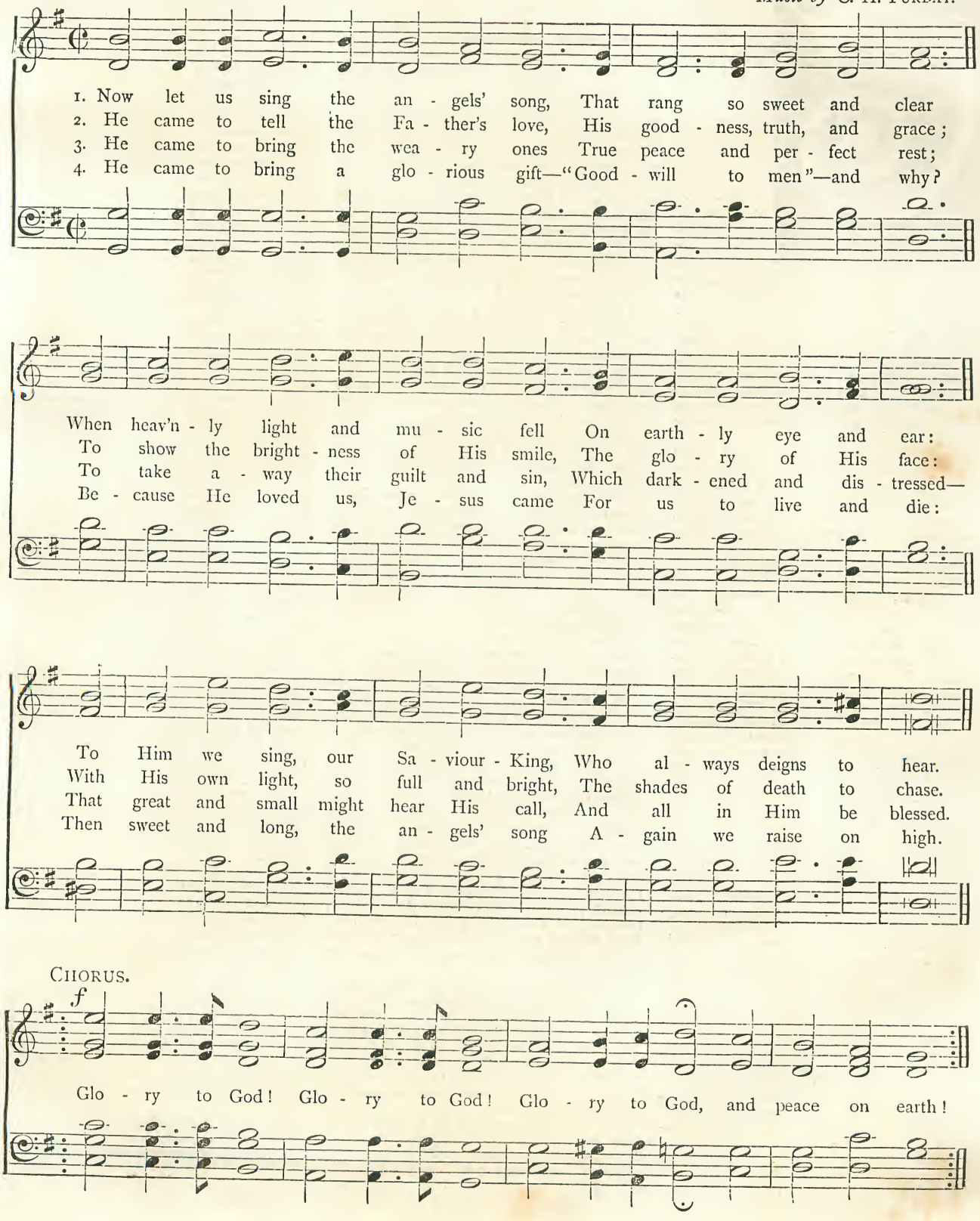
Shall we run the risk of losing all this through indolence or sloth, or an unwillingness to part with all, to surrender ourselves fully? Satan will tempt us to barter our heavenly inheritance for some "mess of potage," like Esau. But let us constantly fly to our Lord for help against his temptations, remembering that our glorious "King on His throne," who has all power and the entire angelic host at His command, is also the "same Jesus" who came down to earth as the Saviour of the lost, the Deliverer of the captives, the Healer of the sick, the Helper of the tempted.

Shall we not take Him as *our* Saviour and King?

CHRIST'S MAS
Gloria in Excelsis
On Earth Peace

THE ANGELS' SONG.

Words by FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. *Music by* C. H. PURDAY.



A FAREWELL.

By ANNE BEALE.

OOD-BYE," or "God be with you," are solemn words at all times, but they are especially so when employed to bid farewell to friends about to leave us for distant lands.

Very pathetic, if not absolutely sad, was our parting with two young ladies who had been guided by the Holy Spirit to devote themselves to a missionary life in that "Land of the Book," Syria. To bid them God speed, according to the literal meaning of that term, many people, interested in them and in good works, assembled at Nine Elms Mission Hall, Wandsworth-road. This is a great centre of Christian labour, and hence radiate beams of light ready to pour their effulgence both near and far.

Here these dear girls were trained in the Mission Institute, and hither we came for a farewell meeting in the fall of the year. The large hall, which was built for religious meetings, is sometimes filled with discharged prisoners, assemblies of railway *employés* from Nine Elms Station—navvies and working men generally—or gatherings of the poor of the neighbourhood. On the occasion in question, a different kind of company met. One by one the members of the Nine Elms Ladies' Association appeared, clad in their unobtrusive black dresses, close bonnets and veils. Mrs. Meredith, the foundress of these numberless institutions, came first, followed by her sister, Miss Lloyd, who superintends the Missionary Institute, not far from the hall. Then came Miss Cavendish, head of the Educational branch of the Institute, and originator of the Christian Women's Education Union. With them were the young ladies training for service in the Divine Master's vineyard. Amongst the latter, and in no wise distinguished from them, were the twain about to leave their native land for foreign climes. They looked very sweet and calm as they stood amongst their friends, all of whom were warmly attached to them. As the room gradually filled, they were surrounded by others, anxious to learn particulars of their intended journeyings and labours. They replied simply and clearly to all questions.

"We follow the Lord's leading," they said. "We are going to teach in Mrs. Bowen Thompson's British Syrian Schools. We have first to learn the Arabic language, which, we understand, is very difficult. No; we have no particular aptitude at acquiring languages, but we believe God will help us. We were to have gone with Mr. Mackintosh, who has been twenty years a missionary in Syria, but he has been suddenly obliged to give up the journey, owing to the illness of his wife. We hope to be met at Port Said by a sister working in the hospital there. We have no fear, but are prepared to follow the Lord's guidance. Our friends consent to our going. Beyrout is our destination, and we hear the climate is delicious; but we do not yet know whether we shall remain there, or be sent elsewhere."

Such was the burden of their speech, while the hall filled, and until their pastor, Mr. Campe, arrived. Then they seated themselves amongst the assembly to listen to his valedictory address. This was, however, preceded by earnest prayer and a beautiful missionary hymn. One of the students of the institute presided at the harmonium, and she had evidently much ado to restrain her tears as her young friends were commended to the protection of their heavenly Father. Indeed, it seemed impossible to refrain from weeping, and all present, save the young missionaries themselves, had tears in their eyes. They were sustained by a strength not their own.

Very affectionate and solemn were the words spoken by Mr. Campe, who, having been himself a missionary, was able to sympathise with them in all their holy thoughts and aspirations. He did not attempt to gloss over their probable trials and difficulties, but told them they would perhaps suffer "hardships" in their Saviour's cause, and have to bear loneliness and privations amongst a people who could not understand them; but, he said, there was One who could be with them at all times, and who could make "the wilderness to blossom as the rose." It was apparent that he would miss their valuable help in his parish, for he told them how many of his poor flock asked for them. "I hear frequently," he said, "'When is that nice lady coming to see us? We do like her, and wish she would visit us again. Do ask her to come and see us,' which is encouraging, if melancholy."

This allusion to the love they would leave behind them did doubtless soothe and pain their spirits at the same time. They would have pleasant memories of work done at home to refresh them when toiling in strange soil. And this teaches us that all are not called upon to leave their native country in order to serve the Lord, but that there is always work for us at our very doors.

When Mr. Campe had concluded his address, and another inspiring hymn had been heartily sung, Mrs. Meredith rose to speak for and of her young friends. That lady must command respect and admiration wherever she appears, for few, if any, have done more for their fellow sinners than she has done. Following in the wake of Mrs. Fry, she has espoused the cause of poor prisoners, visited them in their cells, taken charge of their hapless children, and provided work for them when released from durance. The important steam laundries she has raised are at Nine Elms, while the Village Homes for the children are at Addlestone, in Surrey, where she herself resides. Coffee palaces, and every sort of missionary work, accompany and follow her at both places; so that there is a machinery, so to say, of charity set going that will, we hope, be kept in motion so long as "we have the poor with us," and that, our Saviour tells us, is "always."

Mrs. Meredith gave a full and clear account of what the missionary students had done, and would be expected to do. She said that she was able to speak with authority, because she had laboured with them and watched them over two years, and knew them to be trained practically in all branches of mission work. Their inclination, however, was for teaching the young, and such being the case, and instructors being needed in the Syrian schools, they had selected that field, and would go forth in faith to teach the Syrian children, and, with the blessing of God, to introduce the Gospel amongst them. In order that they should become capable mistresses, not only religiously, but practically, one of them had studied the Kindergarten system, and the other elementary education according to the Act of Parliament, which would enable her to organise a school up to its standard. Both had been engaged in teaching the children of the Village Homes, as well as the district poor, and had been much blessed in bringing the little ones to Jesus.

They had also been district visitors, and aided in the difficult work amongst the discharged prisoners. They had stood at the prison gates at nine o'clock in the morning, when, on an average, forty women are daily discharged, to invite them to a meal of hot coffee and rolls in the small room opposite, and to honest labour afterwards. Here they had learnt to sympathise with the outcasts, and to reason and pray with them, which must be a good preparation for consecutive work for the Lord. For, "to will" and "to do" are not always synonymous. It is necessary to study before going forth to fight Christ's battles, so that we may be armed at all points, and give of our best power to His service. To use Mrs. Meredith's own words, "Thus, we send them out practised, approved, capable, and with no other view than to see the young early given to the Lord. They go abroad, not as separated from our association, but as members, to work at a distance, and stay or return according to God's will." Thus, it will be readily understood that if young women are led to choose missionary work as their life occupation, they must be trained for it, as for any other position. In connection with the Nine Elms Ladies' Association, four ladies are now undergoing a course of education as medical missionaries. In order that no disrepute may rest upon them when acting as doctors in the Zenanas of India, or elsewhere, they will pass through the usual medical courses and take their M.D. degrees; while, in addition, they will learn at the Institute how to save the soul, while healing the body.

Everyone now acknowledges that women are well fitted to enter, as doctors, those Indian homes where men are not allowed; and already they have been of much temporal and spiritual benefit to their much neglected sisters in the Zenanas, or women's quarters. Not long ago, a native Syrian missionary told us how he longed to take back with him one such lady to help him; and from all parts comes a cry for similar aid. Want of funds is too often the drawback, and Mrs. Meredith told us that one of the students alluded to needed material help to complete her course.

It is not surprising that parents and friends should object to their children leaving them for other countries; still, when they see that the call is imperative, it may be advisable not only to give free consent, but to assist them in their self-dedication to Almighty God—that highest of all service—and not to refuse "The silver and the gold."

Very emphatic were Mrs. Meredith's words. It was evident that both she and the other ladies were deeply and earnestly interested in these young girls, so soon to leave them, and their loving prayers for them were met by responses from every heart in the room. If ever genuine supplication ascended to the throne of the Most High, it did then and there. And praise was superadded; for the closing hymn, "The Land of Beulah," was triumphant, and proved that it is possible to be lifted above all worldly considerations, even while in this our sublunary sphere. Standing side by side, the young girls joined in the song,

while Miss Lloyd and Miss Cavendish led it, and the rest of the assembly united with heart and voice. This is the concluding verse, or refrain :—

"Oh Beulah Land; sweet Beulah Land!
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me!
And view the shining glory shore:
My heaven, my home, for evermore."

When Mr. Campe had solemnly offered prayer and pronounced the benediction, the meeting closed. Then all pressed round those who had been thus dedicated to God's service, and very hearty were the embraces and handshakes given and received. "Sympathy is very sweet," said one of them, with a grasp of the hand which proved her words. Their young companions expressed themselves sorry to be left behind, and said they waited to be called forth in their turn. Amongst those who spoke to them was a lady just returned from Egypt, who had been engaged in hospital work there. She was very encouraging, for she hoped soon to return and resume her labours, as Miss Whately had already done at Cairo. She had been compelled to leave, owing to the war, but now that it was happily over, she looked forward to being again at work. She appeared so bright and cheerful, and so like any ordinary well but simply dressed Englishwoman, that anxiety for others about to be transported, like herself, to Mahometan surroundings, vanished.

"They will be sure to meet English friends," was the comforting prophecy.

Consoling, also, was that universal restorative "tea," which might not inaptly be called, "the Missionary Beverage," since it tends to introduce religion to classes that, but for invitations to partake of it, might not be reached at all.

Our "five o'clock tea" was administered by the students of the institute. We were surrounded by religious literature, pictures, and garments made by the prison women, and sold to such passers-by as chose to enter and purchase. Here, also, were specimens of the illuminated and well-written letters, intended to be sent to every prisoner, male and female, in every gaol in the United Kingdom. Ladies from all parts write them—by hand, not machine—and many are embellished by beautiful flowers or devices, also hand-painted. Some 20,000 are needed by Christmas Eve, to reach the poor souls on the morn of the nativity of Him who died to save such as they.

In all these manifold good works have the youthful missionaries had a share, and with many a prayer and many a heartfelt blessing, we bade them farewell, and commended them to the gracious keeping of their covenant God.

We will venture to quote a few lines from a letter written by Mrs. Meredith since they left England, which cannot fail of being interesting:—"Their departure by the 'Dacca' and their journey to Malta were specially happy and comfortable. The way seems made easy for them. Two timid girls as they were, unacquainted with the work save by report,

"Yet they freely all abandon, led by Jesus Christ alone,
And with Jesus through the trackless deep move on."

They addressed our final meeting at Addlestone, where all were present with whom they had laboured, and all the little children. I never witnessed such evidence of the power they have received — no tears, no shrinking from labour, but just going forward and casting themselves on the Lord. It was a lovely, solemn parting, in beautiful harmony with the work we have in hand. So much is done here, that we are ready to send our members to regions beyond—trained veterans prepared to serve in the field, and going out in full armour.

Let us pray that the eternal Father, Son, and Holy Spirit may go with them.

VARIETIES.

KIND CONSOLATION.—A man was one day returning from market with a shoulder of veal in one hand, and in the other a paper containing instructions as to the manner in which it should be dressed. A dog, passing, snatched the joint and ran away with it. The friends of the man consoled him by saying that "though the dog had stolen the meat, he had not got the recipe how to dress it."

LEARNING LESSONS FROM THE BLIND.—Conversing one day with a philosopher, says the poet Saadi, I entreated him to tell me of whom he had acquired so much knowledge. "Of the blind," answered he, "who do not lift their feet until they have first sounded with their stick the ground on which they they are going to tread."

FLOWERS AND ROOTS.

Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen;
Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

COMPLICATED RELATIONSHIP.

A certain Mr. Hardwood had two daughters by his first wife, the eldest of whom was married to one John Coshick, she being his second wife. This Coshick had a daughter by his first wife, whom old Hardwood married, and by her he had a son; therefore John Coshick's second wife could say as follows:—

"My father is my son, and I'm my mother's mother;
My sister is my daughter, and I'm grandmother to my brother."

THE ACQUIREMENT OF KNOWLEDGE.—The mind is like a trunk. If well packed it holds almost anything; if ill-packed, next to nothing.

A MODEST AND PRUDENT REPLY.—If anyone tells you such a one has spoken ill of you, do not refute her in that particular, but answer—Had she known all my faults she would not have spoken only of that one.—*Epictetus.*

ACTING WITH PRUDENCE.—Conduct thyself always with the same prudence as though thou wert observed by ten eyes and pointed at by ten fingers.—*Confucius.*

AT A MONARCH'S COURT.—Some courtiers of Philip the Good once excited him to punish a prelate who had ill-used him. Philip, however, refused. "I know," said he, "that I can avenge myself, but it is a fine thing to have vengeance in one's power and not to use it."

WRONGING ONE'S MOTHER.—The son of Aaron Raschild, says the poet Saadi, came to make a complaint and demand redress of a man who had calumniated his mother. "Oh, son," said Aaron Raschild to him, "you are doing a greater wrong to your mother than he; for you will cause it to be believed that she did not teach you forgiveness."

A WIFE'S TRIUMPH.

There was once a man who had so bad a temper that his wife, although she behaved to him with the utmost attention and affection, had never once pleased him since their marriage. He made a point of contradicting whatever she said; in short, would contend that black was white.

It happened that he went out one day, and passing the market bought a very fine pike, which he desired might be sent home with directions to his wife to have it dressed for dinner at such an hour. The servant took in the dish and informed her mistress of it, who immediately asked if any directions had been left as to how it was to be dressed. The servant replied that her master had sent no other message than that he should dine at home at a certain hour.

"Alas!" exclaimed the mistress, "what is to be done? If we wait his return, he will be enraged to find that nothing is prepared; if I boil it, he will prefer it roasted; if I roast it, he likes it better stewed; if I stew it, it should have been fried; and if I fry it, he always eats it ricasseed. So, what can I do, to avert his ill-will and anger?"

"Oh," said the servant, "a thought has struck me. As the pike is a very large one, cut it in five parts, and dress each in a different manner."

This singular scheme was put in execution, and succeeded so well that the husband on his return was thoroughly convinced of his wife's desire to please him, and having for once had a glimpse of his wife's peculiarly good and his own extraordinarily ill-nature, he was from that time so softened in disposition that they very seldom had any disputes.

NOBLE COUNSEL.—Be substantially great in thyself and more than thou appearest with others, and let the world be deceived in thee as they are in the lights of heaven.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

MISTAKEN EDUCATION.—Woman's education is often a gaudy and tawdry setting which cumbers and almost hides the jewel it ought to bring out.

IN THE LIGHT OF EXPERIENCE.—Coleridge compared experience to the stern lights of a vessel, which illuminate only the track over which it has passed.

A NOTE UPON READING.—Reading without purpose is sauntering, not exercise. More is got from one book on which the thought settles for a definite end in knowledge than from libraries skimmed over by a wandering eye. A cottage flower gives honey to the bee, a king's garden none to the butterfly.—*Edward Bulwer.*

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.—A sin without its punishment, here or hereafter, is as impossible, as complete a contradiction in terms, as a cause without an effect.

THE BEGINNINGS OF EVIL.

We are not worst at once—the course of evil
Begins so slowly, and from such slight source,
An infant's hand might stem its breach with clay;
But let the stream get deeper, and Philosophy,
Aye, and Religion too, shall strive in vain
To turn the headlong torrent.—*Old Author.*

FINDING FAULT WITH THE LOOKING-GLASS.—An old woman, looking at her glass, and finding that it too faithfully reflected her sunk eyes, wrinkled face, and livid complexion, was overheard saying, "They do not make mirrors so well as they used to do."

A CURIOUS INSCRIPTION.—At the entrance of the church of San Salvador, in the city of Oviedo, in Spain, is a most remarkable tomb, erected by a prince named Silo, with a curious Latin inscription, which may be read two hundred and seventy ways, by beginning with the capital S in the centre.

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

CHAPTER I.

"MY FIRST YEARS."

I AM a descendant of the world-famed Robinson Crusoe, and it was my father's pride in this fact that led to the choice of the name of Robina for his only daughter. As a matter of course, I had, at a very early age, read the history of my renowned ancestor; and deeply I regretted that my sex precluded me from a seafaring life, which I regarded as the only one likely to gratify the love of adventure, seemingly inborn with me.

One of my favourite amusements was that of forming an imaginary island in a corner of our extensive grounds, and then wandering for hours, in fancy making wonderful discoveries.

Imagine then my delight when my father received an appointment in one of our colonies, and orders were given to us to prepare ourselves for the journey.

I was then about sixteen years of age, my island had long ceased to amuse me; but, with naturally robust health and abundance of energy, for the exercise of which I thought I had too little scope, the idea of the change perfectly enchanted me.

The voyage was made in safety, and nothing eventful enough to be worthy of record occurred either then or during the four ensuing years.

At the end of that period, two of our friends, an officer and his wife, being about to take a trip to England, and to spend a few months on the Continent, invited me to accompany them; and my parents, thinking it would be beneficial for me in many ways, consented to part with me; and now began, indeed, a life of real adventure, and of danger, seldom if ever surpassed, and a description of which will, I believe, interest my young readers.

We had not yet quitted the tropical zone when a furious storm set in, and, lasting through the whole night, it left the vessel a wreck on a reef of low rocks. At three o'clock in the morning the passengers and crew were ordered to leave the ill-fated ship and take to the boats, and not having undressed—for who, indeed, could sleep through such perilous hours?—we were soon ready. In the hope of preserving something I loved from destruction, and partly from an instinctive feeling that I too might be entering on a life similar to that of my noted ancestor, I slipped a small volume of Shakespeare into my pocket, placing my Testament for greater security inside the bodice of my dress; the latter instinct urging me to secure my good old-fashioned housewife, by no means small in its dimensions (my belongings were always more useful than ornamental), also a clasp knife and a flask.

Though outwardly calm, I cannot but own I felt considerably agitated; still, when we were assembled on deck, I had sufficient self-possession to encircle my waist with a piece of rope I saw near me, and into it I stuck a knife which was also lying at hand. For a moment something akin to pleasure flashed across me, as I thought, "Is it possible I am about

to realise my childhood's dream of repeating my hero's experience in my own life?" but the memory of home and the loved ones, never more perhaps to be seen, and the dreadful present reality, shut out all other feeling.

I was placed with the rest of the women in the first boat, my friend's husband, Major Lindsay, waiting to go in one of the others, and soon the three were tossing in the turbulent sea; but before many minutes, on rising to the crest of one of the giant waves, we perceived that one of our companion boats had foundered, an awful fate that threatened us also.

How I longed now to be once again on *terra firma*. How I vowed no prospect of adventures the most thrilling would ever tempt me again to cross the ocean! Presently, a stern and rock-bound coast which we were nearing was revealed to our anxious gaze; but alas! at the same moment we found that all trace of the third boat had disappeared; whether it also had foundered or taken another course we knew not, and my poor friend had to suffer terrible suspense as to the fate of her husband. Ours seemed only too certain, the strength of our rowers was already exhausted, and the waves breaking over us every instant threatened to swamp us. Though hats and shoes were brought into requisition, besides the one available bucket, the means of baling out the water that poured in upon us was sadly inadequate.

Fortunately I could swim well, and Mrs. Lindsay was also an adept in that useful art; we therefore prepared for a last struggle. Knowing that the skirts of our dresses might help to impede our progress, I made use of my knife to cut them off just below the knee; to free ourselves entirely from them was impossible in the over-crowded boat, but I trusted that we should quickly get disembarrassed from them and from our loosened shawls when in the water.

We had scarcely finished these preparations when a huge wave broke over us, and in a moment all were struggling for dear life. A few heart-rending shrieks, pitiable cries for help, and most had disappeared never more to rise. I had succeeded in seizing an oar, and, seeing my friend at no great distance from me, I endeavoured to swim towards her; but to my horror, just before I reached her, she sank before my eyes. No one could live long in such a sea, and I too must have sunk but for the support of the friendly oar to which I had so providentially been able to cling. I alone seemed left alive, and, terror-stricken, I could now see that I was being carried by the tide towards the rocks. Fearing that I should be dashed to pieces, although nearly exhausted, I tried with all the energy of despair to direct my way towards an opening where comparative calm appeared to reign, when suddenly a wave lifted me with irresistible force, and losing my hold of the oar, and, becoming totally helpless, I was deposited upon the flat surface of a rock, and thus saved from being carried back with the retiring tide.

(*To be continued.*)

"I WAS DEPOSITED UPON THE FLAT SURFACE OF A ROCK."

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

SAY what offering can we
Bring to Jesus lovingly
On His birthday morn;
As by faith we softly tread
Where on lowly manger-bed
Lies the Babe new-born.

We would bring our life this day
Humbly at His feet to lay,
For His will to use;
Though so poor a gift it be,
What is offered willingly
He will not refuse.

Gold of love we'll offer there
Incense, too, of praise and prayer,
Brought with reverence due.
And, for all the sins which He
Bore for us upon the tree,
Myrrh of sorrow true.

All our selfishness and pride
We would strive to lay aside,
And our pattern take
From His life, who long ago
Came into this world of woe
For His brethren's sake.

J. E.

USEFUL HINTS.

TO MAKE BREAD QUICKLY AND EASILY.—Weigh 2 lbs. of the best flour, and rub in one teaspoonful of salt, then mix gradually a pennyworth of German yeast with a pint and a half of lukewarm water; work this into the flour, and let it stand for a couple of hours to rise, after which you can slightly knead and make up into loaves, place in your tins, and bake in a quick oven. The above quantity will make four good loaves.

BEEF TEA.—To 1 lb. of leg or shin of beef, minced up small, add three half-pints of water and let it stand all night; in the morning put it in a nice clean saucepan and let it come slowly to the boil, watching that it only simmers gently; then put in a little salt to flavour, and a top crust which has been toasted a dark brown. Keep the lid close, and simmer gently for three hours, then pour it off, and when cold remove the fat; it is then ready for use.

TO FRY FISH OR CUTLETS ECONOMICALLY.—Dry your fish thoroughly with a cloth, then roll it in flour; next make a batter of flour and water, dip your fish in on both sides, dredge over some fine raspings—which you can procure from your baker; fry quickly in boiling lard or oil.

STEAK-PIE OR PUDDING.—In making, sprinkle about half a teaspoonful of moist sugar over the steak along with the pepper and salt; it not only improves the flavour, but makes the meat very tender.

COFFEE MADE IN A JUG WITHOUT BOILING.—Warm your jug, then measure out the coffee, say a good teaspoonful for each cup, pour the *boiling* water on to it, stir it round well, cover it over, and let it stand for five minutes; then stir it round again, put a tablespoonful of cold water and a good pinch of salt in to fine it, cover up, and let it stand for ten minutes, when it will be ready for use. Serve with hot milk.

TO MAKE TEA AND PRESERVE THE FLAVOUR.—First warm your teapot, then fill it with water *boiling* from the fire, and having the quantity of tea required measured out in a cup, put it into teapot on the top of the water, cover it up quickly and put the cosy over, letting it stand for ten minutes.

LEMONADE.—Peel three lemons, squeeze the juice into a jug, and add part of the peel, pour a quart of boiling water over the lemons, and sweeten to taste, either with barley-sugar or sugar.

WHEN ROASTING MEAT, sprinkle a little salt and flour over it; it adds to the flavour of the meat and helps to brown the gravy, which should be made from the dripping-pan, after the dripping is removed.

TONIC.—1 oz. of Peruvian bark, 1 oz. of gentian root, 1 oz. of coriander seeds, 1 oz. of Seville orange peel; pound these ingredients, and put them into a bottle of good French brandy; infuse for one week before using, Dose, one teaspoonful in a wineglass of water half an hour before dinner.

OUR YULE-TIDE EVERGREENS.

THOUSANDS of busy hands are, year by year, engaged in gathering and arranging the evergreen boughs and blossoms of the winter season; and much good taste is exhibited in their graceful distribution in our homes and places of worship. But a large proportion of those young people who gather and form these treasures of the woods and gardens into beautiful decorations, know nothing of their properties and uses, and the historical interest attached to them. Now, it is both pleasant and profitable to learn something more of the things we so commonly handle than their mere names, form, or colour; and thus, what little additional information I possess in reference to these Christmas greeneries shall be placed at their service.

I have adopted the old name "Yule-tide" because the custom of decorating with evergreen boughs was of ancient date in Britain; and, by a curious coincidence, the season which was made one of rejoicing and festivity on account of the sun's revolution at the "winter's solstice" by our heathen ancestors, was that period when in after years the advent of our blessed Lord was commemorated, and made the time for family reunions, giving of love-tokens, alms, and hospitality.

The name "Christmas," which succeeded "Yule-tide," was derived from the Saxon word *Messe*, a "feast," and so may be rendered "Christ-feast." *Yule* likewise means "a feast," of which term there are several very similar ones, derived from the same primitive root in the Danish and Swedish as well as Saxon and Anglo-Saxon languages. I will not enter further into the question of the meaning and origin of the quaint old name "yule," because in a former article I made some observations thereupon, but pass on to the main subject under consideration.

The shrubs and evergreen trees chiefly in use for the decorations of the above-named festival are the bay, box, cypress, holly, ivy, laurel, laurestina, mistletoe, and yew; and to supplement these, there are winter flowers, such as Christmas roses, monthly roses, crocuses, snowdrops, daisies, bachelor's buttons, dried lavender, together with ferns, furze, parsley leaves, pine cones, &c. I will confine my observations, however, to the few evergreens which are above-named, and within the reach of all.

The Bay-tree (*Laurus nobilis*) is a native of Europe, Asia, and Africa. It is a highly aromatic shrub, and is much esteemed, as most of you know, for culinary purposes, and the decorative trimming of dishes; but, already familiar with the tree and its uses, some of you may like to know something of its classical history. The curious traditions connected with it date back to very early times, long prior to the Christian era, when it was designated the "tree of Apollo." The story was that the heathen deity, Jupiter, was credited with having transformed Daphne into a bay-tree to save her from the pursuit of the former. On this account we learn that peculiar virtues were attributed to it; and, amongst others, it was believed to be a preservative against injury from lightning.

Probably on this account it was that some of the Roman emperors, including Tiberius, selected the bay to form the wreath which they wore round the head, just as they would have worn an amulet. It was also employed to make those with which poets were crowned, and the successful competitors in some of the ancient games—then as a symbol of victory. The bay was also credited with gifting those who tasted its leaves with prophetic inspirations, and thus the Pythian Priestess used to chew them, because, after a season of abstinence, they produced some degree of excitement. Besides being regarded as a symbol of victory, the withering of the tree was considered or evil omen, and a presage of death. An allusion to this superstition is to be found in one of the plays of Shakespeare, viz.—

"'Tis thought the king is dead. We'll not stay;
The bay-trees in our country are withered."
—*Richard II.*

The Box-tree (*Buxus*) follows next on my list. There was some traditional virtue or significance attached to it, evidenced in the discovery of the twigs found in some old British barrows in Essex. There are dwarf species as well as forest trees; and in the neighbourhood of Dorking there is some high ground called "Box-hill," which was at one time covered with this valuable tree, most of which was cut down at the beginning of the present century (1815), and sold for £10,000. The grain of the wood is exquisitely fine and close, and is found superior to all others for engraving and wood-carving, the manufacture of musical and mathematical instruments, and chessmen, &c., its delicate, pale yellow colour rendering any use of a dye not only superfluous, but destructive of its beauty. There are splendid forests of this tree both in north-western Russia and Persia; but in this country they now grow singly as a rule; but the dwarf kind (*Buxus sempervirens*), which is a Dutch variety, is much employed as a border for flower-beds, and in carpet-gardening. In country villages you may often observe the quaint shapes into which box-trees are cut, an idea borrowed by our ancestors from the Romans. The latter clipped them into the shapes of gigantic birds and beasts. No blossoms appear on this tree until the month of April; but its small and pointed leaves, somewhat resembling those of the myrtle, contrast well with the broad and brighter leaves of

the laurel. It was a great favourite amongst our forefathers for the decoration of their houses on festal occasions, and it is one of those named by the prophet Isaiah to flourish in the land of Israel, when the waste places shall resume their ancient fruitfulness, and become "the garden of the Lord"; and, again, we are told, "He shall plant in the desert the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box-tree together" (Isaiah lxi. 19), and also in chap. lx. 13, "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee; the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together; to beautify the place of my sanctuary."

The Cypress stands third in alphabetical order, and may be utilised amongst our Christmas decorations. It is true that this peculiar and beautiful tree is much connected with cemetery plantations, owing to its dark and sombre hue; but it is likewise associated with births and weddings from ancient times in the East. When a daughter was born amongst the inhabitants of the Greek archipelago, a grove of cypress trees was planted by the father as her future portion, her fortune augmenting as her years were multiplied. And thus we may trace the origin of the name by which these groves were designated—viz., "daughters' dowers." The tree is one characterised by extreme longevity. Its duration of life is computed at from five to six hundred years, some proportion reaching from eight to nine hundred. But Strabo names one example in Persia which had attained the wonderful age of 2,500 years. They rise to a height of about 120 feet, and measure from twenty-five to forty feet in circumference. One cypress, seen by De Candolle in Mexico, measured as much as 120 feet round at the base, and was considered by him to be older than Adamson's and Humboldt's famous baobab, or baobab tree, of Africa, which tree is the patriarch of living organisations. By calculating its circles the specimen which they especially name was estimated at an age of 5,700 years. The cypress of Montezuma is forty-one feet in circumference, and, grand as it is, it is quite diminutive in comparison with that in Mexico, before-named. It is said that, when the roots of this tree are for six months under water, it is observed to grow to a gigantic size.

The Holly (*Ilex aquifolium*) is a special favourite amongst our Christmas greeneries, for it is not only employed on walls, windows, and pillars, but is awarded a place of distinction on the dinner-table, to beautify with its scarlet berries the historical and characteristic "plum pudding," the "standing dish" of the season. There is considerable variety exhibited in the colour of the leaves, some trees producing them of an ivory-white, and some a beautiful and delicate shade of pink, while on others we find them variegated. The most remarkable specimens of this description which I have myself observed were some in the County Carlow. Perhaps the deep shade of the splendid avenue of ancient yew-trees with which these hollies were surrounded may have had some influence in the colouring, at least, of the ivory-white variety.

Perhaps it may be regarded as having a special claim to recognition, not alone for its bright appearance but as one of the limited number of trees indigenous to Great Britain. The name has been erroneously supposed to be a corruption of the word "holy," but it has, however, been dignified in Germany and throughout Scandinavia by the distinctive name of "Christ's Thorn," possibly because of its putting forth its berries at the nominal season of our Saviour's birth, the time-honoured custom of its use in the decoration of churches in commemoration of that event, and as a natural result of many of the ancient traditions connected with it. For instance, according to legendary history, it was the bush in which God appeared to Moses in a flame of fire; and when the latter turned aside to see why the bush was not burnt, "God called unto him out of the midst of the bush," and told him that the place whereon he stood was "holy ground." There is also another legendary history attached to the holly tree, and that is that the cross on which our Saviour was crucified was made of its wood, on which account it was known as the *Lignum Sanctæ crucis*. But not alone since the Christian era has it been held in such esteem; for in Eastern nations, as well as in the West, and dating back to early heathen times, it was valued, not merely for its beauty, but for some fancied medicinal virtues, and as possessing some characteristics connected with the supernatural. It was dedicated to Saturn by the ancient Romans, whose feast, held in his honour, was observed at the same period of the year as the Christian festival, and commemorated, among other ways, by the sending of sprigs between friends and relatives, accompanied by good wishes, just as we send pictorial cards and kindly greetings. The flowers of the holly were regarded, according to Pliny, as an antidote to poison, and a decoction produced from the leaves was supposed to convey the gift of wisdom by the Persians, for which reason they sprinkled their children with it. Our own Druids, pitying the sylvan sprites when, during the season of frost and snow, there was no shelter provided for them by the leafless branches of the oak, used to garnish the walls of private dwellings with branches of holly, in which they could find a place of refuge suited to their taste.

I now pass on to the Ivy (*Hedera helix*), which is seen in perfection at this season, the blossoms being amongst the very few that gladden the eye in winter. There are various kinds of ivy, some being of a reddish purple, resembling the colour of the Virginia creeper; others of an ivory-white, and others variegated, having irregular markings and streaks of green and white; and perhaps no other plant can show so great a variety in the formation of the leaves and in their respective dimensions. What is known as "Irish ivy" was imported from the Canary Islands as a covering for an old wall or a border for a flower-bed; and even as an evergreen substitute for flowers in the same, as well as to serve as a climber over a wire trellis on a house, or an archway over a garden walk, it is of much beauty and value. It is also suitable as hanging greenery from a garden vase or a basket suspended in a room.

But it clings with only too "cruel kindness" to a tree, and absorbs much of the nourishment which should go to it from the soil, depriving it of air, light, and sunshine, and strangling it in its deadly grasp. Never allow it to grow as a parasite on any tree, and wherever found so doing, saw the stem through at the base, that it may wither, and release its hold, and then pull up the root, for it will kill whatever it entwines. Ivy will live to a stupendous age, ranging from five to six hundred years. As a decoration for the pillars of a church it could not be surpassed in suitability and elegance; and as regards any symbolic significance it is one of the emblems of eternal life. In reference to its classical history and ancient associations, it was dedicated by the Egyptians to Osiris, and by the Greeks and Romans to Bacchus, or the god of wine, who was represented as crowned with ivy, as it was supposed by the ancients to neutralise the intoxicating influence of any excess in wine-drinking.

But this graceful evergreen had a second symbolic significance in the old-world times, derived from the tenacity with which it clings to whatever it once entwines. On this account it was presented by the heathen priests to persons newly married, to represent the "Gordian knot," by which they were bound one to the other. Hence the motto, "We flourish or fall together." Ivy was presented in the form of wreaths and garlands to the victors at the Isthmian games, afterwards superseded by pine-branch garlands. It bears round clusters of dark purple berries, which succeed the blossoms, in the depth of the winter season.

The Laurel, one of the most beautiful of our winter evergreens, was famous in classic times, and in the Christian art of the middle ages. It was introduced into Europe from the East in 1679. The name is derived from the Celtic *blaur*, pronounced "lor," and signifying "green." The plant is of the genus *Laurus nobilis*, or bay tree, of which there are many species, and all valuable, including the camphor, cinnamon, bay (before-named), and sassafras. A considerable difference in character is shown in the tree called the American laurel, a shrub of the genus *Kalmia*. Other kinds are known as the cherry laurel, or *Prunus laurocerasus;* and also the great laurel, or *Rhododendron maximum*. No plant has a finer glaze on its beautiful pointed broad leaves. Early in the year they turn to a fine yellow hue, and fall off; but they are completely replaced by the middle of April. The blossoms are small and white, growing in clusters. As to its classical associations, it was famous amongst plants. In the Pythian games the victors were rewarded by wreaths of laurels, while those in the Olympic were formed of green parsley. It was supposed to possess extraordinary virtues, endowing those who slept under its branches with poetical inspirations, and likewise to be a safeguard against the power of lightning, as it could never be struck by it. I have myself seen the group of laurels around the tomb of Virgil at Baia, near Naples, who died there on his way to Greece, and these laurels are the successors of those parent trees which were planted there by Petrarch.

The *Laurestinus*, or *Viburnum tinus*, was known to the ancients as the *Tinus*, the leaves of which, as you know, are smaller, darker, and less glazed than those of the laurel. It is not a native of this country, but was introduced here at about the time of Bacon, having been introduced into Europe from the East in 1596. It is now common everywhere; but in the south of Europe it even forms extensive hedgerows. Its berries are of a dark purple colour, and the tiny blossoms grow in large clusters, presenting a flat, even surface of a pinkish-white tint. I am not aware that the *Laurestinus* has any classical associations, and only name it as an admirable addition to the greeneries which the winter season affords.

Next in order on our list of evergreens is the Mistletoe.

This curious plant, which owes its existence and borrows its nutriment from another, and not direct from the soil, is a parasite of the oak, crab-apple, pear, locust, and lime-trees, that on the oak being the rarest kind. In Anglo-Saxon it was called *Misteltâ*. A popular song, well known by many of our readers, bears the name of "The Mistletoe Bough," and the unfortunate young bride, who constitutes the heroine of a very tragic history, has been multiplied, like William Tell, and claimed by more than one distinguished family, but, I have reason to believe, was one of the Copes of Bramshill, although the catastrophe took place during a residence of her family in Italy. With reference to the mistletoe, I must remind you that the Druids selected it to do honour to their great festival in the winter solstice. They called it "All-Heal," and, according to some accounts, they used to cut it from the trees with their brazen celts, or upright hatchets, fastened to the ends of their staves; but, according to others, it was cut by the chief of the Druids with a golden sickle, kept for that purpose only. These branches were carried by them in procession, and laid upon their altars. (See Stukeley's

account—"Medallic History of Carausius.") It is said that the medicinal properties of this curious and beautiful plant were universally believed in, and that wonderful cures were effected by its use in cases of epilepsy and various other disorders of a like character. In the year 1729 a treatise was published on its virtues as a medicine by Sir John Colbach; and, more especially in reference to its use in epilepsy, another appeared in 1806 by a Dr. Fraser. The genuine plant is the *Viscum album* of botany; but there is one very nearly allied to it—the *Loranthus Europæus*—which may often be found on the oak, as on the other trees named. This species is to be found near Vienna, in the garden of Schoenbrunn, but does not appear in a more westerly direction. It has been thought that this, and not the *Viscum album*, was the sacred mistletoe of the Druids. A description of bird-lime is made from its fruit.

The use and veneration of the mistletoe was peculiar to the Celts and Goths, who alike introduced it into their religious rites as the sun approached the winter solstice. It forms the solitary exception amongst our evergreens in reference to the decoration of churches, and is, by common consent, altogether confined to our private homes. The poet Gay, in his "Trivia," names it amongst the other greeneries set up in our churches; but he did so through some oversight, for the plant so peculiarly connected with ancient heathen worship in this country, having been, by a mistake of a country sexton, brought into a Christian place of worship, it was expelled on account of its heathen associations, which rendered its use inappropriate.

The last evergreen respecting which my space will permit me to speak, is the Yew, or *Taxas baccata*. Emblematic as it is of death, it is also recognised as one of immortality. In olden times the wood was especially valuable as the best for the manufacture of bows and cross-bows, and those of you who are well-informed in English history may remember that with the bows of yew the battles of Cressy and Poictiers were won; the best in use for modern archery, and a variety of articles, such as arm-chairs, are likewise manufactured from it. The trunks of these venerable-looking trees resemble a number of rods bound together, looking like "fluted" pillars. I have seen an avenue of such at Fenagh, co. Carlow, which presented the appearance of a dim cathedral aisle. The yew is famous for its great longevity. One found in a bog had 545 rings, each marking an annual growth, although the diameter measured only 18 inches—100 rings to an inch. Those at Fountain's Abbey are about 1,200 years old; one at Crowhurst of 1,500; at Fortingal, another upwards of 2,000; and at Brabourne, in Kent, and at Hedson, Buckinghamshire, there are patriarchs of from 2,500 to 3,000 years of age, being the oldest specimens of still living vegetation existing. Yew trees seem to have been favourites with our forefathers. We see them not only in churchyards, but in the little gardens in front of country cottages and farm-houses, very usually clipped into grotesque forms like box-trees. They were also much employed for garden hedgerows, of which a very remarkable specimen is to be seen at Battle Abbey, in Sussex. They are also much employed in the same way in Holland.

THE STORY OF THE EVERGREENS.

I will not now speak of the gorse, ferns, and other evergreens that also help to deck our homes at this great season of family reunions; my notes, composed of facts and fables, are concluded; but I must raise your thoughts to higher considerations: the unfading blooms and eternal reunions, where He is Lord of the feast, whose birth, as the "Son of Man," we feebly commemorate here.

The evergreen plants, which ancient custom has connected with that wondrous event, may typify in your mind the never-fading "Tree of Life," in the paradise of God. The incomprehensible "ages of ages" are spoken of, in connection with it, as if divided by months and years; but only to convey to your minds the idea that through the long course of that blissful existence will be granted successively new delights. Nor is this all. For the sick and suffering what is the feast? to the blind, the loveliest garden? But with the ever-varying joys will be granted the power of enjoyment, for "Then shall the blind see out of obscurity; the lame man shall leap as a hart; and the tongue of the dumb shall sing," for "the leaves" of that tree are "for the healing of the nations."

S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

BOUND TO EARTH.

By the Author of "Phil's Fortune," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

It often happens in any grave family crisis, such as had befallen the Dalrymples, that the world outside—"that great tribunal beyond our gates always sitting in judgment upon us"—knows far more of our concerns than we do ourselves. This was actually and absolutely true in their case.

When Helen, in a tremor of fear and agitation, and apprehensive of she knew not what, entered once more the house she had so lately left full of glad high spirits, and with not a care in the world, she went first of all to seek her mother, who, contrary to her usual practice, had shown no welcoming face in the hall.

"Your mamma is in her room, Miss Helen," the servant maid said, with a compassionate glance at the girl's troubled face and heavy eyes. "I'm right down glad you've come back, miss, for your poor mamma is taking on in the most dreadful way. She sits alone all day and eats nothing. She wants rousing and cheering up. You must brisk her up a bit, Miss Helen, or else I think it will kill her."

"What is it?" was the question which naturally rose to Helen's lips, but an impulse of dread prevented her from seeking information from a servant, even one so trusted and attached as this Stevenson.

She went to her mother's room, and found her sitting alone with some little trifling piece of work in her hands, over which she seemed to busy herself mechanically. But her face was oh! how inexpressibly altered in those few short days. Its utter despondent wretchedness went straight to Helen's heart, and filled it with still more terrible forebodings.

"Mamma, mamma!" she cried, "what is the matter? Where is papa? Is he dead?"

Helen perceived that the hand upon the work began to tremble violently.

"No, Helen," she said, in a low strange voice, "it is a worse evil than death that has befallen us."

"Worse than death. How can that be?" Helen said, in a tone almost of relief. Her worst fear was unreal.

"It is disgrace, Helen—disgrace and poverty. Oh, child, we could have borne the poverty if we might have been spared the disgrace. We can never face the world again!"

Helen could not comprehend. "Who has disgraced us, mamma? Can we not get over it? We have done nothing wrong ourselves."

Innocent words, but coming with oh! what fearful sting to the unhappy wife and mother.

"Your father, Helen," she faltered in a husky voice. "How can I tell you what the world is saying? Oh! that I should have lived for this. Thank God, I have only one child. I would I had none."

"Do not say that, mamma," cried Helen, affectionately. "I have come home to comfort you, not to be a burden. I shall help you, you will see. Shall we have to work for a living?" Helen was trying hard to obey Stevenson's behest.

"Burden, child," cried her mother, bitterly. "It is not that. It is for your own sake."

"Mamma, what is it?" Helen asked.

"I never would have believed a word," her mother answered, inconsequently, "if only your father had come back to me. But I have never seen him since they brought me that terrible news, nor heard a word from him. Why does he not come? Where is he?"

Helen was terribly frightened. "What was the news, mamma?" she gasped.

"They say that things have been going wrong for a long time, and that he, your father, Helen, has tried to get them right by all sorts of improper means, that he has gone away to save himself from arrest, that the worst evil we can wish him is to see him back again. They have come to me and tried to make me say I knew where he was hiding, and God knows I do not. At first I prayed for just a line, that I might know where he was, and go to him, and now I pray that he may not send to me, for fear I might betray him. Helen, Helen, there is no consolation anywhere. How are we to live through it?" and the unhappy woman tried in vain to stifle her heavy sobs.

"It cannot be true," Helen said, indignantly. "It is some dreadful scheme to ruin papa. It will all be found out by-and-by."

"That was what I said at first, Helen," her mother replied, when she was calm enough to speak, "but I have sat here alone and thought, and one by one all sorts of things have dawned upon me. Your father's manner for the last few months, his restlessness, and want of sleep and many other things. Then I recollect that several days before he went away he had a trunk packed and sent to the docks. I find now that much of his clothing and some other things must have been in it. I have asked Stevenson, but she says positively no address was on it beyond the docks, which shows that he has gone abroad. Helen, remember, you must never repeat that."

"If papa came back," Helen asked, contemplatively, "what would these people do?"

Her mother shuddered convulsively. "They would arrest your father and put him on his trial."

"I wish they would," cried Helen, angrily. "Then papa would have a chance of defending himself. What cowards people must be to make such charges against anyone in his absence. You may depend, mamma, that papa will be able to clear it up when he comes home."

Mrs. Dalrymple shook her head. "Why should he have gone away without telling me?"

"There may be an explanation for even that, mamma," cried Helen, hopefully. "Let us believe the best. It cannot be so bad as you think. You have seen no one but papa's enemies yet. Wait and hear what his friends think."

"Friends!" cried her mother, bitterly. "I do not suppose we have one. It is now five days since this was first whispered about. Not a soul, not even my own relations have been near me."

"They cannot know," said Helen, with the persistent faith of youth. "Do not let us believe it, mamma—I never will, till I hear papa himself say it is true."

It is strange how a perfect faith begets faith. Mrs. Dalrymple began to think that she might have been too hasty in her conclusions. Helen's bright hopefulness was like a healthy invigorating breeze. Already she was cheered by it, and Helen, delighted with her success, cried cheerfully, "Come, mamma, let me take you out for a walk."

"No, no," her mother replied, shrinking back. "I cannot meet anyone till this is cleared up—if indeed it ever is."

"Of course it will be," Helen said, cheerfully. Her efforts to cheer her mother, and her determination to look steadfastly on the hopeful side, were having the effect of strengthening her own faith. "We will not sit down and give way to despair. You see we shall have some callers soon, and you must talk to them and be cheerful, mother dear, and when they see that we don't care about these ridiculous charges, they will not believe them. And now, dear mother, let me tell you about my visit," and Helen's face lighted up with a pretty blush, for her thoughts had once more flown back to her own happiness, which had been quite forgotten during these last heavy hours, but came back now with a sweet sense of consolation.

Mrs. Dalrymple could not be so hopeful; still, she was cheered in spite of herself, and she was in a measure relieved too that her child had taken it in this way. It was for Helen's sake far more than her own that she had suffered so poignantly.

And then Helen went on to tell her in modest, diffident fashion of what had happened, and how she had suspected and hoped it a long time, ever since last Christmas, but had not been sure, and had so longed to tell her mother and dear old Grace, but had never dared for fear she might be mistaken, but now there was no chance of that, and Edward had promised to ask his father's consent that very day. Had Helen in the relief of her mind forgotten the morning's apprehension?

Mrs. Dalrymple did not know what to think, but she would not damp her child's happiness. Did they know of the cloud hanging over her young head? One of those dread visitors—really a detective—who had so maddened her, had said that all the world knew. If so, did Helen's friends know too? Might it be that Helen had so won all hearts that the present ban would not affect them? It was natural for a mother, fond and proud of her only child, to believe that possible.

So these two poor creatures comforted each other, and were comforted in turn.

"I am so glad I know the worst," thought Helen, as she laid her head on her pillow, feeling really lighter-hearted than she could have thought possible when she quitted Alverstone in such abject terror. Little did she suspect that the world had already formed its judgment, and had decreed her mother and herself an outcast from it. The world knew the whole facts of the case, had studied and hunted up evidence enough to condemn the unhappy man hidden away from its eager grasp, and had condemned him—aye, and even passed sentence. In many a happy home that night some tender-hearted woman had given a compassionate thought to the poor wife and family of the miserable delinquent, though seldom one to him who perhaps needed it as sorely. Only those two were ignorant of all the items of information that were being so eagerly discussed.

Was this mere accident, or the design of an ever-watchful Providence, softening the blow that for some wise, unseen purpose must needs be dealt?

The next morning brought Grace and her mother. "I told you we should soon have visitors," Helen cried, delightedly, rousing herself from a feeling of disappointment, which had taken rather keen hold upon her, when *the morning* post arrived bringing no communication of any kind from Alverstone. "How good of you to come so soon, dear Grace," she said, with genuine delight, when Grace entered the room, "and I know mamma will be so glad to talk to Mrs. Hardinge, but she is wonderfully better than she was yesterday. I am so glad I came straight home."

Mrs. Hardinge was in truth a little surprised to find Helen and Mrs. Dalrymple so cheerful, but she soon perceived how matters stood. It was an awkward visit to make, especially for a stranger, but her quick tact and ready sympathy surmounted the difficulty and soon showed Mrs. Dalrymple that she would find in her not only a confidante, but a friend she might trust to any extent.

Poor thing, she was only too glad to catch at the comfort of such a friend, one who being a wife and mother could understand so much more fully than even Helen with all her bright, hopeful affection.

In the meantime, Helen and Grace had slipped away, leaving the elder ladies to talk alone, and had betaken themselves to Helen's room.

"I have heard nothing from Edward yet," Helen said, reverting at once to her principal anxiety.

Grace greatly feared that fresh trouble might be in store from that quarter, but she would not be a foreboder of evil.

"It is very wrong of me to be so impatient," Helen said, pathetically; "perhaps he could not help it, but I somehow felt so sure that I should have had a letter this morning, if only a few words of inquiry, after my leaving so abruptly yesterday. Besides, he was to have spoken to Mr. Leslie yesterday. I hope all is right."

"Perhaps he has put off the interview," suggested Grace. "Mr. Leslie is not always in an amiable mood, and Edward might not have seen a good opportunity."

"Yes, that may be it. I know I ought to be more patient," Helen replied. "I have told mamma and she seemed glad about it. I should like to have it all settled."

"Yes, of course, dear," Grace replied, wondering with much misgiving what sort of settlement would be arrived at. It was plain that Helen's only fear was the old one that had always existed of Mr. Leslie's opposition either on her own or Edward's account. That the calamity which had befallen her family could affect his decision had plainly never entered her head.

"Fanny was so kind and good," Helen said, reflectively. "She is very fond of Edward and so anxious about him. I think she was disappointed at first. Do you know I always had an idea that she would have liked him to take a fancy to you, Grace dear, but when she saw that was not to be, she was as kind and nice as possible to me. I have always liked Fan, in spite of her rough manner, haven't you?"

"I like her better than any of them," Grace said, laughingly, "including even that delightful brother of hers."

"I am glad of that," Helen said, smiling too. "But seriously, Grace, I am afraid Fanny thought I should not be as good a choice for him to make as you would have been, but I do mean to try to be his 'good angel.' You see, most likely now we shall be very poor. I quite expect that, even when things are cleared up, but I do not mind. All last night I was thinking how many times you had told me about what you did at home, and I thought to myself, Grace will teach me how to be a clever and economical housekeeper like Mrs Hardinge is. Perhaps Mrs. Hardinge would even let me come and stay with you a little while. How nice that would be, wouldn't it?"

"I am sure she would when Mrs. Dalrymple can spare you," Grace said, heartily. "Yes, it would be delightful, Helen."

"Mamma," said Grace, when they were on their way home, "Helen said something about 'when things are cleared up.' I did not like to inquire. Do you know what she meant?"

"I am afraid, Grace," said her mother, very sadly, "that they are buoying themselves up with a false hope."

Grace feared so too, especially that one hope about which Helen had spoken so earnestly.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

RYDAL WATER.—Apply for all information and printed lists to the secretary of the College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. Half-yearly "pupils' examinations" are held, the certificates of which are recognised as guarantees of a good and general education. There is a fee of ten shillings to be paid. We are glad to hear of the high opinion your father entertains of our magazine.

SALON, CYPRIAN, ANXIOUS, DAKKAR, H.P.M., and GARDENIA would have found answers to all their questions on page 830, vol. iii. "Salon" must enter a college of some kind. Perhaps the Merchant Companies Schools, in Edinburgh, would answer.

ORNITHORYNCHUS.—We should think that with two or three more years of study your education ought to be far enough advanced to undertake the duties of a governess.

DOCTRESS.—Write to the secretary of the London School of Medicine for Women (which is connected with the Royal Free Hospital), 30, Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square, W.C., for all particulars, if you wish to study for that profession. A course of four years' study will be required, there being both summer and winter sessions. The fees for a whole curriculum of lectures amount to £80; and for the four years' hospital instruction £45. A. T. Norton, Esq., F.R.C.S., is dean of the school. We thank you for the violets, and regret that you should write so preposterous a hand. Reduce it to half the size, as it is coarse and vulgar-looking. It is very easy to change the style.

HERZCHEN.—If ignorant on the subject of arithmetic, you have profited by your studies in writing, grammar, and spelling. Procure any book of the first rules of arithmetic learn the pence, shillings, and multiplication tables by heart; and then practise addition. Some friend would, doubtless, assist you.

SAD SAGE-GREEN.—The head office of the College of Preceptors is at 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. The secretary is C. R. Hodgson, Esq., B.A. Diplomas are granted to associates, licentiates, and fellows.

MUSIC.

ADMIRER OF "G. O. P."—For children of such tender years, the more simple the instruction book the better. Let it be your effort to make the difficult acquirement of the art of music as pleasurable an occupation as possible, and as little like the drudgery of a distasteful lesson as you can make it. Begin as soon as at all practicable to teach some little tune, even if only with one hand at first. Let the tune conclude the brief lesson, as an amusement to which the child may look forward. The lesson should not occupy more than about a quarter of an hour at a time for a child of eight years only. Read Mr. Lott's article "On Method in Teaching the Pianoforte," page 582, vol. ii.

WORK.

S. A. E.—The pattern you send us is netting on a small mesh. The figure is produced by twisting two stitches, crossing one over the other.

CURLY, FANNY, and SCOTCH TERRIER.—You will find several patterns for shawls, etc., on page 476, vol. iii.

HOPE.—See "Sock and Stocking Knitting," page 157, vol. ii.; also for a design of hem-stitching, see page 155, vol. i. The act of union between Upper and Lower Canada was accomplished in Feb., 1838.

LILY.—Consult "My Work Basket." You do not mention the age of the child. If young, some knitted reins, or a scrap-book made on linen, would be suitable presents.

EVELYN GREY.—If crimson or a dark red be becoming to you, we should advise you to retrim your dress with either shade. The polonaise might be cut into a pointed bodice, if you wished, and the lower part used for trimming the skirt, with a crimson silk scarf. Cashmere is always fashionable for evening dresses for young girls.

DOROTHEA.—At a recent wedding the bride wore a very pretty dress of brown moiré and plush. You might adopt the idea for your own dress, but change the colour to a deep burgundy or red; and you might use cashmere or satin with the plush, and have a bonnet to match.

VIOLET MAUDE will find several patterns suitable at page 476, vol. iii.

M. S. E. DE B.—The velvet is fastened on the top of the desk with thin glue. We doubt if you will manage to put it on well yourself. Many thanks for your kind letter.

S. R. C.—The Berlin wool work will wash very well in tepid water. You should send the kettle to some workman, who would scrape the inside of the spout for you.

MARGARET HELENA.—Read the articles on crewel work in vol. i. Chinese white is generally used, or chalk, for outlining the designs. For a description of skeleton leaves, see page 64, vol. ii. You will obtain all the numbers without difficulty by writing to 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C.

ELEANOR S. R.—We have not given the pattern as yet, but will remember your wishes on the subject.

MALTESE.—For the patterns you require, see page 157, vol. ii., in article called "Sock and Stocking Knitting."

CORALINE and DOT.—See patterns for knitting, page 54, vol. ii; also pages 157 and 275, vol. ii.

BLOSSOM.—Fur may be procured of all prices, to trim your jacket. It would be cheaper to buy it by the yard than in the set. You might retrim your dress with velveteen or satin.

EMMA.—We have seen some very remarkable-looking pieces of Berlin wool work where odd scraps of wool had been used by the worker to work into fanciful designs of her own on a piece of canvas. The help of her friends had also been called in, and the differences of character were amusingly visible in the morsels they had contributed. A few bright skeins may be added, if required, to the original stock of odds and ends. You will find a design of patchwork suitable for using up odd bits of cloth at page 332, vol. iii.

RUSH HAT.—You will find any of the black varnishes, such as Judson's artists' black, useful.

EDE M.—We should make the moiré up with some black cashmere, using the moiré for the petticoat, if there be enough, or, if not, for two of the flounces, the other two being cashmere, all being four times gathered at the top. The bodice may be of the plain cashmere with revers and cuffs of moiré.

JULES and PANSY.—The simplest manner to take what are called "natural photographs" is to moisten a piece of paper with olive oil and smoke it with the flame of a tallow candle, then lay the dry leaf upon the blackened surface. From the leaf you can take many impressions.

AUGUSTA and MISS HEWS.—You should inquire at a lace-mending and cleaning shop for a pillow, or an address where one might be procured. We do not give addresses.

PRINCESS.—1. For our directions on the knitting of mittens with thumbs, see page 60, vol. ii. 2. With reference to some good French books for your study, you must obtain some reliable friend's or governess's advice, as we cannot break the rule of which we so continually remind our correspondents.

BUNCH OF GRAPES.—For a crochet shawl pattern, see page 477, vol. iii. If you made less flourishes your writing would be much improved. The "*t*" is made to resemble a "d," and the "p" has an extraordinary excrescence. The more simple your style in the firmness of each letter, the better. We do not give recipes for making wine.

LEAF'S PET.—You should send your dress to a dyer and call in person to hear what he says of it, and to see the colours he may think it will take best. Your writing is legible, but lacks grace. It is indeed gratifying to hear that our paper has made you wish so much to lead a good and noble life.

COOKERY.

A FRENCH GIRL.—We thank you for your *recette* for the making of the strongest kind of beef-tea. It is almost identical with what we give in England for the use of sick persons, but we gladly avail ourselves of it for the benefit of our readers. Cut up one pound of lean beef in very small pieces, place it in an earthenware or china jar, and add a whole carrot and a pinch of salt. Close the jar as securely as possible with a cloth, so as to exclude the air, and set the jar in a saucepan of boiling water, and leave it to continue boiling slowly for eight or ten hours. You will thus obtain a tumbler*ful of beef-tea of the strongest* kind, having been produced without any addition of water. One tablespoonful is sufficient at a time by an adult, and one teaspoonful by a child. It may be taken between meals in the day, but will be found, like chicken-broth in jelly, an excellent thing for giving the patient at night, and if there be any nausea, a scrap of ice, of the size of a marble, should be swallowed after it. If there be no nausea to contend with, give a grape, or a tamarind, or a teaspoonful of lemonade (home-made), after it, to prevent disgust from repetitions of the dose.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—Any permitted inconsistency in your life as a Christian will, and ought to, make you unhappy. Imperfection deplored and fought against day by day need not make you despond, but only strive to improve the more earnestly. It is holiness, rather than joyful "frames and feelings," that you should make it your daily effort to attain. They that "hunger and thirst after righteousness . . . shall be filled." But this hungering must be of a practical character.

L. E.—The quotation you have made is taken from Pope's "Moral Essays," second epistle;

> "Mistress of herself, though China fall;"

in which an allusion is made to the extreme rage which existed in his time for articles of that nature.

AN OLD ONE.—We are of opinion that residence in any hospital to which you applied for instruction would be compulsory. Ordinary nurses would be admitted for training and allowed a small and rising salary; but ladies are required to pay themselves for the instruction they receive. Of course your home duties should not be by any means set aside.

E. WALLACE informs us that she has kept parrots for many years; and for the benefit of those who require advice in reference to their treatment we quote her words:—"They thrive best on hemp-seed, as the principal part of their food—never milk—but plenty of nuts, especially Brazil nuts, and all sorts of fruit. Green parrots ought to have their perches covered with flannel, as gout is very apt to attack them otherwise, and generally proves fatal." That a soft, warm perch may be desirable we quite understand, but that gout may be produced by standing on one not so covered we fail exactly to see. 2. Under 'Cookery' we give the recipes—kindly given and required—under the initials "E. W."

FRIEDRICHSDORF, FELDBERG, CALEDONIA, ALTKONIG, HERTSBERG.—We are glad that in your distant home you derive so much instruction and pleasure from reading this magazine, and we thank you for writing to tell us so, and for all your good wishes for its still greater success. The writing of "Feldberg" and "Caledonia" is superior to the rest; but it is hard to judge from a single word.

DORA GARRAWAY.—Hang the musty carpet before the kitchen fire for a few days, and if that does not remove the disagreeable odour, send it to a scourer.

JANUARY.

JANUARY BRINGS THE SNOW,
MAKES US OFT OUR FINGERS BLOW.

VOL. III.—No. 157. DECEMBER 30, 1882. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

AN OLD DUTCH HOUSE.

By M. M. POLLARD.

CHAPTER IV.

CONCLUSION.

TIME passed on, summer was over, and then the autumn came on with more than usual rigour. A storm of wind and rain raged for many hours over the country, until one night it seemed as though the tempest had reached its climax. Up rolled the high springtide of the swollen river, on which spray-scattering waves reared their crests before the gale.

It was blowing "great guns out at sea," and Anna sighed with pity, and offered up a prayer for the poor

All rights reserved.] "ROUSING HER FROM WHAT MUST HAVE BEEN THE SLEEP OF DEATH."

sailors tossing about on the ocean. She looked out of the window into the pitchy dark night, but all was black and wild, the elements seemed in riotous convulsion; there was a low rumbling like thunder afar off, and the girl shuddered as the fierce blast swept round the gables of the old house, and seemed to shake the very walls. She crept into bed, perhaps had fallen asleep, for she was suddenly roused by a noise that did not seem like the shriek of the tempest. It was different from anything she had ever heard before; for a time it seemed as though she was under the depths of the ocean, and the waves were surging and dashing above her head.

Anna ran to the window and looked out, but all was darkness and gloom; the sound was growing louder. A wild cry rose from her lips—"The dyke has given way, and the river is rushing in!"

Hastily snatching up a few garments, she rushed downstairs, and with trembling hands unlocked the front door and stepped outside. Alas! her first step was into icy cold water that was rapidly sweeping past. Anna struggled through it to the outer gate, found a footing on higher ground, and turned to rush to safety. But at the instant she recollected the little servant-maid.

"She will be drowned! I must try to save her," shricked Anna, and she returned wildly towards the house. It was difficult to retrace her steps, for the body of water was increasing, growing wider, deeper; it surged into black eddies, whirling away broken flower-pots, garden tools, and other movable articles. At last Anna reached the door, rushed through the passage, and in a few moments was in the girl's room, rousing her from what must have been the sleep of death.

"Make haste!" she cried, "the dyke has burst in, the river is flooding us; run for your life!"

Anna helped the girl to put on some clothes, and they rushed to the front door, and plunged frantically into the surging tide, now rolling up to their waists. The little servant maid, strong and robust as she was, half swam, half floundered through the water, and nearly benumbed with cold and terror, rushed on, until she found herself on the road that led to Peter Syke's house. It stood on the only hill there was in that part of the country, and was consequently out of danger.

The girl soon roused up Peter and his family with her cries, told them her tale of terror, and implored them to save Anna.

"Where did you leave Jufrow de Velde?" shouted Peter.

"In the flood; she slipped from beside me," sobbed the maid.

"Then she is lost! nothing can save her now!" he replied.

But he roused up his men, and with all sorts of appliances they rushed off to the rescue, willing to run any risk so that they might save Anna, who was herself so kind, so tender to all who needed help. None but strong men and resolute men could have braved the angry waters that were surging past the old house. The light of their torches flashed on a scene of wild confusion, the barrier of the flood seemed impossible, but after unheard-of perils, they found Anna at last lying cold and senseless in the harbour.

Was she dead?

Peter Sykes thought she was, as he bore her away in his arms, limp and dripping; and the little servant maid thought she was, as they laid her in the best bedroom of the miller's house, and applied restoratives such as are needed in such cases; and the girl's lament rang out loud and piercing—

"She might have been saved, if she had not returned to the house to call me! Why did she do so? Her life is worth more than mine. Oh, my beloved mistress!"

We must now take a peep at the interior of the burgomaster's house, and at Oscar, who was dining there a day or two after the catastrophe.

Babette was seated on a low sofa, covered with yellow Utrecht velvet, in the handsomely furnished drawing-room. She was knitting a purse, with purple silk and gold beads, when a letter was handed to her betrothed. She noticed that he started, flushed vividly as he read it, and he made an involuntary exclamation that caused Babette to say—

"What is the matter now?"

"Such dreadful news! I have had a letter from a friend in Dordrecht, and he tells me there has been an inundation of the river——"

"Well?" inquiringly from Babette.

"You remember Anna de Velde, who was staying at our house last year?"

"What, the little plain girl, with brown eyes, and pale cheeks? Yes, I recollect her very well."

"I believe she *was* little and pale, and I daresay the rest of you girls called her 'plain.' Her looks are of little matter now."

"What has happened to her?" asked Babette, counting her stitches.

"The old house by the Oude Maas, where she used to live, has been nearly washed away, and she was almost drowned; her life is despaired of. Poor Anna! noble to the last! She might have escaped had she not stayed to rescue the servant. It was a splendid act of self-sacrifice," said Oscar, much moved.

"Well, I'm sure! you *are* eloquent on the subject. Does the letter say whether the servant was grateful? *I* never found gratitude amongst hirelings. I think you admired Anna once, did you not, Oscar? You may confess the truth now, I think?"

Babette spoke pettishly; her pattern was going wrong, and she had to pick out several rows of knitting—and, moreover, she remembered some rather keen pangs of jealousy she had formerly experienced on Anna's account. So her manner held a kind of veiled reproach—her voice had grown a little sharp, and somehow Oscar thought with a sigh of the gentle Anna, whose voice was always low and musical, and whose ways were always so shy and sweet.

"Did I admire her?" he said, as he rose from the velvet-covered sofa beside Babette, and walked thoughtfully towards the window. "Did I admire Anna? It was so long ago that you must pardon me if I do not answer your question; besides, I have found someone else to admire since then."

"Bah!" exclaimed Babette. "No doubt you told Anna once all you have told me. Men are *so* changeable!"

Oscar did not reply. Why should he argue the point now, and perhaps offend Babette? He was to be married to her in a week, so regrets were useless, and peace was the best policy.

But Anna did *not* die, although her life was for a long time in danger. The shock to her system affected her brain, and it was weeks before she returned to full consciousness.

Then she looked around her with surprise, she could not tell where she was, nor how she had got there, for she did not recognise Peter Syke's best bedroom.

But there was a pale, rather sad face bending over some sewing at a table not far distant, and as the rays from a lamp fell on the smooth brown hair, and thin features, she thought she recognised someone.

"Lois," she said softly.

The sewing work fell to the ground, and Lois came towards the bed quickly.

"Anna! Do you know me? are you better?"

"Have I been very ill? My head still seems confused; but where am I, and how did you come here?"

"One question at a time, my love. You are in our old friend Peter Syke's house. He brought you here at the time of the flood, and you have been too ill to be removed ever since."

"How did *you* find me out?"

"Jules Peterson sent for me, and he has been *so* kind. He has got my husband, poor Fritz, a good appointment in Dordrecht, and we have left Rotterdam, and are living there now, and you are coming to live with us as soon as you are able. But I forgot, I must not talk much to you—the doctor said so," exclaimed Lois, coming to a sudden pause.

"I can bear it, Lois, it will do me good to hear about everything. Was the old house quite washed away?"

"The back part of it is a perfect ruin, and there is hardly any of it worth patching up again. You had a very narrow escape, Anna."

She lay for some time in deep thought, her hands clasped, her eyes closed. All her past life seemed to unfold itself to her freshly awakened memory, and out of that quiet communion with her own heart there arose, not regrets and repinings that things had not happened just as she had once wished them to happen, but a thankfulness to God for all the way by which she had been led.

"God has been able to save me from death, and He will not forsake me now," she said. "He has been wise and merciful. Oh, may His Spirit's light shine more fully into my soul, that I may know how to dedicate the life He has given me back more thoroughly to His service. For my Saviour's sake, I ask it."

"Amen," said Lois reverently.

When Christmas-time came, with it thoughts of love and peace; when families, long separated, are reunited in joyous meeting; when words of welcome are exchanged, and the tune of every heart seems a chorus to the Heavenly song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men," Anna was at home with Lois, and was comfortably settled in the new house at Dordrecht. It was a pretty house, quaint and gabled-roofed, as many of the buildings are in that fine old town; it had a wooden balcony in front, overhanging the water, that in summer would be festooned with bright creepers and flowers. On one side was a glimpse of the stately fourteenth-century Gothic church, on the other stretched away the grand vista of a street, where every house was hoary with age, and picturesque in its antiquity.

Fritz, who had been called "unfortunate and morbid," when the world went badly with him, was now hopeful and sprightly. The new appointment Jules Peterson had obtained for him suited exactly, and he had the happiness of seeing his wife and children once more living in the sunshine of prosperity.

With her nieces and nephews around her, with Lois sisterly and loving, Anna spent a peaceful Christmas. She heard the bells peal forth from cathedral and church steeples, and she was not surprised when Jules Peterson dropped in to accompany them to service. All through he had proved himself a sincere friend, and it was not likely he would change now.

Oscar and Babette were married, and it is to be hoped they were happy, though it was a sore disappointment to them both—worldly-minded as they were—when they found all the money Maria de Velde had left was forfeited on their wedding-day, and that it all went to Anna; but perhaps the lesson was salutary.

We must now bid adieu to Anna, merely saying she is firm in her desire of dedicating the rest of her days to her Saviour; but her desire takes no ascetic form. She knows the religious life is compatible with every day's ordinary toil and duties, and with her it is the ground-plan underlying all she thinks and does. She knows true service to God can be given from the very midst of a useful, active,

busy experience—aye, even though she may be a wife, the helpmeet to a loving husband.

So there is fresh joy awaiting her in the New Year, for then she has promised to give the answer to a question Jules Peterson asked her at Christmastide; and Jules, though not "brilliant, handsome, and splendid"—as she once thought Oscar—is a true-hearted, worthy man. THE END.

HIS HEART'S DESIRE.

It was a bright spring day, and the rays of the afternoon sun streamed in through the coloured windows, making the cold grey pavement of the old cathedral blush with crimson and purple light. The glory fell here and there in jewel-tinted flakes and flecks, now lighting up some massive column, now gleaming on the gloomy oaken stalls. One bright ray seemed to caress tenderly the fair-haired boy who was singing, as all true singers must, with his whole soul. As the sunlight came through the wondrous windows and illumined his golden curls, so was his face radiant with a glow of earnest happiness that streamed from his eyes—the windows of the soul. And as he sang he seemed inspired. Breathlessly all listened as there welled up the pure voice, rich yet restrained in the soothing strains, the tender cadences of the great master.

The solemn tones swept away adown the long nave and high into the arching roof. They eddied lingeringly in the aisles and in the great transepts, and round old time-eaten shrines. Comfort and solace for the weary, wounded heart seemed to ring in every note as the sweet words of that true angels' song resounded.

"O rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's desire."

The anthem was ended, the last words of peace spoken, the worshippers dispersed. Only one old man still knelt in rapt contemplation. The message of the anthem had stirred the very depths of his heart, and carried him far back into bygone years.

Long years ago he, too, had been a singer. There came before him the memory of a certain day when he also had sung those words. Not to that music, indeed. That had not been called into earthly existence out of the universe of unborn melody which the great masters of song are sometimes permitted to hear and interpret to their fellow men. But he had sung the words, and even then they sank into his heart, boy as he was, with a heavenly music of their own; for he felt and knew that the divine promise must be true and faithful. It was the last time he was to sing there. He was passing out of boyhood, and he had now to try to earn his spurs in that deadly combat with the world which brings woe indeed to the conquered. So with the greater power and intensity did the words come home to him. His heart's desire! To attain this he would willingly wait, and wait patiently. No toil should be too hard, no drudgery too wearisome if it but led him to such an end as that.

His heart's desire! What should that be? What could that be?

Then there arose before his boyish mind dazzling visions of great and boundless wealth. He thought of all that riches could purchase, of all they could accomplish. How often he had planned, "This would I do, if only I were rich." And here was the promise. He had but to make it his heart's desire and he would surely obtain it. Bright were the dreams that filled his fancy. What good would he not do with his wealth! What aching hearts would he not heal! How generous would he be! With what joy would he provide for his loved ones! His mother, what would he not do for her; now she had to work for him, but then he would be able to repay her. Oh that the day might quickly come!

Do you smile at his wishes? Have your own always been as pure, as unselfish?

* * * * *

Another picture rose before the old man's mind. Ten years had passed away and he was now become a man.

Once more the familiar words rang in his ears. With a smile half scornful the youth recalled his boyhood's aspirations. Wealth? No, that was no true heart's desire of his. He now knew how impotent, how sordid mere earthly wealth was. That which was gross, material, sensuous, evanescent, it might procure; but with what is highest and noblest in man, with what is most truly enduring, it had nought in common. He knew better than to desire such a thing now. No! there was a higher good to be longed for. He was willing to wait patiently if he might but attain to power and renown. Power that he might wield, not to benefit a few, but to do good to millions. Power that should command wealth and make use of it. His eye kindled. Proudly he drew himself up at the very thought of swaying myriads for their welfare.

Yes; he would be a king and a ruler among men, and unborn generations should avow him in very truth a benefactor.

For such an end as this life would indeed be worth the living. For such an end as this he could be well content to wait patiently. Here was at last his heart's desire.

* * * * *

Time passed silently but rapidly. Fifteen more years had slipped away, and now he sat a man well on in years. His dark locks were grizzled, and deep were the marks where care had ploughed long furrows on his brow. A book lay open before him, and he read "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him." With a sigh he recalled his former longings. He had not obtained them, nor did he now regret them. As formerly he had perceived the vanity of earthly riches, so now he could discern the impotence of earthly power; while toiling on patiently in his obscure condition he had observed many rise to great power. But he had also observed their decline. Their sun had risen high at noontide, but in the end had faded into the gloom of night. And, if their power was transitory, it was no less feeble. Compared with other men, they might seem powerful; but, when brought face to face with the realities of life and death, then their actual weakness became apparent. No, that desire, too, had been a mistake. What then was there to long for? Long had he battled bravely by himself, but now the strife began to tell upon his strength.

Sorrow and care had done their work. He began to feel that he was alone in the world, and to long for someone to fill up the void in his life.

Yes, that might well be his heart's desire. A pure, true love that might enter into his joys and sympathise with his griefs. A love to last throughout this life, and only begin afresh in the endless life to come. That would surely be a glorious crown for his patient waiting. . . Again twenty years passed. The snows of old age had fallen lightly, flake by flake, upon his head. He bent this time over the poet's words: "All things come round to him who will but wait." The echoes of old memories awoke. Gravely, but not sorrowfully, the old man reviewed his earlier dreams and wishes—wealth and power. He had seen their emptiness and uselessness. And that last dream! Was that as vain? Is love as idle a show as others? Nay, not so; for love is eternal.

Yet he seemed to perceive that the boon might have been withheld from him in mercy. He had seen how the loved ones of other men had been taken from them, how the after solitude had been doubly bitter, how doubly dark had been the gloom when the love-light faded out of their lives. He had seen, too, how imperfect after all was the communion of even those hearts that had loved the best. So, pondering over his mistake, he began to perceive that once again he had mistaken for the deep and enduring heart's desire something that after years had shown to be but poor and fleeting.

Then, thought he, that which I most need is wisdom, true wisdom. That in itself is wealth and power. It must surely be as eternal as love. It will help me to bear my griefs. It cannot fail to enhance my joys. Be this, then, my heart's desire.

* * * * *

So the old man, still kneeling in the great cathedral, called up the vision of days long past and dreams long dead. But now the familiar words seemed clothed with new meaning. As the sunlight, flashing on the distant landscape, will bring to view beauties unsuspected before, so the wondrous melody seemed to have taught him to find new truth in the words he had known so long. He had found the keynote of the saying, and its harmony became clear to him.

"'O, rest in the Lord.' Yea, gracious Master, Thou hast been guiding me hitherto. 'Whereas I was blind, now I see.' Thou hast been showing how vain and empty were what seemed my heart's desire. Thou hast caused me to see that they were not even the true desires of my heart.

"Contentedly, therefore, will I rest me in Thee, O loving Lord. Patiently will I wait for Thee. Be Thou my exceeding great reward. Be Thou my heart's desire."

What then? Is this all? Is the Divine Providence but a deceit? After a whole lifetime of patient waiting was the old man only taught to know a new desire?

Nay, but the promise was fulfilled. Not only one desire, but all his desires were granted him.

Wealth beyond man's conception, power greater than that of a monarch, love eternal and boundless, wisdom deeper and truer than that of the ancients, and the presence of that Lord who was his heart's true desire—all were given him, and that speedily. For, when the coloured glory of the windows had faded into cold grey, and the vergers came round to close the gates of the cathedral for the night, the silvery head was still bowed in grateful adoration, but the soul had winged its flight thither where true joys are to be found.

He had waited patiently for the Lord, and had obtained

HIS HEART'S DESIRE.

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

"THE DISCOVERY OF A CASK OF BISCUITS."

CHAPTER II.

AFTER SHIPWRECK.

How long I remained lying unconscious I knew not, but when I came to, benumbed with pain and cold, the storm had much abated, leaving the sea, however, still very rough. At first I had a difficulty in remembering where I was, but cold and hunger recalled me to a sense of my perilous position. My great anxiety was to learn how far the waves had carried me, and to my delight I found that the rock on which I had been thrown was not sea-girt. It must therefore have been high tide when I was cast upon it, for the waters had receded, and I could descend to the yellow sands which stretched below me. On feeling returning strength, my first act was to give thanks to God for His merciful preservation of my life, for, bitterly as I grieved over the loss of my friends, and sadly as I felt my loneliness and my separation from all whom I loved, I had a feeling of trust that He who had so graciously spared me might yet reunite us, even on earth, and my natural hopefulness and courage helped me to rouse myself. I thought, too, of the name my father had given me, and how he had one day said, half in joke, half in earnest, "My child, if ever you are in a great strait and inclined to despair, remember you are *Robina Crusoe*, and show yourself worthy of the name." Indeed, I was now in a "great strait," and much had I to cause "despair," but that which I dreaded above all things was the possible meeting with some wild creature of my own species!

Hunger began now to assert itself, and I therefore commenced looking for shells, knowing that their inhabitants are generally the first resource for the shipwrecked. However, my search was rewarded beyond my expectation by the discovery of a cask of biscuits which had been placed in our unfortunate boat. This I rolled as high as I could out of the way of the returning tide, and breaking open the top with a large stone, made a hearty meal of some of the contents and a few shell fish, for the night exposure and exertion had rendered me ravenous. Sipping a little brandy from my flask, I could not but feel thankful that the sea had been content to rob me only of my little volume; for truly just now even my brandy flask seemed more precious than the words of the immortal Shakespeare. Turning out my relics, I found them sadly drenched, and my little pocket Testament looked almost spoiled, but I laid them out on the sand to dry. I myself also was glad to feel the warmth of the sunshine, for my clothes were still heavy with wet. From the position of the sun I concluded it was about noon, and I began to reflect that if possible I must find myself a resting-place; for how did I know what dangers might lurk around me, or what foes, whether man or beast, shared with me that inhospitable shore?

Looking about to learn something of my surroundings, I perceived that the coast was rocky: high cliffs were on each side of me as far as the eye could reach, but here and there a wild ravine breaking through the rocks formed an almost inaccessible ascent into the interior. A small island was seen at some little distance from the mainland, but no signs of the wrecked vessel appeared; this was accounted for by the fact that she had struck on the farther side of this island, and therefore was hidden from view. My eyes wandered along the shores in search of any articles which might have been washed up. I could see some objects easily distinguishable from the scattered rocks amongst which they were lying.

My eyes turned with horror from one of these. It was some time before I could summon up courage to go to the beach, for I knew only too well what must there meet my gaze; but duty both to my late friends and myself compelled me to overcome my reluctance, since it appeared that one at least of my poor companions needed a last service at my hands, and also I must not neglect securing all I could against my future necessities.

It was as I feared; stretched lifeless was the body of a woman—not that of my friend, I was really thankful to find, but of a poor sempstress, one of the steerage passengers whom I had often noticed, and to whom I had frequently spoken.

"I SEEMED TO DRINK IN NEW LIFE."

I carefully dragged the body beyond reach of high water, then mounted higher till I got to the foot of the cliffs, and selected a spot where the soil was not too hard, and where I might dig a suitable grave. I had no tools, but the thing must be done, even were I reduced to scraping a hole with my hands; for how could I leave the body of a fellow creature to be buffeted by the waves or perhaps devoured by sharks?

Knowing that I could not accomplish my task in one day, I first reverently prepared the body for burial, hiding it afterwards under a heap of dried seaweed. I kept for my own use the exterior garments and the boots, and several small articles which I found in her pockets, chiefly such things as I had already in my housewife, but of which one in my circumstances could not possess too many. I now commenced the grave, breaking the ground with my large knife, and scooping it out with my hands. I worked, perhaps, for an hour, but the length of time I could only guess, since my watch, though saved, was too much injured to be of any use. I then returned to my search on the beach, leaving to the morrow the completion of my melancholy task.

I was beginning to suffer dreadfully from thirst, and was almost ready to lie down and give up in despair, when I espied the mouth of a ravine. Having made my way to it, those who have experienced the terrible feeling of raging thirst can understand the thankfulness I felt when I found a small stream of fresh water running over the rocks. Stooping and taking some up in the hollow of my hand, I seemed to drink in new life as I took the refreshing draught, afterwards bathing my face in the clear, cool water. Returning to the beach, the first thing I saw was the rudder, showing that the boat had most probably been broken up. I took possession of it, as also of every spar or piece of iron I came upon, not knowing how useful such odds and ends might prove. To my great delight, I next found a small barrel of salt meat, the boats having been well provisioned before leaving the ship. Each article found was carefully carried up to the foot of the cliffs, and stowed in a hole selected for the purpose. I now began to occupy myself in seeking a place of repose, for this my first night passed upon a desert shore. Where I stood was far too exposed, and other cliffs being so high seemed to offer no resource. I might, perhaps, succeed in reaching the top by following up one of the narrow, steep ravines which intersected them every here and there, and many of which were apparently the dry beds of torrents; but I dared not yet venture inland. I therefore determined on examining the cliffs more closely in hope of discovering some nook where I might safely pass the night. I found several, but feeling a repugnance to them continued my search yet longer. At length, casting my eyes upwards, I saw at a considerable elevation what seemed a ledge on the face of a rock. The difficulty was to approach it, but I resolved on the attempt, knowing that this difficulty constituted its greater security. After an arduous climb I at last gained my object, and found the place even more commodious than I expected. The ledge was at least six feet wide and twice as long, and had an incline inwards which would secure me against all danger of rolling off, whilst the cliff projecting forwards above me would shelter me, not only from rain, but from the observation of any possible enemies. My next care was to carry up my possessions, as the ledge would be my home most probably for some time to come. Many journeys were required for this, it being impossible for me to carry much at a time, as I was obliged to use my hands to help me up the steep ascent; but by tying the clothes which I had taken from the poor woman around me, I managed to convey them to the place I had chosen, and then arranged them so as to form as *soft* a bed as possible! But the meat and biscuit barrels I was obliged to leave, hiding them as well as I could, though I helped myself to some of the contents of the latter for my supper.

Having made my arrangements for the night, I mounted for the last time, feeling much need of rest, but before lying down the thought of my terrible position again forced itself upon me. For the immediate present I had but little fear; the place was almost inaccessible, and could scarcely have been discovered but by one in search of a hiding-place. Were the land full of inhabitants not an eye would be likely to spy me out, guarded as I was by the rocks around me; my anxiety was more about the future, so unprovided was I with absolute necessities. I could not always live on shell fish, and my meat and biscuits would not last very long. No weapons had I wherewith to kill game, even if hunger nerved me for a feat hitherto unthought of. My knife would be useless without the victim could be first secured. But what of a bow and arrows? Surely I should be skilful enough to manufacture these, in some rude fashion though it might be! This idea somewhat revived my spirits, but despondency speedily reasserted itself, and I felt that I must indeed leave myself in the hands of my Heavenly Father; and, committing myself to Him who, since "He careth for the sparrows," would not forget me in my desolate condition, I tried to compose myself for sleep; but this was no easy matter on so hard a couch. As I turned from side to side it seemed to get harder, and I thought how foolish I had been not to bring up a supply of the seaweed that was scattered about in such abundance. A goodly layer of this under the clothes would have helped to make my bed a little more restful. At length, however, "tired Nature" found the repose so sorely needed, and I sank into a sound and heavy sleep.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF A SMILE.—Of all appearances of that human countenance methinks a smile is the most extraordinary. It plays with a surprising agreeableness in the eye, breaks out with the brightest distinction, and sits like a glory upon the countenance. What sun is there within us that shoots his beams with so sudden a vigour? To see the soul flash in the face at this rate one would think would convert an atheist; by the way, we may observe that smiles are much more becoming than frowns. This seems an actual encouragement to good humour, as much as to say, if people have a mind to be handsome they must not be peevish and untoward.—*Jeremy Collier.*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—No. 1.

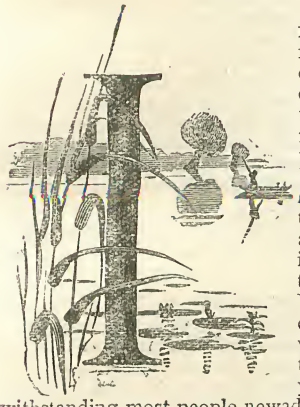
OH! how delightful! now the time is come
For leaving studies and returning home
For rest and leisure, for amusement too;
We laugh for joy, and wish the same to you!

1. A small Swiss village, where brave Switzers made a stand
   'Gainst Austrians, long ago, and sav'd their native land.
2. Soldier of Fortune, in America he fought,
   Conquer'd, was conquer'd, captive made, and taught
   Adversity; escaping, he returned to Spain,
   And plung'd into the broils of civil war again.
   A foreign legion gave him strength beyond his own
   To place his youthful queen once more upon the throne;
   Grateful, she raised him to a grandee's dignity
   By the auspicious name of Duke of Victory.
3. Such wondrous metamorphoses in Nature rise,
   No change can be so great as e'er to cause surprise;
   Unsightly worms, which stagnant pool within them bear,
   Become the brilliant, light-wing'd denizens of air;
   Queer, helpless tadpoles to amphibious frogs will grow
   And I, once vegetable, am a min'ral now.
4. Those ancient magistrates, whose single word was law
   And who were held by even mightiest kings in awe.
5. In this old castle was a captive sov'reign pent,
   When his long-banished cousin, full of discontent,
   Return'd to claim the lands which, by his father's death,
   Were his; and, breaking all the loyal bonds of faith,
   Seiz'd on the feeble king, whom he a pris'ner made;
   And in this castle was the hapless monarch stay'd.
6. A reigning House: in Europe first its pow'r was known;
   Then, reaching o'er th' Atlantic, it has made its own
   An empire, where luxuriant dye-wood forests grow,
   All precious ores are found, and mighty rivers flow.
7. That powder of the adamantine spar, we use
   When oxides make our instruments their smoothness lose.
8. A famous painter, whose ideal beauties seem
   A little too substantial for a poet's dream.
   Yet what command of colouring! if he liv'd now,
   He'd find some fairer model than a stout Dutch *vrouw.*

XIMENA.

MEDICINES: WHEN TO TAKE AND WHEN TO AVOID.

By Medicus.



I HAVE more faith in the common sense of my readers than to think for a moment that they will be deterred from reading this paper by a glance at its not-over-taking title. Well, medicine is never very taking at the best, but yet and notwithstanding most people nowadays, both old and young, take, or have to take, a deal too much of it. A blind faith in the efficacy of medicine for the cure of diseases and the restoration of shattered systems to a state of health has been the ruin of many thousands. Older people often go on working and working when they had far better rest. They promise themselves a holiday, but fix the date of it too far ahead; they feel they need a recess, but they imagine that any time will do, and they console themselves with the thought that if they do get rather low in health, a consultation or two with the family physician, and a course of medicine, are sure to put them "straight," as they phrase it. Alas! they often find to their sorrow that sufficient injury may be done to the system from one week of forced work to necessitate for its reparation months on months of living by rule, to say nothing of swallowing draughts, pills, and potions enough to stock a cottage hospital. And the not-over-comforting thought dawns upon them at last, that they might just as well have let all this physic alone, trusted to healthful food and a regulated regimen, and so saved the druggist's bill.

On the other hand, while older people seek relief in medicines from real or fancied ills, that might be cured or dispelled without them, they force young folks to take them, sometimes, I own, to their advantage, more frequently, I fear, to their detriment.

But this is not all I have to deplore, for it is positively painful to think that girls, both old and young, often dose themselves to their detriment—injudiciously.

Now, do not misunderstand me: it is the abuse, not the use of medicine; in other words, it is the indiscriminate use of drugs that I wish to hold up a warning hand against.

Taken at the right time and with due precautions, medicines seem at times to work miracles; taken recklessly, the only thing that they are likely to work is mischief. I state a fact, and one that even the youngest girl whose eyes fall on these pages may easily remember as long as she lives.

It is girls in their "teens" who are the most likely to err in medicine-taking, in over-doctoring themselves. The very young take physic with an abhorrence which even the prospective sugar plum cannot entirely banish, while nothing short of force will succeed in making an infant swallow a nauseous powder or draught. Whether that child-on-knee, strenuously resisting the efforts of her nurse to pour a modicum of medicine down the little throat, be or be not nature personified endeavouring to teach us grown-up folks a lesson, I shall not pause here to consider. The fact remains, that people take medicine and administer it to others where there is no earthly reason to do so, and that their so doing is productive of evil.

When, then, it may very reasonably be asked, should one use tonics, or any other class of drug likely to do them good? If I were to reply, "Never, unless the drug is prescribed by a medical man and compounded by a chemist," I would be giving advice which could not always be adhered to. This is an age of advancement, everybody knows a little of every science, and the science of physic forms no exception. Besides, people are often so positioned as not to be able to consult a doctor. A certain amount of use must be made of the family medicine chest; if it were not so I should not be writing, month after month, in the columns of The Girl's Own Paper.

A better reply to the question is this: "Never take drugs of any kind if you can possibly do without them." I think, then, I shall best serve the purpose I have in view, if I say a few words about the properties, not of individual drugs, but about one or two of the classes in which they are usually arranged. I shall then finish with a few words of general advice, which I trust our girls will read, and, having read, remember.

And first, let me dismiss with a brief line or two the so-called patent medicines, which you see so much advertised in every newspaper you take up. Their name is legion. This being so, it would be a wonder if there were not some good ones among them. At the university where I had the honour of being dubbed M.D., &c., we had to take a kind of a vow, or, at all events, give a solemn promise never to prescribe what is called quack medicine, which means any remedial compound the nature of which is kept secret. I hope I do not break that promise when I candidly admit that, were I leaving England to-morrow, there are one or two patent medicines I should assuredly place in my medicine chest. But nevertheless my professional knowledge gives me the power to tell the good from the bad. You have not that aid, therefore I say avoid patent medicines, unless under very good advice. Above all, avoid those sorts that are advertised and sold to cure a long column of complaints. There is another danger connected with the use of patent medicines, especially pills; if you once commence to take them you may have to go on with them, and go on increasing the dose. Of a certain patent pill which shall be nameless, and the dose of which—to a beginner—is two at night, I know a gentleman (marvellous to say he still lives) who never felt perfectly happy until he had got down forty just before popping into bed. He was at least constantly complaining, and no wonder; but there was really nothing the matter with the poor, foolish fellow—except the pills.

But if the incautious use of patent drugs is to be deprecated, so also is that of patent cosmetics. And by cosmetics I mean the multitude of nostrums, face powders, and other applications which girls often use to add to their beauty. Add to it, indeed! Why, it detracts from it. Oh! young girls, the best face cosmetic in the world is a good long walk in the early morning. "Beauty is but skin deep" used to be a common saying. "Beauty is but powder deep" would often be nearer the mark nowadays. But there! I will not say another word on the subject. I might not have said so much, only I am writing in a flower garden. I see a deal of beauty about me, but nothing artificial.

Perhaps—and now I am addressing more particularly my senior readers—perhaps, I was going to say, there is no class of medicines more recklessly used than what are called aperients. The "simple dose of castor oil" which we force down baby's throat, how often it might be dispensed with! Probably she would not look so pale, so pallid, if she were less coddled indoors; probably, if she spent more time in her perambulator and less in her bassinet, the nauseous dose, simple and all as it seems, might be dispensed with. And the worst of it is this, that by this "simple dose" poor baby may only be made well for a little while, and the dose may need repeating. Change her food and re-change it, and only give medicine as a final resource. Castor oil is a capital medicine, nevertheless; but I have often doubted whether the struggle a child undergoes before you can get it to swallow a single mouthful does not do her more harm than the remedy itself does good. A little manna is easily taken; so, too, is a little carbonate of magnesia in the pap, though even this must not be given constantly.

Well, the seidlitz powder is another "simple" medicine; so is the rhubarb or colocynth pill at bedtime. Yes, very good in their way.

"Josephine is looking quite pale, papa," says an anxious mother, referring to her daughter. "Hadn't you better give her a pill of some kind?"

Papa had much better wait a little. Meanwhile, if Josephine will throw down that intensely exciting novel and get out of doors two or three hours every day for a fortnight, there will not be the slightest occasion for her mamma to suggest a pill of some kind. And papa should remember that aperients are usually debilitating in their nature, but that when necessity renders their use imperative, much good may be done by giving a tonic of some kind along with them.

And talking of tonics reminds me that girls and people in general have very erroneous notions about this class of medicine. It is certainly a very popular kind of remedy; too much so, because, taken injudiciously, tonics are most harmful. The tonics best known to my readers are doubtless iron in some form, quinine, and the bitter tonics. Cod liver oil is also a favourite, and justly so too, when (1) it is really required, and when (2) the stomach can bear it.

There is a general impression prevalent that tonics must do good, that they are simply medicines which strengthen, and can be taken with benefit *ad libitum*. Hear what a great authority, Professor Nelligan, says on the subject. "Tonics are medicines, the continued administration of which in debilitated and relaxed conditions of the body impart strength and vigour without producing excitement."

"If, however, he adds, "they are given when the system is in a healthy state, their action, like that of stimulants, is followed by collapse."

To make the learned gentleman's meaning plain to my youthful reader, let us suppose a case; and that will be just like telling a story, will it not?

Clementina Wilson is a young girl, who has to work for her living, like many a one else. A good portion of the day is her own, however, to spend as she pleases. About a year ago—I must now adopt the past tense—she found she was not so well as usual; she felt languid, unhappy, and out of sorts, and her reflection in the glass was anything but a ruddy one. She had little appetite, and preferred spending a good deal of time on the sofa which she might have spent more advantageously out of doors. She wanted to take advice, but didn't care, or was shy or something. A pill a friend recommended gave her only temporary relief. Well, one day her eye alighted on a paper, written by a man called Medicus, wherein she read that for girls in her condition three or four grain doses of the citrate of iron and quinine thrice daily in water with a few drops of orange bitters added was an excellent remedy, if an aperient pill—

some very mild one—were taken about twice a week, *if* out-door exercise were taken, *if* a cold or tepid bath were taken in the morning, and *if* she did not bend quite so much over her work as was her wont, for the simple reason that in this world no one has a right to kill herself in order to make a living. So Clementina tried the remedy, and lo! and behold in about a month she was quite herself again. She clapped her hands with joy. "I will aways use the citrate," she said, "whenever I feel the least bit out of sorts."

But that was just where error crept in. For Clementina took to use her darling citrate when there was really nothing more the matter with her than a good brisk walk would have banished entirely. Thus taking a tonic was in her case like taking a stimulant, taking wine in fact; and it left "collapse," exhaustion in other words. And was it any wonder then that in time Clementina grew really and seriously ill, and that a doctor had to be consulted, who, after a great deal of suffering on the innocent child's part, did manage to put her quite well again, and finally dismissed her, not with his blessing, but with a gruff but friendly caution "not to go doctoring at herself again."

There is a môral hidden away in that little story; to find it is your business, not mine.

I will say no more about tonics, then, as a class; but just a word about iron and quinine. Iron is an excellent blood tonic—I mean it improves and strengthens the blood. It causes heat of the body sometimes, however, and then the dose must be lessened. The dialysed iron drops are mild and effective. Quinine should be taken in very small doses. It is a good nervine tonic and general imparter of strength, always provided it is needed. It should be taken in much smaller doses than are usually given. The tincture of quinine is a good remedy in some cases of tic, or nervous toothache. Quinine sometimes affects the head, causing fulness of blood, and even dizziness. If it does it should be avoided.

Cod liver oil is excellent to combine with the tonic. But small doses must be taken at first, gradually increased.

Girls often fancy they are ill, and fly to medicine when they had much better trust to a change of diet.

When you do take tonics--and there are times when, perhaps, it is right you should—do not forget to combine with those excellent remedial aids, exercise in the open air, change of diet, and that which I am constantly preaching about, *the bath*.

Some girls are troubled a good deal with dyspepsia; and one of its most painful symptoms is acidity of the stomach and heartburn. Well, heartburn is very easily alleviated by taking a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in half a tumblerful of cold water; but this is not getting at the root of the evil, it is not curing the dyspepsia. To do this strict regulation of diet is necessary, and as for the soda it is a most pernicious thing to swallow, it injures the coats of the stomach and does no end of mischief. So I say avoid it unless in extreme cases.

Some girls are constantly aiming at possessing a higher standard of health than they have; to such I say let well alone. Be content; we are not all made alike, we cannot be all giants in strength; and, perhaps if you are weakly in body you may have a more finely formed mind, a soul that, though easily cast down, can enjoy more in one hour than others more vigorously formed can in a week. It is the weakly and the nervous that are constantly seeking relief from medicines. They are just those that ought not to. They should rather, by leading an exceedingly regular life, and studying temperance in all things, try to find that greatest boon of all—contentment with their lot. And they should not forget that the best and the safest of all medicines is plenty of fresh air and sunshine.

CHATS ABOUT THE CALENDAR.

JANUARY received its name from the early Romans in honour of Janus, a deity who is always represented as having two faces—one looking back on the old year, and the other looking forward to the new. Our Saxon ancestors called this month Wolf-Monat, *i.e.*, wolf month, because of the popular belief that the wolves, which then infested the woods, were more daring and voracious then than at any other time. Subsequently, when Christianity began to make way, the month gained the name of Aefter-Yula, or After-Christmas. But both titles were abandoned in favour of the Roman one. The practice of making presents on New Year's Day was doubtless derived from the Romans who settled in Britain, and spread the custom among our ancestors, together with the celebration of certain festivities. These festivities, however, in Rome were carried on amidst much rioting and unseemly mirth, while our Christian forefathers, blessed with the light of truth, rejected the superstition and excesses of the heathens, merely retaining those interchanges of good wishes and of presents which had accompanied the pagan celebrations.

The wassail bowl, carried from door to door, was a great institution among the Saxons. The most perfect fragment of the "wassail" exists in the usage of certain domestic banquets and corporation festivals. The person presiding stands up at the conclusion of the dinner, and drinks from a flagon, with a handle on each side, by which he holds it; while the toastmaster announces him as "drinking the health of his brethren out of the loving cup." This cup, which is the ancient wassail bowl, is then passed to the guest on his left hand, and by him to his next left hand neighbour, and as the loving cup thus passes round to all the guests in their turn, so each stands up and drinks to the president. The French keep up the practice of giving presents on New Year's Day to a surprising extent, and the day is in France recognised from this circumstance as *le Jour d'Etrennes*.

The sixth day of the month is especially known among our young folks as Twelfth Day, and the cake, which in most families forms an important part of the entertainment, is known by no other name than that of Twelfth Cake. Authorities differ in their accounts of the origin of the festive custom of drawing for king and queen, &c., when the cake is divided, some maintaining it to be derived from the practice of the Roman children, who, at the end of their saturnalia, drew lots with beans to see who would be king. The old calendars stated that on the vigil of this day "kings were created or elected by beans," and denominated the day itself "The Festival of Kings," which is still retained in Spain. Our children thus have a time-honoured custom as the foundation of their Twelfth Night amusements!

I wonder if any of my readers ever heard of Plough Monday? This is the first Monday after Epiphany, and received its appellation from its having been fixed upon by our forefathers as the period when they returned to the duties of agriculture after the festivities of Christmas. The plough, being the fundamental instrument of husbandry, was not inaptly made the typical expression of the renewal of their labours. Time has, however, nearly worn out this ancient usage, to which perhaps the morris dancers in the North owe their existence, as they sometimes drag a plough from door to door soliciting plough money, wherewith to defray the expenses of a feast and a dance in the evening. January is represented in old paintings by the figure of a man clad in white, as the type of the snow on the ground; under his arm he carries a billet of wood, and near him stands the figure of the sign of Aquarius, the watery emblem in the Zodiac, into which the sun enters on the 19th of this month.

USEFUL HINTS.

HEADACHE.—Sponge the head all over night and morning with water as hot as you can bear it, and rub dry with a coarse towel.

CURE FOR BRONCHITIS OR SUFFOCATION.—One tablespoonful of salad oil to three of old French brandy. Put it into a bottle and shake well until it is a froth. Dose, one tablespoonful when necessary; likewise use a little of the liquid to rub the throat and between the shoulders gently with a warm hand.

CURE FOR BOILS.—A tablespoonful of yeast taken every day mixed in half a tumbler of cold water for three months, is a certain cure.

CURE FOR BURNS OR SCALDS.—An application of common whiting and oil (or water, if oil is not to hand) draws the fire out of the burn or scald, and gives immediate relief. Make the ingredients into a paste and lay it over the part affected, covering it up with some old linen and cotton wadding.

HEAT SPOTS ON SKIN.—One oz. of cream of tartar and half an ounce of flour of brimstone mixed. Take a teaspoonful of the powder and a teaspoonful of strained lemon juice in half a tumbler of cold water, three times a day for a fortnight. Vegetable diet and cold bathing desirable.

TO CLEAN DECANTERS OR BOTTLES.—Put the tea-leaves from the teapot into your decanters over night with a little cold water, in the morning shake them well until quite clean, then rinse and place in your bottle rack to drain. After polishing with a soft cloth, they look bright and beautiful.

TO PREVENT A TEA-POT GETTING MOULDY.—After washing and drying thoroughly, place a lump of sugar inside; it absorbs all dampness.

TO CLEAN JEWELLERY WITHOUT STONES.—Chains, lockets, anything without stones may be cleaned by brushing in soap and water with a small piece of soda in, then rinse and dry on a towel, after which place the articles in a large plate of bran, taking care to cover well with bran. Then put the plate in a moderately heated oven for half an hour and rub with a piece of wash-leather when you take them out of the oven.

FALLS.—Rub the part affected with a piece of fresh butter, and it will prevent a bruise or any discolouring of the skin.

CHILBLAINS.—Rub every night with oil or cold cream, and sleep in warm socks or stockings.

EARACHE.—A good sized linseed-meal poultice hot, with eight or ten drops of laudanum in the middle, will cure the most severe earache.

CORRECT CLOTHING, AND HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

We have much cause to be grateful to the originators of fashion this season, for we are left decidedly free as regards many essentials, and may wear our last winter's dresses without fear of being thought remarkable. There is no rule, apparently, as to the shapes, for dresses and jackets, coat-bodices, polonaises, paniers, and long "redingote" costumes are all in fashion simultaneously. For very young girls the full gathered bodice and band is also used, but for older people it has gone out of favour, a fact not difficult to explain, for they do not find it sufficiently "dressy" to be useful in these days when all economical women try to make two or three dresses answer, where formerly they would have considered a dozen as naturally to be desired, and really necessary.

The majority of bodices are pointed in front, and finished with either a coat-shaped back, or one with two wing-like puffings. The only new introduction is the extremely short basqued bodice, with tabs cut in the shape of a tongue, or battlemented all round, the basque being so short that these tabs come within an inch or so of the waist. These tabbed bodices, made of plain woollen material, are worn with checked woollen skirts, and the mixed dresses of plain and checked material are newer than those entirely plain or entirely checked. The bodices of these are also made in velvet and cloth, to be worn with plaid silk, or coloured skirts of light hues, for more dressy toilettes. This is one of those fortunate ideas which are constantly cropping up for the benefit of such persons as may be obliged to take much thought about their dress from economical reasons, and yet must always make a good appearance, for these bodices can be used with any skirt, and the pretty new velvet bodice will make what the old ladies of two centuries ago called "a brave show."

The only dresses now made of one material only are braided serges and cashmeres, for almost everything worn is made of two materials, such as checked velvets and plushes with silk, satin, or any kind of soft woollen stuff. The skirts of dresses are still short, and many ladies of high rank have had them made for winter wear only reaching to, if not a little above, the ankle—a sensible plan, considering the muddy condition of the streets both in town and country, which seem to be always dirty after November has begun.

But the skirts are much fuller, and, though tied back, no longer present that skimpy and thin appearance as of yore. The great majority of dresses are made with wide box-pleats on the skirts, the upper part being finished with paniers and a large buckle at the top; three flounces, however, often replace them, and appear to be equally fashionable.

Plush is much used this winter, but there are many complaints of its lack of wearing qualities. That used for trimming has a long pile, and much of the plush seen in the shops is very *outré* as to colour and pattern, and exorbitant in price. The new material called "ottoman" is really the old Terry-velvet revived, and this is mixed with both plush and brocade, generally forming the design on both, though occasionally the ottoman is seen as the foundation when the design is brocaded.

Woollen materials are more used than ever, and all kinds of Indian cashmeres and woven chuddahs, to which latter we have given the name of "Umritzur." Cashmeres are very fashionable, they are generally made up with silk to match them in colour, and are delightfully soft and warm in wear. No tinsel threads are now interwoven into dress materials, as they are no longer considered to be in good taste.

I must give a parting word as to colours before leaving the subject of dress in general. For the braided serges, blue is almost universally used in two shades—"navy," and a lighter *nuance* called "baltic," but blue, except in these two shades, is hardly seen or used in dress this year. Brown is, I think, the favourite colour of the day, and the varieties range from russet to the darkest shade of seal. Tobacco-brown and brown-bread are the names of two new varieties, and they are very well chosen as descriptive of the colours. Both are sometimes made up into dresses with green, a new shade being used called "campagna." This is an idea for those who have old brown dresses to re-make.

"Pompeian red" is much used in woollens, and forms a part of most checks and plaids; so does a blue-green, and both are introduced in narrow stripes, and serve to give a dash of colour to the material. In red there is also "delf-red" and "phosphorus-red," the first being the bricky red found on old china. Terra-cotta is still used for children's dresses, and the new velvets and velveteens in that colour are unquestionably beautifully adapted to the use of the little ones, and seem to increase their fair and delicate beauty.

Fur trimmings—save on cloaks—seem to be laid aside. All the newest jackets are braided, and the very expensive cloaks are generally trimmed with rich chenille fringe and gimp trimmings. Fur bands have been adopted for tea-gowns and dressing-gowns, on which they look very cosy and warm; and a little cheap fur added to the wrap of the invalid will be found a delightful thing both to herself and those about her; besides which, its use will sometimes turn a half worn dressing gown into a new and expensive-looking garment. Sealskin and "alaska-seal" jackets are made very long this winter, and the back seam is open all the way up, like a man's great-coat, an idea which may be adopted by those who find, with the increased fulness of the skirts and their drapery, that their sealskin coats and jackets are tight and uncomfortable. Everyone, young and middle-aged, seems to have adopted capes, of every kind of fur, with avidity; a fact not to be wondered at, for they are both becoming and useful, and are warmer than any ordinary jacket of cloth. The capes of this winter quite reach the waist, and some, indeed, extend below the elbows, and form a point at the back. I hear that ermine and chinchilla are both to be fashionable again; which will be good news to many people who have nice sets of both lying by.

The chief feature of both hats and bonnets is the immense amount of feathers gathered together upon them; and judging from the number used, the trade in ostrich feathers must be very good. But I am sorry to see the number of birds that fashion requires this winter, now that flowers are pronounced unfashionable; and I trust none of my young readers will give in to so cruel and needless a thing. It is quite grievous to see the boxes of birds that are brought out in every shop for choice, and the poor wee things are usually so badly cured and wired, that they are worthless after a very short period of wear.

Fine felt appears to be the most used for hats, and many of them are made with plush and velvet brims. Most hats are very large, and endow the wearers with an air of much importance, but there are other shapes more suitable for daily wear, which have high crowns and narrow turn-up brims. These are simply trimmed with velvet, some stiff wing adorning them at the side.

All millinery is very much ornamented, and much glitter and show appear to be liked. This has probably arisen from the fact that so many of the dresses worn are black; and the bonnet or hat gives the only glimmer of colour. Thus we find red, blue, and green

bonnets worn by the quietest of people. There are so many varieties in shape that they can hardly be described, and the French bonnets are all exceedingly large and remarkable, covering the face, and much brought forward—a style which is very unsuitable to the middle-aged, who cannot afford to have a shadow thrown on their faces from above; deepening the shadows of every line, and rendering the expression of the sweetest and most placid of mothers morose looking and severe. All kinds of metallic pins are worn in the bonnets, as well as in the dress; and, indeed, they seem to have taken the place of brooches; for they are used to fasten the collar, and in some cases to pin on the watch to the left side, in front; the other end of the chain being placed in the button-hole of the dress.

Beaded bonnets are as much used as ever, in all colours; and so are gold braid, and buckles. So many of our girls have found it possible to manufacture their own bonnets, now that these beaded crowns and beaded lace are worn, that I am glad to see the fashion continue. Both the hats that are illustrated this month have the narrower brims and high crowns; so that our readers can judge for themselves how suitable and pretty they are for everyday life. The shape of the newest cloak, and long "redingote" jacket, and the bodice with tabs, are all shown in the illustration with three figures.

Linen collars and cuffs appear to be again restored to their place in the favour of the public. The most fashionable are those of tinted linen designed to match the dress in colour. Reddish pink, pale brown, pale blue, and yellow are the prevalent colours, and the collar consists of a plain straight band that laps over in front, so as to be quite closed. As I have said already, no brooch is worn, but a fancy pin is used to fasten collar and dress together in front.

One of the new mixtures, as already observed, is green and brown, and green and terra-cotta seems also in vogue. Some of the new dresses have flounces bordered with narrow tucks, instead of a hem only. The sleeves are still narrow, close-fitting, and high on the shoulders. This last is an exclusively English fashion, I think, which we owe to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales. They are hardly ever seen in Paris made in that style, and the Americans never adopt it until they have been in England. The handkerchiefs for use in the morning have coloured borders, intended to match the dress. Black stockings are worn, as well as coloured ones, to suit or contrast with the gown. There are some very pretty little bibbed aprons of lace, which are used to give a dressy appearance at bazaars and at-homes in the evening. The bib and skirt are formed in one piece, and they are made of lace bought by the yard, a small flounce being put on straight at the lower edge, and a bunch of natural flowers added at the top corner of the bib.

The two skating figures are habited as beseems in close-fitting garments, the left hand figure in a long and close-fitting polonaise, edged round with fur and warmly lined. Her hat matches her dress as to material, and has a loose full crown and wavy brim. The dress of the second figure consists of a close-fitting tight jacket of cloth, which is double-breasted. Her dress is of braided navy blue serge, the overskirt being finished with battlemented tabs, each of them being ornamented with a design in braiding.

THE FRIEND OF YOUTH.

A SERIES OF WORDS BY THE WAY.

By James Mason.

THE distance from London is neither here nor there, neither are the latitude and longitude. So we would like to have outsiders believe. Every one of us, indeed, is more reluctant than another to tell the whereabouts of our village, lest fashion should volunteer a visit, and having visited admire, and having admired settle, and having settled, cast its evil eye on the primitiveness we love, and make a clean sweep of us and all our belongings. Some people may call it selfishness; not we. We call it the instinct of self-preservation.

Ours is a little village at the foot of a range of wooded hills which run parallel to, and at only a short distance from, the seashore. The houses are dotted here and there over a good sized common, almost every house on the same plan, whitewashed and home-like, with the well at one end and a faggot stack and turf-house at the other.

The common is much cut up by cart tracks, and on it is a pond fed by a little stream. A flock of ducks is always feeding there, keeping company with the cows and ponies turned out by the villagers. In the centre of the common stands a rising ground, and on the summit of this rising ground is a house—a superior-looking house—facing southwards, and so commanding a view of the sea.

A sign-post at the north end of the common directs strangers by two of its arms to the nearest market-town, and to an inland village famous for its old church, whilst the third arm points out what the natives call the "nighest way to the harbour." At the harbour we find a row of fishermen's houses with an inn—"The Mariner's Compass"—a miserable house, if the truth be told; but it serves to shelter wayfarers from the pitiless storms which sometimes rage in these parts, and to keep them alive till the next morning. Three or four doors from the inn is the "Post Office and General Mart," a corner house, in whose solitary shop window is a motley collection of articles: cakes of ginger-bread, seeds of various kinds, mint lozenges, boots and shoes, fishing-tackle, mantelpiece ornaments, a few bottles of castor oil, children's toys, and note paper and envelopes.

The old stone pier is placed at the end of this row of houses, just where a stream of some size enters the sea. Drawn up on the sand are a few fishing boats, and at all hours of the day men are lounging about, watching the nets hung out to dry and casting dreamy glances to seaward.

To the right, looking away from the land, the sands stretch for nearly a mile, but to the left the coast is rocky and dangerous.

Following up the stream just mentioned we come to a bridge, said to date back almost to the time of the Romans. It is old, moss grown and dilapidated, but there has been some talk of repairing it. That talk, however, has been going on for many years, for our parish authorities cannot be accused of doing anything without due deliberation.

Crossing the bridge we enter a wooded glen where there is the wreck of an old castle. It is an ivy-clad ruin half hidden in foliage. The glen is famous for its glowworms, and it was there I remember first seeing touchwood on a dark night like a ghost rising out of a grave.

This glen with its old castle lies on the east of the village common. On the west, and about ten minutes' walk away, are four unpolished stones standing erect in a field, forming part of a Druidical circle, and at a short distance is another stone of a similar description. These are known as the standing stones of Morna.

Such is the village of Rosenhurst, and such its immediate neighbourhood.

The natives of this outlandish place have many peculiarities, not the least of which is a good opinion of themselves. They have a fair representative in a man whom I overheard the other night say to his wife, "You may think what you like, but I know you have the best husband in the world." However, my business just now is not to describe the people, but only to speak of a single person, not a native, but one so long settled in the village that he might almost have been reckoned as such.

One evening, a few days after I had gone to reside at Rosenhurst, on walking through the warren, near the standing stones, I came to a little gate opening on a sloping meadow. Those who have been there know that there are young oak trees on either side and a holly-bush just beyond, and that the fence running away from the gate is very old and decayed.

I was undoing the twisted twigs with which the gate was fastened, and listening to the tinkling of the sheepbells in the meadow, when someone came up the footpath with a book in his hand. He was a tall, pale man with blue eyes, an oblong head, a nose large and long, and with his forehead deeply furrowed with wrinkles, which descended between the eyebrows to the commencement of the nose. In his manner there was a peculiar grace and dignity.

Looking at me in passing with a quick but friendly glance, he said "Good evening," and walked on.

Such was my first meeting with one with whom I became in time very intimate, and whose memory is now amongst my pleasantest recollections.

Wondering who he was, and feeling attracted towards him at first sight, I described him the next day when at the "General Mart" to Susan, our little post-mistress, who, I rightly supposed, should know everybody.

"Why," said she, "that was Mr. Sedgwick. He lives yonder," and Susan, who was standing at the shop door, pointed to the house on the rising ground in the centre of the common.

"Do you know anything of his history?"

"Very little; and I don't think anybody does, though he came here before I was born."

"He looks a nice person."

"And he is," replied Susan, with enthusiasm; "he has a kind word for everybody."

She then went on to tell what showed that this Mr. Sedgwick possessed an influence in Rosenhurst out of all proportion to the size of his establishment and the extent—to all appearance—of his fortune. He had always been liked, but time, which tries the truth in everything, seemed to have made him more and more beloved by his neighbours. They resorted to him in all their little difficulties; he settled their disputes, sympathised with their sorrows, advised them as to sales and purchases in connection with what little property they owned, befriended their children, and tried to bring to bear on their simple lives those lessons he had himself gained in the great school of experience.

It was not much information, however, that Susan could give, but fortune soon threw me into the company of this man who was reported to have a kind word for everybody, and before long I knew rather more about him than other people.

Of his connections I never learned a great deal.

"The majority of my relatives," he once said, "have died in trouble;" but that was the only mention he ever made in my hearing of his family. I understood, however, that his birth was honourable, and that he was descended in a direct line from Sir Anthony

Sedgwick, who played a distinguished part amongst the Cavaliers during the struggles of the times of the Commonwealth.

He had travelled much early in life, and—very naturally in a country place, where to go beyond the bounds of the parish was a nine days' wonder—got the credit of having been everywhere. It may be questioned, however, whether he had seen half as much as was currently believed.

That his personal history had been interesting a host of incidents I remember served to show, and so did not a few more which have slipped from my memory like many other things I should have cherished.

There is usually one feature in every character that strikes us as more prominent than all the rest—a central point, as it were, round which everything else turns. In his case it was earnestness, a feature which is always more than respectable. And, as a natural result of this earnestness, was his truthfulness. A great Italian poet once wrote in his autobiography that of all men he had ever known he himself was the man of the fewest lies. Sedgwick could take higher ground than that: he had positively no lies at all. For deceit in any form he had a dislike amounting to horror, often expressed by him in words, and between his words and actions there was a perfect harmony, unlike what is the case with many people who have a set of fine precepts accompanied by actions which fill one with sorrow and disgust.

Mingled with this earnestness and truthfulness was a vein of cheerfulness and good humour. There seemed a kind of day star always above the horizon of his mind, filling it with a steady and perpetual serenity. It was not difficult to account for. He was always occupied, and the busy man is seldom miserable.

"Fortunately," he would say, "my habits are economical and I can live without the necessity to work; but I occupy myself with everything Providence sends in my way, for I do not choose to go to sleep."

One of his strong points was that he was an excellent and delightful talker. I would call him an inexhaustible fountain of speech were it not that that phrase might convey the impression that he flowed on without permitting either reply or interruption, which was far from being the case. He was quite as good a listener as he was a talker—a listener full of courtesy and good sense.

He rejoiced in argument. "How can people talk," he used to say, "on subjects on which they are agreed?" But this, girls, was only his picturesque way of putting things; he knew as well as we do that the most charming conversation is not discussion, and that many a happy hour may be spent in company by those who are on all things of one mind.

His conversation rested on a basis of solid and ever-increasing information. An observer, however keen, living much in one place, so that subjects of necessity become exhausted or continually repeat themselves could not have been so entertaining as he was without the additional exercise of constant reading. He was always turning over his large and very miscellaneous library, and suggestive reading in his, as in every other case, set the mind to work on its own account.

For the mental capacity of others he had a great respect. "I once had this lesson taught me," said he, "never to think another ignorant because he did not know the half-dozen things I myself had at the tip of my tongue. He was a wise man who remarked that the better we know ourselves the less reason we have to think slightingly of our neighbours."

To the opinions of others he was also very lenient, and no one I ever met recognised more fully the fact that every man has his own way of thinking, and that, as Goethe puts it, no one receives the same impressions as another from the very same things.

Of distinctly religious subjects he seldom spoke, preserving on that head the reticence to be noticed in many otherwise communicative natures—natures too, of deep religious convictions and animating a sincere Christian life. All his conversation, however, had that tone which could only be imparted by long familiarity with and heartfelt sympathy for sacred things, and if he spoke little directly of such matters there could be no doubt that he thought a great deal.

Nobody is quite perfect, so he had his trifling faults and peculiarities, but there is no reason why I should enlarge upon these. He was often, however, credited with those he never possessed. People who used to say that a belief in his being deputed by Providence to manage the affairs of others gave him too self-asserting an air must be held to have been out of sympathy with him. It never struck me so. But even if that had been the case—why, girls, 'the defects of good men are the consolation of the disreputable."

It seemed odd that he should have settled in that outlandish region, but he preferred it to all the rest of the world. A sensible man certainly makes himself at home anywhere, and it is not for me to speak against a place I love quite as well as he, where we live surrounded by the smiles of nature and in the quiet enjoyment of flowers and sunshine, the greenwood shade and the life-giving sea-breeze. He had adapted himself readily to rural life, was the best weather prophet in the district, a diligent cultivator of rare and useful plants, and a special friend to all wild birds, from owls to sparrows.

He had a great turn for astronomy, and many an evening used to be spent by him in studying the stars. It looks only like yesterday since I saw him sitting on a post down by the harbour, regardless of its being a cold winter's night, and intent only on viewing the heavenly bodies, pointing to them with his finger and eagerly imparting his knowledge.

His favourite subjects, however, were human life, and especially the life of the young. In the young he saw foreshadowed the world of the future, and through them he aimed, as he often expressed it, at influencing the human race. "Excite in them," he said, "a noble ambition, fill them with love for what is pure and holy, and everything good will follow."

For this reason he did his best to befriend the young people of his neighbourhood, and with what success the future history of Rosenhurst perhaps will show. But his desires did not rest here; they had a wider range, and this leads me to speak of what has caused the writing of this paper.

We were sitting together one evening on the trunk of a tree on the top of Hasebrig Hill, looking away westward over a great expanse of country; the sea was to the left, and before us and to the right lay fields and woods, farmhouses and little villages.

"My fondest wish," said he, breaking a long silence in which we had been watching the clouds that went flying across the sky, "is, after I am dead, to be called the friend of youth. I have tried to act here so that I might not be thought to have lived in vain, and perhaps my influence might be still farther extended. My habit has been for a long time past to set down in a book such thoughts, counsels, and reflections for the young as I have thought might be interesting to them to read and profitable to remember. That book I have directed in my will to be handed over to you, and you will make what use of it you please. If it will bear publication, publish it, but do just as you think best."

"Perhaps," said I, "it will spread your name over lands and seas."

"Perhaps," said he.

He was then in good health and spirits, and to all appearance as likely to act as my literary executor as I his.

Not long after when we were walking together he stopped, all of a sudden, and said, "A lonely man like me has a dread of taking a long time to die. A verse from an Arabian poet has been in my head for the last two days: 'Life is no blessing to a man nor worth possessing when old age classes him among things no longer of use and value.'"

"But," said I, laughing, "you have not reached that stage yet."

The subject changed and we parted soon after, engaging ourselves to meet in the morning.

That night he died.

I was sent for about breakfast-time and told that he had been found half-an-hour before dead in bed, having passed away in sleep from a world in which he had led a blameless and useful life.

All the parish followed him to the grave, and when we, girls, at last go hence may there be as much sincere mourning as was seen that day.

When his simple and informal will was read, it was seen that he had left me, among other things, a manuscript book bound in green morocco and lettered on the back "Words by the Way," which lettering I have put as the sub-title to this series of papers.

I took the book home and opened it with curiosity.

(*To be concluded.*)

THE NEW YEAR.

By H. M. BURNSIDE

SPEAK softly, the old friend is passing away
Who led us thus far up the steep winding slope,
And cheered us through many a cloudy, dim day
By pointing us on to the beacon of hope.
Tread gently, speak softly, the old friend departs—
He speedeth away to the home of the years,
And what though the record he leaves on our hearts
Be bright with our laughter, or dark with our tears?
We can make of each sorrow or joy of the past
A step that will help us to Heaven at last.

NEW MUSIC.

VOCAL MUSIC.

RICORDI.

The Pining Flower. Words by R. Salustri, translated by C. Searle. Music by Augusto Rotoli.—A most charming and taking song. The change of key from minor to tonic major is exceedingly descriptive of the flower's lament as she droops and dies. We strongly recommend this song for contralto singers. Our young readers will see that at the bottom of page 4 the word *"distil" is misspelt.*

METHVEN, SIMPSON, AND CO., AND PATEY AND WILLIS.

Songs of the Bells. Twelve two-part songs for first and second trebles. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Franz Abt.—The songs in this collection are all without exception charming, they are full of tender feeling, and the master-hand of the musician has fully carried out the intention of the poet. We should be almost puzzled to select any particular one out of the twelve songs before us—they altogether form a perfect and harmonious peal. They will be a pleasing addition to the book of eleven two-part songs we reviewed a short time back by the same eminent composer.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Consider the Lilies. Sacred Song. Words from Holy Writ. Music by G. Adelmann.—We are favoured with another setting of these sacred and beautiful lines. The composer has been most happy in the rendering. The theme is melodious and sympathises with the words. The accompaniment is thoroughly musician-like, and in keeping with the sacred character of the song. We most unhesitatingly recommend it to our girls.

CRAMER AND CO.

Yet. Words by W. B. Ryall. Music by P. E. Vanhoorden.—An easily written song in the key of E flat, of moderate compass, not difficult for voice or pianist.

I Dream'd a Dream. Words by W. Wilsey Martin. Composed by Edith Cooke.—A very graceful and charming song. There is much musical feeling in the whole composition, and it is thoroughly sympathetic with the words. We conscientiously recommend it, and feel sure it will become a favourite, both in the concert and drawing-room.

I Cannot Tell You Why. Song. Written by Mary Mark-Lemon. Music by Odoardo Barri.—An effective and pretty song. Dedicated to, and sung by, Madame Christine Nilsson, which of itself will be a recommendation to many of our readers.

My Castle in the Air. Words by Nella. Music by Henry Parker.—These prettily written verses have been appropriately set to a tuneful melody. The accompaniment is easy, and the song is within the capabilities of moderate performers.

Told in a Dream. Song. Words and music by Louisa Gray. Set in two keys: No. 1 in F, compass from B to D; No. 2 in G, compass from C to E.—The verses are poetical, and have been set to flowing and graceful music. We expect this song will become a favourite with many of our girls. It is not very difficult.

NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO.

Thou Whom My Heart Adoreth. Words written by Rev. J. Troutbeck, M.A. Music by J. Barnby. In two keys: C and E.—A graceful and refined song; must be a great favourite when well sung. We recommend it to our girls as being within the compass of many.

The Lament of the Border Widow. An old Scotch song. The music composed by Jacques Blumenthal. — This old Scotch song, with its tale of sorrow, has been most graphically and appropriately set in the best style of this accomplished composer. It requires a deep contralto voice, and should be sung with feeling and expression.

Solitude. The words by Henry Kirke White. The music composed by Berthold Tours.—Very refined music set to charming and familiar words. The smooth legato accompaniment is most telling. Should be sung with expression to do the composer and writer the justice they so well merit.

THE COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

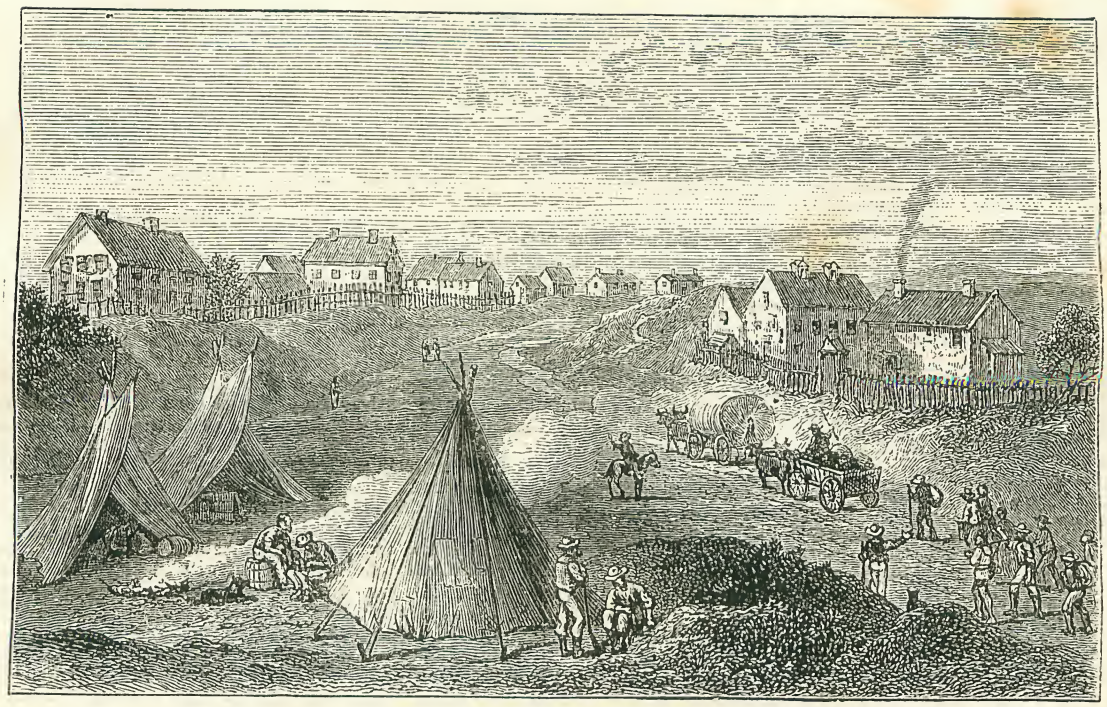
By MRS. BREWER.

DOMINION OF CANADA.—*Continued.*

BEFORE leaving the Province of Quebec we will collect a few facts concerning its industries and productions, and see what advantages it offers to settlers. Among the industries carried on successfully is the manufacture of a grey homespun cloth of mixed wool, of which the long coats worn by the Canadian farmers are made. There are 30,000 domestic looms in use; the manufacture of cordage and paper of good quality; the making of soap and candles; the brewing of ale and beer; the manufacture of cider and distilling of whiskey. Phosphate mining is a very important industry, as it is greatly valued both in the old and new world as a fertiliser, and great quantities are exported. Gold, silver, lead, copper, iron and platinum are found in this province. The forests yield a great quantity of timber; there are woods of sugar maple, from which the sap is collected to make sugar; there is the hemlock, the bark of which is used for tanning; the cedar, which is the very best for making fences; and the spruce fir, from which spruce beer is made. Apples and pears are most abundant, and the fisheries are very valuable.

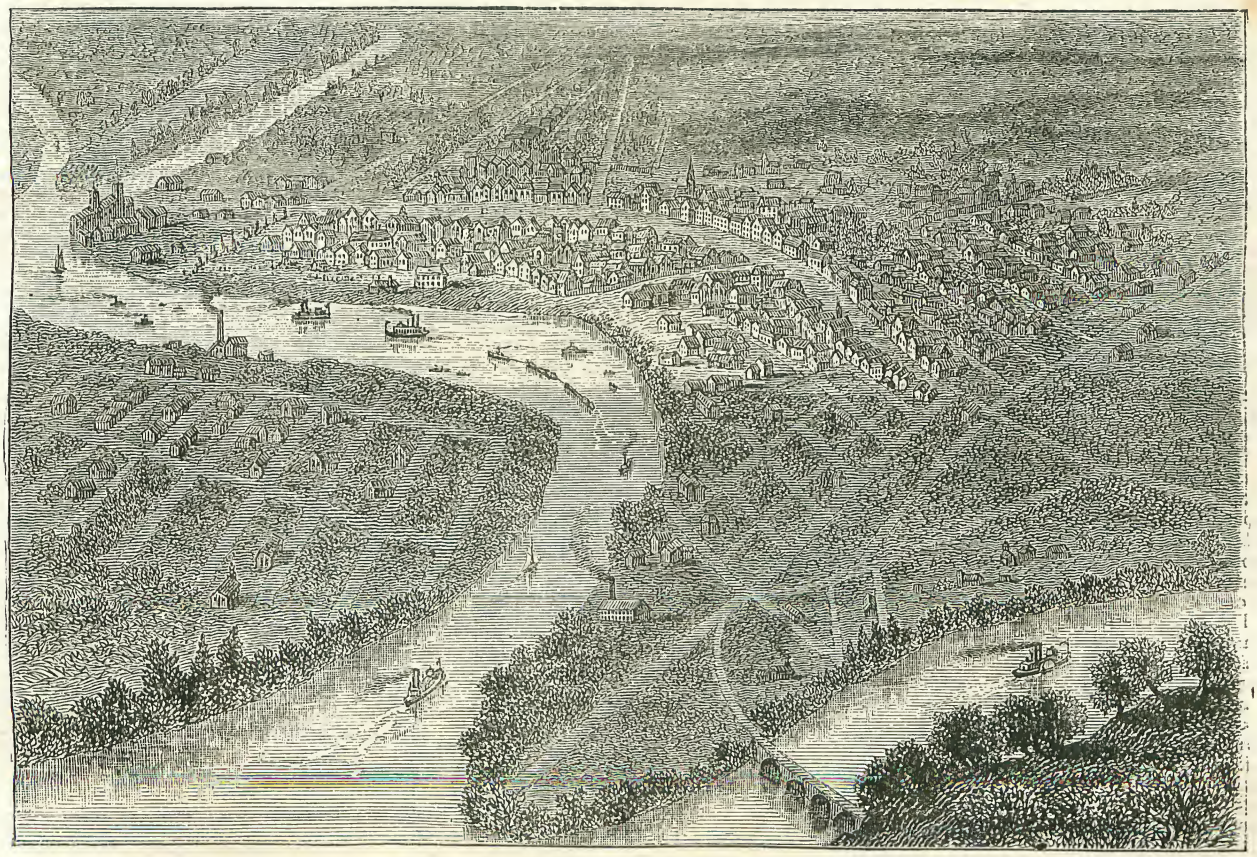
In this province every male colonist above the age of eighteen may obtain a free grant of 100 acres upon eight of the great colonisation roads. Certain conditions must be fulfilled, one being that by the end of the fourth year a dwelling must have been erected on the land, and at least twelve acres must be under cultivation. In Quebec Province 17,701,589 acres are owned by 118,086 occupiers, giving an average of nearly 150 acres to each. The population of the province is 1,358,469.

And now, as we desire to go to Manitoba, we must decide which route we will take. We can go by rail or by water; the first is the quickest, the last the most economical. As time is more valuable than money just now, suppose we decide upon going by the Grand Trunk Railway, which by the bye allows each passenger about 300 lbs. of luggage. Great care is taken of it; each packet is numbered, a like number being given to the passenger, so that there is no confusion or delay in obtaining it at the end of your journey. On our way we pass through the Province of Ontario, which is separated from that of Quebec by the River Ottawa. Its chief town, Toronto, is beautifully situate on the west of the northern shore of the Lake of Ontario. The Canadian wheat is collected here for exportation to Great Britain. The number of acres owned in this province is 19,605,019, and the occupiers number 17,258, giving above 1,000 acres to each; while the population is 1,913,460. There is very much to attract the emigrant here; there are good roads, good schools, the education of the young being regarded as one of the highest duties of civilisation; churches of all denominations; post-office regulations good and ample; plenty of railway communication, and



WINNIPEG AS IT WAS TEN YEARS AGO.

good markets for the sale of produce. Fruit is cultivated to an enormous extent, and there are cheap and ample means of sending it to collecting centres and seaport towns. Apples have been sold as low as 6d. per bushel; peaches and grapes grow in the open gardens. Living is cheaper here than in England; beef, veal, and mutton are from 3d. to 6d. per lb.; bacon, 6d. to 8d.; bread, 4½d. for a 4 lb. loaf; fresh butter, 1s. per lb.; salt butter, 7d. to 8d.; milk, 3d. per quart; beer, 1s. 2d. to 1s. 6d. per gallon; *tobacco, 1s. to 2s. per lb.* One can live better here on £200 a year than at home on £400. Taxation is light, being assessed on the basis of valuation of property



WINNIPEG AS IT IS.

(the fathers will explain this to you); total taxation being rarely more than 25 cents to 30 cents an acre, and no direct imperial taxation is levied. Farms are well laid out, and in many parts of Ontario have beautiful farmhouses attached.

In this province every head of a family, man or *woman*, can obtain a free grant of two hundred acres of land in the free grant district upon very simple conditions. Uncleared lands can also be purchased from 2s. to 40s. per acre. Cleared and improved farms with buildings can be bought at from £4 to £10 and £20 per acre, according to their position near rail or market. Ontario produces iron, copper, lead, silver, marble, petroleum, and salt. Its forests of pine are immense. You yourselves will notice that the orchards are planted with alternate rows of peach and apple trees, and a clear passage left between each so that the land may be utilised. Its manufactures are cloth, linen, leather, furniture, and agricultural implements. Sawing timber is an important industry, so you see others than agriculturists can obtain employment here. The large towns are Toronto, Ottawa, the capital of the whole of the Dominion, Hamilton, London, and Kingston. The space on which Toronto now stands was in 1793 a dense forest with a solitary wigwam on it; it now contains about 30,000 inhabitants, the streets are wide, and the houses, especially those in the suburbs, are beautiful. The largest distillery in Canada is in Toronto, and gives employment to very many workpeople, and, strange to say, there are about three thousand head of cattle fed here on the slops of the distillery and hay. On our way we pass London, which was only surveyed in 1826, where the largest oil refineries in the world are to be seen; the oil being obtained from Petrolea and Bothwell, about fifty miles distant, where, if we had time to go, we should see thousands of pumps being worked by steam power.

The grass being very rich in Ontario, the dairies are very good and scattered all over the province. Eighty tons of cheese can be made from the milk of a thousand cows. Farmers deliver the milk at the manufactory night and morning; the cost of manufacturing 1 lb. of cheese is 10 cents, or 5d. A large quantity of butter is also made, the estimate being that 20 lbs. of milk is required to make 1 lb. of butter. In November, last year, the Allan Royal Mail Steamer "Peruvian," brought over to the Mersey 15,540 boxes of cheese and 1,000 barrels of apples from Ontario.

And now we are fairly off to Manitoba, an Indian name signifying *evil spirit*, the province which above all others is attracting attention as offering surpassing advantages to emigrants. This province was formed out of the north-west territory, and became part of the Dominion in 1870. It is situate at almost equal distance from Pole and Equator, and between the Atlantic and Pacific. It contains about 100,000 inhabitants; of these the Indians number about 4,000, the half-breeds about 13,000, the Mennonites, who are Russians, about 7,000; and the French about 18,000.

The Marquis of Lorne, during his visit to Manitoba, spoke of it as "A green sea over which the summer winds pass laden with the scent of rich grasses and flowers," and as "a country the value of which it would be insanity to question." Lord Dufferin also said that it was "here that Canada, emerging from her woods and forests, gazed upon her rolling prairies." Manitoba is being settled by a superior class of people, many of whom have come from the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. It is suitable, however, for almost every class of emigrant who will not refuse the hardships inseparable to life on the prairies. A gentleman residing there declares that *girls, and any number of them*, can get situations at any time, and if they are smart and intelligent, and of pleasing face and figure, they are not likely to remain there without having a husband and home of their own; and that labourers, farm servants, and mechanics need not be idle five minutes after their arrival unless they desire it. In Manitoba any male or *female* at the head of a family, or any person above the age of eighteen, can obtain a free grant of 160 acres. It has been estimated that the capital necessary for a man with a family to start farming on a free grant of prairie land is about £120, always remembering that success does not so much depend upon the money a man begins farming with, as upon the vigour and persistent industry he brings to bear upon it. Wages are so good in this province that even when the new comers have money it is better to put that by for a time, and take situations in order to gain experience and look about them. There is no consumption in Manitoba among the white people, but many Indians die of this disease. A farmer last year declared he had never heard a person cough since he had been there!

Here we are at the very heart of the province—its capital, Winnipeg, an Indian name, signifying "dirty water," formerly the hunting-ground of the Indian and the pasture-field of the buffalo. We will make our way to the Queen's—an hotel spoken very well of—and after a night's rest we will call upon Mr. Hespeler, the Government agent, who will gladly help us, and put us in the way of seeing a great deal in a little time. The city in which we now find ourselves is built on the confluence of the Red River and Assiniboine, both of which are navigable for many hundred miles. Ten years ago it was a miserable village with about 400 inhabitants; now it has a population of between 14,000 and 15,000, who are, as the Marquis of Lorne said, "rapidly lifting it to the front rank amongst the commercial centres of the world."

Winnipeg still looks in an unfinished state, and it is by no means beautiful; but what do the settlers care about the beauty of their chief town, when the soil itself is so rich and fruitful?

It has four colleges and a University, beside many other schools, and a ladies' college. Its churches are handsome; the spire of one of them is a landmark for many miles.

Many is the tale told of how the rich people here began, but a few years ago, with nothing. One is related of three young men who had formerly lived in comfortable situations in Quebec, but could see no prospect of providing for the future; they, therefore, came to Winnipeg, and set themselves to collect empty sardine boxes, which they polished and sold to emigrants passing westward for drinking-cups. The reward of this ingenuity is that they are now possessed of land to the value of £3,400, beside a store which they have erected and filled. It is a surprise to you, as it is to me, to see on the tables of the hotel several newspapers—three daily and five weekly—which are published here in Winnipeg, and the postal arrangements are so good we get our letters as regularly as if we were travelling in the Old World. I asked this morning if the arrangements were equally good throughout the province, and I was told that there are 118 post-offices scattered over it. How different is this state of things to that which obtained half-a-century ago! Then the poor emigrants, craving for news of the dear ones left behind in the old home, would walk many miles to the post-office, and, on inquiry, would find that there were one, or, perhaps, two letters awaiting them; but, alas! the Postmaster could not give them up without the postage being paid, which was 3s. 4d. at least, and in some cases 5s. or even 6s.; and, as they had no money to pay for them, they returned without them, almost in despair. Surely the change must strike you as something indeed to be thankful for!

We shall like to see a little of the country, therefore we will divide ourselves into groups of four, and hire spring carts, called "Democrats," which are drawn by two horses and carry four people, and cost 24s. per day. I propose we go as far as Portage-la-Prairie, the distance being sixty-eight miles. This journey will take us quite four days, as the roads are so bad; in fact, they are simple tracks across the prairie. This is the highway to the North-West, and we shall see trains of carts carrying goods hither, and bringing back furs and other produce. The soil throughout the country is, as you see, a rich black loam, from six inches to six feet deep, almost entirely free from stones. How picturesque the Indian encampments are which we pass from time to time on our way to Portage-la-Prairie, which is called the Garden of Manitoba! You would hardly think that a few years ago it was part of an uninhabited waste. It is now a thriving little town, with its hotels and stores. Some of the most successful farms in the province lie around this town.

Those of you or your friends who are thinking of taking farms, must house your cattle and sheep as soon as winter sets in. Those that are intended for food must be killed before they lose their fat. It is not necessary to salt them; but just expose them to the frost for a short time, and they become as hard as ice. You must then pack them in boxes with snow, and keep them from the air, and when you require to cook them throw them into cold water. Fish may be done in the same manner. Should any of you girls come out on your own account, you would like to know what to do about providing yourselves houses. The first is generally a log hut, made of logs of wood laid upon each other, notched at the ends to keep them steady, roughly roofed and daubed with clay; this is quickly put up, and is warm. As soon as possible, however, a house is set up, which consists of a frame of moderate-sized posts and scantlings, lined within and without with thin pine boards, which have between them a layer of tar paper, and plastered inside. They have no open fireplaces, but stoves. These houses, after having been set up, are often moved bodily. A gentleman relates that a friend of his built a store when the city was but in its infancy, in which he commenced the business of a general merchant. As the population increased so did the merchant's business, and he found his store too small; it was therefore placarded "to be sold and taken off the premises," as he required the ground to build a larger one. A purchaser was soon found in a dressmaker, who removed it a hundred yards further down the street, and had part of it fitted up to suit her business, and part she let out in apartments. A gentleman who had lodged with her, going some time after to hire apartments, could not find the dressmaker's store, nor anything like it. On inquiry, he found that the dressmaker had left the town, and before doing so had sold the store to a grocer, who moved it bodily to another street, and there it remained for some years, when it was again sold to a shoemaker, who removed it bodily to another part of the town altogether. And now we find ourselves once again in Winnipeg we must talk over our plans.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ANXIOUS MOTHER.—Much City interest is essential to getting a boy into the Blue Coat School. It is designed for City boys, not for any in the country; but if you have friends amongst the Aldermen favour may be shown you. A child of only ten years of age might be kept from any intercourse with bad boys, beyond meeting them in school. Forbid his remaining absent from home excepting for school hours, and punish any act of disobedience. We fear you have not trained him to obey you. This should be accomplished at a very early age.

EMILY JEFFS.—Apply to the secretary of the School of Wood Engraving, 124, Kennington Park-road. We cannot recommend books, but we can direct you to those who can. The yearly fee at this school for instruction amounts to four guineas, and free scholarships are given after the first year to industrious students. The hours, from ten to four, daily; and twice a week from six to eight. Meals are supplied at a fixed tariff, and a lady superintends. Girls upwards of sixteen years of age are eligible.

WILDFIRE.—We advise you to apply for all information to the secretary of the Zenana Medical Mission Home and Training School for Ladies, 71, Vincent-square, Westminster, S.W.; and likewise to the Rev. Canon Crowfoot, Minster Yard, Lincoln, secretary of the Delhi and South Punjaub Zenana Medical Mission (Church of England). The Deaconesses' Training Institution, Mildmay Park, London, N., might perhaps suit you better, if you propose working in some country parish in England first of all. We thank you for your good wishes.

ART.

JUANITA.—See how to set chalk and crayon drawings in our answer to "Katherine C.," page 432, vol. ii. We are glad to hear that our directions for setting pencil drawings have proved of service to you, as also the papers we have given in reference to music.

EDNA.—See the Summer Number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for an article on crystoleum painting. We thank you for your own and your sisters' good opinion of our paper so kindly expressed.

BLOTTING BOOK.—Many thanks for your kind letter, and the lengthy description of your work.

JAQUETTE.—See "Terra-cotta Painting," page 225, vol. ii.

ADA.—The articles respecting which you ask for an address are patented, and once more we remind you that we do not advertise.

FLORA.—We have not the least recollection of the letter to which you refer, and therefore cannot judge of the style of it, which called forth any censure. We do not remember the drawings either. If not good, we hope you will soon succeed better. We prefer giving encouragement to the reverse at all times. Write to us freely again. Our correspondence is "world-wide" as the circulation of our paper, and we reply as soon as we think desirable.

EMIGRATION.

ALICE BARBOR.—We should advise you to remain at home and endeavour to obtain suitable employment here. Add to your £470 the cost of outfit and passages, and you would have a sufficient sum to purchase a small house in England. If we be rightly informed, there is really no opening for clerks in any of the colonies.

FIZGIG.—The climate of Auckland is very fine and healthy, and we hear that servants' wages are very high. We should advise your writing for advice to the secretary of the Women's Emigration Society, Miss Blake, New Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.

AN INDIAN.—We have read your letter with much sympathy and interest. We think you would do better to remain in England, as there are now so many openings here for girls, which you would not find in the colonies. New York would be a very unsuitable place for you, as the expense of living is enormous there. Canada would be more suitable, as both living and rent are more moderate, but you might find the climate too severe in the winter. In our answer to "Fizgig" we give the address of the Women's Emigration Society, to which you might write for further advice.

HOUSEKEEPING.

SNICK.—We quite agree that the prices seem too small; our contributor is responsible for them.

MONA'S QUEEN.—The numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER containing the articles on "How the Girls Furnished their Drawing-room," &c., are those for May 8, July 17, September 4, and October 30, 1880.

ZEDILLA LOWE.—See the answer to "Mona's Queen" above, about the furnishing of your room; and as regards the housekeeping, see page 90, in number for November 11, 1882

COWSLIP D.—Purchase the moulds you require of a tinsmith, and if he has not got them, get them made to order.

PRIMROSE.—If the paint stain has been on some time, it will take several applications of turpentine to soften it, and you have probably lacked patience.

CARRY.—The cleaning of glass is very easily accomplished if you employ a linen cloth, and use tea-leaves or raw potato chips. In a small household, where only one maid is kept, we advise a young housekeeper to handle her glass and china tea and breakfast services herself only. In the days of our grand and great-grandmothers, such of them as were the owners of valuable sets of Sevres and Dresden china did not think it beneath their dignity to wash them themselves, although with many of them mere economy was not the grand object.

CLARA.—Wash the black lead off with soap in water, then grease the steel well, and leave it for a day; and afterwards polish in the usual manner. We have heard that a cork is fastened inside the teeth by some people.

SPIDER.—The application of oxalic acid which would remove the stains from the oak would also destroy its natural colour, and leave a white mark. Besides, this acid is a dangerous medium, and we do not recommend it.

KATIE.—We have already prescribed the use of blotting-paper and a hot smoothing iron for the removal of grease from woollen materials; ox-gall is also a good medium to employ for the cleaning of carpets. For the ink spots, you had better try the recipe we gave in vol. iii., page 410, under "Useful Hints," or else salts of lemon. See also the directions given at page 439, vol. ii., and in vol. i., see pages 64, 95, 222, 319, 511.

NATHALIE.—Your question is too vague to answer. What are you expected to do on your £200 per annum? Pay rent and housekeeping expenses, as well as dress? And where do you expect to live? The red ingrain embroidery-cotton washes beautifully.

MATER.—Out of your income of £500 per annum you would require at least £300 for rent, taxes, wages and food, £100 for clothing, and the last £100 to cover extras, such as travelling, doctors' fees, charity, postage and stationery, and some small amount of amusement.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE COMET OF 1882.—"Terrified Toby" may dismiss for the present her alarm, caused by reading an article on the possible consequences of the great comet of 1882 falling into the sun. What might be the result of such an event no one knows. It is possible that a great increase of solar heat, or magnetism, or other influence, would affect life upon our earth if such absorption of a comet by the sun took place. But this will not be the case with the comet of 1882. At first it was thought that this was a well-known comet reappearing at a shorter interval than had been expected; and if it had been, another revolution in its accelerated orbit might have brought it perilously within the sun's attraction. But later observations showed that it was a comet unknown to astronomers, which is now speeding its way to remote regions of space, perhaps to revolve round other suns or stars, and may not return for ages hence. The orbits, or paths, of comets are very mysterious, and of few of them can the period of appearing be predicted, as with planets, whose courses can with certainty be laid down for any future time. The study of the starry heavens is well fitted to excite emotions of wonder and of awe, but should never cause *fear* in those who know and love God. Read the 19th Psalm, beginning, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork." Remember also the beautiful words in a hymn by Dr. Watts:—

> "The voice that rolls the stars along
> Spake all the promises."

The great God who made the heavens and the earth, and upholds all things by His power, is the God of love and of grace revealed in the Gospel of Christ our Saviour. Nothing can harm, and nothing need terrify, those who put their trust in Him . .

MORAY.—We spoke advisedly when we stated that "The Hermit" was by James Beattie, the author of "The Minstrel."

WORKING BEE.—The question you have asked is contrary to rule. Your writing is fairly good.

ELLEN W.—We think you might apply with advantage to the Female Servants' Home Society, the secretary of which is Mr. Daniel Cooper, 85, Queen-street, Cheapside, E.C. There are homes respectively at 21, Nutford-place, Edgware-road, W., 88, Blackfriars-road, S., 205, Great Portland-street, W., and 74, High-street, Camden Town, N.W. Servants are rewarded who, being engaged from this institution, keep their situations from one to fifteen years. At the completion of the first, they receive a handsomely bound Bible. At the end of five years a certificated testimonial and book; at the end of nine years a silver medal, and a gold one after fifteen.

PEACH.—If the clothes you have made be for children, send them to Dr. Barnardo's Homes for Friendless and Destitute Children. The office is at 18 and 20, Stepney-causeway, E. The treasurer is William Fowler, Esq., M.P., 33, Cornhill, E.C. If for adults, you might send them to the Mildmay Deaconesses' Institution (founded by the late Rev. W. Pennefather), Mildmay Park, N., or to their branch house, at 9, Elgin Gardens, Brixton. There the clothes will be thankfully received and judiciously distributed.

LAURA, CECILIA, and IRENE.—We have already discussed the question of the "engagement ring," and can only repeat that there is no "right" or "wrong" in the matter. The only custom by law established is that of placing the "wedding ring on the third finger of the left hand." This custom is of very ancient date, for according to Macrobius, Sat. vii., 15, the Romans used to give a ring as a pledge in their espousals, and the woman placed it on the above-named finger, because it was believed that a nerve ran from that finger to the heart, and this ring constituted the "wedding ring." Some say that a man or woman should wear an "engagement ring" on the middle finger of the left hand (see Madame C. de la Tour); others that it should be on the third finger of the right hand; but as there is no rule—ecclesiastical nor secular—in reference to it, the matter is decided by individual choice. Never subscribe yourself as "Yours, &c.;" it is both rude and silly. Try the effect of dipping the cut stalks of the flowers you wish to wear in sealing-wax as a preservative; it prevents the escape of the sap. We singe our hair for the same purpose.

LAUGHING JACKASS.—We gave a recipe for curing skins on page 368, vol. iii. You will find the name you inquire about in the article on Christian names now proceeding in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Your writing is very *difficult and unpleasant to read.* Pray select a more seemly name.

NAOMI.—Many thanks for your kind offer, but our staff is already fully made up. Your writing is very good.

MABEL H.—You will find an article on "Screens, and How to Make Them," on pages 225 and 300, vol. iii. You may use a coloured border, such as is employed for the papering of rooms.

MAGGIE E.—We should think a book called "A Thousand and One Gems of Poetry" would suit your purpose.

EUPHEMIA.—It would be quite right and proper for you and your sister to go out to America, under charge of the captain, to meet your father and mother on arrival.

LAUGHING HYENA.—Your pain in the head is probably from neuralgia. Read the article by "Medicus," page 807, vol iii.

OLD NELL.—We do not know anything better than to keep them carefully cut, and wear the corn shields of felt, which may be purchased by the box, at any chemist's. Sir Garnet Wolseley's name was first mentioned in connection with the Red River Expedition, which was sent from Canada to suppress the Fenian rebellion in 1871.

PRISCILLA.—The French sentence you have sent is nonsense. You must have made *some mistake in copy*ing it. The saying has its origin in fact; it is not a quotation.

TRUE BLUE FLOSSIE.—You should read our answers recently given to a correspondent desiring a situation as "mother's help," one which will probably supersede that of the nearly obsolete "nursery governess." You have a good deal to learn to qualify you for such a post of confidence and responsibility. When competent, you had better apply at Mrs. Crawshay's Office, in Oxford-street, W. Your writing is pretty good, considering that you have had few advantages.

A CARROT.—Wash your mouse-cage well with Condy's Fluid from time to time, and that may purify it; and when fine put the cage out into the open air.

HOPEFUL ONE.—Write to the secretary of St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, Leicester-square, W.C., and every information will be given you. Perhaps there is something constitutionally amiss which must be treated; and the skin complaint may be only a symptom. You should call there in person, and let the doctor judge of *your case. We feel* much sympathy for you.

A. J. W., IRIS, BEE H., and A MEMBER OF THE BLUE RIBBON ARMY.—At the time of Longfellow's death there were so many small biographies written in the papers, we wonder you did not profit by the opportunity. A life of the poet is, however, announced to appear shortly. Read the articles by "Crona Temple," pages 686 and 840, vol. iii. Has "Iris" read both these articles? "Bee H.'s" query is too vague.

EVELINE.—If this objection be paramount in your mind, you had better not become a nurse, or, at any rate, try only for a month at first.

A YOUNG WIFE.—The 7th November, 1861, was a Thursday.

S. H. I.—We think your writing very ugly and peculiar. The heavy lines are all in the wrong place, and we should think it an improper example for this reason to lay before children.

JOAN OF ARC.—William Tyndale's version of Matthew and Mark, from the Greek, was printed in 1524, of the whole New Testament in 1525. Miles Coverdale's version of the whole Bible was printed 4th October, 1535.

IMPORTANT TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A list of subscribers to the "Girl's Own Home" will appear next month.

Only letters requiring an answer in the correspondence columns should be addressed to "The Editor." All orders for back numbers, &c., which cannot be procured from a local bookseller, should be sent to the Publisher of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, Paternoster-row, London.

OUR DAILY DUTY FOR 1883.

Morning.

On first waking, say:—"I laid me down and slept, and rose up again, for the Lord sustained me." "I thank Thee, O Lord, who hast preserved me through the night past. I humbly give myself to Thee to-day. Take me and keep me by Thy Spirit for Thine own in Christ Jesus. Amen." While you are dressing, try to fix your mind on some holy subject. Then kneel down, feel you are in the presence of God, and speak to Him in prayer, acknowledge you are unworthy, but draw nigh, pleading the name of Jesus for your acceptance. Ask pardon for all your sins—of thought, or word, or deed. Specially confess any sin on your mind. Pray that all may be washed away in your Saviour's blood, to be remembered no more against you for ever. Ask for the Holy Spirit to help you to live through the day to God, and pray that you may be watchful over your heart and life. Remember before God your relations and friends, especially each one dwelling in your home. Pray for our country, our Church, our ministers, and our people. Seek for mercy on the sick; also for those in sin, that they may be granted repentance unto life. Offer thanksgivings for refreshing sleep, renewed health and strength—for God's goodness and loving kindness shown in so many ways to you and yours; above all, for His great love in the gift of Christ Jesus, and all the blessings which come to us through Him. Pray in reference to any particular events you expect during the day. Cry, "Prosper, I pray Thee, Thy servant, this day."—*Neh. i.* 11. Set a good example, and take an interest in the good of everyone you meet. Our Lord says, "Go, work to-day in my vineyard."

Read the Bible—it is your Father's voice. In praying you speak to Him, in the Bible He speaks to you.

Often lift up your heart to God in secret prayer through the day. You will find many opportunities, if you look for them.

Noon.

It is a good thing to be alone with God for a few minutes at noon. It will help you to spend the rest of the day better. You may not have much time, but a few minutes are better than none. You may not be able to be quite alone, yet you may retire alone into the chamber of your heart. Say some words such as:—"O Lord, Thine eye has been upon me all the day. Thou hast kept me safely until now. Pardon all I have done amiss, for Christ's sake. Help me with Thy Spirit, through the rest of the day, to please Thee." Be thoughtful in company, and try to speak a word in season. Watch against the many snares, spiritual and temporal, by which you may be surrounded. Have some sound and useful religious book in regular course of reading; every day read a portion.

Night.

At the close of the day prepare for your private evening prayers. Feel that the Lord is with you, and that Jesus is near to send the Holy Spirit into your heart to help you in praying, and to make your prayers such as God will accept and answer. Think over all that has passed from morning till night, and examine yourself. Ask:—Where have I been to-day? What have I done to-day? What have I said to-day? What have I thought to-day?

You will see the wrong you have done, and the good you have left undone. Then speak to God in prayer, thank Him for the mercies of the day gone by, for means of living, for home and friends, for your reason, health, strength, and protection. Confess your sins: ask for the Holy Spirit to help you to fight better against all sin for the time to come, and to show your thankfulness by walking before God in holiness. Commend yourself and all near and dear to God's care for the night. Ask Him to watch over and preserve you: and pray that when you may be called away, you may be found, like the faithful servant, waiting for your Master's coming.

When undressed, and laid down in bed, say:—"I will lay down in peace and take my rest, for it is Thou, Lord, only, that makest me to dwell in safety."

Judd & Co. London

With the best wishes of the Editor of The Girls own Paper

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ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

CHAPTER III.

NO LONGER ALONE.

I WAS awakened the next morning by the sun's rays, although it had not yet risen high, but as the cliff faced eastward I felt the warmth at an early hour.

As I needed no time for making my toilet, I was soon down to my store-room intending to get my breakfast, but just as I was approaching the spot where I had hidden the biscuits, to my terror I beheld a snake coiled near the barrel. Fortunately he slept, or I know not what I should have done in my alarm, not yet being used to such sudden surprises. I regained my nest as quickly as possible, not without fear of meeting with more unpleasant visitors. I could not attack him with my knife—that would necessitate undesirably close quarters, yet dislodge him I must or go without breakfast. Peeping over the edge of the cliff, I saw he was still sleeping where I left him, quite unconscious of the terrified eyes peering at him. The thought suddenly struck me that if I could hurl one of the large stones, of which a few were lying on my ledge, it might kill him; at any rate, it would probably make him move away, and I was out of danger. Lifting as large a stone as I could raise, I took a careful aim and succeeded in hitting my enemy. I had calculated well, for he gave two or three convulsive movements of the body and then remained still; the stone had crushed his head. I now descended, and before removing the stone took the precaution of severing the head from the body. Although I then felt safe so far as he was concerned, I had no great inclination to remain in his neighbourhood, not knowing but that more of his kind might be lurking near; so hastily procuring a few biscuits, I was about to leave the spot, when suddenly I thought the skin might be very useful at a future day, and I therefore decided to secure it. The operation was far from agreeable, and I must confess my first morning's work was a very objectionable one, and required a great

"I BEHELD A SNAKE."

"SUCCEEDED IN SECURING A FEW EGGS."

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amount of determination on my part to carry it on to completion. However, I persevered, and hung the skin on the rocks to dry.

I then resumed my painful task of yesterday, and about noonday finished the grave. Having wandered about until I had found a few plants growing on the sand amongst the rocks, I transplanted them, hoping thus to obliterate all trace of the newly-turned soil; with the same intention I covered it with dried seaweed, so fearful was I of leaving any sign of my presence; then, kneeling, I lifted my heart in prayer, and wept as I thought of the loss of late companions and my own utter loneliness!

After lingering a short time, I resolved to enter the nearest ravine in search of some kind of wood with which to construct a bow. I had often made them in my childhood's days when *playing* at what had now become a sad *reality*, and doubted not I should manage to produce one that would at least be of some use as a defence. This ravine was, as I expected, the bed of a torrent now dry, and I had some difficulty in climbing the steep ascent amongst stones that rolled from under my feet at every step. I cut a stout stick from one of the few straggling and stunted trees that had got a foothold in this uncongenial soil, and went slowly on my way, keeping a sharp look out for snakes! Gradually the incline became less abrupt, and, the ravine now assumed more the character of a valley, and was tolerably wooded. I judged it wiser to divert my course and direct it to the top of the cliffs, instead of penetrating further inland. I hoped to obtain a glimpse of the wreck from a higher elevation, as well as to gain some idea of the configuration of the land around.

To accomplish my purpose I was obliged to scale the rocks at the side of the ravine, and after many a slip, and one or two falls, I had reached half-way, when feeling tired I was glad to sit down to rest for awhile. But not many minutes had I sat when I distinctly heard the sound of a footstep. Paralysed almost with fright, I crouched behind a piece of rock that jutted out, hoping thereby to hide myself. The steps approached, coming down the ravine from the interior; no doubt the savage, for such I concluded it to be, had caught sight of me from the distance, and was coming to me. In vain I tried to hope he would fail to discover me, hidden as I was. Nearer and nearer drew the soft quick steps; presently they ceased, apparently just about where I had turned aside to mount to my present position. A moment and then again the dreaded sound! Yes—he had evidently traced me! How nimbly he seemed to be leaping from stone to stone! Ah, better, a thousand times better, to have shared the fate of my friend, than have been saved, only to become the prey of some horrible cannibal! Shuddering, I buried my face in my hands. I dared not look up! Nearer and nearer, then a bound, a joyous bark, a large tongue licking my hands and face, and in an nstant my arms were round the neck of Wolf, Major Lindsay's faithful hound, and I was shedding glad tears of joy as I felt myself no longer companionless!

It was not until afterwards I could understand how the poor dog had found his way to land. One day, on walking along the shore, I saw some pieces of wood and a broken oar. When Wolf came to them he stopped and howled piteously, and ran about in an excited manner. I had no doubt then that the boat in which the major had left the vessel had been dashed to pieces here, and the dog, who doubtless had jumped in after his master, had managed to swim to land, but being at some distance from my landing-place, he had not found me until the following day. How I wished he could tell me what he had seen in his rambles!—for he had evidently been reconnoitring; but of one thing I felt hopeful—he surely had not met with any human being, or he would have been killed or captured.

The remainder of the ascent seemed comparatively easy, with my four-footed friend by my side, and all my fatigue was amply rewarded by seeing stretched before me a green sward gently rising towards the interior, whilst at my feet the ocean rolled in all its splendour.

My intention being in the first place to look for the wreck, I approached the edge of the cliff, thereby disturbing an army of sea-gulls, who whirled round and round, filling the air with their discordant cries. The cliffs being very high, I judged it prudent to go on hands and knees, and, indeed, on nearing the extreme edge to lie down. I then perceived that the face of the cliff was covered with ledges resembling that which formed my sleeping-place, with this difference, that all were not protected with an overhanging rock; and furthermore I also saw, what was rather a pleasurable excitement to me, that these ledges were covered with sea-gulls' nests, in which I observed numerous most tempting-looking eggs. I felt like a second Tantalus, for how could I take possession of any of these? The nearest was at least six feet or more out of my reach. I forgot the wreck and all else for the time in my desire to obtain a few. You may think me rather greedy, my reader, but remember I had had nothing for my breakfast but a few hard pieces of biscuit soaked in water, as I was afraid to begin the meat so soon, not knowing when I might replenish my store; moreover, I had been working hard. I tried if my staff would reach: it was long enough just to touch the eggs, but that was not of much use. I sat cogitating a few minutes, and then, running back to the ravine, I cut a few twigs, and tied my handkerchief into a bag, the mouth of which was kept open by means of these twigs. I fastened it to the end of my staff, and in this manner succeeded in securing a few eggs, crushing many more in the attempt.

Whilst consuming my eggs, which, by the bye, were very strongly flavoured with fish, I examined the interior of the land. Whether I was on an island or not, I had not obtained a sufficient height to tell, but I was inclined to believe it was such from the fact of the land gradually ascending on all sides towards a mountain dimly visible in the distance; between which and the shore ran a range of low hills, whence the valley descended and ended in the rocky ravine. Turning now my attention seawards, I distinctly saw the unfortunate vessel stranded on the rocks at the farther side of the small island before mentioned. Again crawling to the edge of the cliffs I carefully surveyed the shore, and there remarked one or two objects which certainly were not rocks. Had it not been that they were so motionless I could have imagined them to have been sheep or pigs. What they were, however, I could not then decide, unless, indeed, I left the manufacture of my bow; and on second thoughts I deemed this the wiser plan, for might not these things, whatever they were, be washed away by the tide? I therefore continued my way along the cliffs in the hope of finding another descent to the shore. After walking, as I supposed, about half a mile, I discovered a second ravine, and by this quickly gained the beach, cutting on my way a suitable bough for my bow.

So great was my curiosity that I hastened my steps, but had some little difficulty in making my way; the shore being very rough, I had to jump from rock to rock or wade through the pools of water. As I went along I met with another sad relic of the shipwreck in the body of a sailor. He had a pair of pistols in his waist belt, which I transferred to my own, and on searching his pockets I found, as a matter of course, a pipe and tobacco. I dragged the body above high water mark, and then continued my way, soon seeing at a little distance from me the objects that attracted my notice from the cliffs. They were lying in exactly the same position as they were when I first saw them, therefore I concluded they were not living beings; but my delight was great on discovering that one of them, which had the appearance of a fat pig lying on the sand, proved to be a bag of barley-meal, and, though thoroughly drenched, I doubted not I should find means of drying it. Next to that was a roll of sail cloth. Evidently the ship was breaking up, and many of its contents were likely to be washed away, and such as were too heavy to float would be lost. I could not help grieving to think of this, and that I had no possibility of reaching the vessel!

The remainder of the day was spent in housing or hiding my newly-found treasures; but I cast wistful eyes to the island, as I knew each day as it passed would see the loss of articles that might be of service to me, since the gradual destruction of the wreck had commenced.

(*To be continued.*)

THE RIGHT WAY OF MAKING TEA AND COFFEE.

"TEA can be made rightly nowhere but in the British Islands. Perfectly—it can be made in no house but mine, and by no person but myself!"

This is the opinion held by a great many modern British housewives. They do not

express it in so many words, but they hold it most tenaciously. You may tell them that the Chinese and the Russians imagine that they also can make the beverage in question, but the ladies will regard this as a sign of ignorance in the poor deluded foreigners, which has been foolishly pandered to by travellers. You may deal out a side stroke, and inform them that though they make tea they cannot make coffee. This point they will yield, and admit that if those who profess to know speak truly, the French can make coffee better than they; but what is coffee? It is on tea that they stake their reputation, and they judge of the intellectual and moral qualities of every visitor who comes to the house, by the extent of his or her appreciation of their children and their tea.

If these ladies are made happy—and, above all, if they are led to maintain their present high standard of excellence by this inner consciousness of skill—I cannot say that I see any harm in it. They can make a good cup of tea. There is no doubt of that. I make fun of them here, but I assure you I should not do so if I were in their presence. I should accept their tea with gratitude; and I should be most effusive in my expression of appreciation of it. I should also inquire with profound humility by what process this wondrous result had been attained. As the process was described, I should note carefully whether it differed from my own in any particular. If it did, I should remark to myself, with deep satisfaction, that my friend did not know everything: she had to learn one or two things yet.

For now I will confess it—I also am a British matron, and I also am proud of knowing how to make tea. Let those, therefore, who wish to learn *the* one perfect way in which tea should be made, listen to me.

It is very easy to make good tea if only people will take the trouble to attend to two or three little details concerning it. First, there is the tea itself. If this is not good of its kind we may give up our attempts at once, for we shall never succeed in producing the fragrant, agreeable, mildly stimulating and cheering beverage which all Englishwomen love, and the majority of brain workers rely upon. For tea has had its triumphs, and "has been honoured among beverages." Hawthorne called it "an angel's gift;" Miss Mitford said she could lie awake all night drinking it; De Quincy, who used to drink it from eight o'clock in the evening till four in the morning, wished he could obtain it from "an eternal teapot." Last but not least, during the conflict recently waged in Egypt, the British troops were led on to victory on tea. If you read your newspapers, you will remember that when the final march on Tel-el-Kebir was made, each soldier was provided with a quantity of ammunition, two days' rations, and a *water bottle filled with tea.* A few years ago those bottles would have been filled with rum, but Sir Garnet Wolseley is a wise man. He believes not in rum, but in tea.

A good cup of tea can never be obtained from the cheap, inferior, adulterated teas which are sold at "a tremendous sacrifice;" and which it has been proved consist in some cases of leaves which have been already used, dried and rolled into shape; or of tea dust, which has been mixed with clay and other substances, and manipulated into the form of the leaf. True, there are genuine, "clean" teas of full body, though not of very delicate flavour, to be had at a low price; but very cheap teas are not to be recommended. Of course, if people have accustomed themselves to drink beer as an accompaniment to raw onions and red herrings, they may rejoice in Saryune Congou also; but we should scarcely say that they were discriminating tea-drinkers. In this case, as in most others, a good article commands its market value; and if we try to get it for less than it is worth we walk deliberately into a trap prepared for the ignorant and the unreasonable.

What, then, are we to do? We may be able to appreciate a cup of good tea when it is made, yet not be able to select it judiciously. Our course lies clear before us—we must purchase the tea of a respectable dealer who has a reputation to maintain, and who will not for his own sake supply us with an inferior or adulterated article.

Given, then, the respectable dealer, what variety of tea should we ask him to supply us with? This must depend on individual taste. Some people have a preference for one kind of tea only; others believe that flavour and body are best obtained from a suitable mixture. I incline to the latter opinion; moreover, I like to mix the varieties myself. To buy tea already mixed calls for the exercise of more trust in a very worthy class of the community than I possess.

The finest green tea is the purest tea obtainable in this country, and it is also the sort most liable to adulteration. Green tea is scarcely ever used alone, and its use at all is much less frequent now than formerly. The usual proportion for a mixture of black and green tea is four or six parts of black to one of green tea. When taken strong, green tea is most injurious.

As a guide to those who are in doubt as to the variety of black tea to be chosen, I quote the following passage taken from Dr. Edward Smith's work on Foods:—"Of black teas Congou should be preferred for economy, and also as a foundation for a mixed tea. A higher class of tea for ordinary use may be composed of three parts of Congou and one part of Assam or Oolong; whilst for the best kinds a mixture may be made of one part of Kaisow and three of fine Souchong; or of two parts of Kaisow, three of Souchong, and one of Oolong orange-flavoured Pekoe, or fine Assam; or equal parts of Souchong, Kaisow, or flowery Pekoe may be taken."

For my own part I may say that for many years I have used the following mixture, which I have found both excellent and moderate in price: one pound of Moning Congou, a quarter of a pound of Assam, and a quarter of a pound of Orange Pekoe. Here the Moning Congou supplies the body, the Assam the flavour, and the Pekoe the aroma. I am quite aware that this mixture would be pronounced by old ladies living in the country too "yarby," or herby. This is a matter of taste. If this objection is raised, it would be very easy to decrease the proportion of Pekoe, substituting a larger portion of Assam if this were allowed. Many grocers mix Moning and Kaisow, and thus furnish an excellent tea. Whatever kind of tea is selected should be closely rolled and should not contain much stalk.

One detail should be borne in mind by all who mix tea for themselves. It is that the different varieties should be mixed and put into the canister a few days before using, in order that the flavours may blend together perfectly. It is perhaps scarcely necessary to remind housekeepers that tea should be kept either in tin canisters or in wooden boxes lined with lead sheeting. The box or canister should be closely covered to prevent the escape of the aroma.

Next to the tea comes the teapot. I believe many skilful tea-makers are of opinion that an earthenware teapot is to be preferred to a silver or metal one. With this opinion I cannot agree. I think that tea yields its strength and flavour more readily in a metal than in an earthenware vessel, and the only advantage connected with the use of earthenware is that it can be more easily cleaned than the other. It goes without saying that good tea cannot be made in a dirty teapot, but I see no reason why a metal pot should not be kept in good condition. Each time tea is made the leaves should be emptied out as soon as done with, the teapot rinsed with clean boiling water, and dried thoroughly inside as well as outside. Before the tea is made a little boiling water should be poured into the pot to heat it, then poured off, when the quantity of tea required ("a teaspoonful for each person and one for the pot") may be put in. Pour over from half to three-quarters of a pint of boiling water, close the lid, put the pot in a warm place, cover it with the indispensable cosy, and leave the tea to brew; then fill the pot with boiling water, and it is ready.

There is a diversity of opinion as to the length of time needed for drawing tea. I have been told that the Chinese do not allow it to brew at all. They use plenty of tea, pour boiling water on, and draw it off immediately. It is to be presumed that they can procure it more easily than we, and so do not need to study economy. It is, however, a mistake to suppose that all tea should alike brew for ten minutes before the pot is filled with water. Tea of fine quality may stand for ten minutes or longer with advantage, but coarse common tea should not stand more than five minutes, or the infusion will be bitter instead of being fragrant. The longer the tea brews the more *theine* is extracted from it; and theine is the injurious part of tea. It is said that tea which has been long brewed is more likely to induce sleeplessness than is tea which has not long been made.

Everyone knows that "unless the kettle be boiling, filling the teapot spoils the tea." Not everyone knows, however, that if tea is to be enjoyed in perfection it is necessary that the water should be freshly boiled. Water which has been in the kettle all the afternoon is quite unfit for making tea, and if such water be employed the lively aromatic flavour of the most superior tea will be destroyed. Tea tasters are most particular to use only water which has been newly boiled.

Many people have a prejudice in favour of putting a little carbonate of soda into the pot to help the tea to draw. If the water is exceedingly hard this is allowable, but otherwise the practice is not at all permissible. Soda makes tea black and bitter, but it quite destroys fragrance and flavour. If blackness, irrespective of flavour, is wanted, why not buy Saryune Congou at once, and you may have it at a cheap rate? There is no occasion to spoil good tea in order to obtain it.

If in pouring out tea it is found that additional tea will be needed, by no means put fresh leaves upon the old ones, but either empty the old leaves out entirely and make fresh tea altogether, or brew a little tea separately in a teacup, and turn this into the pot when the leaves have yielded their strength. The lukewarm water in the teapot will not draw the goodness out of the fresh tea, and, unless made separately, the latter will be wasted. The presiding genius of the tea-table should also remember that so long as additional water is likely to be required, the tea should never be quite drained from the leaves.

In Russia it is usual to drink tea with lemon-juice, instead of milk or cream. The taste for tea thus prepared is one which I, for one, have not yet acquired. In England, sugar, with milk or cream, are the usual additions to the fragrant beverage.

Even at this point there is a little detail which is worth attending to. The sugar and milk will be more perfectly blended with the tea if they are both put in before the tea instead of after it. Perhaps you think this is fancy on my part; but try both ways, and see if I am not right.

So much for the right way of making tea. We now come to coffee.

So far I have had the feeling that I was addressing critical readers, who were disposed to challenge the correctness of every word, and who thought they knew quite as much as I about the right way of making tea. Now, however, I assume a different attitude. If my readers (excepting perhaps an occasional one here and there) are not humble-minded and abashed they ought to be so, for though English people may make tea properly, they cannot make coffee, and it is quite a rare thing to find coffee in England that is fit to drink. Nevertheless, if you have good materials and proper utensils, it is exceedingly easy to make good coffee. The materials are freshly-roasted coffee-berries, bought whole; the utensils are a coffee-mill for grinding the berries (just before they are to be used, and not earlier) and a tin cafetière, such as is to be bought, of any size, at every ironmonger's. With this cafetière you can without difficulty make delicious French coffee; without the cafetière, you can make what we may call excellent English coffee, and that is all.

It is not often that I say that particular utensils are required to produce particular results. I am sure that all who know me well will acknowledge that I am always ready to save expense, and that I continually advocate economy. I know quite well that it is "bad workmen who quarrel with their tools," and I have a great admiration for the historical cook who made a baking sheet out of an old iron tray, and a fish fryer out of a worn-out wire sieve; but I maintain that if you want to make real French coffee, you must have either an ordinary cafetière or a cafetière l'excellente.

Of course, good, wholesome, agreeable English coffee can be made with the coffee-pot usually found in English kitchens; and as thousands possess the one who will never think of purchasing the other, I will first describe how good English coffee should be made with the coffee-pot we all know so well. I will then show how the cafetière should be used, arriving lastly at the superlative degree of excellence in the cafetière l'excellente.

All coffee should be freshly roasted and freshly ground if it is to yield its full aroma. A machine can be bought for roasting coffee at home, but as few housekeepers would care for the trouble of this, it should be remembered that coffee should be bought in small quantities at a time: that care should be taken to have it freshly roasted; that it should be kept in a closely-covered tin; that it should be heated in the oven for a few minutes before being ground, and that no more should be ground at one time than is needed for one supply. Whatever kind of coffee-pot is used, these details should be observed with regard to the coffee. Also, I may add that Mocha coffee is the best, and that small berries are to be preferred.

Many people mix chicory with their coffee. There is at the present time a preparation sold under the name of coffee, which consists of nothing but chicory and burnt sugar. Chicory is harmless, I believe; it gives colour and a certain body to coffee, and thus is an economical addition to the coffee-pot; but it is not coffee, and people who make a practice of using it have probably no idea of what real coffee is. The proportions of chicory and coffee usually taken are a quarter of a pound of chicory to one pound of coffee.

The white and shell of an egg are sometimes mixed with ground coffee in order to "clear" the solution. If eggs are allowed, they answer their purpose excellently, and should be mixed with the ground coffee before the boiling water is poured on. They can, however, be dispensed with.

There is a good deal of difference of opinion about the quantity of coffee which should be used in making the beverage. This must, of course, vary with the degree of strength required. Thrifty housekeepers who consider strong coffee injurious, declare that a teaspoonful of coffee is sufficient for half a pint of water. Ordinary individuals will, however, in all probability prefer to drink coffee made with a heaped tablespoonful of coffee to the half a pint of water. If café au lait, or three-parts coffee and one part milk is wanted, only half the above measure of water should be used, and the coffee (which will then be strong) should be weakened with milk, but never with water. If coffee and chicory are preferred, three tablespoonfuls of the mixture will be needed for a pint of water.

Whatever the quantity may be, put the coffee into the coffee-pot and pour over it the requisite measure of *boiling* water. Let it stand a minute or two, then put it back on the fire, and bring it gently to the boil. Take it off, pour out a cupful, and return it to the pot from a good height. Repeat this operation twice. Throw a tablespoonful of cold water into the coffee, let the pot stand by the side of the fire for three or four minutes, then strain the liquid through muslin into the heated vessel from which it is to be served, and send it at once to table.

Now for making coffee with the cafetière. On no account stint the coffee. French people always use plenty of the fragrant powder. An ounce of coffee to a breakfast-cupful of water will be about right.

First fill the cafetière with boiling water, let it stand a minute or two, then pour it out. Put the coffee (heated in the oven, and freshly ground, remember; these details are important) upon the perforated bottom of the upper compartment; press this down with the piston, and put the strainer on the top; then pour on gently and gradually as much boiling water as is required. Put the cover over the spout of the cafetière to keep in the steam and fragrance; or, if this is wanting, fill the end of the spout with soft paper to prevent their escape. Cover the cafetière and leave it in a hot place for a few minutes, and when the coffee has drained from the upper compartment into the lower one the coffee is ready for use.

There is no difficulty here, is there? Yet here is good coffee, as good as we need desire. Mixed with sugar and scalded milk it is café au lait; when very strong, and without either sugar or milk, it is café noir; with cognac, and sugar to taste, it is café gloria.

If we decide to drink this coffee with milk, there is still an important point to be considered. The milk must be quite hot, but it must be *scalded*, not *boiled*. That is, the milk must be put in a jug, the jug set in a saucepan of water, and thus heated over the fire. No one who had not tried would believe what a difference attention to this detail makes in the flavour of coffee.

French people generally use the cafetière l'excellente in making coffee. This cafetière is in two parts. The lower part is a sort of coffee-pot made of silver, copper, tin, or porcelain, and the upper part consists of a bell-glass with a closely-fitting cover, which, when reversed, forms a stand. The bell-glass, with the coffee in it, is placed over the coffee-pot; the water in the latter is heated by a spirit-lamp. As soon as the water boils it rises into the glass and draws the strength out of the coffee. When the lamp is drawn away the liquid descends once more, and when the lamp is put back it rises again. Thus the coffee may be infused two or three times, according to the degree of strength required.

Coffee made with this machine is so superlative that I cannot attempt to give an idea of it. I have not fully described this method of making coffee thus because I do not know of any place in England where *l'excellente* is sold; and those who are fortunate enough to have the opportunity of procuring it in Paris may obtain with it a paper with full instructions for use. I may, however, say, for the benefit of those who are thus fortunate, that it is advisable to boil the glass before taking it into use, as this will prevent it breaking or cracking. Also, it is a good plan, after making coffee in it, to leave about half a cupful of made coffee in the lower part, to which the hot water next day can be added. By so doing the coffee each day is made with a weak solution of coffee instead of with plain water, and thus additional strength is secured. I have been told the French *garçons* always adopt this plan.

There is also a German machine on much the same principle for making coffee. It is greatly valued by those who own it, and it serves to give a little pleasant employment to ladies who would, perhaps, but for it have little to do. This cafetière consists of two vases connected by a syphon. The one vase contains water, the other coffee. A spirit-lamp is put under the water, which, when heated, flows into the vase containing coffee, and thus the beverage is produced. Here, again, I have not described the process in detail, and for the same reason as before. I may, however, warn intending purchasers that this very interesting little machine is liable to explode unless carefully used. Both the French and the German machines are used for making coffee in the drawing-room.

A friend of mine, who resided many years in Turkey, told me that the coffee there was the freshest and most delicious he had ever tasted. The Turks allow from two to three tablespoonfuls of coffee to each small cup required.

By the way, I ought to have said that many of the Turks, and also many of the great coffee makers of the South of Europe, do not grind their coffee—they pound it in a mortar, as the flavour is supposed to be preserved better by this means. The Turks boil the measure of water needed in a saucepan; when the water boils they put in the coffee, let it boil up three times, then if the beverage is intended for Europeans, they drop in a piece of hot charcoal or coal to settle the grounds. If, however, the coffee is intended for Turks, grounds and all are poured into the cup, and very frequently the whole mass is drunk as it is.

Coffee is a highly stimulating and most refreshing beverage, and there is no doubt that if only it could be well made, it would furnish an excellent and agreeable substitute for alcoholic drinks. As I feel what a benefit this would be to the community, perhaps I may be allowed (after describing all these elaborate ways of making coffee) to conclude by saying that when other utensils are wanting, very good coffee may be made in a plain jug, especially if that jug has a cover. This is how it should be done. Heat the jug by filling it with boiling water and draining it. Put in the coffee (a heaped tablespoonful for a pint of water), pour on boiling water, stir the infusion thoroughly with a spoon, then let it stand in a hot place for four or five minutes. Strain it through a hot flannel bag into another heated jug, and serve with an equal quantity of scalded milk.

I think it was Pope who said that "coffee makes a politician wise." Not politicians alone, but other workers would show their wisdom if, when wearied and exhausted, they would seek refreshment in a cup of coffee thus simply made, rather than trust to that "invisible spirit of wine," of which our greatest poet has said that "If it had not a name, we might call it Devil."

PHILLIS BROWNE.

BOUND TO EARTH.

By the Author of "Phil's Fortune," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

ALTHOUGH Edward Leslie had promised to await the issue of the trial which it was generally believed must come sooner or later, Mr. Leslie did not consider himself pledged to any such obligation. He watched his son stealthily but narrowly, and came to the conclusion that he had been quite right in his conviction about Edward's feelings: that after some months' separation from Helen, the disgrace attaching to her family would seem a much more formidable barrier than now. He took care to make some pointed allusions to the matter in Edward's hearing, and even went so far as to discuss it in no measured terms with some guests who came to dine at Alverstone.

He observed how Edward winced, and saw very plainly that he need have very little more difficulty, for Edward was already in his secret heart chafed and worried by the connection with Helen, and only tormented by some sentimental consideration, which to a man of Mr. Leslie's hard, unsympathetic nature seemed the merest nonsense. We must do him justice. He was sorry for Helen, and would not wish her any harm, but that she must suffer for her father's sin seemed to him an absolute law of nature as incontrovertible as that night should follow day. Anything that might seem harsh in his conduct towards her must be laid at her father's door—not his. It was he who had made that conduct an absolute necessity. Nor, indeed, had he any idea that either Edward or Helen would ultimately suffer in any way. He believed he was really doing them both a kindness, for that no good could come of such a marriage was his firm belief.

To clench matters, therefore, and put everything in a straightforward way, he determined to write to Helen himself.

Thus it was that after waiting several days with an ever deepening dread Helen received one morning a letter bearing the Havering post-mark.

Mrs. Dalrymple was at that moment engaged with a caller, one of those gentlemen of business who were, indeed, now her only visitors. What he had come for was very much exercising Helen's mind. Her mother was always fearfully agitated after one of these interviews. It was no wonder therefore

THE LETTER.

that Helen looked upon such visits with suspicion.

But this one gave her a welcome opportunity to slip away with her letter and read it unobserved. She could not quite make out why Mr. Leslie should have written—for she guessed the handwriting was his—but she supposed he had preferred to write himself, and no doubt a letter from Edward would soon follow. So much interest in her must betoken kindness, and was certainly a great condescension from a man like Mr. Leslie, she argued with herself, as her eager, trembling fingers tore open the crested envelope. The letter ran thus:—

"DEAR MISS DALRYMPLE,—We are extremely grieved to hear of the reason for your sudden departure from Alverstone, and trust that you found your mother in as fair health as could be expected under the circumstances. I am sure she will be very glad to have you back, and will find you a comfort to her in her trouble. I am told that there was some sort of attachment between you and my youngest son. I know, of course, that you will be too occupied with family concerns to be giving any thought to such matters, and that you will have seen, as Edward does, that anything of the kind would be highly indecorous at such a moment. Nevertheless you must allow me to express my concern for you, in which the whole of my circle join.—Yours truly, STEPHEN LESLIE."

For a few minutes Helen was utterly unable to comprehend the drift of those lines which Mr. Leslie had penned with so much satisfaction, considering them a model of kind forbearance. But gradually it dawned upon her that they were meant to separate her and Edward, for an indefinite period at any rate, and a sickening sense of pain seized her. But the next moment came the thought, "Edward has not yet written, and I have yet to hear what he will say." Then she tried, as well as her confused brain and beating heart would allow, to think it all over calmly. Was it wrong and indecorous for her to think of Edward's affection for her at such a time? If so, how wrong-minded she must be, for she had thought about it every hour, and longed for some word from him to help her to bear her trouble. Did he really despise her for it? And yet it seemed to her that she had been less worthy of him, had it been possible for any emotion, whether joy or sorrow, to make her for one moment forget him. She took up the letter to read it again, and now it seemed to her to appear in a new light. Yes, she saw it all. It was not Edward's doing. It was Mr. Leslie's, and he, under the pretence of caring for her welfare, meant her to understand that everything between Edward and herself must be at an end.

Helen's was not a disposition in which there was much pride. It was not possible for her to feel, "I am not welcome, they look upon me with contempt which I can never endure, I will have nothing to do with people who treat me so." She only knew, poor child, that she had given all her fresh, young affection to Edward, and he had made her believe that he had done the same. To lose it now seemed to her the very worst and darkest evil that could befall her. And, knowing so well how true her own heart was, she could not believe that he should so quickly have changed. Sheltered from the world by the indulgent love of wealthy parents, Helen knew little or nothing of any but the pleasant aspect of it. Perhaps, taking this into consideration, it was not so very strange that she had never yet realised how her father's disgrace and her own loss of fortune were insuperable barriers in Mr. Leslie's eyes to any union between her and his son.

She could not and would not consider this letter as a final decision. Edward was of age and free to act for himself, and she would willingly wait or work, or do anything so long as they might not be ultimately separated. Edward would surely write soon, and she would take no one's word but his.

But in spite of all, there was a sort of feeling at her heart that filled her with uneasy foreboding. A shrinking fear of further trouble. "He must be true, he must be true," she said over and over again to herself as though to reassure her aching heart, but oh! how dreary and torturing was all this cruel suspense. Presently she heard the hall door close after her mother's visitor. Then she went down to the drawing-room with the letter in her hand.

"Look, mamma," she exclaimed, handing it to her; "what do you think this means?"

Mrs. Dalrymple took it and glanced absently at the words. Her thoughts were occupied with a far more pressing matter, but the tone of the letter arrested them and she read it through again carefully.

"I do not like that letter," she said with a flushing face. "It is written by a cruel man. Helen, it is only what I expected, but, my poor child, they might have treated you with more consideration, both father and son. Of course, you will have nothing further to do with any of them."

"Mamma," cried Helen, indignantly, "that is not from Edward, and it would be impossible for anything to separate us now."

Mrs. Dalrymple looked at the fair, ingenuous face very sadly. It was a hard, cruel experience for this young tender girl, and her mother felt it keenly for her; but even she was too engrossed by other matters to realise all that it meant. "Your self-respect will come to your aid, dear," she said, gently. "After that letter you could not wish to enter Mr. Leslie's family. I want to tell you some important news. Mr. Ritchett has just told me (he is very kind and good, Helen) that the chief parties concerned in this dreadful matter are most unwilling that any public disgrace should attach to your poor father's name. They know he must have been sorely tempted, to do a dishonest thing at the end of a long and honourable career. Helen, it must have been for us that he did it, to save us from poverty. If only he had trusted us more!

"Mr. Ritchett says that he is doing himself an injury by staying away, that the utmost endeavours will be used to get him acquitted, and that there is every chance of success. I wonder whether I dare believe him. He seems so to pity us. He is trying every means in his power to find out where your father is, and persuade him to come home. Oh, Helen, if we only dared believe that he was entirely innocent, what a comfort it would be! But, indeed, I sadly fear that he has been tempted too strongly. I would give everything in the world to be able to know."

Yes, Helen must tear her heart resolutely away from her own bitter griefs and anxieties, to this more urgent calamity. "Must there be a trial?" she asked, with a half-conscious feeling of dreading it for her own and Edward's sake, of which she was not a little ashamed.

"Anything is better than this suspense," her mother replied, clasping her hands tightly together as if in pain—a habit that had grown upon her in these last sad days. "I think I could bear the worst better than this continual sickening dread."

And that was just the cry of poor Helen's aching heart. With all her hopefulness, she could not cast off that terrible dread that the worst had not yet happened. Was it wrong and selfish of her to think so much of her own pain? At any rate, it was very natural, and the unselfishness that can entirely forget self is only to be gained by long years of patient endurance.

How she managed to live through those weary days that followed she hardly knew. Suspense for her father, suspense for herself, hope gradually dying out, and giving place to a dull, aching despair. She could turn nowhere for help and sympathy. Her mother was engrossed by her own terrible trouble, and, indeed, had told Helen that her self-respect would sustain her. There must be something miserably wrong and weak about her, for she did not find that her self-respect lifted one iota of that dull, heavy pain from her heart, or comforted her sore spirit in any way. It only made her reticent. If anyone saw what she was suffering they would despise her, and perhaps rightly. Even to Grace she would not dare to reveal it. She must bear it the best way she could, alone, but oh, the desperate longing she felt for just one word! If only Edward knew, surely, surely he would not torture her so.

At last there came a line from Fanny. It was like her—rough, straightforward, but kind, yet it wrought no comfort, only if possible a worse suspense. "I am so ashamed of papa and Edward," it ran, "that I had not the conscience to write to you, yet now I think that may seem unkind. Papa has persuaded Edward to await the result of the trial, which he has agreed to do. I will say nothing for him; I think it mean and despicable to the last degree. I only hope you will serve him as he deserves, and reject him with scorn if he comes back to you. I am so angry that I have actually cried with rage. The world is hatefully false and cruel. I hate it. Try to do the same. It is the best safeguard

against feeling its cruelties too keenly that I know of. I wish I could help you.—Ever yours, FANNY."

Poor Fanny, her advice was meant in all genuine kindness. It was the only resource her kindly impatient nature could find, for she knew no higher creed, that opposite one to hers, of patient love and trustfulness. She meant Helen good, and would have been sorely distressed to know that she was doing her incalculable harm.

But as yet Helen could not take up Fanny's recipe. She knew well enough that so far from treating Edward with scorn, she would forget everything she had suffered only too gladly, and she caught at that faint glimmer of hope, the result of the trial, as a drowning man catches at a straw. When would that result be known?

Very soon. At this very moment her father was on his way home, and would arrive that night.

(*To be continued.*)

GENIUS OR PERSEVERANCE.

CHARLES KINGSLEY'S poem, beginning—

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,"

has been so often quoted that it is to be feared some people are getting a little tired of it; and one occasionally hears a protest that girls would like to be both good and clever. Many girls think how nice it would be to be able to paint well, or to speak foreign languages fluently, or to sing so as to give pleasure to their friends; but nobody exclaims at the beauty of their paintings, and there is not the least danger of their being mistaken for French girls when they spend their autumn holiday abroad. So they content themselves with, I was going to say, mediocrity; but many girls never even reach that standard, and they make excuses for themselves by telling what they might do if only they were as quick at languages as their brothers, or as naturally clever at drawing as their cousins.

Now, I am not going to say that the majority of girls can ever become rivals of Millais or Leighton; nor are they likely to attain the fluency of tongue of some ladies I met lately in a foreign hotel, who said they were perfectly indifferent as to which of five or six languages they spoke in. They proved the truth of their assertion by chatting to everyone round them at the *table d'hôte* in their own languages, which, as it chanced, meant changing backwards and forwards from Russian to German, French, Italian, and English.

But though I will not promise that girls without any special talent or special opportunities can acquire that fluency; still, I do affirm that, unless a girl is an idiot, or incapacitated in some such way, she can excel in anything she chooses to do.

"Oh, but I am not a bit clever," you say; "I never could draw a straight line in my life."

Possibly not, I can quite believe it; but may I ask how many times you have really tried? And it is very likely that you cannot speak a single language with ease and fluency; but is that because you are incapable, or because you will not take the trouble to devote to the study the energy and patience necessary to success?

One often hears girls say, "I wish I could play the piano well; I wish I could paint well!" but it is generally a mere idle expression, for they can play well, or paint well, or do anything else well, if they really *wish* it. The difficulty is, that they only desire that talent just enough to wish some good fairy would suddenly endow them with the faculty without any exertion on their part, as Cinderella was suddenly transformed from a dirty little kitchenmaid into a lovely young lady, without the least trouble. Unfortunately, we are not likely to get enchanted in that way, and we must be our own good fairies, and get what we want by hard work, or else make up our minds to give it up altogether, for it is very certain we shall never be anything but ignorant dunces without both hard work and determination to succeed.

It is related of Napoleon that one of his counsellors once pointed out to him the difficulties of an enterprise he was about to undertake, expressing a doubt if he could overcome them. Napoleon's reply was brief and characteristic: "I can, because I will."

The secret to *ensure* success lies, first, in an unconquerable determination to succeed; not the languid desire which wishes one's self at the goal without the trouble of getting there, but the invincible determination to grapple with all difficulties and to work on with patient perseverance till the end is attained. Without perseverance and determination no one, however talented, will succeed; with them, the dullest may gain what he desires.

Many girls, and not girls only, have the idea that certain persons are gifted with genius. This means, they imagine, that if he is an author, he writes his world-renowned books in the odd half hours which he spends in his luxuriously-furnished library, jotting down the brilliant thoughts which are always ready when he wants them; or, if an artist, he takes up his brushes shortly before the opening of the Academy, and, with a few bold strokes, paints in a picture which will take the world by storm. They would be a good deal astonished if they could follow the career of a "genius," and see how these remarkable men really attain to the position they enjoy.

Look at what two great men themselves say about genius. Carlyle says: "Genius means transcendent capacity for taking trouble." Buffon says. "Genius is nothing but labour and patience."

Charles Dickens, speaking of the extraordinary ideas people have of the way a famous author writes his books, says:—"They imagine him as a radiant personage whose whole time is devoted to idleness and pastime, who keeps a prolific mind in a sort of corn sieve, and lightly shakes a bushel of it out sometimes in an odd half hour or so after breakfast. It would amaze their incredulity to be told that such elements as patience, study, punctuality, determination, self-denial, training of mind and body, hours of application and seclusion to produce what they read in seconds enter into their career; correction and re-correction in the blotted manuscript; consideration, new observations, the patient massing of many reflections, experiences, and imaginings for one minute purpose."

In the South Kensington Museum one has the opportunity of seeing the manuscripts of many well-known books, some of Charles Dickens' amongst the number, which bear evidence of this patient, untiring attention to detail; where a phrase has not pleased the author it is erased, put in again, re-written time after time if need be, till there is no fault to be found, and then only is it permitted to stand.

In the same museum some parts of the picture gallery are hung with the masterpieces of painters no longer living, and the centre of the room is occupied by stands holding the first rough sketches of those very pictures. Here you see the drawing of an arm or a foot in some particular posture reproduced a dozen times—over and over again, till each line and curve is perfect, till you think the painter must have become wearied out with his subject, and you no longer wonder that he became a successful man.

I once met a poor and struggling artist, who has since risen to some eminence, on a wet and muddy day in the streets of a country town. His boots were covered with mud, and he looked tired and cold. He told me that a circus had been going through the town, and it was such a good opportunity of catching the way a camel lifts its feet, as he was too poor to travel and see them in their native haunts; so he had been following the circus, and, producing his pocket sketch-book, he showed me page after page covered with rough sketches of camels' hoofs.

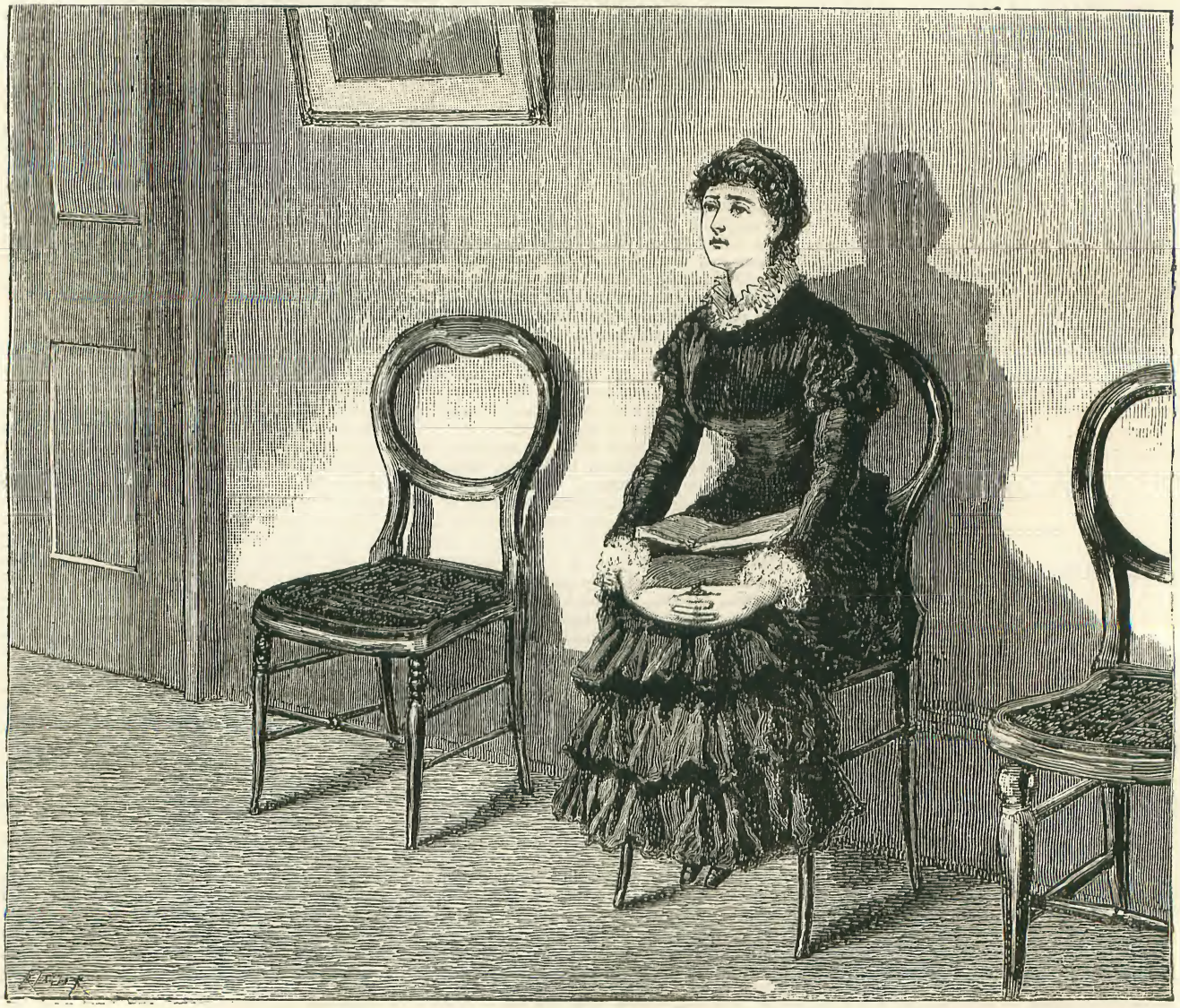
Victor Hugo worked for twenty-three years at "Les Misérables." And Carlyle, speaking of the writing of his life of Frederick the Great, says:—"It lasted thirteen years or more. To me a desperate dead-lift pull all that time; my whole strength devoted to it alone, withdrawn from all the world, . . . and I desperate of ever getting through." And of another of his books, he says it involved "Four years of abstruse toil, obscure speculation, futile wrestling, and misery."

Instances of this kind might be multiplied almost without end, but these are enough to show that people do not succeed without work. Dick Whittington might fancy the bells were ringing to announce his future honours, but he would never have become Lord Mayor of London if he had simply sat still and dreamed about it.

We all know brilliant people who *can* do anything, but succeed in doing nothing; and most of us know others without any advantages of education or natural wit, with whom everything seems to turn out well. The difference is that the one thinks himself a genius, and will not stoop to hard work, the other thinks that genius and hard work are much the same thing.

But one point must not be forgotten; it is quite possible to succeed in what you have planned, and instead of it bringing you happiness, you may find that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. Except the blessing of the Lord is upon your work, neither you nor anybody else will be the better or the happier for it. "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it." First and before all, ask God's blessing and guidance in what you do; but having done that, work your very hardest at what you have undertaken. God blesses our *efforts*, not our lazy longings. Christ tells us to watch as well as to pray, and just the same principle must be pursued, whether what we want is to conquer a bad habit, or to learn a language. You are unhappy, perhaps, because you have a hasty temper, and say you have prayed that it may be cured. But have you tried to conquer it too? God will not suddenly remove your tendency to temper, that is not His way; but when you try to resist it, He will give you special strength and grace to do so. Miracles are not wrought to save lazy people trouble.

MARY SELWOOD.



"NOT A GRACEFUL ATTITUDE, OF COURSE."

A STUDY IN GREY AND GOLD.

By GRACE STEBBING.

CHAPTER I.

HUGH OSMANN PUTS IN THE GREY.

A DULL, dark, December afternoon, and rather a comfortless-looking room. Chairs and a table, bookshelves and a small sofa—all with an unmistakable air about them of being present simply because they were necessaries. The very fire in the grate had the same appearance. It was small and dull; just sufficient to make the temperature of the apartment bearable, with no warmth to spare for anything in the shape of a pleasant glow, or a touch of cheerfulness.

The room had one occupant, who had unconsciously taken up a position in accordance with her surroundings. A girl of eighteen or so sat on one of a row of four cane chairs, placed against the wall opposite the fire, and she had a volume of algebra on her lap. It had been in her hands until about ten minutes since, when she had dropped it, with a low, weary sigh, and clasped her hands round her knees.

She was nothing particular of a girl; anything but attractive to strangers' eyes, perhaps—like the room; and yet people who had once really looked at her, and, yet more, who had once talked with her, got a habit of looking at her pretty frequently when they had the opportunity, and seemed to find a certain pleasure in talking to her again whenever they got the chance.

"It's her eyes, I suppose," said someone once, when he was asked to say wherein her charm lay. And perhaps it was in her eyes. True and earnest, great, grave, grey eyes they were; and they looked so sad just then, as they stared straight forward at an ugly red and grey paper on the opposite wall above the fire.

A quarter of an hour ago a washerwoman had come to the house, and, as she stood for a few moments in the hall, she had said, cheerfully—

"Only two days to Christmas! I do like to think of all the happy family gatherings there will be then!"

"Aye, indeed!" had come the answer. "Plenty of fun and frolic then for them as is in luck's way—but they ain't everybody."

"And Jane is right enough there," murmured the young student, to whose ears the short dialogue had ascended in her upstairs sitting-room.

She tried for a few moments longer to keep her mind and eyes on her algebra, but it was no good; the servant's words would keep repeating themselves so loudly in her ears, and memory would persist in showing her pictures of days and hopes that seemed alike to have gone by for ever. The book went down, two little feet went up on to the rung of the chair, and the hands clasped each other round the knees. Not a graceful attitude, of course; but she made a picture, as she sat there, that to some people would have been touched with pathos. There was such an evident, brave resolve in the set, girlish face not to want anything but commonplace bareness and hard lines; such a resolute biting-down of the first

ghost of a quiver of the red lips, and such a deep heart-pain in those grave, grey eyes, that would not be made to lie, even for braveness' sake.

The heart beneath that coarse-textured, badly-made black serge dress was aching, at that hour, as many folks suppose that no hearts can ache in this matter-of-fact nineteenth century.

At that hour of the 23rd of December, one long year ago, Gladys Osmann had been sitting in the great fire-lit hall of a beautiful country-house, laughing and talking "nineteen to the dozen," with half a dozen brothers and sisters all doing the same. The rich-coloured Turkey carpet beneath their feet was littered all over with shining green leaves and red berries, some still on their native boughs, others twining along on wires, or curling about on lengths of brown paper and scarlet cloth, while two or three gracefully made symbolical devices lay upon the fine old oak table beside which Gladys sat.

She was not pretty—it has been said so already—but in her ruby-coloured, daintily-fitting cashmere, and with her face rippling over with happy laughter, her mother and brothers and sisters, and somebody else too, seemed to find her very much to their taste indeed, whatever she might be.

"Who is to do this chaplet for the front of the organ?" asked one of the merry party, holding up the pattern in thin wood that was waiting for its green covering.

Violet Osmann sprang forward and caught it from her brother.

"The idea of asking!" she exclaimed. "Have you waited to this time of day to know that if you want pretty things done well you must give them to Gladys?"

Her mother passed her hand over the brown-haired head.

"It seems to me that you are all rather hard upon poor Gladys. Look at her fingers; their prettiness is not increased by all this rough work. If I were she I would strike."

Gladys looked up with a smile. "Oh! mother dear, seeing pretty things grow beneath one's eyes is reward for any number of scratches."

A minute or two later that "somebody else," referred to above, laid a number of holly leaves beside the girl on the table, and muttered as he did so—

"Miss Gladys, use these, will you, to please me; and don't laugh at me—I have cut off all the thorniest tips. It hurts me to see those scratches."

And the grey eyes—those truth-telling grey eyes—had been lifted for a moment to the speaker's face with a frank, sweet love, although the lips uttered a low, laughing—

"Oh, Mr. Gordon! how—how—silly—of you!"

"As silly, or as wise," came the answer back, "as it is to l——"

But whatever else was silly, it was decidedly silly of Mr. Gordon, of Gordon Manor, to try to hold a confidential conversation with Gladys Osmann in that well-filled hall; and perhaps it was a good thing for the girl's present equanimity that Percy Osmann, at that instant, dashed in between the guest and his sister, crying eagerly—

"Isn't it glorious, Gladys? Father says that you may have a dozen crimson and white camelias if you like, for any of your decorations, at home or abroad."

Percy felt quite pleased to bring that news, for Gladys was such a favourite, and everyone knew how she seemed almost to grow and thrive on things pretty and beautiful.

That Christmas came and went, and, one short month after, the luxurious home was gone, the dear mother was gone, the ruined father was on his way with his sons to seek unaccustomed work in the colonies, Violet and Christabel had taken situations as governesses, and Gladys was in London keeping house for a step-brother, twenty years older than herself, stern and narrow-minded, to whose apprehension pretty and paltry meant the same thing.

Gladys had made a few attempts, when she first arrived in her new dingy, smoke-dried home, to transform it into something fairer; but the master of the abode very soon put a stop to "all that sort of nonsense."

"You've quite enough to do with your studies, Gladys," was the harsh intimation, "unless you suppose that I am to have the finding you in bread-and-butter for the rest of your life, for you are about as ignorant a girl as I ever met with."

As far as he could tell, that was doubtless the case, for it may be questioned whether he had ever until now considered it worth while to address a dozen consecutive words to any member of what he regarded as such an inferior portion of the human race. Secretly, he a good deal resented his father's having burdened him with his young sister, even under the present sad circumstances, although they otherwise in no way injured him. The blow which had swept away all that was bright and glad and beautiful from the girl's path had not touched Hugh Osmann's fortune, and he was free as ever to bury himself, and his life, and his heart, and his sympathies in his books.

Everybody must love something, and Hugh Osmann loved Homer and Virgil, and Bacon and Shakespeare, and Milton, but he certainly loved nothing living.

"It is a grand thing to love learning for learning's sake," he said solemnly to his sister.

And Gladys said "yes" with her lips, and tried to say it with her heart, with her whole heart, as she sat there in that horrid little room staring at the ugly paper.

Once she had loved Hubert Gordon for Hubert Gordon's sake. But he had gone on a trip to the Pyramids before that terrible crash came, and no one, at least Gladys's no one, had heard anything of him since, and so it was well, very well, to make herself love learning and a grey life, if only it might be possible.

There was the rub, though, there lay the pricking soreness in that doubting "possible." Gladness and joyousness, and brightness and love, they had been so easy to love. Last Christmas it had been in a young heart so welling over with sunny gratitude that the blessed words had echoed—

"Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

Now that brave, steadfast young face was so set and pale with the inward moan—"Thy will be done."

It was well for Gladys Osmann to learn that prayer *by heart;* it was not well for Hugh Osmann that he let its learning be so bitter. It did not seem well, either, that another than Hugh should have left it to be thus learnt, considering that half-uttered speech which Percy had interrupted on that last past 23rd of December afternoon.

There was no one to cut the thorniest spikes off the holly leaves, to spare Gladys's little scratched fingers now. "But neither is there any holly," murmured Gladys at last, unconsciously uttering a thought aloud. She was so startled as to drop her book, when her words were instantly answered with a sharp—

"And a good thing too. A heap of rubbish to collect flies and soot, and set the chimneys on fire when it's cleared away."

Hugh had opened the door and entered the room unperceived by his sister in her day-dream over the servant's remark as to lucky folks and their opposites. However, Gladys had had nearly eleven months' stern discipline in self-restraint, and, even before her brother had finished his comment on her words, she had regained perfect outward composure, and stooped to pick up the fallen volume. That gave a fresh text for a small, harsh lecture.

"Really, Gladys, you are the most heedless girl I ever saw. I should not wonder if you have broken the back off that algebra now. You certainly are likely to prove a most expensive inmate in any house. Have you put back the 'Faust' I lent you yesterday?"

By this time all Gladys's face looked a quiet, dull grey, like the aspect of things out of doors.

"I have kept it, Hugh, until I shall have finished translating it."

"Humph!" was the short reply. "Just like a woman: anything to save themselves trouble. Could you not put it back here in the shelves each time you have done with it, and fetch it when needful? But there, I have no time to waste in talking. I am going out to a meeting, so I have told Jane there will be no dinner wanted. Don't sit up for me."

And with that command, Mr. Hugh Osmann retreated from the threshold and closed the door. The next instant he opened it again and put his head in.

"By-the-bye, Gladys, I have left some notes for my next week's lecture on my study-table; get them written out clearly for me before you go to bed; good practice for you."

And some scrap of payment, too, he considered, for all his grudging generosity. His sister had spared him the expense of an amanuensis for some months past. A minute later the house-door shut with a bang, and Gladys returned to her former post against the wall. There was bitterness in her heart now as well as sorrow, and the bitterness made it harder than the sorrow had done to say, "Thy will be done."

Christmas Day, the day after to-morrow. But there was little promise of peace and goodwill reigning in that home. Poor Gladys, with the grey eyes, which looked so dry and clear, and which had such floods of unwept tears behind them! She sat staring at the pages of the open book again instead of at the wall-paper, but she saw no more of it than when it lay closed on her lap. She was thinking of her father and brothers in the far-off land; of her sister Violet, teaching small Russians in St. Petersburg; and of Christabel domiciled in a laird's family in the north of Scotland.

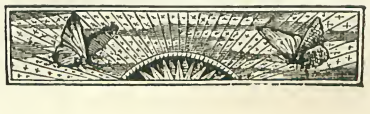
Christabel might have come to London for a month's Christmas holiday, and Gladys had eagerly counted on her coming; but the step-brother had said, angrily—

"Stuff and nonsense! A ridiculous waste of money like that. Don't suppose that I shall countenance it by letting Christabel come here. If she chooses to throw away her money as soon as earned on railway tickets, she may throw away some more on lodgings and board."

That, of course, settled the matter. Poor twenty-year-old Christabel had enough of her first-earned money to pay for spending this sad anniversary with the only get-at-able members of her family, but her riches were not great enough to be lavished on lonely lodgings.

Gladys would have gone to her had it been possible. But Gladys had no money at all, only a few pence, that is to say, to buy a pair of warm cloth gloves as a Christmas-box for good-tempered Jane, and a threepenny-piece, carefully cherished up, for bestowal on the little crossing-sweeper on Christmas morning on her way to church.

(To be continued.)



EXERCISE, AND HOW TO BENEFIT BY IT.

By Medicus.

NCE upon a time—it might have been six weeks ago, it might have been six years, or sixteen,—I was spending a few days in autumn, with a friend of mine, in one of the most charming nooks of dear, hospitable old Yorkshire.

This friend of mine, though by no means a wealthy man, as wealthy men go now-a-days, was at all events very well to do. He owned—I might say owns—a good deal of land, keeps hunters, and sits behind a pair of beautiful greys, when he goes for a drive or comes to meet one at the station. His house, his lawns, his garden and grounds are all in good taste, which is saying a deal; and he himself is the soul of generous hospitality and kindly goodwill to all who come in contact with him.

Indoors one cannot help feeling at home, for an air of quiet refinement pervades the whole house. It is saying enough to mention that his wife is a Yorkshire lady, and his three stately and gentle young daughters all a father could *wish them to be*.

No part of England is more bracing or healthy than that in which my friend resides. This being so, I was somewhat surprised to find, on the first morning of my arrival, that breakfast, which, to people in health, should invariably be a fairly substantial meal, was in this family a mere make-believe. I myself had been up and about by seven o'clock, making friends with every animal about the place; and I was scarcely sorry when nine o'clock came, for, rude though it may sound, I was hungry, healthily hungry.

"Where, O! where," I said to myself, "have these girls been all the morning? Not out in the fresh and balmy air surely. No, that is impossible."

I assure you, readers, if anything could have taken away my appetite, it would have been the languid looks of these poor maidens, and their no less languid replies to their papa's question—

"What will you take, dear?"

From the very way they answered, you could see it was—if not positively a weariness to eat at all—entirely a matter of indifference what they partook of.

"Oh! I'll have an egg—I think."

"Just a tiny bit of bacon, please."

"Nothing, only a little bread-and-butter."

I felt like an ogre. I secretly wished I hadn't been hungry, but I could not feign; and, there being no lack of viands on the table, with a groaning sideboard not far off, I—well, I actually made a hearty breakfast, comforting myself with the thought that I was doing good, example being better than precept.

But I was not surprised at the want of appetite my young friends exhibited, nor at the general air of languor and *ennui* that pervaded all their actions, when I found out how they lived and what their occupations were. I ought to say that all three were beautiful girls, though theirs was a beauty that wanted tone! And remember this, beauty that wants tone flies away in comparatively early life.

These girls, then, belonging as they did to a family in which work or labour of any kind was not by any means compulsory, devoted their time, when not reading, or playing, or writing, to sewing, knitting, embroidery, and that modern substitute for the ancient "sampler" called crewel-work. It is cruel work often enough in more senses than one. The visible results of it are very pretty—this I readily admit, but the invisible results are too often lamentable in the extreme; and here are the names of a few of them—contracted chests, headaches, dimness of sight, brain fatigue, languid livers, dyspepsia, stiff backs, and premature "stoop."

My dear young friends in the north are merely examples of a class of people, to be met with everywhere in life, who know nothing of the intrinsic value of healthful exercise in maintaining the body in a state of vigour and the mind in a state of tranquillity.

To thousands of my readers, perhaps, it never occurs that exercise is a necessity of life, and one of the best means we possess of keeping sickness at bay and ensuring long life. Many may never have been told that it was so, or, having been told, it never rightly came home to their understandings, or they only half believed it.

It is to girls such as these that I to-day address myself. If I were writing for a class of young men students I should at once set about proving in a scientific and physiological manner the value of exercise to the human frame. I would explain the actions of the heart, and the functions of the brain and nervous system generally, and even describe minutely and anatomically the mechanism of that great but sadly over-worked gland the liver. But my audience is a gentle one, and I must deal gently with it, in the matter of hard words and scientific language. I promise to do so, but at the same time my audience must deal fairly by me, take what I affirm as truths, and believe that I am really and truly actuated by an earnest desire to do good.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," so runs the old saying, and we might add, "makes Jill a dull girl." This is quite true, but on the other hand it must not be forgotten that all play and no work is equally deleterious; and it is a fact well-known to every scientist that idleness is quite incompatible with a healthful existence. In other words, if you really wish to be in good health, and therefore happy, you must perform a certain amount of work five or six days in every week, and that work must partake of the nature of duty.

It is very often the case that people who have made fortunes in business or in their professional pursuits, retire into private life, in the hopes of enjoying rest and happiness, and, doing so, in reality court an early death.

The prayer, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," is a beautiful one, and I can conceive of no being much more to be pitied than he or she who, possessing wealth, has to spend this life vainly hunting for pleasure and happiness. How true are the words of the immortal Scottish bard!

> "Pleasures are like poppies shed,
> You seize the flower the bloom is fled;
> Or like the Borealis race,
> That flit ere you can point their place;
> Or like a snowfall in the river,
> One moment white, then gone for ever."

But, while work is in reality a blessing, a blessing of so great value that even the rich must seek for it in some shape or form, if they wish to be well and continue so, work and exercise, as I shall endeavour presently to show you, must not be confounded together.

No writer is likely to over-rate the good of exercise; indeed, the benefits that accrue from it, when taken judiciously, are incalculable.

Many a girl, not feeling over well, being easily tired, suffering often from back-ache, head-ache, want of appetite, especially in the morning, general weariness and want of heart, with perhaps fits of melancholy, goes and seeks assistance from medicine, and takes tonics in some form, and very likely in vain, the real tonic needed being plenty of wholesome exercise in the open air. If she only took that, what a change it would make to her life and existence!

The human body is like a machine of beautiful construction and workmanship; if kept going, it keeps bright and clear, but left alone it soon grows dull and useless.

Without exercise the wheels of life get positively clogged. This is figurative language; I will put it more plainly then. Apart from the fact that when the muscles of the body are not regularly exercised they get weak and flabby, and simply useless, being only like so much dead weight about the body—apart from this, I say, exercise enables us to throw off from our systems poisons that are generated therein, and which, if retained, thicken the blood, blunt the feelings, render the brain dull and apathetic, and weaken our whole framework. Without exercise the skin is inactive, the bile from the liver is improperly eliminated, or retained in the blood; and our lives, therefore, cannot be otherwise than miserable.

"By habitual neglect of sufficient exercise," wisely remarks a recent writer, "the system may and does accommodate itself to such neglect; so that not only may the desire for exercise cease to be a fair measure of its need, but positive exhaustion may attend a much less amount of exercise than is necessary to long continuance in sound health. However strong and well, therefore, a person may feel, notwithstanding his neglect of exercise, he ought to remember that he is playing a most dangerous game, and that sooner or later his sin will find him out—either in the form of dyspepsia, liver or other disease, which so surely creeps upon the offender against the laws of health."

I have said above that work is not exercise, and as a rule it is not. I mean to say that the movements of the body and of the muscles thereof, which one has to make every day in the performance of her bounden duties, is not exercise in the true sense of the word. If it were so, many girls, notably those who toil in factories or behind shop counters, ought to be as healthy and happy as the summer day is long. But are they so? Let them themselves make answer; I need not. Simple work and duty is often tedious and wearisome—it tires the body and saddens the mind, and is anything but conducive to health if carried on too long.

But true exercise means a change from this very work that one engages in, an entire change for the time being, a change which shall be as pleasant for the mind as for the body, and as great a relief for the one as for the other. "Well," says some poor girl to me; "I'm sure I get enough exercise, and it is in the open air too, because I walk more than a mile every morning and evening to my work."

I am sorry to have to undeceive you; if you were to walk the same distance to see a dear friend or in company with that friend, and without having to sit down to work at the end of it, then it would be exercise, because the mind would be free from all anxiety. Nor is the walk home from your place of business exercise, because in all probability you are both fatigued and hungry. Indeed, the only good that these to and fro walks can possibly do you, is centred in the fact that you breathe fresh air when taking them.

You will see, then, that I want you to understand that exercise, to be of any service to a person, must be pleasurable—the mind and body *must go hand in hand*. Suppose, for instance, that you are just in the middle of a glorious game of lawn tennis, and a person comes on the ground and whispers to you some disturbing or distressing intelligence.

Before you heard it you were enjoying yourself, you were actually gaining health and strength every minute. Do you think you are likely to gain any, after you have heard the news, while you continue the game almost mechanically, with the smiles freezing on your lips, your very heart cold, and your mind a mile away?

Again, I say exercise to be beneficial must be enjoyable, and the more enjoyable it is the more good it will do you. Even laughing does one good, for only healthy people can laugh; weakly people do not, or, if they do, it is half-heartedly and hysterically.

Joy is a wonderful tonic, wholesome laughter is splendid exercise. I myself am a hard-working man, and although I take plenty of wholesome exercise in the open air, there are times when the weary brain needs repose and a tonic. And what tonic do you think I take? Do I search for it among the bottles and jars that stand on the shelves of my dispensary? Indeed I do not. I go straight up to town, and make my way to Charing Cross Hospital. Do I find my tonic there? Not quite, but at some place where I can be cheerful without depression.

Movements of the muscles of the body, then, do not constitute exercise in the correct sense of the word. Hence the use of the dumb-bells, although good in its way, is not all that is wanted to bring a girl into healthy "fettle," as your brothers would call it.

The next *sine qua non* about exercise is this, it ought to be taken in the open air, and the more fresh and pure that air is the better. People talk a great deal about the advantages that accrue from a short sea voyage. I freely admit the advantages, but most of them come from the bracing purity of the air one breathes when afloat on the blue water.

Exercise must also be taken with *regularity*, for remember it is a tonic, and a tonic is one of those things that only do good by slow degrees; but, if taken one day and omitted the next, no benefit can come from it at all. Again, as we have seen that exercise ought to be pleasurable, so on the other hand ought it to be *moderate;* else your pleasure resolves itself into pain. It ought never to be carried to the verge of fatigue, although, remember, I do not object to your feeling what I may term delightfully tired—tired with that kind of tiredness that makes subsequent sleep a delicious certainty. But, if exercise makes you so tired that sleep is banished, it is being carried beyond bounds, and you must take care not to do so again. When taking exercise therefore do not hurry it. If you have, for example, determined to take a course of walking exercise, you must be moderate with it at first; and, when you find yourself getting a little tired, rest for five minutes, then go on again. It is the most foolish thing in the world to boast about one's strength, and to try to accomplish walking feats for the simple sake of having to say you have done so and so. Over-exertion is most injurious.

The dress you wear when taking exercise should not be heavy, and it should not be tight in any way. That is all I shall say about it at present, though, with the kind permission of Our Editor, I may return to the charge some other day, and treat my readers to some wholesome remarks on the subject of dress. I'm not at all sure, though, that it will be considered a treat.

Care should be taken not to catch cold after exercise. If perspiring, even if the day be warm, you should always have some light woollen or silken covering, or wrap, to throw around you, when the pleasant exertion is over. If perspiring much, a change of underclothing is actually a necessity, and this should be had as soon as possible.

Always take rest after exercise, and it ought to be in the recumbent position. This is most essential.

Now, about the best *time* for exercise. Medical men will tell you that about two hours' exercise in the open air should be taken every day. But this does not mean you are to take it all at once. Before breakfast is a good time for a gentle walk, yet the delicate should swallow a mouthful or two of milk or eat a tiny biscuit before going out. A glass of cold water does good too, before one's walk; and it is a good plan to walk, say a quarter or half-a-mile, to a well, drink a glass of water there, and then return. To those who take this advice, breakfast will be anything but a make-believe.

Never take exercise on a full meal. From two to three hours after is the best time, and if you take your principal exercise before dinner, be sure to allow time for at least half an hour of rest before you sit down; else you are but opening the door for indigestion to walk in and play havoc with your health.

Exercise, to be beneficial, must, as I have already said, be regular; but perhaps you are afraid of the weather. I pray you be not so; wrap up lightly but well, and defy it. Defy the wind, defy the rain, ay, and sleet and snow itself; for one does not catch cold when actually taking exercise, I do assure you. Finally, let your exercise be varied, one day this kind, and the other that, but always pleasant, always pleasurable, and taken at the same hours day after day. You may find it irksome at first, but it will soon become a habit, and your guerdon will be—Health.

NEW MUSIC.

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The Gloucestershire March. By Hugh Clendon. Dedicated to Colonel Bontein and the Officers of the 3rd Battalion of the Gloucestershire Regiment.—The war in Egypt has inspired more than one of our musicians to write a military march, and Hugh Clendon has caught the spirit of the conquering soldier returning with lively steps to the welcome awaiting him. The music is bright and military, and is arranged also as a duet for the pianoforte—as a septett for full orchestra, military band, and brass band.

ASHDOWN.

A Spring Flower (by C. E. Pathe), called a "Tone Picture." Also, by the same composer, "*In Shady Vale*," an Idyl; "*Sweet Dreams*," a Reverie; are all pleasing, and have considerable merit as pianoforte pieces.

Neues Blumenlied. By Gustav Lange.—An elegant little drawing-room piece; will be much appreciated when carefully and smoothly performed.

The same may be said of *Ein Tag in der Schweiz* ("A Day in Switzerland"), also by the same composer.

Dreams of Youth. A sketch. By A. Loeschhorn.—A pretty and graceful composition, well worthy the notice of some of our young friends.

The Chase. Hunting Song. By Oliver Cramer.—A bold and spirited piece, requiring great firmness and precision in the rendering of it. The style is rather novel.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Toujours Pret. Marche militaire. By Michael Watson.—A quaint and spirited piece; not difficult.

HUTCHINGS AND ROMER.

Nacht Reise Lied. Reverie for piano. By A. Macirone.

Summer Serenade. By C. A. Macirone. Both these pieces have considerable merit, and will doubtless be appreciated when effectively performed.

PATEY AND WILLIS.

Three Rondos. No. 2. G. Merkel. A barcarolle.—Easy and effective. The flowing melody, in 6-8 time, admirably suggests the motion of the boat.

Sonatina. No. 1. G. Merkel.

By the same composer we have a sonatina in F. Our young friends will do well to study this elegant *morceau*, especially those who have overcome the difficulties of the sonatinas by Clementi. The themes are graceful, and are developed at greater length than is usual in sonatinas. This one under our notice contains a wholesome amount of scale passages, which will well repay the student's attention. We would suggest that on page 2, line 3, bar 3, the last note in the bass should be G, not F.

Marche Fantasque. Simplified edition. By Herbert F. Sharp.—A short and mystic introduction of about ten bars, followed by a bright and spirited march. The triplet passages by their quaintness greatly enhance the effect of the suave melody of the trio which follows in due course. The march is then repeated, and closes with a short coda.

Three Dances. No. 2. Herbert F. Sharp.—A lively and pretty little piece, easily learnt, and of moderate difficulty.

Excerpts from the Pianoforte Works of the Great Masters. Edited by Walter Macfarren.

No. 9. Allegro from second suite. Handel. Mr. Macfarren's able and careful fingering of this piece renders it an excellent study for players generally. Our young friends will see for themselves that there are two or three printer's errors in the fingering; also, that on page 3, last line, first bar, a treble clef is omitted.

VOCAL MUSIC.

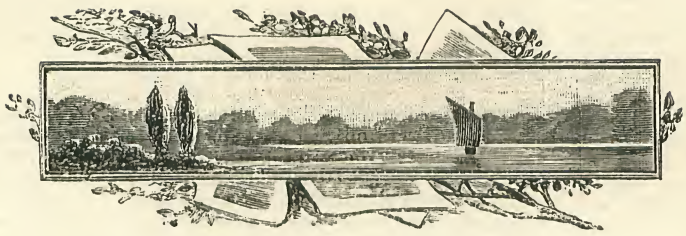
PATEY AND WILLIS.

Rest. Words by Rev. T. E. Brown. Music by Handel.—This beautiful largo by the great master has hitherto been known and heard as a purely instrumental composition. It is adapted, with good taste and feeling, to the human voice, and set to appropriate words by the Rev. T. E. Brown. Published in two keys: E flat and F.

In a Boat at Sea. Words by Hugh Conway. Music by J. F. Barnett.—A charmingly-written song, full of tenderness. Suitable for a soprano voice. It will be noticed that on page 4, first line, the last note should be G, instead of F.

A Thousand Years. Words by R. L. de Pearsall. Arranged by W. T. Trimnell.—One of a series of songs for public schools. Price 2d. If the remaining numbers of this series are as attractive as the one now under notice, which is a well-known Norse melody, they will form a very useful addition to the repertory of schools and singing classes.

Charity. Cantata for female voices. The music by Franz Abt.—This cantata consists of seven numbers and extends over thirty-one pages. Although its title would naturally lead us to expect some part writing, the whole work consists of choruses in unison and solos, with the exception of some forty bars, written in weak, three-part harmony. It is a matter of surprise to us that so great a master as Franz Abt should have produced so feeble a composition. We can only recognise his usual charming vein of melody in No. 3, a solo for mezzo-soprano, entitled "Leader of Nymphs," which really leaves nothing to be desired for purity of idea and beauty of development.



FOR A LITTLE WHILE.

By LOUISA GRAY.

For a little while, my darling,
Just a little while,
Come and let me feel your hand clasp,
Let me see your smile;
Bend your fair head down and kiss me,
Pray for me and you,
Sweet eyes, look in mine and love me
As you used to do.

Sing to me once more, my darling,
Of the better Land,
For it always seemed so near me
When I held your hand;
You were loth to leave me, sweetheart,
Yet too pure to stay,
I am weary—come and guide me,
Heavenward on the way.

Hark! an angel voice is singing,
Angel wings I see;
You are coming, oh! my darling,
Coming now for me.
At the gate of Heav'n I see you
With the old sweet smile;
We were only parted, darling,
For a little while.

LAURA LEIGH.

A TALE OF HIGHBRIDGE PAPER MILLS.

By M. M. POLLARD, Author of "Cora; or, Three Years of a Girl's Life," etc.

CHAPTER X.

SQUIRE GREGORY.

We must return to Mr. Leigh's house, in the fashionable London square, at the door of which Squire Gregory arrived early on the morning preceding his wedding day. If any glamour of romance had invested him with the charms of an ideal lover, surely the first glimpse at his burly person would dissipate the delusion.

He was a tall, broad, square man, with square shoulders, and square jaws, very substantial-looking, nearly as much so as his purse.

His hair and beard were grizzled, his lips thin, and looked as though they could be very firm, and close, and decided when occasion required. His eyes were small and grey, very keen, with a lurking twinkle of humour in their glance.

The squire could enjoy a laugh as well as any one, and his loud guffaw, as it rang through the morning room, rather disconcerted Blanche, who in her interview with him would fain have seen him in a more tender, sentimental mood. She was even vexed when he exclaimed with merry twinkling eyes—

"So you are going to marry the old man after all! going to take the crooked stick? You have come back to your first love—eh, Blanche? and all the fine lords, and baronets, the dandies, and officers have passed you by?"

"What do you intend to infer, Samuel?" she asked, flushing hotly.

"Only what I say, my dear. Don't get vexed. Had you long ago taken one of the 'curled and scented darlings,' your devoted admirers, I should have said it was quite natural you should do so, for youth looks out for what pleases the eye. But both you and I have come to mature age now, we have outlived that kind of romance and nonsense—and we are going to get married because it will be best for us both."

"I hope it will be best—marriage is a serious step," sighed Blanche.

"Aye, you are right there! It *is* a serious state, in which both parties must keep even pace, and each help the other on. I suppose you have all your finery ready for the occasion? I have still to go out and order wedding clothes for myself, the first new suit I have had for many a year. There is not a decent tailor for miles round, down in our neighbourhood, nor a decent dress-maker either, for that matter," added he, with one of his loud laughs.

"You are evidently determined to picture Rockley Hall in its most unfavourable light. I never imagined it was altogether so secluded and out of the world," replied Blanche, in her loftiest way.

"Unfavourable light! I'm telling you what I consider its greatest recommendation. It is five miles from our nearest neighbour; but then, with all its remoteness, one never finds the place

dull. We have capital hunting and coursing in the season, and some first-rate shooting. I may as well mention, though, that Rockley Hall is now very unlike it was when my mother lived there. Since her death it has been sadly neglected, the rooms have got a trifle damp from want of use—the furniture mouldy and discoloured from the same cause. When you come home, sweetheart, it will be a good opportunity for setting things to rights."

"Of course I should not like damp and mouldy rooms."

"Certainly not, neither do I, but I never knew how to remedy the evil. Servants will have their own way, and they become absolutely careless and neglectful when they have charge of a batchelor's house. 'Anything's good enough for one of that species,' say they. Well, they will soon have a mistress to look after them and bring them to their senses. They will find their match in you—eh, Blanche?"

Miss Leigh did not appear to think a reply was needed, so the squire went on, never heeding her silence—

"You have had some experience in housekeeping already, I suspect?"

"Considering I have kept house for papa ever since poor mamma died, sat at the head of his table, and entertained his guests, I may be supposed to have gained a little experience," replied the bride-elect, a little sarcastically.

"Of course, of course! Just as I thought. And you won't mind looking into things a bit at Rockley Hall, eh? I told Mrs. Mudge, my old housekeeper down at the hall, her day was nearly past—that she would soon have a mistress over her head. A stately dame is Mrs. Mudge!—one who holds a high hand over the rest of the household when it suits her. But she is rather extravagant in her own notions, and sometimes we come to words about it. I said to her last evening, when she brought me a handful of bills, 'Enjoy yourself while you can, ma'am—run up the totals of the bills as high as you please, and lay all the blame of extra expenses on the fact of my having had a friend or two to dinner. There will soon be a new leaf turned over, for I'm bringing home a wife, ma'am!—yes, a wife who knows what's what, and will not allow either herself or me to be imposed on.' Ah! you should have seen Mrs. Mudge's face then! It was red, and green, and yellow, for she had never before heard even a hint of my getting married."

The squire's loud laugh rang through the room with a strange unaccustomed sound, but his betrothed did not join in the *mirth*.

"I am afraid you have given your people a very poor opinion of me. They will *not* have a very warm welcome ready for me on my arrival there," said she, a little stiffly, as she bent her head still lower over a piece of delicate lace she was making into a ruffle.

"Never mind about that, Blanche, *I* shall welcome you home, and my people know my wishes are law in some things. But I forgot, I have brought you a present, my dear—some jewels. Ladies like jewels, do they not?"

"Most of them do," replied Blanche, recovering her good temper a little, and looking up at the squire with a smile.

"Yourself included?"

"Yes, I confess to a weakness on that point."

"Then I have some jewels worth looking at—diamonds and sapphires. They were my mother's, and have always descended to the wife of the eldest son through five or six generations."

While the squire was talking he fumbled in the depths of his capacious pocket, and at last brought out a shabby old brown morocco case that looked as though it had borne constant usage in the service of the five or six generations of ladies.

He laid the case on the table and glanced at Blanche, as he said, blithely—

"The case is a little the worse for wear, like myself, but neither of us two must be judged by outward looks."

He touched a spring and the cover flew open.

"Look at these, Blanche. The jewels are of the 'first water'—those are the words my mother always used when she spoke of her trinkets."

The case was lined with violet velvet, a little faded, and in its nooks reposed a carcanet, a pair of earrings, a large brooch, and a couple of hoop diamond rings. The latter ornaments would have fitted fingers half as large again as Blanche Leigh's slender ones.

"These are the diamonds; the sapphires fit in the lower part of the case. Tell me what you think of these first?"

Blanche looked with dismay at the clumsy, badly finished setting of precious stones. Broad, heavy, tasteless rims, and twists, and carvings disfigured them, and her first thought was that she hoped the wives of the eldest sons of the Gregory race were not expected to wear them on their wedding-days.

If they were antique, they were set in the worse style of antiquity; they were not artistic enough to rank with the classic, nor tasteful enough to rank with the elegant, and Miss Leigh's taste was in favour both of the artistic and tasteful.

Squire Gregory was watching his bride-elect's face, and he discovered something was amiss. He noted the change in the expression of her countenance, from expectation to disappointment and disapproval. But few things could escape the scrutiny of his quick, keen little grey eyes.

"How do you like the diamonds, Blanche?" repeated he, promptly.

"I am not a good judge; the stones no doubt are splendid, but I think they would be wonderfully improved by a more tasteful setting."

"What is wrong with the setting? All good gold, and plenty of it."

"Yes, that is it: too much metal; it hides the lustre of the gems."

The squire laughed satirically.

"It *is* a treat in these days to hear anyone complain of too much gold. Why, Blanche! gold is what half the world are spending their lives to get; some are actually selling themselves to obtain it—soul and body, selling themselves! Men and women alike are craving for gold. What will they *not* do to obtain it?"

Blanche winced beneath the squire's sarcasm, that was at once so bitter and so true. She took the jewel case nearer the window, where the sun's rays flashed on the stones, and brought out their rich colours in all their brilliancy.

"You do not understand what I mean," she said. "I am not finding fault with the stones, which are magnificent, nor with the gold, which is massive. But I complain of the shape, the workmanship of the metal. How much brighter and better the whole parure would look if it were reset."

"Ah! you want something more filagree and fanciful, something to charm the taste of your modern fashionists—something as perishable as their friendship, as frail and glittering as their smiles. Eh, is that what you want, Blanche?"

"I think you are growing sarcastic, Samuel."

"Am I, sweetheart? I hope not. But these jewels were my mother's once, and since her death they have been sacred, almost like a memorial of her to me. When, shortly before she passed away, she gave them into my charge, she said in her weak, thin voice, 'Keep them for your bride, my son, and may you meet with one worthy to wear them, one who will be faithful to you—one who will love you as I have loved your father, with a deep, true love.' These were her very words, Blanche, and though I was then but little more than a mere lad, I have not forgotten one of them. I have been a long time waiting for my bride, have I not?" added he, in a lighter tone, as he dashed away something that looked very like tears from his eyes.

He had been putting the diamonds carefully back into the case again, and he fastened down the cover with a loud sounding snap.

"What are you doing, Samuel?" asked Blanche, quickly, as she saw him return the case to the depths of his pocket.

"Putting them aside, sweetheart."

"But I have never even seen the sapphires yet."

"They are set in exactly the same pattern as the diamonds—heavy, solid, you know. Perhaps, after all, they are not just the style for you at present. They will do for our 'silver wedding,' Blanche—if we are spared to see it—eh? I will keep them by until then, for I could never alter *my mother's* jewels—even for you. But I will buy you others you will like far better. The shops in the town are decked out with tempting, beautiful jewellery—gay and glittering things, all modern, fashionable, and approved—pretty toys, fitted to suit the prettiest wearer. Come out with me, and choose for yourself, my dear—buy any you like—but my mother's jewels must remain as they are."

So Blanche and the squire went out on a shopping expedition, and only returned about an hour before dinner-time.

Truth to say, Mr. Gregory proved

himself to be in an extremely liberal mood on this, the day before his wedding.

He left Blanche in a first-rate jeweller's in Regent-street, told her to choose any ornaments she liked, while he went off to order his ready-made suit. On his return, whatever his lady-love was pleased to admire, the article was immediately transferred to her possession, and the squire never said a word about the cost.

The whole contents of that modern London shop were in his eyes gaudy, meretricious baubles, when compared to those valued gems that lay in the faded morocco case.

When they returned home from the drive, Squire Gregory asked to see Mr. Leigh.

"Your father will wonder I have not been down for a chat with him yet," he said.

"Oh, papa had not left his room when we drove out this morning; he seldom appears until the middle of the day—dawdles away half his time, I tell him."

"Where shall I find him now?"

"In the library, his favourite retreat of late. He says it is quieter than the other rooms, and that he is less liable there to be intruded on by strangers. Strange, how unsociable he has grown of late, and his mind seems to wander at times! You must not wonder if he says all sorts of queer things to you."

"Is he alone?"

"No, Laura is with him. She generally takes her work, or reads in the library, while I am so much occupied."

It was twilight when the squire entered the apartment. Laura was sitting near the window, looking out into the fast gathering gloom. An opened yellow paper telegram lay on the carpet near her feet, the torn envelope beside it.

She was leaning back in her chair, and she was thinking.

She had been recalling some past scenes in her life to memory, and amongst them—clearly and distinctly—stood out the evening of a party at Lady Montague's house. She was aunt to Eustace, and Laura often met him there. On this occasion, he had paid Laura great attention, they had sung duets together, and at last were seated in the large conservatory that opened from the drawing-rooms. Soft light from opal lamps fell on them, the delicious perfumes of hot-house flowers made the air heavy with luxurious sweetness, the sounds of music came floating out to them through the open doors, and there Eustace Montague had told her he loved her, and had asked her to be his wife.

She remembered how he had plucked two sprays of heliotrope to exchange as love tokens; his had been deep purple, hers, soft white. She still had her spray of flowers hidden away in her desk, but it was faded, scentless, unlovely.

Laura remembered how gratified Blanche had been when told of this engagement—the result of some deep plans of hers. She had long been doing her utmost to bring Eustace and her young sister to an understanding, and had often twitted the girl with want of tact or attractiveness, that he had not proposed to her before.

It had been dinned over and over again in Laura's ears that Eustace evidently admired her, that he was an eligible match—was of good family—his Aunt Louisa's heir, and a dozen other things that Blanche insisted were absolutely necessary in the man suited for Laura's husband.

And now, poor Laura was questioning how she could ever bring herself to marry him. Was there any quality of his mind, any part of his character in harmony with her own? True, he had a tenor voice that made a fine accompaniment to hers in duets, he was fond of amusements as she had once been, and he had a lively, pleasant rattling manner, a handsome face, and good figure. But was this *all* that was needed in a partner for life, in that journey together on earth, that leads on, even on, to eternity?

She had never thought of all this when she was thoughtless and merry as he was. She took it as a matter of course that nothing more was required. Other girls married with no better prospects, and they managed to get on well enough—at least, they were happy in their way.

But now, Laura felt as though the glamour of romance was fading away to grim reality. She had become sobered, reflective, her ideal was a higher, nobler, grander type of manhood—one, who might teach how her affections might be elevated and purified, how life might be made one sweet service of work and love, and a preparation for a nobler life hereafter.

Had she ever seen that ideal? Strange, when she asked herself *that* question, her thoughts fled away to Highbridge, and she remembered the last morning there, when in the early dawn she had seen Vincent Ashton standing under the clump of fir trees, with his head uncovered, as the train whirled by.

Musing thus, Laura hardly noticed how the daylight had died away, and the gloom of evening taken its place. The bright fire in the library grate shone out fitfully on her father's brow as he leaned back on his cushions in a deep slumber.

She almost started up, when a sharp knock came to the door, and Squire Gregory entered, with his quick, firm step.

"Hush!" she said, darting forward to meet him. "Papa is asleep, and it startles him when one awakens him suddenly."

"I hope I have not disturbed him, little one," replied the squire, holding out his hand, pressing hers warmly, then drawing her towards him and pressing a brotherly kiss on her cheek.

"We are *almost* brother and sister now," said he, by way of apology.

"Yes, and we shall be really so in one day more, I suppose," she replied.

Despite the squire's somewhat abrupt unpolished ways, he had always been a great favourite of Laura's, and the feeling was cordially returned on his part. He drew a chair near hers by the fire, and seated himself.

"Shall I ring for lights?" asked she.

"No, no! This twilight is charming; we do not need an illumination for a cosy chat."

The squire fixed his eyes for some moments on Mr. Leigh's face.

"How ill and worn your father looks! I never saw a man more altered in so short a space of time."

"Yes, he seems to me very ill, but the doctor assures me I need not be alarmed. His ailment, whatever it may be, is very gradual. Poor papa! I blame myself dreadfully for having stayed away from him so long. I would never have done so had I known."

"Blanche was here with him during your absence."

"Yes, Blanche was here with him," echoed Laura, drearily.

The squire turned towards her, struck by the tone of her voice.

"Now tell me about yourself, Laura. When is Montague coming home? I thought to have found him here when I arrived."

"He will not be in England for a fortnight. I have just had a telegram from him, telling me he is detained in Paris. There it is, lying on the floor."

"What excuses does he make? What account does he give of himself?"

"Read the telegram; it is very brief."

Squire Gregory picked up the paper, held it near the grate to catch the light of the flickering flame, and read aloud—

"Detained in Paris. Do not expect me for a fortnight."

"Rather strange! I thought he had promised Blanche to be 'best man' to-morrow? Situated as he is with regard to you and your family, Blanche thought it would be a compliment to invite him."

Laura flushed up, as she replied—

"He certainly promised he would come."

"What does Blanche say about it?"

"She has not heard of the telegram yet. It came while you were out driving with her, and I have not seen her since. Of course, there are many other friends who will gladly fill Mr. Montague's place to-morrow."

"I won't trouble any of them, Laura. I'll just ask my own cousin, James Danvers. It was always a joke between us two that the one first married should have the other for 'best man,' and as James is still free he must carry out his part."

The squire ended his speech with something like a regretful sigh, but whether for his cousin or for himself did not appear.

"How can you get your cousin at such a short notice?"

"I will call at his chambers after dinner, and as his promise to me is of long standing, every other engagement must give way to it. Danvers is a barrister in good practice, about my own age—fifty-seven. A sensible fellow, too, who has a keen insight into human nature."

At this moment Mr. Leigh awoke, unrefreshed and shivering, and exclaimed, in a piteous tone of voice—

"How cold it is, Laura! Have you let out the fire, child? It grows darker and colder every day. Who is that talking to you? I heard a man's voice. Is Eustace Montague returned?"

"No, papa, but Mr. Gregory is here."

"Ah! Gregory, how are you? Kind of you to come and see a poor worn-out invalid. I hope my daughters are taking good care of you?"

"Blanche has promised to do so to-morrow," said the squire, laughing.

"True, your wedding-day. I had forgotten that, but I hope you will be as happy as I was in the married life, and not be left stranded at last, a solitary wreck! Eustace is coming, too. We will have a double wedding."

"Have you told him about the tele gram?" asked the squire.

"Yes, but he seems to have forgotten again. It is so hard to make poor papa understand anything now."

Mr. Leigh had roused himself for an instant, had even seemed glad to see his old friend, but he had soon closed his eyes in slumber again.

"I am very uneasy about your father," said the squire; "but I must be careful not to alarm poor Blanche, or she might be wishing to postpone our marriage."

Laura made no reply, though the thought rose at her heart that Blanche was not at all likely to put off the wedding. Rather, it had seemed all along as though she had made up her mind *not* to be uneasy, *not* to see how ill her father really was, *not* to alter her plans in the slightest degree.

Soon afterwards, the sound of the dinner bell was heard, and almost simultaneously Blanche opened the door and came into the library.

She was dressed in purple satin and plush, with gold ornaments on her neck and in her hair. She said quickly—

"Are you ready, Samuel? Your time is up."

"Yes, we are coming. Laura, take my arm."

"Oh, excuse me, Mr. Gregory. I am not going to the dinner-table; I must remain here with papa, and one of the maids always brings me something to eat on a tray. Papa does not like me to leave him for one instant."

"You have given him a very bad habit, Laura. While you were at Highbridge he got on just as well alone sometimes. But I hope you will put in an appearance in the drawing-room some time this evening, or people might wonder," said Blanche.

"Why? What people? Is anyone coming to dinner?"

"Yes, I have invited my bridesmaids, Jessy Burnett, the two Howards, and Hilda St. Clair, and just a few others to keep them from being dull; so, pray, come and see them, Laura."

"Very well. I will go upstairs after tea, and John can take my place here for an hour or so."

Blanche placed her taper fingers on the sleeve of Squire Gregory's coat, and the happy pair left the library together; while Laura lit a lamp, shaded the light from her father's eyes, drew her chair nearer to him, and resumed her careful watch and silent musings.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ALINA.—We advise you to make your wishes known to the secretary (1, Nottingham-place, W.) of the Training College and School for Training Teachers of the Deaf; or else to the secretary of the Asylum for Indigent Deaf and Dumb Children, Old Kent-road, Surrey, offices, 93, Cannon-street, E.C.; or else apply at the Ladies' Christian Homes for Deaf and Deaf-mute Children, 80, Pentonville-road, N., at Victoria Park-square, Bethnal-green, E., or at 171, Grange-road, S.E. We should imagine that from this last-named society, having three branches, you might obtain a situation for taking charge of deaf children.

YLIME.—Study algebra first. You will find the meanings you require in the new volume.

MARY.—We do not consider you at all too old to prepare for the examination you mention. We think you would also do well to attend a training college for teachers such as the Home and Colonial.

BELL.—You will find all you require in reference to the acquirement of Anglo-Saxon in the "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus (56, Paternoster-row). See page 14, vol. ii., and consult our indices for several other references to the subject of the matter of which you complain.

VERENA.—The best way to find a home suitable to your young brother is to advertise. Many people are glad to undertake such charges, and are peculiarly qualified to manage and control them.

RED CABBAGE.—The first thing is to keep your own temper absolutely under control, and let your manner to your charge be kind and gentle, but firm. Never find fault about trifles, but if an order be given, see that it be understood and obeyed. Common sense and patience go far in conquering such cases. Many thanks for your suggestion.

MUSIC.

JENNY BELL:—Perhaps you might find it at a second-hand music-shop.

ALDYTH.—We should not advise you to strain your voice, the cause of your loss may be weakness of body, and a tonic might give you strength. We should call your voice a contralto; but the peculiar tone must decide that.

MYSIE.—We regret that your description is too vague for us to help you. We have given several recipes in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER; please refer to them.

RUBY NORMAN.—Yes, the Guildhall Society of Music is much to be recommended. 2. Your second question need not have been asked had you noticed the context. Our Lord had just foretold the death by martyrdom of St. Peter; and then the latter, not unnaturally, asked for information respecting the future of St. John, and how and when he also should die. Our Lord, however, declined to give it; and His reply serves as a rebuke to all who intrusively busy themselves about other people's affairs, rather than in attending to their own duties.

CYMRAES.—Use resin to your violin bow. Paternoster-row is close to St. Paul's. "Cymraes" is not yet distinguished for her spelling; six words in her short note are incorrectly spelt; the worst of which are "Margarat," "cannaries," and "nosies" for noises. We hope some kindly hand will be stretched out to help her in writing also.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MADAME NICK, and THISTLE.—1. Business letters and MSS. for the press are written on one side only of the paper employed. Private letters are written on both sides. 2. The number of articles of wear or use which you employed, and to which you refer, must depend both on your circumstances, as to the number you may purchase, and to the manner in which they are used. Some people keep their things very much cleaner than others, and thus the same rule cannot be applied to all alike. In England etiquette does not permit any man to bow to a lady, as an acquaintance, unless she have acknowledged that acquaintance, and given him permission to bow, by doing so first herself. Why do you not read our articles on good breeding, and thus not ask us to repeat what we have told you before. No one in good society would "tidy her hair in an ante-room with a pocket comb," when dining out; and where in the country she is shown into a private apartment for such-like arrangements, no gentleman would be admitted.

LITTLE F. and BAG.—Write to Mr. Tarn for any part of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER which you have not yet received, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

ETHEL KENNAEDAY.—Perhaps the obstinately bald spots on your head may yield to the following treatment. Take one peeled onion, and cut it in thin slices, add to it half an ounce of camphor, one shilling's worth of gin, and three teaspoonfuls of salt; mix all well together, and, with a small sponge, rub it on the bald places every morning and evening, but do not brush the hair until the wash has dried into the pores. Of course it has a disagreeable odour, and were you likely to go into society, or to receive guests at home, you would postpone such treatment until you could avail yourself of some days of comparative privacy. But, while suggesting this wash, we by no means speak hopefully of the effect in your case, as we fear that, judging from the cause of the baldness, the hair-bulbs, or roots, have been destroyed.

SCOTCH THISTLE.—The rules with which any writer of verses should be made familiar could not be given in the small space allotted to the answer of one letter. We advise you to study "Prosody." If you get the "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus, and turn to page 343, you will obtain much help. We would do more for you if we could, in reply to so nice a letter.

A. B. K.—The last number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER was that for September 30th, number 144. Write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. for all back numbers required.

ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.—1. It is not usual for tradespeople to look at their customers when passing them in the street, unless in the same condition of life. But if by chance their eyes met when quite close, and they had been long acustomed to speak with them in reference to business, it would be an unworthy and ill-bred act to deny them a slight recognition, although not of the same character as that which you would give to an acquaintance whom you met on equal terms, and not in the mere way of business only. It is at least a rule that any polite recognition should be politely returned. Sometimes, however, the trades person is in a better social position and more educated than the customer, and the latter on the contrary may feel gratified by any recognition. 2. Write copies daily.

OCEAN.—Pronounce as if spelt "Va-ber," "Hay-den," and "Bate-toven." We thank you for all your good wishes.

MEME.—1. Write for the index and plates to Mr. Tarn, price one shilling. 2. "Panurge" was a companion of Pantagruel's, a personage in a work bearing that name by Rabelais. "Panurge" was a good-for-nothing, who pretended to know everything. Your writing is free and well-formed, but too large, and the tails too spidery.

QUILL-PEN.—Your having gone through a course of study on the subject of famous women—Lady Jane Grey included—does not render you ineligible for the Competition. Send in your essay as soon as completed.

BROMPTON ETHEL.—The question of legalizing the marriage of English women with French men is one now occupying public attention. As yet, we believe that nothing satisfactory has been accomplished. The full written consent of the man's parents is essential to the woman's recognition and legal rights as a wife in France, and he may disown her and her children if he please. In addition to this, the Church of Rome has forbidden any future marriages between their people and Protestants; and thus they have recently become ecclesiastically illegal also. For further information on this subject we advise you to write to Mrs. F. W. Tremlett, Belsize Parsonage, London, N.W.

F. G. A.—See "How to Cure Chilblains," pages 15, 64, 111, vol. i. Also pages 51, 238, 525, vol. ii. Why do you not consult our indices? and for what purpose do you think that we took the great trouble of writing them? Write rather a rounder hand.

ITTA DUFFA.—It is not of much consequence to your female guests to be introduced to each other in the drawing-room when waiting for the announcement of dinner, unless two be placed side by side, or the party be a very small one. The introduction of gentlemen to the ladies who are respectively to be taken down to dinner by them is of greater importance, and should be the first business of the hostess on their several arrivals. 2. When a girl has been introduced into society, her name is engraved on a visiting card under her mother's, who is her chaperone, and without whom she is not supposed to pay formal visits. If she have no mother, and must act as the mistress of her father's house, being of an age to do so, and pay the necessary visits for him, she may have a card of her own.

A ROVER.—We quite enter into your feelings, and we admire your writing. Handel was chapel-master to the Duke of Chandos (a title now extinct), at Canons, his splendid seat, where he produced most of his concertos, sonatas, organ fugues, &c.

UNA will procure such things as would suit her kindly purpose at any bazaar or toy shop.

RIVULET.—Of course you should not say, "Is that her?" In the nominative case it is "she."

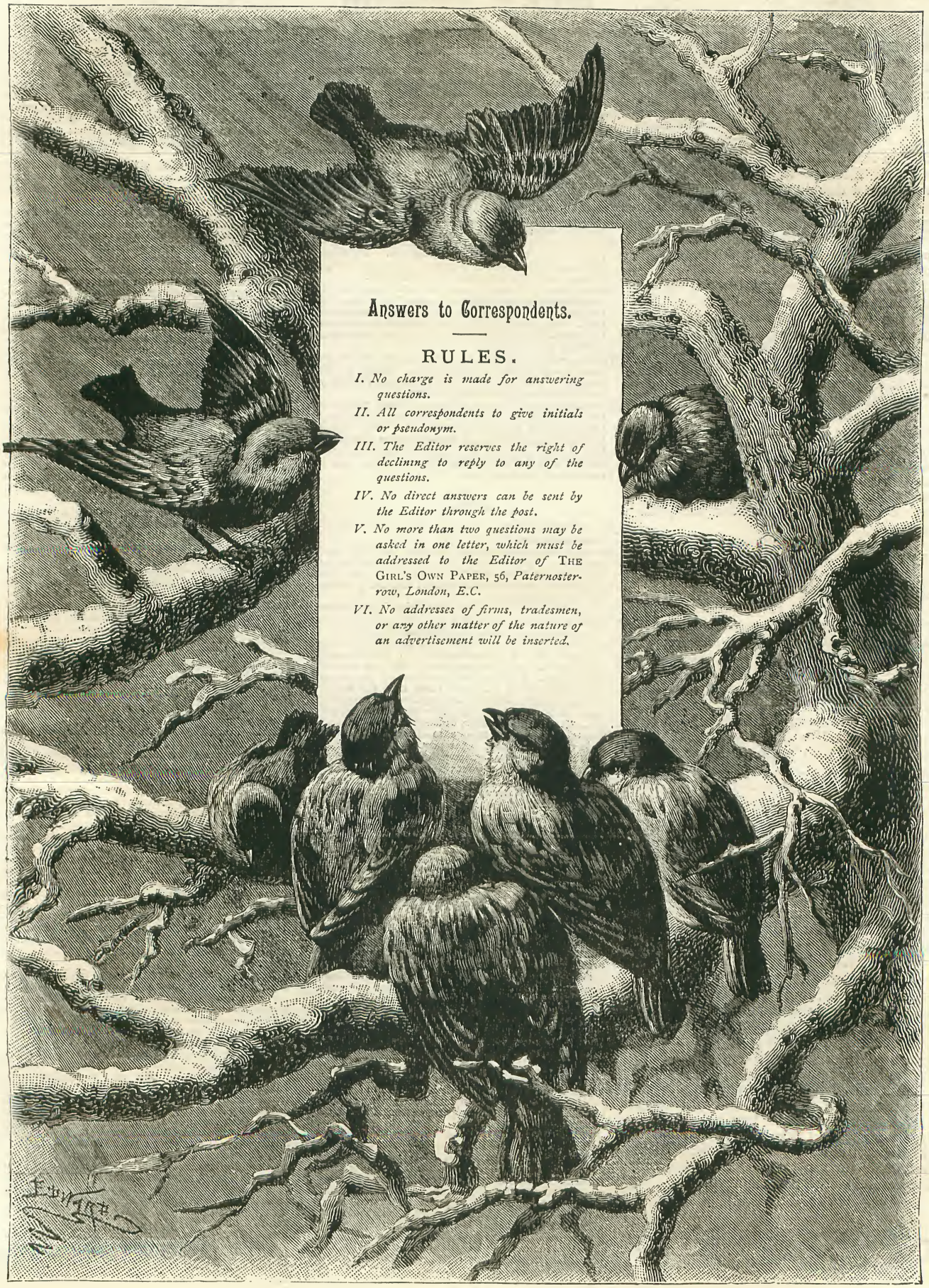
LIZZIE.—For your kind little note of thanks accept ours. You write very well.

ETHEL.—Of course you must study history before you can write your essay, but you must lay it aside when you begin to write. Bad spelling would certainly injure your prospect of winning a prize. Why should anyone try to discourage you? Cross every "t" properly, and you will improve your hand.

MAUDE.—The 26th of April, 1867, was a Friday. We thank you for your good wish, which we cordial reciprocate on your behalf; but are sorry we cannot print and publish the kindly meant verses.

HESSA, MONTREAL.—Read "How to Ride," pages 3 and 131, vol iii.

MARGUERITE.—The initials "A. E. T." stand for the Greek words "For always." *Hora e semper* means, "Now, and for ever."



Answers to Correspondents.

RULES.

I. No charge is made for answering questions.

II. All correspondents to give initials or pseudonym.

III. The Editor reserves the right of declining to reply to any of the questions.

IV. No direct answers can be sent by the Editor through the post.

V. No more than two questions may be asked in one letter, which must be addressed to the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, 56, *Paternoster-row, London, E.C.*

VI. No addresses of firms, tradesmen, or any other matter of the nature of an advertisement will be inserted.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IV.—NO. 159. JANUARY 13, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

LAURA LEIGH.

A TALE OF HIGHBRIDGE PAPER MILLS.

By the Author of "Cora; or, Three Years of a Girl's Life," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

A WEDDING.

LAURA believed her father would have forgotten all about the wedding the next morning, but she was mistaken.

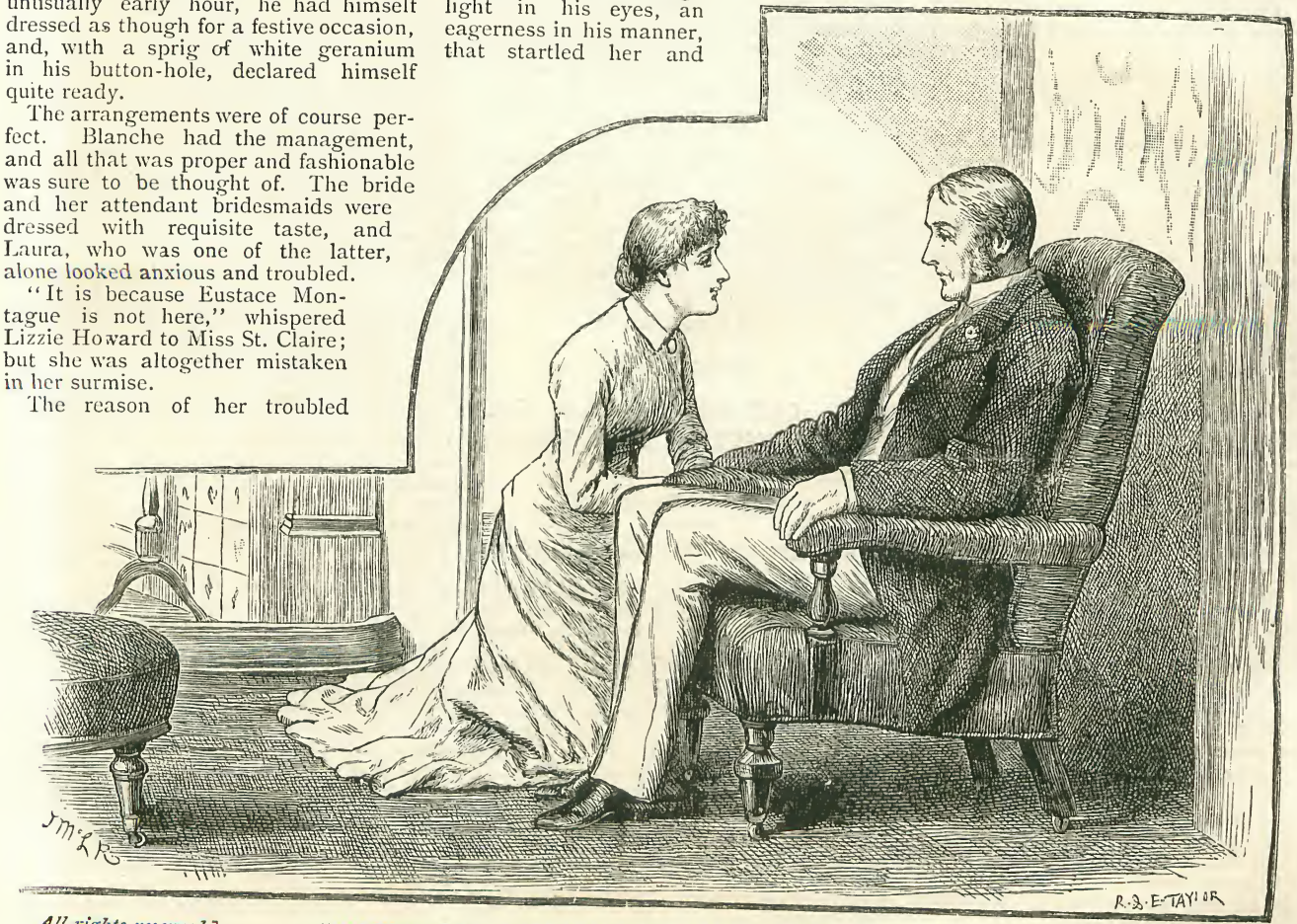
He was up, at what for him was an unusually early hour, he had himself dressed as though for a festive occasion, and, with a sprig of white geranium in his button-hole, declared himself quite ready.

The arrangements were of course perfect. Blanche had the management, and all that was proper and fashionable was sure to be thought of. The bride and her attendant bridesmaids were dressed with requisite taste, and Laura, who was one of the latter, alone looked anxious and troubled.

"It is because Eustace Montague is not here," whispered Lizzie Howard to Miss St. Claire; but she was altogether mistaken in her surmise.

The reason of her troubled looks was intense anxiety about her father. She could not understand him. He had made an effort that seemed almost unnatural to keep himself up for the occasion. There was a burning spot on each of his cheeks, a wild strange light in his eyes, an eagerness in his manner, that startled her and made her feel as though something dreadful was about to happen.

Squire Gregory was unusually solemn, and certainly did not appear to the best advantage in his new, ready-made suit



All rights reserved.] "SOOTHING HIM AS SHE MIGHT HAVE DONE A FRETFUL CHILD."

of clothes. For one thing, they were too large for him by fully a size, and hung in melancholy folds around his square figure, not adapting themselves to curves, and lines, and proportions. His gloves matched the suit of clothes with regard to size, and were not a little soiled, as he had put them on after breakfast, and had been wearing them during his restless migrations from garden to stables.

But he did not trouble himself about these little matters, and, if he was careless with regard to dress and appearance, his bride made up for it by being faultlessly arrayed, perfect in the stately grace of her demeanour.

After the ceremony was over, and most of the party were already proceeding down the long, sombre aisle, Mr. Leigh was seized with sudden excitement. He turned to Laura, and, in an impatient tone of voice, exclaimed—

"You must be married to-day. Where is Eustace Montague? Why does he keep us waiting so long?"

Laura was in an agony. She tried to draw her father away, to soothe him—to keep him from attracting notice, and she clung to his arm, hoping to guide him to the vestry.

He still resisted, and kept on repeating in an excited way—

"Where is Eustace? You must be married as well as Blanche, and then I can tell your mother all the girls are provided for."

One or two of the bridesmaids smiled, and thought it rare fun; but James Danvers, who had witnessed the scene, and partly understood what it meant, frowned reproachfully at the much-amused young ladies, and succeeded in leading the poor dazed man away to his carriage, getting him home without any further misadventure.

The bride had not seen this little incident, and it was thought better to make no allusion to the circumstance in her hearing, lest the knowledge of her father's increasing ailment might mar the festivity of the wedding breakfast.

Laura did not appear amongst the company at the table. She had hurriedly thrown off her wedding finery, and was with her father, soothing him as she might have done a fretful child.

He kept on repeating in a lamenting way—

"They told me both of them were to be married, Blanche and Laura! When their mother asks me about the girls, what shall I say about my poor Laura? I never wanted to spend her fortune, to ruin her prospects. Who accuses me now?"

Sleep came at last to his weary eyes, and calmed his throbbing brain, and thankful indeed was Laura for this quieting panacea.

Blanche found her father still asleep, when, some time afterwards, leaning on her husband's arm, she stepped into the library to say farewell, ere taking her departure.

"Oh! papa is asleep, I see; so I will not disturb him Look your adieux at him with me, Samuel," said she, with a smile, as they both stood for a minute beside Mr. Leigh's chair.

"Good-bye, Laura," whispered Blanche, kissing her sister. "When Eustace comes home, Samuel and I will both return the compliment, and be present at *your* wedding."

Kissing the tips of her fingers at her sleeping parent, and nodding back at her sister, Blanche went smiling out of the room, looking superb in her elegant dark-hued velvet travelling-dress. It was made in the height of fashion, and her hat and parasol matched it in lighter shades. Her bridesmaids had said this costume was far more becoming than her wedding-dress.

"More suited to her age, you know—more in keeping with her homely-looking bridegroom," they had remarked in confidence to each other.

The travelling carriage was at the door with its strapped boxes, everything ready for departure, for the wedded pair were to drive one stage of their journey, then go by train and steamer to the Continent.

Squire Gregory had stopped behind for a moment to speak to Laura.

He held her hand in his, while he said—"You are now in deed and truth my own dear sister, and you must let me take a brother's part should you ever feel the need of one. You will always tell me what you would tell a true friend, will you not?"

"Thank you, I certainly will," replied she, looking up with an earnest appealing look in her tearful eyes. His kind manner had touched her, soothed for a moment the despairing sorrow of her heart, and with a purer insight into human character than she had ever been conscious of before, she began to understand Squire Gregory better, and recognise a loyal heart under his rather crusty manner.

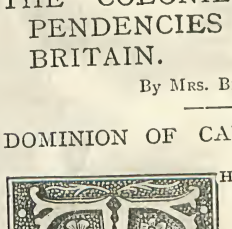
A few minutes afterwards the carriage was heard driving away, the wedding guests had departed, and Laura was seated at her usual post, on a low chair opposite her father, where she could watch every change of his countenance, and attend to his slightest wants.

(*To be continued.*)

THE COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

By Mrs. Brewer.

DOMINION OF CANADA.—*Continued.*



THE province of British Columbia, including Vancouver's Island, lies far west of Winnipeg, between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific. The Canadian Pacific Railway, when finished, will enable us to visit this distant province with comparative ease; at present the difficulties and fatigue would be too great for you girls, and certainly for me; but we will not leave Winnipeg without getting such information concerning it as will be useful to the brothers at home, as it is a province by no means to be despised for settlement. The agricultural capabilities of British Columbia are not so great as in other parts of Canada, but its mines are rich in gold and in coal, and its forests are of great value. Above two-thirds of the whole province is covered with timber. One tree, the Douglas-fir, grows to the height of between 200 and 300 feet, and measures often 8 feet in diameter. There are many first-class saw mills throughout the province, and Professor Dawson states that the total annual product of these is about 200,000,000 feet, of which 25,000,000 feet is exported to other countries; 25,000,000 used at home, and 150,000,000 sent to California. When the plains of Canada become populated the mines and forests of British Columbia will afford a large and valuable traffic for the Canadian Railway.

It has very fine harbours and valuable fisheries, and is not at all to be despised as a home for settlers. Heads of families, widows, or single men can obtain free grants of land, the fee being about 7 dollars Anyone can purchase land which has been surveyed for about a dollar an acre, and improved farms from £1 to £8 per acre. Vancouver's Island, which is included in British Columbia, is within a week's sail of California, and within double that distance of the Sandwich Islands.

What do you say now to taking through tickets to Halifax, the chief town of Nova Scotia? In the comfortable cars we shall be able to have some little talk over the provinces we are about to visit, and which lie near together; they are Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island. Nova Scotia is surrounded on all sides by the Atlantic, except where it is joined to New Brunswick by an isthmus eight miles wide and twelve miles long. It was probably discovered by the Cabots in their voyage of discovery in 1497. It was first settled by the French in 1598, and called by them Acadie, the Indian name being "Acadia." Port Royal, now called Annapolis, was taken possession of by the English Governor and colonists of Virginia by right of the discovery of Sebastian Cabot. It was ceded to Great Britain in 1713, and erected into a British See in 1787. I hope you will not mind having these little facts put before you; it gives, I think, a greater interest to the places we visit to know something of their early life.

When Nova Scotia was first discovered by Europeans, it was inhabited by Indians of a reddish-brown colour, with high cheek bones, large lips and mouths. The two principal tribes—Mic-macs and Richibuctoos—differed in features and dialect, but were equally savage in their mode of life and manners. To some extent they were civilised, and made nominal Christians by the early French settlers, who trained the Indians to help them in their contests with the English; but war, small-pox, and the extravagant use of spirituous liquors have nearly swept them off the soil where once they were masters. There are still a few hundreds in the province, and they chiefly Mic-macs. The Indians say that the Great Spirit has permitted the pale faces to come into the country and kill the game, catch fish, and cut down the trees, but that they themselves are the lords and rightful owners of the soil, water, and sky. They believe in a resurrection, and bury with their dead the trinkets and tools which were theirs in life, in the belief that they will be required by them in the next world.

The population is composed of various races—French, English, Scotch, Irish, and Anglo-Americans, who have ever been distinguished for loyalty and industry. Many of both sexes are engaged in the Cape Breton fisheries.

Our destination is Halifax, the chief town of the province. It is built on rising ground,

and looks very handsome when approached by the water; the streets are wide, some of them extending completely through the city. Here, as all over Canada, you see a variety in the make of the houses; some are built of stone, but the greater number of wood, plastered or stuccoed. Its harbour, a very noble one, and surrounded on all sides by high lands and protected by strong batteries, is connected with all parts of the continent by railways, of which there are several in the province. The dockyard is one of the largest and best stored in the British colonies. The Nova Scotians are of a very prepossessing appearance, pleasing manners, and, as we must acknowledge, very hospitable. The numerous harbours, extensive coalfields, and lucrative fisheries render this province a very valuable part of the colony; the rivers and lakes are so distributed that there is no point in the province thirty miles from navigable water. There are several soap candle, leather, snuff, and other manufactories, beside distilleries and breweries; the markets are good, and well supplied with excellent meat, poultry, fish, vegetables, and fruits. It has vast resources in minerals, much coal, iron, copper, lead, silver, and gold; ochres are also found in the iron mines. We will get some of the kind people of Halifax to go with us and show us places of interest, and explain to us the habits and industries of the people, all of which will be most useful if we or any part of our families should think of settling in Canada. The occupations of the people are very numerous; we have seen many engaged in mining and in factories, and when we go into the midland counties, where shipbuilding is carried on, we find the farmers' sons becoming shipwrights, mariners, or masters of coasters, as opportunity offers. Then when we visit the southern seaboard, where the cod and haddock fisheries are actively pursued, we find the coast with its rugged caves and inlets peopled with a hardy race, to whom farming and gardening are but the amusement of an idle hour, whose homes and occupations are on the sea.

The town of Digby is beautifully situate on the basin of the Annapolis, and has, as you know, a wide celebrity for its cured herrings, known by the name of Digby chickens. Annapolis again has good farms and orchards; 150,000 barrels of apples are annually produced here at an average price of 5s. per barrel. The cry we hear again and again here is, "We want good agriculturists and artisans." Labourers get £3 a month, with board, for ordinary work, and girls (servants) 4 dols. a month and keep. There are three descriptions of land in this province—upland, intervale, and marsh, the last being by far the most valuable—in fact, the dyked marshes along the banks of all the rivers flowing into the Bay of Fundy are the real wealth of the province. These have been cropped for 150 years without manure. The best upland may be bought for £10 per acre, but the dyke land will fetch from £20 to £50 per acre. Woodland and pasturage on the hill sides may be had for £1 per acre.

Being at Annapolis we will cross over in the steamer to St. John's, the capital of New Brunswick. This province was also first settled by the French, who employed themselves chiefly in hunting and fishing. About 1761 settlers from Great Britain and the adjoining colonies begun to flow in and lived on friendly terms with the Indians until the American Revolution, when the savages sided with the revolutionists and gave a great deal of trouble.

There is much variety of scenery in New Brunswick; the rich valleys, sheltered plains, and noble forests, with rivers and lakes winding in all directions, offer cheery prospects to intending settlers. A great part of New Brunswick is still uncultivated: it contains abundance of fine timber and extensive prairies —indeed, it is the chief timber store-house of Great Britain. Although there is so much land waiting to be cultivated, the people are not so much employed in agriculture as in the lumber trade and the fisheries. Many fine rivers flow through this province, but the principal is the St. John's, which empties itself into the Bay of Fundy. The city of St. John is built on a rocky peninsula projecting into the harbour at the mouth of the river. Although you find the streets so inconveniently steep, a great deal of trouble has been taken to level them. St. John's has risen rapidly into opulence; steamboats ply night and day between it and Fredericton. The coast affords valuable fisheries; herrings and mackerel are so abundant as to be employed in manuring the land. There are salt, iron, and sulphur springs, extensive coalfields, limestone and freestone quarries in New Brunswick. In summer the farmer has many hours in which he can work; daylight commences at two o'clock in the morning, and twilight is seen after nine in the evening. You will all agree that the forests of maple must be seen if one desires to know anything of their beauty. We must try to buy of the Indians some of the dishes which they make of the knobs or excrescences of this tree; when finished and polished they are exceedingly beautiful. You did not expect to see such fair and beautiful women here in New Brunswick, and I see you are equally astonished to find many of them so highly educated and accomplished. An instance is given of how great is the success which attends persevering and industrious young men in New Brunswick. A gentleman residing here was asked by a first-rate farmer in the country if he cou'd recommend him an active young man. As it happened, an Irish emigrant had just called upon him with a letter stating that he was of a respectable family in Cork; he therefore sent him to the farmer. He received his maintenance, washing and lodging in the farmhouse, and 25s. per month. With these wages the young man was not content, but proved himself so active and useful that in the second month his wages were advanced. Before the winter set in he had learned the use of the axe so well that he was engaged by a lumbering party in the woods at £5 per month. At the end of a year he brought to the gentleman who had recommended him £30, and asked what he should do with it. He was advised to buy 100 acres of land, which he did for £12; the remainder he put in the savings bank, hired himself out for another year to enable him to establish himself as a farmer, and became one of the largest farmers in the province.

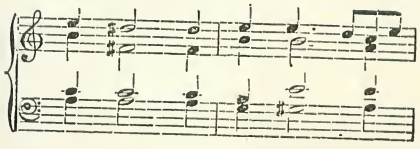
A grant of 100 acres can be had by emigrants upon condition that they pay twenty dollars towards the construction of roads and hedges; that they build a house within two years, and clear and cultivate ten acres within three years.

And now there remains a sort of Isle of Wight to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick called Prince Edward's Island, which we must visit. It is so snugly sheltered as to enjoy a finer climate than either. It has a fine harbour in which three rivers meet. I almost agree with you that it is the most beautiful of all the provinces of the Dominion. It has a population of 108,928. It has a most valuable advantage over other provinces in the thick beds of mussel and oyster mud found in its bays and river mouths. This deposit is supposed to consist of the organic remains of countless generations of oysters, mussels, and other bivalves of the ocean imbedded in dense mud. It is a source of great wealth to the island, it being a valuable fertilizer, and is almost inexhaustible in its supply. There is not much Crown land to dispose of, but there are many improved farms. Taxation is very light, and a man can be independent on a smaller sum here than in England, and you see how happy and content all appear to be. There is plenty of work and good pay for girls of all kinds to be had in this province.

NEW MUSIC.

Patey and Willis.

Collegiate and School Sight-singing Manual. Book I.—The author of this book is not named, but from a cursory glance through its pages, we cannot help being rather unfavourably struck with the liberal use of technical terms without sufficient explanations of their various significations. For instance, the terms "diatonic," "tetrachord," "syncopation," and many others occur without being clearly defined; while, in speaking of time, there seems to be no distinction drawn between that and rhythm. We must award a meed of praise to the exercises in two parts; but, on the other hand, we must take exception to the compiler's writing for voices in four parts. In Exercise 8 we find the following extraordinary treatment of discords:—



Again, we cannot understand the omission of the harmonic minor scale in treating of the minor scales. A peculiarity also occurs on page 1 in the spelling of the word usually written "ledger," which means "added." But here it appears as "leger," which means "light," and can have no reasonable reference to the lines added above or below the stave.

Collegiate School Elements of Mu ic.—This is chiefly a book of exercises with blank spaces, on which students can write, and up to page 21 it certainly contains much that is useful. After this the work is in many places open to objection. For instance, in paragraph 141 the common chord and the triad are represented as interchangeable terms; while, in reality, the triad, as its name implies, consists of three notes, and the common chord of four, and although exercises on *common chords* abound, the student will find no directions about the doubling and the omission of notes to form the various parts. In speaking of consecutives, nothing is said of consecutives by contrary motion, and the method employed of writing the three parts in the treble clef would be a serious drawback to any ultimate success in vocal part-writing. The treatment of discords is also incomplete, their preparation is not mentioned, and although the chord of the $\frac{9}{7}$ is used, it is not explained. In the table of composers of different nationalities, Chopin is included amongst the German writers, while, in reality, he was born in Poland in the year 1809, not, as stated, a year later. To France is given only one composer—viz., Rameau, thus ignoring the claims of many other eminent French musicians. The latter half of the book consists of music paper, to be, presumably, filled up with students' exercises.

We think it necessary to give our candid opinion of those musical works sent to us for review which are intended to fill the important mission of manuals of instruction to novices in the art of music—for what is more important than to supply books of instruction free from inaccuracies and uncertain help? All sheet music (separate songs, pianoforte pieces, &c.) which we mention in our column is favourably noticed, as we are unable to afford space to even the bare mention of inferior compositions.

A STUDY IN GREY AND GOLD.

By GRACE STEBBING.

CHAPTER II.

PUTTING IN THE GOLD.

"It is not to say as it's what she eats, dear young la ly," grumbled Jane to cook, picking to pieces a bit of mistletoe as she stood talking to her companion. "But it's the downright polar bear barbarousness of the thing as is what so aggravates me. 'I'm going out,' says master, just short like, 'so there's no dinner required.' When he's at home miss is to eat dinner whether she will or no; when he goes out she may starve."

"No, now, Jane," expostulated cook, rather feebly. "Miss Gladys did have some bread-and-butter for her lunch, and she'll be having her tea, at all events."

Jane flung up her head.

"Her tea, indeed! I should just think she will, and that shall be coffee, for she likes it better. And as for going without her proper food—well, I just tell you this, cook, call it tea or dinner, as you please, but if you don't give me something tasty for her, I'll go out and buy the savouriest dish I can find at the restaurant round the corner, so there! To see all the rosy brightness dying out of her cheeks, each month as she's been here, faster and faster, and them as ought to see it never noticing, makes me feel that wi'd ——!"

And Jane's feelings evidently were too much for her, for she brought her speech to an end with a gasp. Cook sighed. She and her fellow servant had been in their present places some years, and the places suited them, but the friendliness they had never been able to feel towards their autocratic, dry-as-dust master had been all very spe dily lavished on his young, happy-tempered step-sister when she joined the household.

Cook promised Jane that a little plate of something "toothsome" should be forthcoming for the s'x o'clock tea, and Jane, with a somewhat smoother forehead, went upstairs to answer a ring at the door-bell. The greengrocer's errand boy stood on the doorstep, evidently to Jane's surprise.

"Well, I never, Jim, and what may you be wanting here a second time to-day?"

"Nothing much," was the answer, "only maste:'s got that bothered wi h the heap of

"KISSED THE BLOSSOMS FOR THEIR BEAUTY."

Christmas boughs about the shop that he's sent me round to see if the customers won't let him send them what they want at once, without waiting till to-morrow. D'ye see?"

"Oh! yes, I see," answered Jane, grimly.

"Well, then," asked the boy, impatiently, "can't you find out what's to be had here, without keeping a run-off-his-legs fellow awaitin' like this 'ere?"

"Oh! yes," said Jane, as grimly as before. "I can find that out in a minute—less was, I know it without finding. No Christmas boughs at all are wanted here. Nothing that has a ghost of brightness or prettiness about it is wanted here. A ray of sunlight lost its way in at this door a few months ago, and it's nigh upon got turned into a cobweb."

And with that extraordinary piece of information Jane was about to shut the door very brusquely upon bewildered Jim, when someone came forward into view through the small amount of opening she had vouchsafed the errand boy. The closing door instantly flew back to its widest extent, and the frown cleared from Jane's countenance with the same wonderful rapidity.

"And no wonder," she remarked to cook ten minutes later; "for there stood Miss Gladys's photograph his very self, as large as life, and a little larger, for I'd have known him anywheres, and a kind, good face to look at, too, and a voice that sounded true as Miss Gladys's own."

The first words that the voice uttered, as its owner stood upon the doorstep, were rather singular—

"May I ask if Miss Gladys Osmann strayed in here a few months ago, as well as that unfortunate ray of lost sunlight?"

And Jane answered civilly and quietly—

"Yes, sir, the poor young lady did. And it's little sunlight that she has seen since that faded that she brought with her."

The stranger turned away hurriedly for a moment. He scarcely turned very fully round again when he asked huskily—

"Did you mean what you said to that boy?"

Jane's anger against her master's cold hardness was beginning to cool a little, so she answered this question with a certain amount of dutiful stiffness—

"Master doesn't like messes and muddles about the place, sir."

The gentleman did not appear very much to notice the repressive tone. He passed his hand over his forehead, and pushed back his hat as though he found the cold December air uncomfortably sultry. "She always liked pretty things so much," he murmured slowly; "birds and little children, and flowers and the sunshine."

And then he looked up at the dingy house, and in at the dingy hall, and once more the hat went back hurriedly from the broad, white forehead.

"Could I see Miss Gladys Osmann?" he asked at last, after a somewhat lengthy pause. But Jane appeared quite content to wait upon his pleasure. At his present question she stepped aside quickly to give him entrance. Although he was such a man as the "good knight without fear and without reproach" may have been, still he was certainly not to be called "pretty" nor pleasant either in his present aspect of grave sorrow, so perhaps that was why Jane felt so ready with her admission.

At the same time, perhaps it wasn't. The stranger came into the hall, and passed Jane with one stride, as though about to act upon some hidden search warrant empowering him to hunt through the house for Gladys Osmann. Then he stood still again just as suddenly, and asked quickly—

"Can you tell me, would it be possible for me to see Miss Osmann without her seeing me, or—or knowing that I am here?"

He looked at the maid for her answer, and anxiously; but the answer was long in coming. And so he added, with some embarrassment—

"Her father knows I was going to call. I am an old friend of—of the family's. She would not mind."

While the new comer was thus speaking with Jane, the subject of their short conversation was still in that small upstairs sitting-room. Apparently Gladys had some queer liking for sitting with her back against the wall, in a row with chairs with their backs against the wall. It seemed as though she felt a sort of wisdom in training herself to stiffness and discomfort.

At any rate someone thought so as he stood just outside the softly-opened room door and gazed at her long and earnestly as she was reflected in the mirror over the mantelpiece. As the door thus stood ajar she said aloud and slowly, addressing either herself or the algebra—

"A happy Christmas! I wonder whether the thought of those words is as hard to many people, just now, as it is to me! If many people feel so much as if they and their lives had been cut out of a piece of drab calico."

And then the door closed as noiselessly as it had opened, and remained closed for a quarter of an hour. Gladys went on with her rare indulgence of day-dreaming and self-pity. Meantime, within less than a minute of that door-shutting, Gladys's photograph, as Jane called him, had dashed out of Mr. Hugh Osmann's house, hailed a hansom, sprung into it before the driver had time to pull up, and shouted: "Covent Garden—sharp."

Arrived at Covent Garden, "sharp" seemed still to be the word.

"What is it you wish for, sir?" asked the master of the most brilliant flower shop in the arcade, in answer to a hasty—

"I want flowers if you please, quickly. I am in haste." The question seemed troublesome to the would-be buyer, who stood with his purse open in his hand as if his chief object was to get rid of his money. But after a moment's pause, and a glance round at the flowering plants and bouquets, he replied with a touch of irritability—

"What do I wish for! Oh! all that you have brightest and most beautiful."

And as he spoke he plucked a handful of blossoms from a couple of growing plants, before the man could stop him with a horrified—

"Sir, I beg your pardon! You forget, sir, this is winter time, when those flowers are worth ever so much more than their weight in gold. Of course, I don't mean you won't pay for them, sir, but, begging your pardon, you may not quite wish to go to so much expense."

"On the contrary, I wish to go to expense," was the dry answer. "Just fill this basket," picking up one at his feet as he spoke, "and tell me what I am to pay."

As his order was being obeyed he tossed in two or three little sprays of holly lying on the counter; and then, surreptitiously, a little twig of mistletoe, well adorned with clear little waxy white berries, got pushed in under the masses of hothouse flowers. But this small manœuvre, the filling of the basket, and the subsequent somewhat heavy payment, took very little time with that impatient purchaser to the fore, and the hansom took him and his glowing spoils back to Mr. Osmann's house almost within fifteen minutes of the time he left it.

Once more that upstairs sitting-room door opened softly, and something was pushed into the room carefully. But, with all the care, enough sound was made to be heard even by Gladys's dream-deadened ears, and she turned her eyes from the book to the doorway beside her. Once more that unfortunate algebra got a tumble. Gladys was not at all in the habit of using books irreverently, but perhaps her healthy and steady young nerves were not quite so true to her to-day as usual. Anyway, down went the volume, and with an almost sobbing cry of—

"Oh! Jane, Jane, how beautiful!" down went Gladys Osmann on her knees, on the ugly, worn, green drugget beside the basket of flowers.

"Oh! Jane, Jane," she sighed again with that sobbing joy, "how beautiful!"

But although no Jane, and no somebody else, was visible through the panels of the almost closed door, the girl paid no immediate heed to the circumstance. She stooped over the basket, and with girlish gratitude kissed the blossoms for their beauty. Then she gave little eager, laughing sniffs at their fragrance, and lifted them, great glowing bunches of them, in her hands. Then one by one, here a brilliant flower, there a softly-tinted one, and again the white blooms that had been so lavishly gathered to give her pleasure.

And she touched them, and stroked them, and laid her cheek against them, in a happy way that very fully paid somebody back what they had cost him. But all this first pretty handling of the flowers was brief, for although Gladys could keep pain and sorrow to herself, she never could appreciate a selfish joy.

"Jane," she called again, still bending over the basket. "Jane, don't stay there playing bo-peep outside the door any longer; come in and get a feast of loveliness for once in your life, and tell me where the feast has come f——."

The last word of her sentence died away on her lips; and Gladys forgot Jane, forgot most things, even the flowers themselves. Only one thing at that moment she very distinctly remembered—the sound of a voice that had said last Christmas—

"I have cut off all the thorniest tips. It hurts me to see those scratches."

In gently tossing about the flowers, Gladys Osmann had tossed up a little bit of mistletoe, to which a piece of paper was fastened, bearing the few words, "A little gladness for Gladys."

The words might have recalled no memories, but the well-known handwriting did, and Gladys lifted mistletoe and paper in her hands, and gazed and gazed with those great grey eyes as though she had been spellbound. At last the crimson lips parted with a quivering smile, to utter just four words—

"Not forgotten, not forgotten."

Then the door opened wide, and the voice of someone standing there before her, on the other side of the flowers, said quietly—

"Gladys, my Gladys, did you think that possible?"

(*To be continued.*)

USEFUL HINTS.

To Keep Eggs Fresh.—Rub them all over with a little butter when taken from the nest, and they will keep fresh for two or three months in a cool place.

Cure for Hay Fever.—Cut up *small* some of the new hay and make tea of it. Drink a wineglass of the tea about three times a day, and it will relieve and carry off the fever.

Relaxed Throat.—Get one-pennyworth of pure Stockholm tar; place it in a jug and pour over it one quart of boiling water, stir it well with a piece of stick, cover over and let it stand all night; then bottle and cork it tight. Use it as a gargle night and morning, swallowing a small portion if possible. The above is an infallible remedy.

SORE THROAT.—A teaspoonful of powdered borax to two tablespoonfuls of honey. Warm in the oven in a small cup or china pot, stirring until it is dissolved. When cool apply it repeatedly with a camel's-hair brush to the throat and roof of mouth; this will soon effect a cure and enable the patient to swallow.

SPICED BEEF.—Take three or four slices of pork and fry till it is a light brown; then lay in your raw beef in one piece; let it brown a little on both sides; then cover it with warm water and let it stew over a moderate fire for five, six, or seven hours very gently; add water as it simmers away, so that there will be enough left when done to make gravy. About half-an-hour before it is done salt to your taste, and add one teaspoonful of whole cloves, one teaspoonful whole allspice, and a good-sized stick of cinnamon. When done take out the meat, strain the gravy, and thicken it with a little flour.

DIPHTHERIA.—Put one teaspoonful of flour of brimstone into a wineglass of water; stir it with the finger and use as a gargle, swallowing some of it if possible. If a patient cannot gargle, take a live coal, put it on a shovel, and sprinkle a spoonful or two of flour of brimstone upon it; let the patient inhale the fumes, and the fungus will die. In extreme cases blow the sulphur through a quill into the throat, and after the fungus has shrunk, give the gargle.

INK STAINS.—Ink stains may be removed from woollen table-covers, carpets, &c., by rubbing the places with milk until the stain disappears.

TO prevent the globes and chimneys of lamps or gas cracking, put them in a saucepan of cold water and let it come gradually to the boil; do not cover the saucepan with a lid.

THE cotton or wick used for lamps should be laid in vinegar before trimming, this will prevent the lamp smoking or blackening the chimney.

TO CLEAN A FRYING-PAN.—Rub your pan round well with a piece of brown paper while it is over the fire, this will always keep it bright and sweet for use.

IF oil is spilled over the lamp, a newspaper is the best thing you can use to clean it off.

TO CLEAN GILT FRAMES.—A gill of good vinegar in a pint of cold water, a large camel's-hair brush (a shaving brush will do), and clean soft cloths. The frame must be perfectly free from dust. Dip the brush into the liquid, and squeeze it slightly, that it may not be too wet; brush the gilding (a small piece at a time) lightly up and down till it is quite restored. The brush must be constantly washed; and in finishing, it should be squeezed dry, and the gilding brushed till dry. Frames and other gilt articles should be dusted daily with a soft brush, and never touched with a cloth. By observing this, and cleaning every two years, covering will be found quite unnecessary, and the gilding will always be in good order. The liquid must be renewed when dirty.

BATHING.—Hot or cold baths should not be taken till three hours, or longer, after a meal.

PASTE FOR CLEANING POLISHED STEEL.—One ounce of fine emery, two ounces of lime dust, and four ounces of neat's foot oil, mixed into a paste. When used, it must be *well* rubbed on with flannel, wiped off, and polished with a leather dipped into sifted lime dust.

BOUND TO EARTH.

By the Author of "Phil's Fortune," &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

LATE that evening, while Mrs. Dalrymple and Helen were endeavouring to while away the weary hours with some needlework, a latch key turned unheard in their door, and a stealthy footstep crept up the stairs in search of them.

Guided by the light, the person paused at the drawing-room, turned the handle softly, and entered. Helen and her mother started, and beheld standing there the missing father and husband.

Whatever of reproach or anger either might have been inclined to feel could not fail to be turned into deepest pity at that sight. The crouching, shrunk-looking attitude, the wild, hunted expression, eyes round which deep hollows had grown, trembling hands, nervously twitching, pallid lips told their own tale of a killing care, a horror sapping the very existence, and in a space of time measured by days committing the ravages of weeks.

"Papa," Helen cried, tremulously, "sit here, I will run and fetch you some wine. You are ready to drop with fatigue."

The unhappy father came forward with faltering step, and sank into the chair from which Helen had risen.

"Henry," Mrs. Dalrymple said in a low voice, "we are glad you have come home. The suspense was killing me."

He said nothing, but only gazed at her in an abstracted, half dazed sort of way. Helen brought him food and wine with her own hands, waiting upon him tenderly but silently. He roused himself to take a little, then sank back into the old dull apathy, never speaking to them, except some one or two ordinary words as occasion demanded.

Helen was terribly frightened. She feared she hardly knew what, either that he was dying or his reason had deserted him. If he were innocent of the charges made against him, why this awful abject fear? Alas, alas, what would be the result of the trial on which all her hopes were to depend?

But, indeed, her anxiety for her father gave her little opportunity for more than a passing thought of her own deep concern in that result. Already so broken down and miserably aged, how would he ever bear the stain of that public trial which to those tender, delicate women seemed full of untold horror and disgrace? And the greatest horror of all was that even those who most wished to do so could not in the face of what they saw believe him free from guilt.

Watching him, Helen could not but wonder and speculate how, if indeed he had done so, he could have ever yielded to the temptation. All she knew of the charge was that he was suspected of having used dishonest means of gaining money, making false representations about his business, by which he induced people to place large sums in his hands, well knowing that he was never likely to return them.

How could the fear of poverty have seemed to him anything at all in comparison with the horrible far-reaching disgrace of dishonesty. It was for them, to shield them from hardships of any kind, that he had been tempted, no doubt; yet oh what a terrible, irremediable mistake! One to be forgiven, seeing the deep anguish of mind it had brought to him who in a weak moment had given way, yet impossible ever to forget, in the longest lifetime. Ah, if the weak and sorely tempted could only give a little thought to the after misery, the deep repentance unavailing to wipe away the effects of guilt, the lifelong torture of vain regrets, surely the temptation would sink into the insignificance that to Helen made the dishonest action seem so incomprehensible.

To dwell upon that space of time before the trial would be piling up needless horrors. The services of an eminent lawyer had been engaged, and by his advice Mr. Dalrymple had voluntarily placed the whole of his worldly possessions, including even by their wish his wife's and daughter's trinkets and private valuables, at the disposal of his creditors. "He may as well do it gracefully," that astute gentleman had said to Mrs. Dalrymple, "for they will certainly take them, and he may as well have the credit. It will all tell in his favour." Whereupon both Helen and her mother, with a womanly desire for self-sacrifice, had insisted upon adding everything of their own not absolutely necessary to their wants.

And at last the worst was known. Everybody said that the sentence was ridiculously inadequate, while business men shook their heads and remarked that a cleverer piece of legal quibbling had never come under their notice. Mr. Dalrymple was found guilty by implication, and received a nominal sentence of three months' imprisonment, while the greater burden of guilt seemed to have devolved upon the head of his junior partner, who had at present successfully escaped.

"What a good thing Dalrymple took my advice," said Mr. Ritchett, rubbing his hands together gleefully, as he imparted to poor Mrs. Dalrymple what he considered the good news. "It was a great stroke for him to have placed himself voluntarily in the hands of his creditors. I knew it would tell, and it has, you see. A merely nominal sentence, madam, just a sort of gentle caution to be more careful in future. Of course, it will be a nine days' wonder, and then it will be forgotten. Let me congratulate you."

He meant it well. It was his idea of imparting comfort and cheering the poor creature up, but what a hideous mockery it seemed! As well have been thirty years as three months, so far as the disgrace was concerned. There was only one grain of comfort—the trial had revealed that her husband had been less guilty than his manner had led her to

believe. He had been weak under pressure, and allowed himself to be a tool in the hands of an unscrupulous man, but he had never wilfully deliberated and carried out by his own will and forethought one simple dishonest action. To his wife and daughter the difference seemed more important even than it did in the eyes of the judge, for, after all, the degree of guilt was to them the true disgrace.

Mrs. Hardinge and Grace were their true and only friends during all this dreadful time. Mrs. Hardinge would gladly have taken them to her home, but Mrs. Dalrymple declared that she clung to the house where she had lived so long, and could not bear to leave it till she was obliged, which she knew must soon be, and Helen would not leave her mother.

But when at last the moment arrived for strangers to take possession of her household treasures, it was no longer home, and she was glad to turn away to the kindly proffered hospitality of these new but truest friends. None but a woman can understand the keen grief of parting from all that has gone to make up home to her. The thousand and one little knick-knacks she has gathered round her during past years, each one with a history too simple and foolish to put into words, maybe, but filling a little niche in the tender heart that must leave a sore place in its stead ever afterwards. Mrs. Dalrymple would have been ashamed to own that the bidding farewell to all her old treasures was as great a sorrow as anything she had yet endured, yet it was so.

"It is very wrong and weak of me," she said to Helen, "and so many poor creatures go through it every day in the year. I have never half understood their grief before. That cheffonier, against which you fell when you were only two, and hurt your head, and I was so afraid you had done yourself some injury, no other cheffonier can be like it to me; and this armchair, where my brother sat the last time I saw him, before he was drowned, what will strangers care for it? This fender, which came out of my old home, and was in your nursery because it was so high and heavy; the cot, too, in which you slept when you were a baby, and that little brother of yours, who only lived six months. It is like parting with living friends."

Helen could hardly bear it. She shut herself in her room and cried as if her heart would break, and as she had never cried before. It was the last touch, small and despicable compared with all they had gone through, yet such a deep home-thrust. She sat down and wrote to Grace a little note, so blurred with tears that it was difficult to decipher.

"Do get Mrs. Hardinge to come and fetch mamma away before the things go. I cannot bear to see her. This is the worst of all."

Mrs. Hardinge came and led the poor creature away with gentle determination. It was pitiful to see her look back, greedily scanning the windows as if her eyes must penetrate once more into the familiar rooms she was never again to behold. In two more days those household gods of hers would be dispersed over the length and breadth of London.

Who can estimate the value of a true friend? Only those who have tried such a one to the uttermost and found love still undiminished. Can anything less be called true friendship? The acquaintance who smiles so sweetly in prosperity and stands aloof in trouble, is not worthy the name. "But disgrace and guilt deserve no compassion; it would be positively demoralising to condone them," say some. To which I would reply in the divine words, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone."

The Hardinges were what the world calls religious people. Theirs was a kind of household which is every day growing rarer, where parents and children were all and each endeavouring to tread in the footsteps of their Divine Master. Mr. and Mrs. Hardinge had ideas of friendship founded upon the example of One who sticketh closer than a brother. None could judge so leniently the failings of others as they, who knew that without the strength supplied from above the temptation to sin is not to be resisted. And these were the doors that alone stood open to Helen and her mother in their grief and desolation.

They soon began to discuss the future. Mrs. Hardinge encouraged them to do so, for she thought it the best distraction from the present. Truly that future was dark and dreary enough, but then it was ahead of them. Its difficulties and trials were such as could be viewed beforehand, and by forethought and arrangement possibly much mitigated.

"I can teach, I am sure," Helen said, bravely. "I might even start a school."

"We have no furniture," Mrs. Dalrymple replied.

"There may possibly be something saved out of the wreck which would suffice to start," Dr. Hardinge suggested. "It would have to be a humble beginning though, Helen."

"Oh, I should not mind how humble, would you, mamma? We could save a little and get on; I am sure we should want so little for ourselves. A little food and plain clothes. They could not cost much." Poor Helen had very small experience of such matters.

"Yes, we might do something of the kind, only we must go right away from London, into some village or country-town," Mrs. Dalrymple said, thoughtfully.

To this Mrs. Hardinge agreed. She quite saw that it would be best for all their sakes.

The second day after their arrival Dr. Hardinge was absent from the mid-day meal. They wondered what had kept him, for such a circumstance was rare. He came late in the afternoon, took a hasty cup of tea, and was off again without a word. The same the next day. His wife alone knew that, having discovered that no one interested in the Dalrymples would be present at the sale, and moreover having reason to suspect that there might probably be some underhand proceedings, he had constituted himself the guardian of those interests and given up his valuable time to watching the whole business.

A day or two afterwards, a little cart-load of odds and ends stopped at the doctor's door. A sufficiently quaint collection, consisting of strange, old-fashioned bits of furniture, that same old fender of which you have heard being one, a dessert-service of extraordinary old pattern, fortunately not attractive to most eyes; jugs, pots, pans, a copper kettle—nobody knows what.

"These few things," said Dr. Hardinge with a laugh, "are just a few odd-come-shorts that no one would take at any price, so I thought they might be a useful contribution towards that school Helen talks of."

"Oh, indeed, indeed they will," Mrs. Dalrymple said, gratefully. "What a good thing no one wanted them, and how kind of you to rescue them for us. All such useful things too. My poor old dessert service from home. How glad I am no one liked it well enough to buy it. And this dear old tea-pot. Dear me, what a heap of things to be sure. Your work-box, Helen. How nice."

Dr. and Mrs. Hardinge, looking smilingly on, thought that hardly-spared ten pounds well spent, even if an old coat must serve another winter, and no new dresses and bonnets be forthcoming yet awhile. And, indeed, though folks called them poorly off, were they not richer than many with far more gold, in that they had enough and to spare?

How Grace and her mother loved the simple, kindly doctor for that generous thought of his. What could have been the pleasure of a new dress compared with this?

It was a boon to Helen that she had fallen among such tender, busy friends. She was trying bravely to bear up and show a cheerful spirit before her mother, but when she and Grace were alone, the pent up sorrow broke forth. "Oh, Grace, you are all so kind and good, I ought to be happier, but I don't know how to bear it. I only wish I might die and end it all."

"Dearest Helen," Grace cried, deeply shocked, "you must not feel like that. Think how dependent your mother is upon you, how needful all your energy will be. Try to think that God will really help you. Indeed, He will, dear. You will be happy again by-and-by."

"I must live through it," Helen said, wearily, "but I shall never be happy. It is impossible. All that is at an end for me. If it were not for papa and mamma, I don't think I could live, Grace."

"You will find more happiness in living for them than you think, dear," Grace said, softly.

"You cannot understand," Helen said, with a sigh, letting her head droop wearily. "I hope you may never know what it is to feel that all the good has gone out of life, that the future is like one great blackness which must be waded through before you may lie down and rest."

"Darling Helen, don't think such dreadful things," Grace said, very much alarmed. "You are tired and dispirited. Let me read you to sleep."

(*To be continued.*)

A SWEET SINGER.

By HARRIETTE SMITH BAINBRIDGE.

SWEETLY sang a merry maiden, in the twilight growing dim,
Snatches of the dear old ballads, strains of some familiar hymn;
With a joyous heart she sang them, after running o'er the air,
To make sure she could remember tune and language sweet and rare.

Scottish songs were followed closely by a supplicating 'plaint,
As "Almost Persuaded" filled the air with subdued tones and faint;
Ere the last notes of "We'd better bide a wee" had died away
In a careless glad commingling of the sad, and grave, and gay.

"Do you know this?" was the preface to a popular new song,
"Do you care for sacred music?" heralded an angel throng;
"Ever bright and fair" and glorious, all attuned to love and praise,
Ere again a chaunt to beauty or affection she did raise.

Many a time while she was singing I looked up to watch her face,
Hopefulness and buoyant gladness it was easy there to trace;
Happy expectation also, for the girl is scarce sixteen,
She knows more of tune and language than the thoughts they clothe, I ween.

Much I like to hear the maiden with appropriate feeling give
Sorrowful or solemn music bidding sinners turn and live;
Then to see her grow defiant as a maiden's yea, or no,
To the interesting questions given in melodious flow.

May the singer of sweet music, who has filled our home to-night
With sweet echoes of the beautiful, herself "walk in the light;"
May her life be like her singing—clear and joyous, true and sweet,
That in sorrow or in joy its harmony may be complete!

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

CHAPTER IV.

A VISIT TO THE WRECK.

THE two following days were fully occupied, partly in performing for the body of the sailor the same duty I had done for the woman; my painful task this time, however, being more quickly finished, as I used the boat rudder for a shovel—and partly in manufacturing a bow and arrows. The former of these offered me comparatively but little trouble. I had found some whipcord in the sailor's pocket, but the arrows were a more formidable matter; however, exercising some patience—without which, indeed, few things of much worth are accomplished—I cut a tolerably straight piece of wood from a broken spar picked up, fastening to the end of it a nail, which I had extracted from the same spar. It was a miserable weapon, but since I had had no practice in archery, possibly a more finished one would not have accomplished much useful work in my hands.

I next turned my attention to my great ambition—namely, that of approaching the wreck by some means or other. The island was sufficiently near for me to swim to it, but I feared sharks, which probably might exist here. I had gathered a great number of broken planks and boards, and did not despair of making a raft, the rope which I had coiled round my waist before leaving the vessel, and that which was fastened round the package of sailcloth, making sufficient cordage. Selecting four of my longest and strongest planks, I lashed them together at the four corners, placing other planks across them, and securing them to the best of my power.

Choosing a very calm day for launching my vessel, I entered the water and dragged the raft as far as I could, and then, climbing upon it, pushed it off farther and farther with my staff, which was to serve as an oar. I was now in deep water, and finding that with my one oar I could only keep turning round and round, I took the boat rudder, which I had provided for that emergency, and seating myself as far back as I dare, commenced paddling. Fortunately I met with no disaster, neither did I see any sharks; the only thing I came across was an oar, which I seized—possibly the very same that had been the means of saving my life.

By this means I slowly made my way, scanning the coast carefully in order to choose a safe landing-place. I was drifting towards the extremity of the island, and seeing that the shore was very rocky there, I determined on landing at the other side; and no sooner had I turned the point than I perceived the wreck at no great distance from me. It had been thrown by the force of the waves upon a ridge of rocks, thereby breaking in half, and this was the reason, no doubt, why so many objects had been cast ashore. This ridge was but little separated from the island, which itself appeared merely a mass of rocks.

"CONTINUING THE SEARCH."

The ground was literally strewn with articles of various kinds, which it would take me many journeys to carry off. I therefore spent all my time in placing them beyond danger of being washed away.

Pieces of broken-up tables and chairs, *débris* of china, pottery, and glass, crates, boxes, and hampers, more or less injured, were scattered about. I spent hours in collecting and packing my treasure trove, and delighted was I to find amidst the confusion, every here and there, even amongst the more fragile things, one that had sufficiently escaped injury to be of use; but I had to be as expeditious as possible over my work, being obliged to return with the tide.

I first gathered together all the empty hampers and crates, filling them with anything and everything that came to hand, pulling them up as high as I could from the water, and then leaving them, trusting at some future day to investigate their contents, selecting a hammer and an axe to take with me. It was now nearly time to leave, but before doing so I determined to take a survey of the island. I found it just an assemblage of barren rocks, without sign of vegetation, but amongst them several fine crabs had their home, and I doubted not I should find them of use at some future time.

Wolf, who had accompanied me on my expedition, had been a most interested spectator, and, indeed, I may say helper, for he brought me many of the things whilst I was packing, and evidently felt *we* were doing it.

As I turned my steps towards the raft,

"I WAS NOW IN DEEP WATER."

my faithful dog trotting beside me, I suddenly thought that, seeing there was plainly no need to fear any wild animal, it would be a great advantage for me to remain for the night on the island; it would give me several more hours—sufficient time to go to the wreck—where I should probably find some food for myself and Wolf.

Having decided to carry out my project, I proceeded at once to the vessel, and by good climbing succeeded in entering the broken part. I first made my way to the place in which the steward kept his supplies, where I found some salt meat. This I knew would not be very good for Wolf. Presently, however, I came to the fowls, many of whom had succumbed from want of food, and the dog could now have a splendid repast. Finding a quantity of pieces of bread lying about, I fed the fowls that remained alive. Continuing my search, I found the cow, more than half-starved; this also I provided with food.

Not considering the wreck a safe habitation for the night, Wolf and I ensconced ourselves in the centre of a circle of barrels, crates, and boxes, with some comfortable bedding, refreshing ourselves with a good meal after the toils of the day.

(*To be continued.*)

SERVANTS AND SERVICE.

By Ruth Lamb.

CHAPTER II.

HONOURABLE SERVICE.

In my former chapter I called the position of a domestic servant an *honourable* and *responsible* one, and I will now give my reasons for using these two words. I wonder whether many young girls who serve in the household have considered how very much they are trusted. Perhaps they have never crossed the threshold of the home in which they have obtained a situation until the very day on which they enter upon its duties; and yet from the very moment that the young stranger girl enters the house she is of necessity taken more into the family confidence than any outsider can possibly be.

She knows all about the going out and coming in of every member of the family. In many cases she sees and hears what even the children, especially the younger ones, are not permitted to know.

In the performance of her various duties, when waiting at table and elsewhere, she overhears conversations which speakers would not like to have repeated. She cannot help, in like manner, being acquainted with numbers of little family secrets that are never intended to pass beyond the walls of the home—things that would not be told even to friends, except in the strictest confidence.

Yet the master, mistress, and children receive the stranger girl, often knowing very little about her family and of herself, only so much as can be gleaned during half an hour's talk, or, it may be, only a short letter from a former employer. Just a sheet of paper with a few formally-written answers to a few set questions, such as relate to the work of that particular situation she wishes to undertake. The going-to-be mistress has probably asked how the girl has done her work in her last place; whether she is cleanly, honest, truthful, obliging, and so on.

In many cases the information is given by one of whom we know little more than we do of the girl respecting whose character we inquire. And there are always far more important questions than those alluded to, which are never asked, and if they were, would seldom be explicitly answered. Yet, on the strength of that brief written recommendation, or after half an hour's conversation, we take a girl into our home and place in her hands a very large share of its comfort and safety. She is allowed to see and to know all the little household details which are hidden even from our nearest friends.

We exact from our girl domestics no pledge of confidence, no promise not to betray our trust by gossiping about what they hear or see. What, indeed, they *must* witness, unless we are to live in a state of unnatural restraint and make the entrance of our servants a signal for silence! Such a state of things would be equally trying to them, to our guests, and to ourselves.

If I were a girl in a situation, I hope I should feel "upon honour" with regard to these things. I should like to be able to say, "I am glad and thankful to be trusted, and, by God's help, I will try to merit the confidence which my master and mistress place in me. I may not be bound by any promise to them, but I am bound far more firmly by my sense of what is right, by the witness of my own conscience, and by the thought of what I should like if I were in their places. No one shall ever be able to blame me for tale-telling, or gossiping about their concerns. I may be a young servant, but if I am a Christian girl the same spirit should animate me that inspires the greatest lady in the land. I, if I understand the teaching of God's Word aright, am bound by the same laws in my position as my mistress is in hers."

To be above the meanness which would screen itself from blame as a tattler because no promise of silence has been given, is as becoming to the servant as it is to the mistress. To be true, not merely in word, but in heart and in act, is as incumbent upon the servant who professes to be a Christian as it is upon the heads of the household, and why?

Because in God's Word you are bidden to perform your duties "in singleness of your heart as unto Christ; not with eye service as men pleasers, but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart; with goodwill doing service as to the Lord, and not to men. Knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free."

Employers are also reminded that their "Master also is in heaven, neither is there respect of persons with Him."

The same law you see both for employers and employed! All have to give an account to the same Master, before whom neither rank, riches, nor position will avail anything. The question which concerns all of us alike is this, "What sort of an account can I give of the way in which I have done my duty in the place which, in the good providence of God, I have been called on to fill?"

If it becomes the mistress to be above tattling and meanness, to be true in word and deed, to be self-denying and considerate of the feelings of others, to be pure in speech and in life, to be careful as to the persons with whom she associates, surely all these things are equally essential to the young servant! To the latter it often happens that her good character is her fortune, that on it she depends for the very bread she eats and the roof which shelters her. Even if she did not, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold."

People say there is a skeleton in every house; it is the same thing as saying that there is no home without some secret sorrow that the owner would shrink from letting the world see. Well, if any of you dear girls know where the skeleton is, say to yourselves, "My hand shall never draw the curtain that hides it, or open the door of the cupboard in which it is concealed."

This is the right way in which to look at one of the responsibilities of your position. You may make it doubly honourable by your own conduct, and by the manner in which you show that you not only *must* be trusted, but that you deserve to be.

Unfortunately we do not find that all girls act up to such a high standard as this. We have all known some who have been faithful enough so long as a thoroughly good understanding existed between them and their employers. But, perhaps, something has gone wrong, and a disagreement has arisen between the girl and her mistress.

A sharp reproof has called forth an angry retort, and the "I'm as good as you" sort of spirit has got into the young mind. Either mistress or maid gives a month's notice, and with the prospect of parting comes an entire change in the relations of the parties concerned.

Sometimes the girl acts defiantly and disrespectfully. She forgets the many marks of kindness and confidence she has received, the peace and comfort she has enjoyed under that roof, and acts with a meanness and littleness that are unworthy of any girl, especially one who calls herself a Christian. In the spirit of revenge and with a desire to "serve out" her employers, she will call to mind all the little domestic matters which she knows they would least like to have gossiped about, and will prove equally false to them and to the pleadings of her own heart and conscience.

When the fit of temper is over, probably the girl sees the ugliness and treachery of her conduct, and would fain stop the ball she has set rolling. But this is not easy. It continues to roll and increases with every turn. She has done an amount of mischief which she can scarcely calculate, has broken faith, destroyed the effect produced by years of faithful service, and is branded as deceitful and ungrateful by the mistress who may have reproved with sharpness, yet who heartily wishes well to her young helpers in the household.

I will not dwell upon this picture. I do not like it, and I hope that every girl who reads this paper will think it as ugly as I do, and resolve that it shall never be reflected in her own conduct.

I have a few more words to say both about entering on situations and engaging servants. Indeed, these little papers relate equally to employers and employed, for while I commenced by addressing myself especially to those who serve, I cannot write of them without including those who rule, and more especially the young mistresses. These have frequently nearly everything to learn when they assume the reins of domestic government at the commencement of their married life.

To the mistress I would say, "Try to ascertain something not only about the girl you think of engaging, but about her parents, her home, and general surroundings.

I one day heard a gentleman speak of the manner in which he engaged a very young girl, to fill a vacancy caused by the marriage of an old and much valued servant. He lived at a distance from town, and had a very delicate wife, who was unequal to the task of seeing and choosing from amongst the many candidates for the vacant post.

The place was known to be a good one. The home was delightful in itself, the habits of the family were regular, wages satisfactory, the servants enjoyed many Christian privileges, and master and mistress took a warm interest in their welfare. There was rarely a vacancy,

and on this particular occasion there were many very experienced servants amongst the applicants. Yet the gentleman who saw them at his office in the city, and made all the inquiries, finally decided on engaging a girl of eighteen, to fill the place of one who had been more than half that number of years in the situation.

Much surprise was expressed at his decision, but he was quite able to justify it.

"I was struck," said he, "with the beautiful neatness of the girl's dress. I was sure that she was not got up for the occasion; but all about her was suggestive of habitual purity and tidiness, and her clothing, though good and clean, bore traces of careful wear. It had evidently been used for some time, but well used. I was further struck with her modesty of manners and propriety of speech. She told me frankly that she had no one but her mother to refer me to for her character, as regarded the work itself. She was the eldest of a family, and had never been in service; but the second girl would now be able to take her place, and there were too many of them for all to be maintained at home by the father's earnings. She knew things would be very different in such a house as mine, but mother had always made her do her work well, and she was willing to learn. Would I try her and give her wages according to what she was worth?

Father and mother were much more particular about the family she went into than about the money. Would I see "mother" before I fixed on anyone, and her own Sunday School teacher too?

I could not help thinking, whilst the girl spoke, pleaded indeed, in her honest, innocent way for a trial, that she had in her the making of a first-class servant. I agreed to see "mother," but fixed no time for my call, and I made it during the morning.

The sight of that orderly home and its busy occupants was better than any number of written characters.

There was no running away to make herself presentable, but the girl came forward with a smiling face, and looking just as neat in her working dress as she had done in her outdoor garments.

I had made some inquiries about the family, and found that the parents were God-fearing people, and extremely particular about the training and associates of their children. So I engaged Eliza, aged eighteen, to fill the place of the departing Anne, aged thirty; and I and mine had cause to be thankful for the decision which brought into our house an excellent servant, a warm-hearted, pure-minded girl. She was thorough in her work, and what she did not know at first she was quick to learn; because her heart was in it, and she honestly desired not only to do enough to satisfy, but her very best.

The mother made one remark which amused me a little at the time. "I am so glad you are willing to engage Eliza," she said. "I am quite content for her to come to you, for I made most particular inquiries about your place before I sent the girl to see about it."

The good woman meant it as a compliment, and I understood her and appreciated it. I like "my place" to have a good name, but some lady friends tossed their heads, and said, "What an impertinent speech! To intimate that she had inquired into your character!"

And very proper too. Every girl that values her own character should be anxious to serve under the roof of a master and mistress who fear God, and who, caring for their own immortal souls, are likely to care for the bodies and souls of all around them also.

I had two sisters from one family, and when, after seven years' united service, the second left by her father's wish to learn a business, I wrote and asked for the only remaining daughter, a girl who had never left home to take a situation, and whom I had never seen. I frankly told the parents that, after my experience of their mode of training daughters, I would rather take one who had thus been brought up in the faith and fear of God, though comparatively ignorant, than the most accomplished servant without such home-training.

I received a grateful reply, accepting the offer and returning hearty thanks for the comforts and Christian privileges enjoyed by the elder sisters whilst under our roof.

Number three duly arrived, and—well, perhaps if I say that she came more than eight years ago and is here yet, nothing more need be added. To the fact that we have considered Christian training as of greater importance than mere skill in household duties, my husband and I attribute much of the comfort and happiness we have enjoyed in regard to those domestic arrangements that depend upon our servants' work and character.

To you, dear girls, I would say, "Be more anxious to serve those who themselves serve the Lord Christ," and will allow you the religious privileges of which they know the value, than to obtain a situation where a mistress is indulgent because indifferent, or for the sake of easy work or high wages.

In seeking employers, determine to put your Heavenly Master's service first of all. If you serve Him well, no fear that you will fail in your duty to them. Remember that He said, "I am among you as he that serveth." That He found His joy in doing the will of the Father, and that He "who, being in the form of God," yet, for our sakes, "took upon Him the form of a servant, humbled himself, and became obedient unto death."

(*To be continued.*)

GIRLS' CHRISTIAN NAMES.

(*Continued from page* 135.)

JAEL. *Hebrew.* Mountain goat. Levit. xvi. 21, 22. *Date* 1650.

JACINTHA. *Latin.* Hyacinth. Isaiah xl. 6.

JANE. *Fem.* of John. Old forms, Joan, Joanna; *dims.*, English, Jennet, Jenny; Scotch, Janet, Jeanie, Jessie; French, Jeannette, of which the English form is Janetta. *Hebrew.* Grace of the Lord. *Date* of Joan, 1200 or earlier; of Jane, 1472; Joan finally gave way to Jane about 1540. Isaiah xxx. 18.

JAQUELINE or JAQUETTA. *Fem.* of James. Old English form, Jaquit, *dim.* Jake. *Hebrew.* Supplanter. *Date* 1420. Gen. iii. 15.

JEMIMA. *Hebrew.* Fair as the day. *Date* 1700. Prov. xi. 22.

JERUSHA. *Hebrew.* Possessing. Deut. ix. 6. *Date* 1650.

JESSIE. (*See* Jane.)

JEZEBEL. (*See* Isabel).

JOCHEBED. *Hebrew.* Glory of the Lord. Psalm l. 23.

JOCOSA or JOYCE. *Latin.* Joyful. *Date* 1250. Psalm xxxiii. 1, 21.

JOSEPHINE. *Fem.* of Joseph. *Hebrew.* Adding. *Modern date.* Matt. vi. 33.

JUDITH. *Fem.* of Judah. *Hebrew.* Praise. *Date* 1070. Psalm cxlvii. 1.

JULIA. *Fem.* of Julius. *Dim.*, Juliana, Juliet. *Latin.* Soft hair. *Date* 1177. 1 Peter iii. 3, 4.

JUNIA. *Fem.* of Junius. *Latin.* Youth. Isaiah xl. 30, 31.

JUSTINA. *Fem.* of Justin. *Latin.* Just. *Date* 1262. Psalm xxxvii. 16.

KATHLEEN. *Celtic.* Light on the dark waters. (No connection with Katherine). Catalina is the Spanish form. When Queen Katherine of Arragon came over to England, the name Katherine was bestowed on her as being in the English mind the nearest form to her own name, Catalina; for there is no such name in Spanish as Katherine. But Caitlin (Kathleen) still survived in Cumberland in the last century, though it had long been lost in other parts of England. *Date* probably before Christian era. Matt. v. 16.

KETURAH. *Hebrew.* Incense. Psalm cxli. 2. *Date* 1650.

KEZIA. *Hebrew.* Cassia. Psalm xlv. 8. *Date* 1650.

LALAGE. *Greek.* Talkative. Psalm cxli. 3. *Modern date.*

LAODICE. *Greek.* Judging the people. Psalm xcviii. 9.

LAURA, *dim.* Lauretta. *Latin.* Laurel. *Fem.* of Lawrence (the true *fem.* is Laurentia). *Date* 1207. Jer. xvii. 7, 8.

LAVINIA. *Etruscan?* (Meaning unknown, if so: but if it be taken as a *Latin* name, it signifies Washed). *Date* 1234. John xiii. 8.

LEAH. *Hebrew.* Weary. Gal. vi. 9. *Date* 1650.

LEILA. *Hebrew.* Night. Psalm xlii. 8. *Modern date.*

LEONORA. (*See* Eleanor, of which Leonora is an Italian form, and Leonor the Spanish.) *Modern date.*

LEOPOLDINE. *Fem.* of Leopold. *Gothic.* Bold as a lion. *Modern date.* Prov. xxviii. 1.

LESBIA. *Greek.* A drinking cup. Psalm xvi. 5. Matt. x. 42.

LETITIA. *Dim.*, Lettice (*date* 1280), Lettie (*modern*). *Latin.* Gladness. Psalm xcvii. 11.

LILIAN, LILIAS. *Latin.* Lily. *Modern date.* Matt. vi. 28, 29.

LILITH. *Hebrew.* Rendered Screech-owl in Isaiah xxxiv. 14; the literal meaning is some dreadful night-preying monster. A more uncomplimentary name could scarcely be. *Modern date.*

LINDA. *Gothic.* Gentle. *Modern date.* Prov. xvi. 24.

LOIS. *Greek.* The last. *Date* 1630. Phil. ii. 3.

LOUISA. *Gothic.* Hidden wisdom. *Date* 1690. Derived from Héloïse, through its Italian form Aloisia or Aloysia. Col. ii. 3.

LOUISE (not the same as Louisa). *Fem.* of Louis. *Gothic.* Famous warrior. *Date* 1694. (Louis is a corruption of Clovis or Chlodwig.) Prov. xvi. 32.

LUCRETIA. *Etruscan.* Meaning unknown. It *may* be cognate with Lucy, and signify Light. *Date* 1556. 1 John i. 7.

LUCY. *Fem.* of Lucius; *dim.*, Lucilla, Luciana, Lucinda, etc. *Latin.* Break of day. *Date* 1100. Rom. xiii. 12.

LYDIA. *Latin.* A woman of Lydia (a country of Asia Minor). Acts xvi. 14. *Date* 1630.

LYSANDRA. *Fem.* of Lysander. *Greek.* Deliverer of men. Job xxix. 12.

LYSIMACHE. *Greek.* Ending strife. 2 Tim. ii. 24.

MABEL. (Contracted from Amabel.) *Latin.* Amiable. *Date* 1090. 1 Tim. vi. 11. (*See* introduction.)

MAGDALEN or MADELINE. *Greek.* A woman of Magdala (a town in Palestine, which in *Hebrew* means tower). Prov. xviii. 10. *Date* 1520.

MALVINA. *Celtic.* White (or fair) mountain. *Date* before Christian era. Psalm xlviii. 1.

MARCIA. *Dim.*, Marcella. *Fem.* of Marcus or Mark. *Latin.* Civil. 1 Peter iii. 8. *Modern date.*

(*To be continued.*)

TORCHON LACE, AND HOW TO MAKE IT.

THE art of making real lace is regarded by most ladies as one that requires more time to acquire than they can give, in these bustling days, to one kind of employment. This is quite true with regard to Brussels, Mechlin, Honiton, and other fine pillow laces, which to be really well made involve a regular education; but there are other laces of a coarse nature that are made with coarse thread and with few changes of design, that can be quickly formed and learnt without so much labour. Of this description is the Torchon or Saxony lace, now so much used for trimmings, which is largely made in England for trade purposes, and is worked in Germany, from which country it originally came. This lace, as seen by the patterns of it, is formed almost entirely of three or four stitches, and its thicker parts connected together with threads twisted round each other, and as it is always worked with coarse thread and a limited number of bobbins, it is not complicated, only requiring a certain amount of patience to learn the stitches before attempting the patterns.

The implements for making the lace consist of a pillow with stand, pricked patterns, coarse lace thread, bobbins, pins, scissors, and knitting needle. The pillow is an oblong shape, 28 inches long by 17 inches wide; it is made with ticking, and stuffed with bran or horsehair until *it is quite tight*. To keep this foundation clean, a cover cloth of white linen is made to fit it, and this latter is drawn together at the sides of the cushion with drawing tapes, so that it can be removed, washed, and put back whenever soiled. Round the centre of the pillow and over this cover a piece of strong linen, 5 inches wide, is placed and fastened tightly down; this is required as a support to the lace pattern, which is pinned down to the pillow upon it. Two extra white washing covers are used to keep the lace clean during its working; they are of linen, size 18 inches by 12. One is laid at the top of the work, and pinned over the completed part, and the other pinned underneath the bobbins that hang down towards the lower part of the pillow while the lace is in making, and between them and the pricked pattern that is not in use at the moment, otherwise the bobbin threads would catch upon the holes in the pattern and become entangled. When the pillow is put away, this last cover is unpinned and thrown over it to protect it from dust. One of the duties of a lacemaker is to keep her lace clean and fresh-looking, which can never be accomplished if the bobbins are allowed to entangle together, and have to be constantly straightened, or if dust and dirt settle upon them. The stand to place the pillow on is not so much used in England as upon the Continent. It is formed with two upright pieces of wood, each ending in a fork resembling a crutch. These are secured into a strong, wooden foundation, so that the pillow is supported by the crutches. The height of the stand should be about 28 to 30 inches, so that when the worker is seated the pillow is easy to handle. The pricked patterns are made upon thin strips of parchment, or upon *toile cirée;* they are either bought ready or pricked by the worker, and are shown in details of figs. 1 and 2. To prick a pattern, take the lace to be copied, and place it upon a cushion with some cartridge paper below it, and pass a pin through the lace and the paper wherever a pinhole is seen in the lace (these are clearly visible, as the twisted threads round them mark out where the pin has been). The prickings include the width of the lace, but not more than 5 inches of its length. When the pattern is taken, examine the paper and see that the holes are made in straight lines, and evenly apart when required. Alter any mistakes, and lay the paper upon a pincushion and over a narrow strip of *toile cirée*. Prick the holes on the paper through to the *toile cirée* with a large darning needle. Prepare two strips in this way, and be careful to make the design run from one to the other without a break. When working, and the lace covers one pattern, take out all the pins that secure it except the last three rows, slip under the second strip, pin it down and work upon it, releasing the first strip by taking out the last pins as soon as enough lace is made on the second to be firm without the support of those pins.

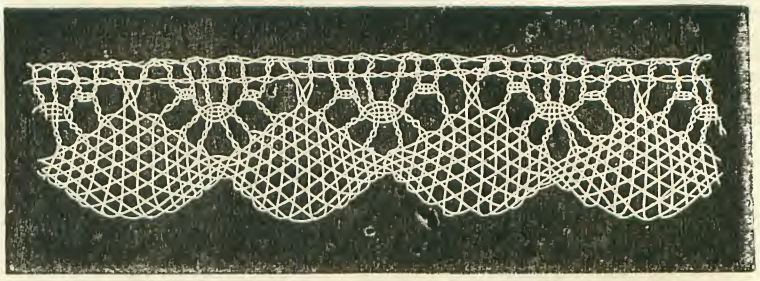
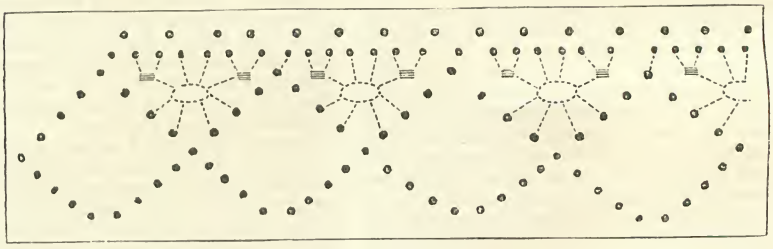


FIG. 1.



PRICKED DESIGN OF FIG. 1—DETAIL A.

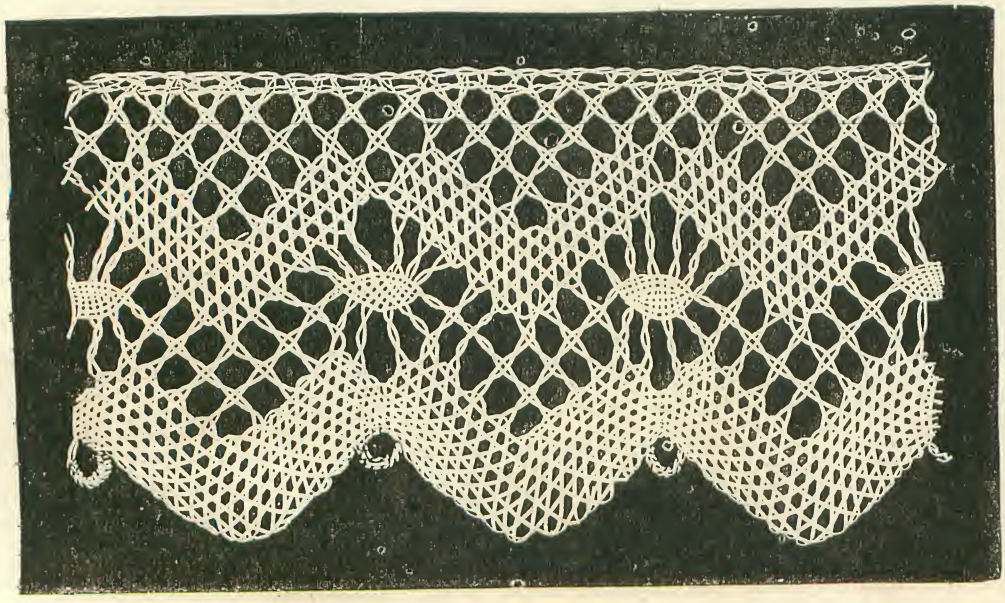


FIG. 2

The thread to use is coarse linen lace thread, sizes from No. 30, 50, to No. 60, unless a fine lace is to be made, when No. 200 is required. Wind the thread from the bottom upwards on to the bobbin, and fasten it with a slip-knot close to the top when the bobbin is nearly full. The slip-knot prevents the thread becoming unwound when the bobbin hangs down upon the pillow. As the piece of thread becomes used in working, raise the slip-knot, untwist more thread, and again secure it. Keep the lengths of thread between the bobbins and lace of the same length, and let each thread be separate from the others, and disentangle them at once when they become at all mixed. Straightening and keeping the bobbins in their right order is one of the chief difficulties in making lace, and can only be learnt by constant practice and great patience. When making a narrow piece of lace, attach the bobbins to the pillow by

tying all their ends together in a knot, and pinning this knot firmly on the pillow just above the place where the pattern is affixed. When the lace to be made is to be broad, take the knitting-needle and run it into the pillow above the pattern, so that it makes a firm bar across it. Upon this bar, in the space above the pattern, fix each bobbin thread separately, and fasten it with a Macramé knot. When a thread breaks while working, or comes to an end, tie it up with the thread nearest to it, and in a secure knot, and pin these two out upon the pillow well away from the pattern and the other bobbins. Replace the threads thus taken away by two new ones, which tie together with a weaver's knot, and hang upon the pin above where they are required, and work in these threads when that part of the lace is reached. Make an inch or two of lace, and then cut off the threads pinned out upon the pillow. Extra bobbins can always be added to the lace whenever a greater number is used in one part than the other by putting them up in pairs and inserting them into the work as described for replacing bobbins, and they can always be taken away so as to decrease the number by being tied together, pinned out of the way, and cut off closely when the lace has been carried on some inches beyond them. In working broad laces with wide scalloped edges, bobbins have often to be added and decreased, but with the ordinary edgings and insertions this manœuvre is not required.

The movements in making Saxony or Torchon lace consist in weaving the threads together to form the broad thick lines, twisting two threads together to make the bars that cross the open parts, and connect the lace together, plaiting threads together to make wider bars, crossing the threads for groundwork, and making lozenges.

The thick stitches are made in two ways and closely resemble the cloth and half stitches of other pillow laces, the cloth or thickest stitch resembling close weaving, and the half or more open stitch an open network. The thick stitch is made by arranging a certain number of bobbins so that they hang down upon the pillow and remain in that position (these are called hangers), and taking two other bobbins across these and working them in alternately over and under the hangers; these last bobbins are known as workers, as they really make the stitch. Before commencing to make a lace pattern, practise making cloth stitch, as follows:—Prick two close lines of pinholes an inch apart, as a pattern, and pin the pattern on the pillow so that the lines are perpendicular. Hang on six pair of bobbins, and let five pair be the hangers and one pair the workers; arrange the workers on the right hand of the hangers; Take up the workers, twist them twice together, put up a pin at the edge so that the twist is upon it, leave one of the workers there; take the other in the right hand and the nearest pair of hangers in the left, and pass the worker over the first and under the second hanger, keeping them well stretched; repeat the over and under motion with the first worker until the left edge of the lace is reached, and keep the hanging bobbins straight and well stretched. Now take the second worker from behind the piece and work it under and over the hangers until it reaches the left edge, here put up a pin, twist the two workers twice together, leave one behind the pin, and work back with the other, reversing the over and under of last row; return for the second worker and put up a pin, and twist both together as before, when the right hand edge is reached, and repeat until the stitch is learned. A straight braid is thus made. For lace the stitch is the same, but as an even line is not always required in it, the pair of working bobbins are frequently left behind at the pinholes and others brought in as the pattern indicates.

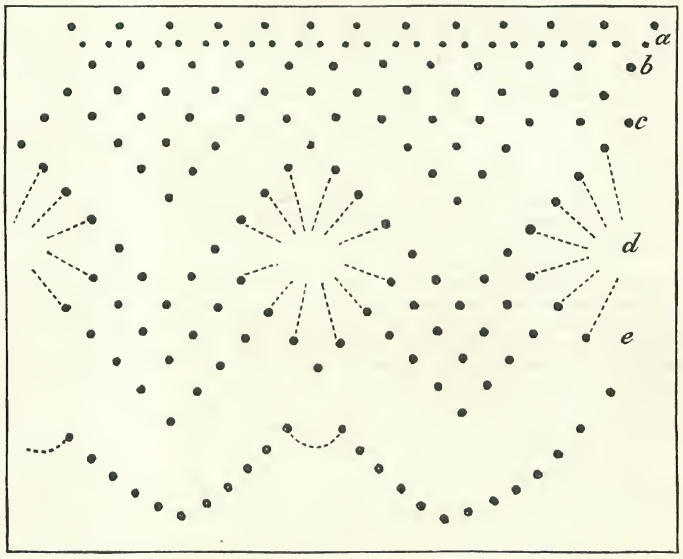
The half stitch is rather more difficult than the thick stitch, but it is more used, as it forms a light and yet strong network. The working of it is similar to the thick stitch, except that the hangers are crossed over each other each time the workers pass through them; and that fewer bobbins are required to make the same width of lace, as they only interlace each other like lattice work, not like close weaving. To practise this stitch, prick two perpendicular lines of pinholes an inch apart and each pinhole half-an-inch from the next. Hang on five pairs of bobbins, let the last nine hang down the pillow, and use bobbin No. 1 as the worker. Cross the bobbins in pairs one over the other, and twist the worker and the first hanger once over each other and put them round the first pin. Then take the worker across the lace over and under each hanger, which keep crossed by holding them in between the fingers of the hand all the time. When the edge is reached, put up a pin, twist the worker and the first hanger once together and round it. Then cross all the hangers over each other, and work back over and under them as before with the same worker bobbin. Cross the bobbins all the same way down the lace, and keep the lines made across them at even distances apart so as to make an even network.

The bars in Torchon lace are made with two kinds of twists—simple and double twist. The simple twist is made by twisting the second bobbin once over the first, the double by twisting the second bobbin over the first and then the first over the second. The plain bars connecting one part of the lace with the other are formed by repeating the double twist until the length of the bar is made.

More complicated grounds than those made with single or double bars are formed by twisting the bobbins together, crossing them, and making a stitch with them over a pinhole, so that the threads form either a honeycomb or diamond network over the space to be filled. These grounds are the same as those worked in Brussels, Mechlin, and other laces, but being made with coarse threads in Torchon lace are not so difficult to execute. There are many varieties, but the two following are the easiest and best:—

To make a diamond ground, prick pinholes upon the pattern at even distances apart and in diagonal lines across the space to be filled, and arrange the bobbins, calculating a pair to each pinhole in the diagonal line made by the prickings. Take the first four bobbins, twist Nos. 2 and 1 together twice, also Nos. 4 and 3 together twice, cross Nos. 3 and 2 over each other and put a pin in the pinhole beneath them, leave Nos. 3 and 1 on the left-hand side, twist twice together Nos. 2 and 4, and take two fresh bobbins, which twist together, cross the two inside bobbins over each other and put up a pin beneath them as before, and leave the two left-hand bobbins; take up two fresh ones and repeat the crossing, pinsticking, and leaving to the end of the line, return to the left side, twist the two bobbins left there together and work them into the edge, and take them down to the first pinhole on the next line and repeat, always working in a slanting line across the lace.

To make a honeycomb ground, prick pinholes upon the pattern in diagonal lines and



PRICKED DESIGN OF FIG. 2 – DETAIL A.

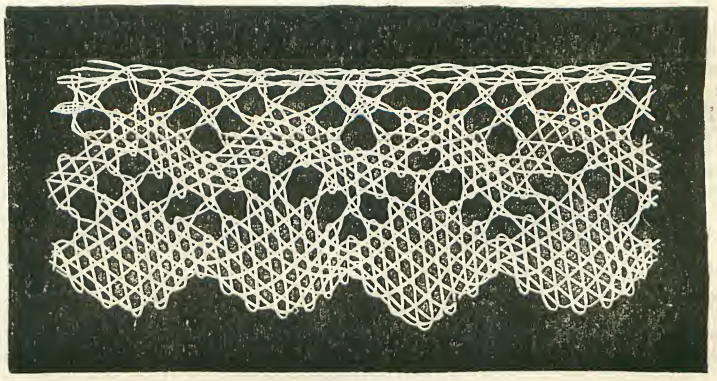


FIG. 3.

put up the bobbins as before. Single twist bobbins Nos. 1 and 2 together and bobbins Nos. 3 and 4, cross the two centre ones and put up a pin, single twist each pair of bobbins on each side of the pin, and take one inside bobbin from each side and cross it beneath the pin. Leave the two bobbins on the left-hand side, twist the two on the right hand down to the next pin and take two fresh bobbins on the right hand down to the same place, cross the two inside bobbins over each other, put up a pin, single twist on each side of the pin and cross the two inside bobbins beneath the pin, and repeat the whole movement until every pinhole is filled on the diagonal line and a pair of bobbins left at each of them. Return to the commencement, twist the two first bobbins into the edge lines and down to the first pinhole on the new line and repeat. An edge to these grounds is made by adding an extra pair of bobbins to each side and using these as hangers. These make a stitch by crossing with the first pair of workers, which are then twisted together, an edge-pin put up, again crossed with the hangers and twisted to the first pinhole of the new line. Double lines of edging are formed by working two pairs of bobbins as hangers down the sides and making a stitch with each pair and the workers. These edge-lines are described and shown in the patterns of lace given.

Thick bars called lozenges are much used in this lace, as a number of them together form stars and other devices. They are made by interlacing the bobbin threads, like the threads are interlaced with the needle when forming Genoa stitch in guipure d'art. To make a lozenge, take two pairs of bobbins and tie them together, hold three of them apart, but all in the left hand, and pass the fourth first over, under, and over through them, and then back under, over, and under. Repeat working one bobbin backwards and forwards, keeping the other three tightly stretched out. Stars are made in this way with any number of even points. Half the points, each made with two pairs of bobbins, are started at set intervals from one side of the star, and worked to the centre; here the bobbins are crossed or tied together, and the other half of the star worked with the same bobbins and fastened into the opposite side of the lace.

To work the pattern shown in fig. 1, prick all the round spots marked in detail A upon a piece of *toile cirée and trace the lines* upon it with white paint. Hang on ten pairs of bobbins—thread No. 50—by tying them together in a knot, and pinning that knot on the pillow, and commence to work in a slant from the straight edge to the scallop. The pair of bobbins at the extreme edge of the straight edge, and the pair making the inner line, are the only pairs that are hangers, and work straight down the lace: the rest work across simple. Twist the first pair, and take them down to the first pinhole and here make a stitch with them, and the second pair thus. Pass the third bobbin under and over second and first, and fourth bobbin over and under the second and first; third and fourth bobbin will now be at the outside edge. Put up a pin in the pinhole there, and bring them back, twisting them once round themselves and over and under bobbins 1 and 2, as before. Twist bobbins 5 and 6 down to the next pinhole, and pass 3 and 4 over and under them, and leave bobbins 1 and 2, 5 and 6 as hangers to work the straight lines; with that go down the pattern. Work the scallop with half-stitch with the remaining bobbins, taking in with them bobbins 3 and 4, and leaving at each pinhole in the centre edge a pair of bobbins to work the spot with. The scallop in the half-stitch is made by stretching the bobbin threads in the wide part over a wide space, and drawing them close together at the points. The shape is indicated and formed by the pinholes. The outer edge to the half-stitch is simply made by the threads being passed over the pins; no twistings are required. To form the spot and complete the lace, take the pair of bobbins left at the extreme inner point of the scallop back to the straight edge, twisting and making a stitch with it, and the pair of the inner line; and also with the pair at the edge, where put up a pin, twist, and return to the pair of the second line, and make a stitch with them. Simple twist, and take up the next pair left at the inner edge of the scallop. Simple twist these, and plait a four plait the length of the dark markings on the pattern, divide the bobbins, take back two of them to the edge with twists and stitches as before, and twist the other pair up to the centre spot, where make a stitch with them and the next pair left by the half-stitch, which double twist before using. Bring back the pair taken to the edge across the straight lines with twists and stitches as before, double twist them and work them into the spot, also the last pair from the half-stitch, which double twist before using, then work out all the bobbins in pairs from the spot, double twisting two pairs ready for the next half-stitch scallop at the outer edge and two pairs upon the opposite side for the straight edge; work the first of these pairs to the edge and back again through the straight lines with twists and stitches as before, and bring it back ready to make the four plait shown by the dark markings on the pattern with the second pair, after the latter has been double twisted. The plait made, double twist and carry the first pair to the scalloped side ready to make the half-stitch, and take the second pair through the straight lines with twists and stitches to the straight edge. The bobbins used for making the straight lines are twisted over each other between every pinhole, and before they make a stitch with the threads that work across them.

To work fig. 2, The prickings required for this pattern are shown in the detail; twenty pairs of bobbins are used, and thread No. 30. The stitches are half-stitch, diamond ground, and twisted bars.

Arrange the bobbins in pairs upon the knitting needle, and commence the lace across the centre spot. Arrange three pairs of bobbins at the straight edge marked *a*, two pairs over the next pinhole marked *b*, two pairs over the next marked *c*, six pairs at *d*, and the rest at *e*. Of the three pairs at *a*, use two pairs as hangers to form the two straight lines down the length of the lace, and twist these between each pinhole and make stitches with them and the workers as described in the edging of fig. 1, leaving out the plait. Make a diamond pinhole with the pairs at *b*, and simple twist them and make another diamond pinhole with the pair from *b* and the worker pair of *a*; then use a pair from each and the pairs at *c* and three pairs at *d* to form the vandyke half-stitch, double twisting the three pairs from *d* and simple twisting the others before commencing the vandyke; work half the vandyke and then take the bobbins at *e*, and the three pairs remaining at *d*, and work the outer scallop with half-stitch and the line of diamond pinholes between the two thick parts of the lace, and then work the vandyke line and the diamond ground to a level with the scallop. The work once started there is not much difficulty in reproducing the pattern, as the direction of every thread is clearly visible on reference to the illustration. The spot in the centre of the long twisted bars is formed by interlacing the threads, keeping the first two pairs used as the outer threads, and carrying the outer pair from the left out at the bottom of the spot and working it to the right part of the lace, and reversing the other pair in the same manner. The little loop at the depressed part of the scallop is made by plaiting four bobbins together where the half-stitch decreases, and working them again into the scallop where it begins to widen.

Fig. 3 is a narrow edging worked with fourteen pairs of bobbins and with thread No. 60. The design contains no stitches that have not been already described, and the lace can easily be pricked out and worked from the illustration without further explanation.

B. C. SAWARD.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

SOPHIE.—Read our article on "Female Clerks and Book-keepers," page 309, vol. i. You would do well to make inquiries at the office of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street. All necessary advice as to books of instruction, classes, &c., will be given you there, we feel assured.

MATILDA DAVIES.—See "How to Skeletonise Leaves," page 582, vol. i.; also see page 64, vol. ii.

FLOSSETTA.—We have great reason to complain of the lack of consideration which multitudes of our correspondents exhibit in writing for information which has been already given by us over and over again. Why not take the trouble of looking through our several indices, and thus finding the advice, recipes, or instruction desired? Your own is a case in point. See page 543, vol. i. Write to the secretary, Civil Service Commission Office, Cannon-row, E.C.

JANIE.—You may obtain lessons in cookery—demonstrations given—at the College for Working Women, 7, Fitzroy-street, W. For each course of ten lessons the fee is 5s. Address, Miss Tegetmeier.

WALDENBOURG.—1. Read "How to Form a Small Library," page 122, vol. ii. Also, "How to Improve One's Education," pages 637 and 794, vol. ii. 2. See, for the cure of the complaint from which you suffer, pages 319, 447, and 592, vol. i.; also page 14, vol. ii. We think you write English wonderfully well, and we rejoice to hear that "our girls" of other lands and nationalities find our magazine affords them both profit and pleasure. You write well.

SAXONY.—We draw your attention to our answer given to "Waldenbourg." We recommend the *Leisure Hour*. If you would like to take it in, write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., and it will be sent to you. It is suited to educated people, and is an illustrated monthly magazine. It frequently contains notices of our poets and literary men and women. The January part gives an account of the chief American writers.

JESSIE B.—You may obtain private lessons at the City of London College for Ladies, 319, Camden-road; or 10, Finsbury-square. Write to the lady principal, at the former address, or you may have a personal interview with her on Mondays from 11 a.m. till 1 p.m.

COUNTESS OF BEECH TOWERS.—1. Read our articles on the subject of study, *i.e.*, "How to Improve One's Education," pages 637 and 794, vol. ii.; and also, "How to Form a Small Library," pages 7 and 122, vol. ii. 2. Pronounce the name "Cedric" as if spelt "See-drik"; it would be pedantic and affected to pronounce it as if written "Kee-drik."

DAKKAR.—Write to the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, for the papers respecting the Higher Local Examinations. For those of Oxford, write to the Rev. S. Edwardes, Merton College, Oxford. For the London University, apply to the Registrar, University College, Gower-street, W.C. We do not mind "taking trouble" to help our readers. We are glad to hear of your satisfaction with our magazine.

B. WILLIAMS (Matron).—We thank you for kindly supplying us with particulars (which we now give) very valuable to those who desire to become pupil nurses in St. Mary's Hospital, W. The term of a probationer's training is a "complete year," but they are bound to serve the second year as trained nurses in the hospital, making in all a period of two years. Lady-nurses may, however, be exempted from the second year's service by a payment of £30. No pupil nurses of either class are engaged for less than one year, and none are received under the age of twenty-five years.

SEMIRAMIS.—We could not accept the responsibility of recommending any particular locality nor any special school. There are several at Brussels, and patronised by English people; but the climate is far from satisfactory. Dresden is also famous for its schools, and is also in favour with our countrywomen. We advise you to procure a list of British chaplains in some large and healthy cities, and write to any of them on the question, and you will thus obtain the most reliable information.

EDMEE LISLE.—It would be contrary to our rules to recommend any visiting governess for Greek, French, history, and harmony "on very moderate" or very exorbitant terms. This magazine is not designed for such personal advertisements.

THE IRISHMAN'S THIRD WARNING.—See "Clerks under Government," page 543, vol. i. You write well.

ZANINA CATLI.—1. We have read your letter with interest, and we think your handwriting pretty, but indications of carelessness appear in the example before us, which might be corrected without changing its character. 2. With reference to the style of dress worn by the nobility and gentry in the reign of Henry VII., illustrations will be found in the "Romance of the Rose," among the Harlein MSS. in the British Museum, No. 4,425 in that collection. But perhaps it would be more serviceable to tell you that you will find all this information, and copies of these illustrations, in a work called "Costume in England," by F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. You might procure it at any good library, or see it in that of the British Museum. The descriptions are too long to be given here.

C. E. MORSE.—We thank you for the information with which you kindly favoured us some time since respecting the Children's Hospital at Nottingham. For the sake of some of our readers, it may be well to observe that only ladies are trained for nurses in this institution, and that from the early age of eighteen years, and not over that of thirty. They are received for periods of three or six months, on payment of one guinea weekly, in advance. Salaries are occasionally given after the lady probationers have been two years in the hospital. Applicants should write for the printed rules to the lady superintendent.

SELF-HELPER.—There are classes held for the training of private governesses and middle-class school teachers under the auspices of the Home and Colonial School Society, Gray's-inn-road, King's Cross, W.C. Address the secretary, W. S. Glover, Esq. The course of instruction begins in January; the fees of non-resident students are £15 per annum for the three terms; for resident students over eighteen years of age they amount to £50 per annum; under that age, to £45. Music, French, German, and mathematics are extras.

MUSIC.

PAPILLOTTEN-FRAULEIN.—A voice may be strengthened, and the compass extended, by judicious management, without injuring it; and the youthful burr in it, like singing through a bird's nest, may be cleared away; but we know of no recipe for giving a mellow and musical tone to the voice—that is a natural gift. We are glad that you and your companions, English and foreign, have derived so much pleasure from our magazine. Your handwriting is a particularly well formed one, and needs no improvement.

M. H.—1. The mandolin needs not to be played as a mere accompaniment to another instrument. You must go to a seller of musical instruments to learn further particulars, respecting price, &c. 2. Perhaps the lumps of which you complain have been caused by cold: On no account try to "bring them forward," or your throat may be scarred. Keep yourself warm, and your diet should be generous: It may be desirable to paint the lumps with a solution of iodine, using a camel's hair brush, for a couple of days, and then desist for as many and do it again, to absorb them. But you will have to cover the stain made with a handkerchief. Consult a doctor.

COOKERY.

ANNA WHITE.—A very good winter dish, which will prove acceptable at supper when no meat is served, can be obtained thus:—Boil sufficient haricot beans until soft—that have first been left to soak in water all night—to make a dish large enough for those at table. Then turn them into a frying-pan and add some sage and onions, or else flavour with tomato sauce and curry powder, and serve very hot, with a small piece of butter at the top, to melt down through them.

BEAULIEU.—1. We have given a great number of recipes for cakes, and you may find them by referring to our "Useful Hints," and our several indices. Many are known by more names than one, as you may, perhaps, discover.

BANJO.—It is difficult to suggest any new dish for dessert, but perhaps *lemons à l'Espagnol* may be so to some other of our readers as well as to you. Rasp the outside of the lemons slightly, so as to allow the syrup to be made to penetrate. Cut them open lengthwise, and take out the pulp. Put them into cold water with a little salt in it (about a teaspoonful to two quarts of water), leave them to soak for ten or twelve hours, and if at the end of that time the lemons be still hard they must be boiled in water without salt. If, however, they be already soft, they should be boiled at once with the syrup. The latter is to be made in the proportion of one pound of sugar to each pound of fruit, weighed after being soaked. When the syrup is ready, the lemons are to be simmered in it until they become transparent. The juice of the lemons strained from the pulp and boiled with sugar would of itself alone make a nice beverage mixed with water.

ELLEN.—If you wish to re-warm any remains of fish for breakfast, we advise you to serve it with Dutch sauce. To make this, dissolve two ounces of butter in a saucepan, with one teaspoonful of flour, and half a teaspoonful of milk. Stir the mixture till boiling, and then add a few drops of taragon vinegar, or else a little lemon juice and pepper. Mash any remains of cold potatoes with a little milk and butter, warm it in a small saucepan and serve all round the fish.

INQUISITIVE. — Guava jelly is not made from medlars. See "How to Make Jelly," page 234 vol. iii.

G. M. is thanked for her recipe, which we give to our readers with pleasure. "Pekin Cake."—Mix one pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of raisins or currants, one gill of warm milk (not hot), and one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Bake rather quickly at first, and gradually lessen the heat of the oven, for rather more than an hour. 2. Any carpenter will make you some common deal brackets, and you can either cover them with paintings or velvet, or crewel embroidery, or Marcramé or other kinds of coarse lace.

WORK.

ATKINSONIBUS.—It is usual to wear crape for a parent for twelve months. You may wear gold and silver ornaments if you please, but not coloured trinkets. You write a good hand, but the Greek "e" is objectionable, excepting as a capital letter. Accept our best acknowledgments for all you say of this magazine.

LADY MARY.—To find a recipe for working a bedroom slipper, see our answer to "Monebor," page 223, vol. ii., also page 176, vol. ii.

LITTLE BLOSSOM.—See pages 96 and 431, vol. ii., for the method of washing crewel work. It would be advisable to put bran into the water. You write tolerably well.

MARGARITE ALEXANDRA.—You do not describe the sort of stains that are on your cloth jacket. If grease-spots, there are two ways of removing them from woollen textiles; one by the application of heat—a piece of blotting-paper being laid on the spot and a hot smoothing-iron being passed over the paper, a clean piece being substituted two or three times until no appearance of grease be seen on the paper. The other method is to dilute one teaspoonful of ammonia in a quart of water, and apply it with a sponge. In all kindness, we must direct your attention to your writing and spelling.

P. U. SOUTHERN.—See "Sock and Stocking-knitting," pages 111, 287, and 786, vol. i. All back numbers can be had on application at 56, Paternoster-row.

AMY CARLTON.—Tack the work to the edge of the frame with small nails, and cover afterwards with a small braid or fancy gimp. Both sides may be of crewel work, if you please.

BEIJA FLOR.—Perhaps repainting, and having the plate fired again, would improve the flowers.

S. A. E. A.—The fur-lined cloak may be altered into a "Mother Hubbard" by shaping the back seam into the waist, putting a gathered collar round the neck, and opening a place on each side for an armhole, into which you can sew small gathered sleeves. Put buttons down the front also. We do not think you saw it in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

AMATEUR.—Use the artists' gold paint, which you will find very easy to manage.

J. E. W.—In making a water bouquet you must first prepare the bouquet on a plate, and, if needful, fasten it to a stone to give it weight. Then immerse it upright in a tub, or large vessel of water, and then place the glass shade over it, putting it into the water sideways so that no air may be left in it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. P. COOK, OLIVE, and others.—Attention has been drawn to the fact that in last year's volume the story, "A Daughter Named Damaris," contains several scenes and descriptions adapted, or directly translated, from a work of a well-known French author. Of this fact the Editor was entirely unaware when he accepted the MS. for publication, or he would not have inserted the story as it then stood in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

GABRIELLE.—We fully appreciate both your unselfishness and the difficulty in which you have been placed. But there is no reason why the man should be sacrificed for the sake of the woman. You should think of him as well as of her. Besides, in this case, it would be to sacrifice two people instead of one, and your own self-denial would not benefit her after all. You could not wish him to marry one whom he did not love; and if he did, it would only make both permanently miserable. At the same time be sure of your own feelings, for you may be only half-hearted in the matter yourself.

MARIETTA.—*Æquo adeste animo*, "Be ready with constancy," the motto of the Copes and Copelands.

ALEXIE.—We think that some benzine or turpentine would take the stains off your skirt.

DINA writes a long rigmarole of unintelligible assertions as well as questions. As she cannot express herself in such language as we can comprehend, we are obliged to leave her letter unanswered.

QUEEN OF THE MAY, speaking of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, says, "I hope that its circulation will increase. Will you kindly insert this at your earliest convenience?" "This" what? We should be glad to oblige you if we could.

JEANNE.—Show your tooth to a dentist. Remember the old adage about the "stitch in time." As for your cold feet, you had better get a skipping-rope.

PUCK.—We regret that we cannot supply you with the words and the music you desire to obtain. You should apply to some organist with whom you are acquainted, or to the one employed at the place of worship you attend.

ASHBOURNIA gives so vague an account of the verses she wishes to obtain that no one could assist her. Her hand is not yet formed, but promises well.

B. L. W.—Apply to the Female Emigration Society, addressing the secretary, Miss Tipple, 43, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, W.

PINDER.—We thank you for the sketch you kindly give—"Copious Notes"—but regret that we have not space for its insertion.

HACKNEY GIRAFFE.—Red berries may be preserved for a long time in a strong solution of salt and water; or you may try hanging them up by the stems to dry. You are very tall, and should lie down for an hour daily to rest your back. You write very well.

EMILY RICE.—1. There is a society called the Bible Seamen's Union. Write for all particulars to Miss Brine, Streamlet House, Bromley, Kent, sending her your full address, and enclosing sixpennyworth of halfpenny postage stamps, which is the amount of the annual subscription required. She will send you a circular and a card. 2. You need not write so much on one line. Write, "The Editor," and on the next line, "of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."

DIRTY WRITER and WHITE MAID.—See pages 80, 111, 259, 400, 416, and 624, vol. i., in reference to the hair; and see pages 192, 319, 348, and 615, vol. i., in reference to the hands. Kindly inform us in your next letter for what reason you imagine we took so much trouble in giving you an index to each volume?

MARY has much to learn respecting the rules of composition before she attempts to "versify." She must know, however, that the words "him" and "things" do not rhyme. She can procure a box in which to lay by money for missionary work at any public bazaar or toy shop.

INQUIRING ONE.—Show the visitors into the drawing or reception-room, but let them please themselves in the matter of sitting down; that is no business of yours. Of course, you would not show them into a room without chairs.

ANNIE.—We have before explained the nature of the "Sin against the Holy Ghost." One who fears to offend God cannot be guilty of it.

PORTLAND PLACE, A-u-L.—We have already replied to your question respecting the postage stamps, which has been asked by many of our correspondents. We regret that your letter went astray, and for your sake, as well as the information of all others, we now repeat that the manufacturer who was supposed to pay so much for them has given his positive denial to the assertion. They are of no sort of use, excepting to those who wish to make "stamp snakes."

IVY.—Your shaking hands with either a man or woman, be they old or young, must depend entirely on the degree of intimacy that exists between you. Introduce a man to a woman. It is not a case of "do as you like." The custom of clinking glasses, or silver mugs, together, is a German mode of wishing good health.

CYGNET.—You could procure any of our back numbers by either ordering them at any bookseller's, or writing to Mr. Tarn, 56, *Paternoster-row, E.C.* We think you write exceedingly well for a little correspondent of nine years old. We do not know the author of the verses you name.

DEBORAH E.—We are glad that, acting on our advice, you procured a doctor's opinion, and that he gave one so satisfactory. The expression, "sly boots," is applied to one who feigns to be silly, but is really "wide-awake," and is only cunning. The word "boots" is a corruption of the French *butor*, rendered "butt" in English; a "butt" for making game of, a "butt" for jokes—that is to say, one silly enough to be an object of laughter. The 19th February, 1864, was a Saturday.

URSULA CORA.—We advise you to consult "My Work-basket" for suggestions as to little articles of wear—warm mittens, or woollen handkerchiefs, etc.—or else, if you look through our general catalogue you may find some nice books with illustrations, which might not be too expensive, and aid in diverting the minds of sufferers who are able to read. Perhaps if you took a walk through a bazaar you would see many little pretty and useful articles which would be suitable for your purpose.

DIANA LISLE.—1. The words, *Multum in parvo*, are Latin, and mean "Much in little. 2. If you wish to write for the press, you should study the rules of punctuation. An article on this subject will be given. The name you mention, "Alinor," is only a corruption of the original Greek name "Eleanor," which signifies "light."

LENNIE.—For information on the care of tortoises, see page 367, vol. iii.

QUEEN BESS.—1. The Red Cross Knight in Spenser's "Faëry Queen" represents St. George, the patron saint of England. St. George was born at Lydda, but brought up in Cappadocia, and suffered martyrdom in the reign of Diocletian, April 23rd, 303. 2. We should put the corks in as they are.

GEM.—Longfellow's poems are very easy to learn, and from his you might proceed to Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, and the elder poets.

BLUE RIBBON.—The authorship of the several books known as the "Apocrypha" is not ascribed to one individual. They are not found in any catalogue of canonical writings made during the first four centuries after Christ, and the Jewish Church never received them as a part of the Canon; nor were they quoted either by our Lord or His apostles, although a few of the ancient fathers believed some of the books to be inspired. In the Roman Church they were pronounced part of the rule of faith by the decision of the Council of Trent in 1545, rather late in the day to have formed such an opinion.

JWYREYDDES.—You quote incorrectly:

"Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before,"

is taken from Campbell's "Lochiel's Warning." The second quotation is from the poem to "Lucasta on going to the Wars," by Richard Lovelace, 1650.

"I could not love thee, dear, so well,
Loved I not honour more."

KATE FAN, aged sixteen, has "nine brothers to look after," but has found time to write us a nice, grateful letter; for which we gladly find enough space for expressing our most cordial acknowledgments. Her handwriting would be very good if she did not make so great a difference between the thick and fine strokes, for they dazzle the eye. Let her make all more alike.

CROFT LODGE.—"A primrose on the river's brim," is a quotation from Wordsworth's poem, "Peter Bell."

TONY LUMPKIN.—

"Too wise to err, too good to be unkind,"

is a quotation from Pope.

RUTH.—The word "losel" is from the root of "lose," and means a worthless fellow, who loses by sloth and neglect. The expression is an obsolete one, but may be found in "Childe Harold" we believe.

KATINKA.—Inquire at a music-shop.

PUCK'S POSY, OBERON and TITANIA, PARAPLUIE, CELIA, VENUS, SUNNY NELL and others are thanked for their kind letters, in several of which quotations are inquired for, which appear to be taken from hymns, or from some of the thousands of poems which are constantly appearing in the newspapers. Very few of them are worth identifying, even if it were possible.

GRAIN.—Your quotation is from "Thanatopsis," a poem by William Cullen Bryant.

EXPLORA.—Mr. H. M. Stanley, the finder of Dr. Livingstone, was also his successor in the work of African discovery. His book is called "Through the Dark Continent." Lieutenant Verney Cameron also headed an expedition and explored 1,200 miles of country, following Livingstone's route, and reaching the Portuguese settlements.

BESSIE WALTON.—The Hospital for Women, Soho-square, W., or the New Hospital for Women, 222, Marylebone-road, W., would be suitable. The hours for out-patients are usually early. Ask some friend to make inquiries as to when cases like your own are seen by the attendant physicians.

CLARE.—Several explanations are given. By some people "M." is supposed to stand for "Mary," the patron saint of girls; and "N." for "Nicholas," the patron saint of boys.

RELIGIOUS INQUIRER.—You might perhaps obtain the information by writing to the Deaconesses' Institution, The Green, Tottenham, London, N.

COUNTRY COUSIN.—We know of none in that neighbourhood. Would Russell House, Russell-square, be too far away?

C. E. T.—"Minster" means the church of a monastery or to which a monastery has been attached on some occasion.

DORA and HOPE.—Read "Infant Class Teaching," page 730, vol ii. "Dora" will find, like others, quite sufficient information in our seasonable dress articles each month.

IGNORANT NELL.—The "Black Watch" is so called from their "black" or dark tartan; they are now called the 42nd Highlanders, but their tartan is still called the "Black Watch Tartan."

GERTIE.—There are very many more "Wonders of the World" than those you name, and we could not give you a list of them all. You will see some of them if you procure a microscope. One thing deserves your special attention, that the closer you examine into the works of God the more beautiful and perfect you will find them; while the more closely you examine and magnify the workmanship of man, the more coarse and clumsy it will be found.

MILLY ROSS.—With reference to your proposed emigration to Canada, we advise you to apply to the hon. secretary, Mrs. Mugson, 8, Prince Arthur-street, Montreal, Canada; who is employed by a society formed there for the organisation and protection of such immigration. Keep your testimonials, and procure others, or, at least, letters of introduction, from your clergyman, or pastor; which you can present to the rector of the Canadian parish where you expect to locate yourself on arrival. But always retain such letters in your own keeping, as they are most valuable. Your friends should obtain such also. You write very well; and we wish you God speed.

EMILIE H.—Do you refer to the Ginger Plant? It is the root of the *Zingiber officinale*, which derives its name from Gingi, in Hindostan, of which locality it is a native, and from whence it was transported to the West Indies and Cayenne. The finest is procured from Jamaica. We are unacquainted with any tree yielding ready-made ginger-beer.

YOUNG BOOKBINDER.—There are two or three methods or styles of treating the edges of book-leaves, the sprinkled marbled, spot-marbled, comb or non-pareil marbled, Spanish marbled, and plainly coloured, supplying matter for a long series of directions, for which we could not afford to give sufficient space. Perhaps to sprinkle the edges may give the least trouble. Take a tooth-brush, dip it into coloured ink, and having shaken out a portion of it, draw a comb through the surface part of the bristles, so as to make the coloured fluid fly out over the edges in small spots. If a blue colour be desired, use a solution of indigo, with pieces of alumina, and mix gum with it. If red, boil ¼lb. of the best log-wood, with one ounce of powdered alum, the same amount of cream of tartar, and half the quantity of water. While this mixture is still warm, dissolve one ounce of sugar and one ounce of gum-arabic in it. We are very glad that our instructions have enabled you to succeed so well in bookbinding, and that you have accomplished that of so large a book as the 1st vol. of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

HYDRA.—With some persons chilblains are not merely accidental local affections, produced by chilling the external surface and then heating it too suddenly. They are sometimes the result of constitutional delicacy, and diet should be employed in their cure, as much as outward local applications. You live in a chilly, damp locality, we imagine, and your natural defects in poverty of blood and slow circulation are likely to work against you with aggravated force. You should eat blood-warming food, wear flannel or merino underclothing and woollen stockings; and take as much exercise as you can indoors; not long exhausting walks, as you will not bear any protracted exposure to cold air. Holding the hands in very hot water, till exceedingly red, and then immersing them at once in cold water, for about half a minute, will always give much relief. The application of leeches would only still further weaken you, and impoverish your blood.

DULCE DOMUM'S writing is so very bad we cannot decipher her name with any confidence. *O Sapientia* is, we believe, the beginning of some Latin hymn.

DAHLIA.—1. There is no sequel to the book you name. Why do our young readers always imagine that every story book has one? 2. The 20th December, 1867, was a Friday.

DOT.—Both books may be ordered through the nearest bookseller. Many thanks for your letter; your writing is certainly not first-rate.

MAUDE.—The letters "R.S.O." denote that the place in question is a railway sub-office, or one which receives its correspondence direct from a railway travelling post office, and not through a post-town.

C. M. B.—The London School Board Homes for Deaf and Mute Children would be the most suitable place. Address the Rev. W. Stainer, 80, Pentonville-road, London, N.

SHOP, FATIMAH and HELENAH.—Some articles on painting on materials will shortly be given. The author of *The Holy Grail* was Tennyson. Perhaps "Shop" and "Fatimah" are waiting to do "great things" for their Lord, when really it is faithfulness in small things which is required. The kindly thought and act, the angry speech and look checked, the small errand done, the letter answered, the stitch put in, all these are the small things of daily life, in which, God be thanked, we may "serve the Lord Christ;" and "not with eye service." "Those also serve who only stand and wait," says John Milton. Do not expect to find great things to do, but begin "while it is called to-day"; and serve in the more humble ways of life, and "in that which is least" in the eyes of man.

SOMEBODY'S SUNBEAM.—There are plenty of books, to be had at a trifling cost, containing Christmas Carols suitable for children, as adults. The verse you quote may be followed by no others. We do not recognise it.

GLEN WOOD.—We have no doubt but that much of your suffering arises from pressure, owing to the curvature; as well as from the flatulence which accompanies dyspepsia. It also appears to us that you suffer from ague. The use of cold water bathing in winter seems hazardous in your case. We should try the medicines usually employed for colic; and when much troubled with the shivering and chattering fits, perhaps a dose or two of quinine might be of use. But, as we have often said, it is mere quackery to prescribe for a patient whom you have never even seen.

DEUTSCHLAND.—There is no such word as "muchly," and the expression, "Thanks, muchly," is very vulgar. We are very glad to hear that our paper has been a solace to you in your sojourn in a foreign land, and that your German friends participate in your own satisfaction with it.

ANNIE GRACE.—The verses you quote were probably written for the Christmas card. We are glad to hear that you have been benefited by our magazine.

CUPID and PSYCHE.—The Jews had a practice of a very infamous character, in reference to their conduct to their parents, to which our Lord makes an allusion in the fifteenth chapter St. Matthew, 5th verse. They used to present a gift to the priests to buy-off any responsibility with regard to their support in their old age. The 2nd of April, 1869, was a Thursday, and the 2nd of September, 1867, was a Tuesday.

PEGGY GRAY.—It is more elegant to put an apostrophe only after the "s," than to add another "s" after the apostrophe, in forming the plural of a name terminating in that letter.

MABEL L.—We thank you very warmly for so kind a letter, and for entering into details of all you especially approve of in our paper. Also for your sympathy in reference to any rude and ill-mannered letters, for which we sometimes have to reprove the ignorant little writers. The 29th of July, 1867, was a Tuesday. The words *Dolce far niente* signify "Sweet do-nothing," in Italian.

POLLY and MOLLY.—We are quite unable to suggest any trade to you instead of domestic service, for which latter you say you are "too weakly," because your education has been so utterly neglected, that your spelling, writing, and English render you quite ineligible for any situation in a shop. Possibly you might be equal to the millinery business, if you chance to have good taste, and delicate hands. We regret that we cannot help you.

A YOUNG FOLLOWER.—See our article on "Teaching the Young," page 30, vol. iv. (October 14th). Give them a chapter to study and a hymn to learn one week, and make them tell you all they remember about it. Another week, make them learn two or three texts of Scripture instead of the hymn, proving our Saviour's Divinity, the Fall of man, Salvation through the death and merits of Christ, etc. Ask them questions, and correct them when they give wrong answers, and when what has been committed to memory has been repeated, and fresh lessons set, tell or read them some pretty, little, instructive story. You need not make acquaintance with their parents.

M. A. HAYNES.—We are sorry that we cannot insert the verses you have sent.

MARY M. MOONEY.—Apply to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. When shall we make our readers understand that the Editor has nothing whatever to do with the sale of the work?

SHENDY.—Procure some book on the treatment of birds. The plan you have adopted is as good as any that we could recommend, as the stronger measures sometimes employed are cruel, and it would be better to allow the bird to remain wild than keep its due amount of food from it.

ADA, ALICE, ANNIE and EMILY.—We do not send private replies, nor do we believe the report that hospitals are generally overstocked with toys for children; but we advise you to write to one or two, enclosing a stamped envelope for an answer. For instance, write to the secretary of the Home for Incurable Children, 33, Maida-vale, W., or to another with the same name at Sherborne-place, Cheltenham, addressing Miss Finlay; or to the Children's Hospital, Shadwell, London, E., and be guided by the answer returned.

RESIDA ODORATA.—Your letter assuring us, from your personal knowledge, of the fruits produced by the general influence of this paper, having "led so many of its readers to strive after holier and nobler things," is indeed gratifying. We thank you warmly for giving us so much encouragement, and wish you all the blessings, in return, which you invoke on us! The hymn you quote is not one with which we are acquainted. We regret that we cannot supply the rest of it.

AN ELDER GIRL.—It is very pleasant to us to hear that, following the suggestions we gave as to how to spend the summer holidays agreeably, you found them this last summer "the most enjoyable holidays which you had ever spent." You have expressed yourself very well.

DOROTHY PRIM.—1. The throwing of sprigs of thyme upon the coffin of a member of the Odd Fellows' Society, is in acknowledgment of a belief in the soul's immortality, of which various herbs and evergreens are emblematic. 2. The words, *Per mare, per terram*, are Latin, and mean, "By sea, by land."

E. L. W.—We regret that, judging from the verses you send us, we could not encourage you to hope that any firm would undertake the publication of the collection to which you refer, even were they paid for it. The verses are incorrect according to the rules of prosody; some lines have too many, or an insufficient number of feet, and the beat often falls in the wrong place; besides which, they do not contain a single original idea. The first verse is grammatically incorrect. Read the last line—

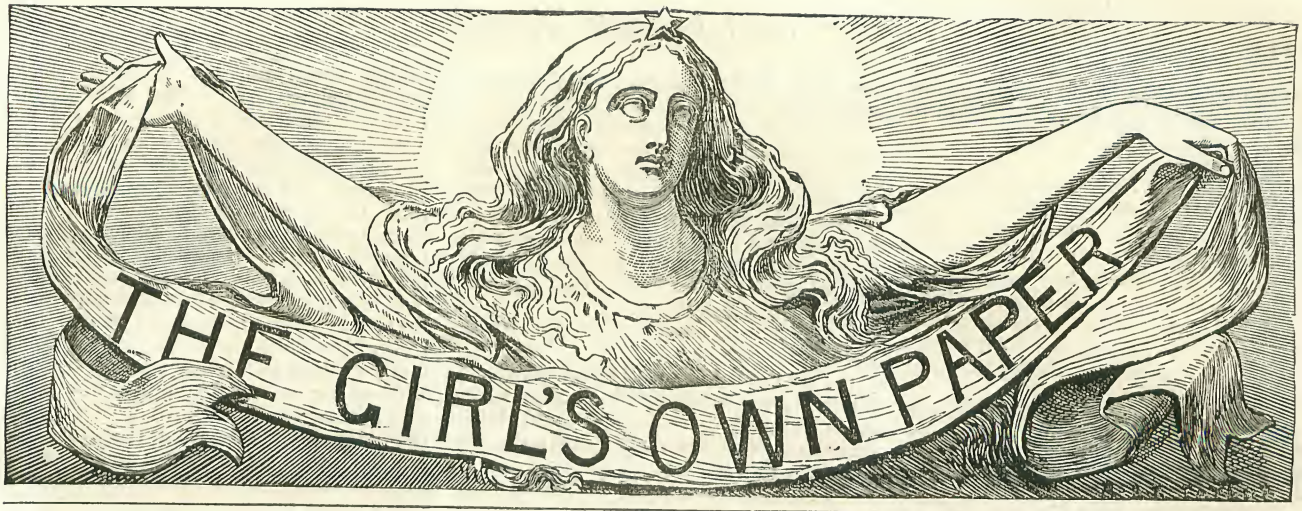
"Thou may'st be called to part.

What? "From her" is meant to be understood, and ought to be expressed to make sense of the line.

CISSIE.—Take the first and second volumes of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and look in the index of each for the word "marble," and do not give us the unnecessary trouble of telling you the same things over and over again.

RUBY Z., ANTIGONE and ISMENE are anxious to know "what word never occurs in the Gospel according to St. Mark which is common to the other three gospels?" This question was asked at one of the Senior Cambridge Examinations, and it is probable that some of our readers may be able to solve the difficulty.

FLORRIS N.—People do not suffer from frost-bites in this country who wear proper clothing and sleep in a house at night. In such countries as Canada, Russia, Lapland, &c., when any part is frost-bitten, it should be well rubbed with snow at first, and the sufferer should keep far from any stove or fire.



VOL. IV.—NO. 160.] JANUARY 20, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

LAURA LEIGH.

A TALE OF HIGHBRIDGE PAPER MILLS.

By the Author of "Cora; or, Three Years of a Girl's Life," &c.

CHAPTER XII.

EUSTACE MONTAGUE.

THE old house in the square grew very still and lonely after Blanche Gregory's departure, for Laura had neither the wish nor the spirit to entertain guests. They soon found this out, and when calls were not returned, invitations not accepted, visitors soon ceased to come. Whatever might have been Blanche's faults, and they were not a few, she certainly was most popular as a "queen of society." She held her little court of the gay and fashionable, who crowded to her father's house, feeling sure they would find plenty of attraction there.

"Blanche was the life of the place," they said, as Laura grew more and more reserved and retiring. People could not understand her reticence; they knew but little of the anxiety that was ever preying on her mind, and so they voted her dull and altered.

Mr. Leigh could not bear her out of his sight; his increasing weakness of body and mind sorely taxed her energies and endurance.

A whole month had passed away since Blanche's marriage, and Eustace Montague was still in Paris, still sending letters and telegrams to postpone his return.

It happened that he arrived one afternoon when Mr. Leigh was unusually ill and excitable. When John answered him, and said a gentleman wanted to see Miss Leigh, her father grew quite irritated.

"Why did he not come when he was expected? I thought he would have married you when Blanche was married, and I will not spare you now. Let him know this, John. Say Miss Laura cannot see him."

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"'I AM ENGAGED TO NO ONE,' SHE SAID."

"But, dear papa, spare me only a few minutes; I have something to explain to Eustace. John will stay with you, and I will not be long."

"You will not leave me for Eustace Montague?" he almost sobbed.

"Indeed, indeed, I will not!" she whispered, as she kissed him.

At last Laura made her escape from the library, and found Eustace waiting rather impatiently at one of the drawing-room windows. He was watching people pass by, and glancing every now and then at the door.

Already the large rooms had begun to wear the deserted, shut-up, dreary appearance that so soon becomes visible when apartments are uninhabited even for a few weeks. No fragrant flowers in the vases, no blooming plants from the greenhouse on the tables, no pretty arrangement of books and ornaments—everything just as the housemaid's hands had placed it. Eustace looked considerably bored as he glanced over the empty chairs and sofas, and wondered where everybody had gone.

He was a tall, slight young man, with very light blue eyes, pale brown hair, and long drooping moustache. His face was particularly inexpressive, but what expression could be looked for when there was no fire of genius in the soul to flash forth its magical light, no brilliant talents to stamp their reflex on his countenance, no noble traits of character to give their impress?

Eustace Montague was a lively, rattling, careless fellow, with a high estimation of his own value, and with considerable knowledge of the world—that is, if familiarity with its follies and foibles may be called so.

He was extremely popular amongst a certain set, for, in his way, he was entertaining. A capital mimic—one who could sing a good song, who was constantly ready for amusement, who could always win a laugh by his sneers and satirical jests in matters where he did not acquiesce—what wonder that his company was much sought after?

When Laura Leigh at last appeared in the presence of her betrothed, he stepped towards her, would have pressed her to his heart, had she not drawn away from him and stood a little distance off.

"What is the matter, Laura? This is a strange welcome," said he, looking down with surprise at her troubled face.

"Eustace, I am sorry if it pains you, but I have only come here to tell you you must give me back what you seem to have considered a promise, for I can never be your wife!"

"But why not, my darling?" exclaimed he, with passionate emphasis, the very doubt and difficulty seeming to arouse his energy. "Why not? You know I love you," he repeated.

"I think we both believed once we loved each other."

"Why do you say 'once,' and speak of our love as a thing of the past? Is it because I stayed so long in Paris *en route* for home? Have Desmond or Foster been telling tales of me? They were with me in Paris, as I told you; but they had no right to try to prejudice you."

"Indeed, I have never even seen Captain Desmond or Lieutenant Foster; they left their cards here, that was all. It is nothing of that sort, Eustace. But I have been thinking a great deal about it lately, and I feel more than ever convinced our engagement was too hurried; we did not consider enough of the importance of the subject."

"We loved each other—that was enough."

"I do not think so. Our tastes are so different, our habits and inclinations run in such opposite grooves, and—and I have come to the decision that it is better for us to be free to part."

"Laura, I can see you are vexed with me because I did not fulfil my promise, and come to your sister's wedding. Some apology is needed, I am aware; but I found a whole lot of our fellows in Paris, Desmond and Foster amongst the number—and how could I get away when they were always forming some plan, making some engagement, to detain me there?"

Had Eustace Montague been in the legendary palace of truth, he might also have added, that the fascinations of the opera and other less worthy amusements had had somewhat to do with his lengthened visit. And he had returned considerably the loser by play into which he had been tempted.

It was a long interview, and a painful one. Eustace pleaded hard for Laura to reconsider her determination, but she remained firm.

He talked of his love for her, and there was some truth in this part of the argument, for he really loved her as much as it was in his selfish nature to love anyone.

Finally, he protested, blustered, and grew sarcastic.

"Someone else has won your fickle heart," he sneered.

"I am engaged to no one," she said, with a firm and dignified tone. "Henceforth, while papa lives, all my time, and my love too, belong to him."

"Very fine sentiment, and very dutiful! I suppose, failing a better explanation, I must be satisfied with this," repeated he.

"It pains me to the heart to grieve you, Eustace."

"So it appears," said he, turning angrily away.

Laura was sorry they did not part as friends—sorry Eustace should so far have forgotten himself as to walk out of the house in a fury, declaring he would never enter its doors again, sorry that he exclaimed impetuously he had been deceived, jilted! He never said a word of sympathy, though he must have seen Laura was troubled and pale, though he knew her father's dangerous illness was causing her intense fatigue and anxiety.

"Could I ever *really* have loved him?" she asked herself, when once more in the dim silence of the library she could question her own heart.

And the time came when she was thankful her eyes had been opened, ere too late—that she had been saved from taking vows upon her it would have been hard to keep. That link of the past was far better broken—severed for ever, though her heart was wrung in the process. She knew she had been on the brink of a worse danger than even that deep river in Chorley Woods; for marriage with a man of Eustace Montague's character must have dragged her down to misery and self-contempt.

It is a lamentable fact that many girls take the almost irrevocable step of betrothal (which is one of the most serious steps in life) in a really careless spirit, without the necessary approval of reason and common sense. Love is, of course, the chief qualification, but there can be no true love without esteem and respect, and no engagement should be entered into without the belief that the union will be productive of faithful service to God and man.

After this incident, and Eustace had gone on his way, Laura had but little time for brooding over the ashes of her first love.

Mr. Leigh gradually grew worse, and Laura's days and nights became one long stretch of anxiety. It was a deep trial, this watching beside a loved one who was so surely fading away—mind and body; and Laura was very young, and hitherto undisciplined in the paths of sorrow.

She read to him and longed in her inmost soul that a portion of peace like that poor old Nell Dean enjoyed might soothe his last hours; but his mind was so restless, so wandering, she could hardly discover his true feelings, and she could only hope and pray.

Apart from the illness of its master, a gloom crept over the big house in the square. There was a whispered dread, a murmur, a surmise, that gathered strength as time went on; and, though some of the reports reached Laura's ears, she gave very little heed to them during her days of yet deeper sorrow.

People said Mr. Leigh was a ruined man as to worldly affairs; that creditors only kept off from pressing their claims because they knew he was dying; that the moment he was gone all the property would be seized on for heavy debts, and difficulties were rumoured.

One servant after another gave warning and went away, and, as their places were never again filled up, during the latter part of Mr. Leigh's illness only faithful John and one housemaid remained.

At last the end came. One morning, in early spring, when the flower girls were selling their bunches of pale primroses and sweet-scented violets at the corner of the square, Mr. Leigh gradually passed away, his eyes lingering sadly and fondly on Laura until the last.

After the funeral was over, troubled and unsettled times followed; and had it not been for Squire Gregory's practical interference, matters might have been even worse than they had proved to be.

Sad was the history disclosed. It was found poor Mr. Leigh, always easily persuaded, always weak, had been drawn into wild speculations by unprincipled advisers.

All his own property had gone, and all Laura's fortune had vanished also; for, as she was under age, he, as her trustee, had risked her portion in those schemes that had brought nothing but disappointment.

When the house and furniture were sold and the creditors paid, the girl was absolutely penniless.

Blanche and Agnes had escaped, for they had become of age ere their father's fatal mania developed itself.

It was the sense of this injustice to his favourite daughter that had embittered Mr. Leigh's latter days. In his attempt to double her portion, to make her a great heiress, he had sacrificed her all.

Society made this sad affair a nine days' talk.

Some pitied Laura Leigh very much, others said they had long ago suspected there was something wrong somewhere, and that they knew there would be a crash some of these days: "The Leighs gave themselves such airs, and set themselves above everybody else so much, they deserved a fall."

Eustace Montague heard the news first of all at his club. He was reading a newspaper, in which he saw a notice of Mr. Leigh's death, and some of his brother officers were talking the matter over, and telling of the sad state of ruin in which his affairs had been left.

"Hush, hush! Speak lower. Don't you know Montague is going to marry one of the daughters?" warned Lieutenant Aldis, a young man who had some regard for the feelings of others.

Eustace looked towards the speaker, with a smile on his lip. "Don't trouble yourself about me, Aldis. I heard what you said, but you are mistaken. I am *not* going to marry the daughter. There might have been truth in the report once, but not now. A fortunate escape for me! Lucky I broke off the affair, is it not?"

But though he spoke gaily, and began reading the parliamentary debates in the paper, as though he had banished the Leighs and their affairs from his thoughts, he did not quite succeed in his attempts.

For a long time afterwards Laura's sweet violet eyes and her fair thoughtful face, just as he had seen them last, haunted his memory, and he knew that never again should he meet one whom he might have loved so well.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME BAZAAR.

By Anne Beale.

Our girls will be glad to hear that a sale of work, for the benefit of the Princess Louise Home, took place at Woodford, on the 29th of November and the two following days, at which the remainder of the gifts sent by the readers of The Girl's Own Paper was displayed. So numerous, however, were the said generous contributions, that enough of them remain for yet another sale! You will all exclaim, "Well, there is no end to our Bazaar." Perhaps not, since good works always grow out of good works.

Woodford is a large and pretty village in Essex. Its houses straggle up a hill, and surround a delightful green, so that it may, with some truth, be called "country." It is not far from Wanstead, where is the Princess Louise Home, and stands on the outskirts of Epping Forest. Our sale was held in a large and handsome hall, with stained glass windows, platform, and all the accessories needed for the display of work, books, and articles of virtu. These were tastefully arranged, and we all prided ourselves upon our various stalls. Some kind ladies from the neighbourhood presided at a portion of these, others came all the way from the suburbs of London, and our friends connected with the institution came from "Home" and "Office." But, oh! it was such weather! The opening day it rained from morning to night, and the closing one it was a persistent damp fog. Happily the middle day was fine.

In spite of obstacles, however, Mrs. Talbot, Miss Corbett, and *all* the girls came every day, and remained from two till nearly nine o'clock. You would have rejoiced to see the procession of neat girls that walked round the stalls to examine their contents, previously to seating themselves in a large, roomy gallery at the end of the hall, whence they could survey the scene. And your hearts would have been gladdened at the eager helpfulness of the "parlour-maids" or elder girls, who waited in the refreshment-room and on the stall-holders, helping to sell, or pack up parcels, or do anything that came in their way.

Our first "Bazaar child," was our attendant at the book stall, and she looked rosy and well; very different from the pale denizen of smoky London which she was when we made her acquaintance. She said she was very happy, and she looked so. She was certainly a capital saleswoman, and disposed of a great many "scraps" for albums, which the young visitors liked best to purchase. She said she enjoyed selling very much, and we thought what a neat-handed little shopgirl she would be, could she be so fortunate as to find an employer.

Our second "Bazaar child" also came to pay us a visit, and as the pair stood side by side, we felt very thankful for these happy results of our appeals in The Girl's Own Paper and elsewhere. At the end of the bazaar we made them glad by presenting them each with a photograph in a straw frame, the work of one of our girls, which they greatly admired.

In spite of the weather, purchasers appeared, and so long as daylight lasted, at least, we drove a tolerably brisk trade. Many kind ladies from the neighbourhood came and purchased largely, some making a point of buying garments for their Christmas charities from Mrs. Talbot, Miss Tidd, or Miss Corbett's useful stalls. As most of these articles were made at the Home for the first bazaar, it must have been very pleasant for the girls to help to sell them. One good lady bought over seven pounds' worth, which quite raised Mrs. Talbot's spirits. Besides, it is so satisfactory to know that these very goods, the sale of which will help to support the Home, will be further utilised for clothing the poor.

As Woodford-green boasts of no gas-lamps, our evening customers were not numerous; and we were afraid that after all the enormous pains taken by the untiring secretaries, Mr. Gillham and Miss Tidd, who "had all the work and none of the play," we should not do much more than cover our expenses.

"There is so much left!" said one despondent stall-holder.

"Enough for another bazaar," propounded a second.

"Then we will have another. I'll help!" cried a third.

"Let it be at Edmonton," suggested a young lady who lives at that place, rendered famous for ever by John Gilpin.

And before we broke up it was all but settled to hold a fourth sale of work, at Edmonton, during the Easter holidays, when we all devoutly hope every article manufactured or sent by the liberal readers of The Girl's Own Paper may find a purchaser.

But our despondency was only temporary, for despite the rain and the fog we took over £100, and shall clear £90 when all expenses are paid. Dear girls, is not this an encouragement to good works? And you will be further encouraged by learning that your friend, the Editor, came one evening, after a long day's hard literary labour on your behalf, and purchased some handsome pieces of your handiwork. Indeed, your efforts for the good of your less fortunate sisters have been much blessed, and they will remember the Woodford sale with grateful satisfaction.

Between seventy and eighty of them wended their way back to Woodford Station through the fog on that third evening, and very cheery were their voices as they stood upon the platform and bade us good-night. We all got into the same train, but theirs was a short transit, and they were out again in no time, and trudging through the dirty roads, accompanied by matron and governess, on their way back to Woodhouse. We are told that nearly a score of the elder girls have lately been sent to service, so there will be room for others.

And now we have to "*wind up our accounts.*" In the first place, everyone connected with the Home desires to thank all the kind helpers at the sale, as well as the contributors to it. Of the latter were several fresh ones, who sent work especially for "The Christmas Sale," and to whom grateful acknowledgments are due. The gifts of money which have been received since the November list was inserted are, as usual, appended. But, while thanking all donors, we would particularly mention the 11s. 8d. sent by the two little girls who kindly held "A Doll's Bazaar." They must have worked very hard to get it up, and to realise in halfpence and pence the sum aforesaid; to say nothing of composing a poetical appeal to induce their young friends to come and purchase.

It is also very satisfactory to learn from the letters that *accompany the gifts*, how thoroughly not only The Girls, but their brothers and their elders, appreciate their Own Paper, and how they write of the substantial benefit they have derived from it.

Miss Tidd is still "open to contributions" at 54, New Broad-street, and all we have now to say to our well-beloved girls is, "Adieu, au revoir à Edmonton."

List of receipts up to Dec. 6th, 1882:—

Damaris, 2s. 6d.; E. A. P. (a widow), 2s.; "Grande Esperance," 2s. 6d.; E. P., 2s.; A Sympathiser, 5s.; "A Doll's Bazaar," held by Madge Marchant and Fanny Rylands, with poem, 11s. 8d.; E. Edwards, 5s.; One of Our Girls, 1s.; J. H. and M. B., 2s. 6d.; Nettie, 1s. 6d.; "An Invalid," 2s.; F. Eckington, 2s. 6d.; J. and L. Dew, 2s.; Mrs. Irvine, £1 1s.; Mrs. Shorter, £1 1s.; A Friend, Walsall, 2s.; Shirley, Twickenham, 5s.; Lorna, 1s. 4d.; Miss E. Delamere (per Miss Murton), 5s.; Miss C., of C. H. C., £1; Anon., Banbury, 7s. 6d.; Miss M. A. Vickers, 1s. 6d.; Anon., 2s.; Trudie, 2s. 6d.; A Servant, 2s.

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

CHAPTER V.

I VISIT THE SHIP AGAIN.

IT took me several weeks to bring all my treasures home and to house them. I was very short of hiding-places, but as snakes could hardly devour pots and pans nor get inside strong boxes, I placed most of these things in the caves at the foot of the cliffs.

Wolf had a lonely life during this time, for never having learnt to row or steer, and being a considerable weight, he did more harm than good on the raft, so he was left at home, after my first expedition, to guard our belongings, and to do a little hunting on his own account if he chose. He whined dreadfully the first time I left him, but at last he got used to my repeated absences, and was always on the beach to welcome me on my return.

I very much improved my raft by introducing two stout poles, or masts, and hanging a sail between them; I also enlarged it by means of the additional planks and cordage I brought from the vessel, and having now hammers and nails, I constructed two rude elevations, or rowlocks, from which to work the oars—or rather, my one oar and the paddle.

At the end of six weeks I had brought away a great number of unopened boxes, partly travellers' luggage, partly merchandise; these I left for future examination. I had, besides, several guns and fowling pieces, together with a large amount of ammunition; the carpenter's chest, as well as the medicine chest, had also been added to my store, whilst, in the way of food, I secured twenty-four fine hams, a quantity of salt meat, barrels of biscuits, and a stock of wine. Starvation, therefore, was not likely at present to be my fate.

My greatest difficulty was in getting the cow brought over, but I succeeded at last by blindfolding her and enticing her on the raft with a wisp of hay; I then fastened her securely so that she could not move, giving her a supply of fresh grass to engage her attention during the voyage. When once landed, I left her and the fowls to run wild and provide for themselves, but the cow was so tame I could always approach her.

The poor ship was breaking-up by degrees, and whenever I could obtain any portion of her, particularly of iron, I did so. In this way I managed to procure many pieces that proved useful in after days. For the present, I collected them together and hid them near the beach. Amongst other things I took possession of was the captain's telescope, and this proved very valuable to me, for by the aid of the sun's rays on the large lens I was able to get a light.

I improvised a harness for my cow, making use of the patient animal to draw up the heavier articles. Having nothing to act as a collar or yoke, I took a broad piece of sail-cloth, to each end of which I attached the cords which acted as traces. I placed this across the chest where the heaviest strain would be, joining it to another piece over the shoulders. I also used some broken portions of spars as rollers, and with three or four of these inserted beneath the heaviest of my possessions, I was able to remove them to a place of safety.

Growing at last weary of my excessive toil, and considering that what remained in the vessel was in no immediate danger of being washed away, for I had taken all the things exposed near the broken parts of the wreck, I resolved to rest myself.

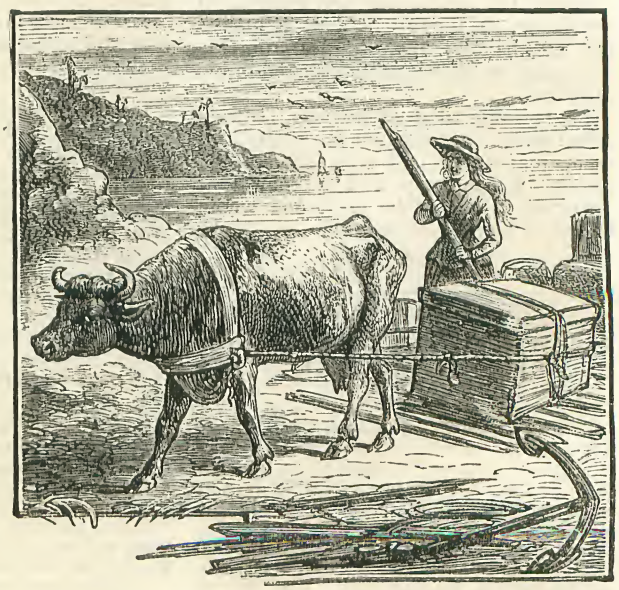
I had been able without difficulty to keep a reckoning of the days as they passed, but now determined, lest I should make any mistake as time went on, to begin the practice of making a mark every morning on the rock of my bedroom. As the Sundays came round, I generally repaired to the top of the cliff, and there, as I recalled the prayers in which I had joined from childhood with those dear ones from whom, alas! I now feared I might be for ever separated, bitter tears would flow.

Nevertheless, the knowledge that our blessed and ever-present Saviour was with me always helped me to a more cheerful frame of mind; for, wherever we are, I know that He is with us, and that nothing can separate Him from those who truly love Him.

Would my dear parents ever learn my fate? In all probability they would conclude that I had shared my companions' watery grave; and although I might, even on this desolate coast, actually survive my dear father and mother, neither they nor I would ever be aware of the fact! Yet, better for them that they should think me dead than know me to be in my present perilous position.

I once thought of lighting a fire on some elevated spot in order to attract the attention of some passing vessel; but as it might draw towards me foes instead of friends, I decided to wait until I had a safe habitation in which to hide myself.

Besides, was not this the very life I had always longed for? Had I not dreamed for many years of all the wonderful things I would do in such circumstances? Nay, might I not say that my education, that part of it which was self-imposed, had been such as would train me to turn my energies to account? What books of travel and adventure had I not perused, what names of trees, fruits, and roots, suitable for shipwrecked travellers, had I not stored in my mind! I had learned much of the



"MAKING USE OF THE PATIENT ANIMAL TO DRAW UP THE HEAVIER ARTICLES."

elements of geology, chemistry, and botany; cookery and medicine even I had not neglected. True, I had not penetrated farther than the first principles of these sciences, and my studies in them had been carried on in such hours when, thankful to escape from the confinement of the schoolroom, I hid myself with a favourite book in my imaginary desert isle.

And here I would strongly advise my young readers to devote some portion of their time to similar study. It is little likely, certainly, that any one of them will ever be placed in such a terrible strait as I was, but even the happiest and most guarded home will be incalculably benefited by the mistress of it having some knowledge of the laws of health—of the science of the common objects of everyday life; and let me assure you that, far from being dry or irksmoe, you will find more beauties and wonders, more thrilling excitement in the pages of the book of Nature than in the most fascinating volume of fiction. This early penchant of mine for diving into subjects which have far too long been considered not a necessary part of a woman's education, proved most advantageous. This may make me feel more strongly on the matter than I otherwise should have done, but I cannot but wish that teachers and parents would strive to awaken a taste in their girls as well as their boys in natural science and history, as an intelligent interest in such is one means of preparing useful and common-sense wives and mothers. But my young friends will thank me to leave moralising and resume my adventurous history.

(*To be continued.*)

EVENINGS WITH OUR GREAT LIVING COMPOSERS.

By James Mason.

I.—Richard Wagner.

HERE are twelve of us. We are all very intimately acquainted, and it has long been our custom to meet on Wednesday evenings in the house of Arthur and Florence, the only married members of our circle. At these gatherings we are sometimes musical, sometimes literary, sometimes artistic; occasionally we play round games, and now and then spend the evening in conversation which, our matter-of-fact Annabella declares, is not far removed from gossip and frivolity.

As a rule, however, we give most attention to music. None of us have been trained on the silent system, and though some are much superior to others in point of execution, not to speak of being more advanced in taste, we are all decidedly enthusiastic about "the divine art."

At one of our meetings recently, and just before we separated, Arthur said it had occurred to him that it would be very interesting if we devoted several Wednesday evenings in succession to the works of the most eminent composers of the day.

"Let us have a chat, first of all," he said, "about the career and character of some great musician, and afterwards we can play and sing selections from his works."

Everyone was delighted with the proposal, and it was agreed to begin to carry it into execution on the following Wednesday.

"It will be best for each of us," remarked Arthur, "to think the subject over, and come prepared either to play or sing something by way of musical illustration."

"And who is the first composer to be?" asked Hilda.

"Wagner it certainly ought to be. So far as influence and individuality are concerned, he is the greatest of living musicians."

Something like a protest came from Harry.

"Remember," said Nora, with her gentle voice, "Arthur does not say that his is the greatest music. No music has the right to be called greatest, and no school can claim to be the only true representative of art."

"My only objection to Wagner," said Rose, "is that almost everything he has written has been for the operatic stage, and the opera has never seemed to me a wholesome form of amusement."

"Many good people," said Arthur, "think just like you; but I do not think that we should discuss that side of the subject. What we shall have to talk about is the career, and theories, and practice of a composer who has devoted himself with singular earnestness to the reformation of the opera, and who is, unquestionably, animated by the noblest motives. Wagner affirms that all his aims are in the direction of high morality, and that he seeks to improve a demoralised institution."

"Even the word opera," remarked Hilda, "has been rejected by Wagner as an odious word. He calls his productions simply dramas. But we have to do with his music as it is published, and as it comes to us in our homes, not his public performances."

It was settled, then, and we parted.

Our meeting-night soon came round again, and, once we were all assembled, little time was lost before we began the discussion of Richard Wagner, this musical reformer who has been the subject of so much controversy.

"Let us speak of his life first of all," said Arthur, who usually contrived to take the lead in our proceedings. "Does anyone know when and where he was born?"

"With all your enthusiasm for Wagner you might have remembered that," said Hilda. "It was on the 22nd of May, 1813, at Leipsic. He comes of a middle-class family, and seems to have been fortunate in having been surrounded in youth by people who were on the whole favourable to the development of his artistic faculties."

"Most young musicians," said Nora, "have been remarkably precocious; and I suppose this was the case with Wagner."

"Not exactly," said Ralph; "but he seems to have been an eccentric boy, and to have passed his youth in a kind of fermentation. He tried his hand at a host of things, but want of application seems always to have hindered his progress. He managed, however, to lay in a stock of knowledge and experience which in after life was turned to good account. Through his stepfather, who was a man of artistic tastes and occupations, he gained such insight into painting, music, and acting as was possible for a youngster; and a little later on he laid a fair foundation in Greek, Latin, mythology, and ancient history. Then he set up for a poet. When twelve years of age he wrote a tragedy on a grand scale. No fewer than forty-two persons perished in the course of it, and the majority of them had to be afterwards introduced as ghosts, otherwise the *personnel* would have been quite exhausted."

"And what about his first steps in music?"

"In music," continued Ralph, "he also made an early start. He first studied the pianoforte, but it was in anything but a thorough fashion. He refused to practise, preferring to play by ear. His master gave him up as hopeless, and Wagner confesses that he is guilty of the most terrible fingering, and has never learned to play the piano to this day. Then he began writing music, and what he calls the 'climax of his nonsensicalities' was a gigantic overture which was once performed. It was only laughed at, however; for there was the regular repetition all through the piece of a *fortissimo* pound upon the big drum, and no audience could listen to it with gravity."

"But did he ever study music scientifically?" asked Rose.

"His works show that," said Arthur. "In his autobiography we are told that, after the irregular attempts to which Ralph has alluded, he engaged in the thorough study of counterpoint, in which he went so far as to be able to solve the most difficult problems. According to his master, what he gained by this dry study was self-reliance."

"A quality in which Wagner was never deficient," observed Harry.

"Well," exclaimed Arthur, "who ever rose to eminence without it? A man who has calmly studied his own nature, surely knows best of what he is or is not capable; and it would be absurd for one who believed himself fit for anything to pretend that he was good for nothing."

"From all I have heard," said Rose, "Wagner's career has been a tempestuous one, and he has not arrived at eminence without a long and painful struggle."

"Yes," said Arthur; "he has had ups and downs enough, and has seen a good deal of the seamy side of life. When he married in 1836, he tells us that he was in the most wretched outward circumstances; but the most unfortunate time was that spent in Paris, where he went in 1839, in hopes to get his *Rienzi* performed. Manifold difficulties, and very bitter want, according to his own account, encompassed his life at that period."

"It is odd," remarked Ralph, "that the Parisians have never appreciated him. When *Tannhäuser* was performed at the Grand Opera in 1861, it met with so much well-planned opposition that the performance has been spoken about as the most complete *fiasco* of modern times."

"It is not at all odd," said Arthur; "national and artistic prejudices had a great deal to do with it."

"Has Wagner ever been in England?" Annabella asked.

"Yes, three times," said Arthur. "The first time was when on his way to Paris in 1839. The next was when in 1855 he conducted for a season the concerts of the London Philharmonic Society. That visit was not a success. 'His revolutionary *tendencies*,' Mr. Hueffer points out in his little book on Wagner, 'and his aversion to Mendelssohn, which was well known, were *anything* but a good introduction in a country where musical conservatism and Mendelssohn worship were at that time in full swing.' He came to London again in the spring of 1877, and conducted along with Herr Richter a series of Wagner Festival Concerts at the Albert Hall. Opinion had changed by that time, and he was received with the greatest enthusiasm."

"One of the most fortunate circumstances of Wagner's life," remarked Agnes, "appears to have been his finding a patron in Ludwig II., the young King of Bavaria."

"Yes," said Arthur, "the protection of that enthusiastic musical monarch has done much

to advance his popularity. When a man is taken up by a king, smaller people soon befriend him. A great deal of zeal on behalf of Wagner was displayed in connection with the erection of a theatre for the performance of his works at Bayreuth, a small remote place which the composer has now rendered famous. The object of this theatre was to give an idea of what might be achieved in the way of art, and to furnish a home for the music of the future. Wagner societies for the purpose of raising the necessary funds were established, not only in all the great cities of Germany, but in London, Brussels, New York and many other places; and, in spite of the ridicule of enemies, their success was such that the corner stone of the building was laid in 1872, on the anniversary of the composer's birth."

"You have spoken of the ridicule of enemies," said Harry; "many musicians seem bitterly opposed to him."

"That is readily understood," remarked Ralph. "There are some, and highly artistic people, too, whose verdict on Wagner would just be that of the public at the Paris Conservatoire when they heard Beethoven's Seventh Symphony: '*Il est fou.*'"

"Wagner," said Hilda, "has not set a good example to his opponents. He has done little better than heap abuse on Mendelssohn, Mozart, Meyerbeer, Schumann, Brahms, and I don't know who else. When a man calls other people fools, he can hardly expect them to applaud him as the perfection of wisdom."

"All musicians," observed Ambrose, who had hitherto kept in the background, "are of one family; and it is a great pity that they should form themselves into rival camps and act much in the same spirit as the girl who refused to marry a man because he did not like her favourite sonata."

"We may turn now from Wagner's life," said Arthur, "to speak of his works; and we had better take these in the order of their production, for in that way we shall best trace the development of those ideas which have attracted so much notice. The earliest is *Rienzi*, which was finished in 1840, and first performed at Dresden in 1842. It was written at a time when the composer was struggling for notoriety and not over-particular about what artistic means he employed, so, though a powerful work, it is not strikingly original."

"The plot of *Rienzi* is taken, I think, from Lord Lytton's novel," said Hilda.

"Yes, it is," said Arthur, "and a very striking plot, too. Wagner's next music-drama was the *Flying Dutchman*, the idea of which seems to have seized him during a tempestuous voyage, when he came from Riga to London in 1839. 'With the *Flying Dutchman*,' Mr. Hueffer says, 'Wagner enters on a new stage of development. Henceforth he disregards the requirements of vulgar taste or tastelessness, and his works become the immediate effusion of his poetic inspiration, to which the forms of absolute music have gradually to give way.'"

"Wagner's drama, I suppose," said Rose, "is founded on the legend of the 'Flying Dutchman?'"

"Yes," said Edward, "but Wagner has given the old legend a new turn. His *Dutchman* is only condemned to sail the sea for ever, provided he cannot obtain release by the love of some woman faithful unto death. After many unsuccessful experiences that woman is found in the person of Senta."

"In *Tannhäuser*," said Arthur, "the music-drama which followed the *Flying Dutchman*, we have much the same leading idea—the self-sacrificing devotion of woman, which in the end releases the hero. This opera, which is founded on an old popular story, is, both musically and dramatically, much in advance of both of its predecessors."

"Now you come to my favourite," said Florence; "I never hear anything like *Lohengrin*."

"Wagner's next work," continued Arthur, giving no heed to his wife's interruption, "was *Lohengrin, the Knight of the Swan*. It was first performed at Weimar in 1850, under the composer's intimate friend, Franz Liszt."

"What is the plot of *Lohengrin?*" Rose asked.

"The plot is very simple," said Arthur. "Elsa, Princess of Brabant, is accused of having murdered her infant brother. To defend her innocence, a knight appears in a boat drawn by a white swan. He defeats her accuser, and, as the prize of valour, receives the hand of Elsa, having made a condition, however, beforehand that she is never to ask either who he is or whence he came. But curiosity gets the better of her. She asks the forbidden question, and in the last act the knight having disclosed his name as Lohengrin, Parcival's son, Knight of the Graal, returns to that mysterious land in which he had his home, whilst Elsa dies of sorrow. Such is the bare outline of the plot, but no words can do justice to the way in which it is worked out."

"Now for the next drama," said Annabella.

"That," Arthur went on to say, "is *Tristan und Isolde*, which was first performed at Munich in 1865. On the subject of this work let me read a passage from Mr. Hueffer: 'This music-drama,' he says, 'has become the subject of much contention between adherents of the liberal and conservative schools of music. Many people who greatly admire "certain things" in *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, draw the line at *Tristan und Isolde;* which, on the other hand, is regarded by the advanced party to be the representative work of a new epoch in art. A musician's position towards the present work may indeed be considered the crucial test of his general tendency with regard to the past and the future.'"

"*Tristan und Isolde* is founded on a Keltic myth," said Ralph.

"Yes," said Arthur; "and so, I should have mentioned, is *Lohengrin*. After *Tristan*, we have to speak of the *Meistersingers of Nürnberg*, a drama which was finished about 1867 and performed in the following year at Munich. But, if we stop to discuss the 'Master-singers,' we shall never have done. After this work, which has been said to solve the whole problem of comedy, comes the great labour of Wagner's life, the *Ring of the Nibelungen*, on which the composer was occupied, with several interruptions, for more than a quarter of a century. This work is founded on some Teutonic myths, such subjects being, in Wagner's opinion, the best, if not the only, ones on which the musical drama can be founded. It is a so-called trilogy, the three parts of which are the *Valkyrie*, *Siegfried*, and the *Götterdämmerung* (the Dusk of the Gods). To these there is an introductory piece, the *Rheingold*. Each of these four pieces is long enough to form a complete work, but they are all connected. This colossal production was brought out in 1876, at Bayreuth, under the leadership of Hans Richter."

"You have now enumerated all Wagner's great works," remarked Hilda.

"No; before you can say that," answered Arthur, "I must mention *Parsifal*, which was performed only a few months ago, and created a very favourable impression. But now they are all named. The rest of Wagner's musical compositions are unimportant. There are two small choral works, five orchestral works, about a dozen songs, and a few pianoforte pieces—that is all."

"But," said Ralph, "you have by no means exhausted the record of Wagner's activity. In him we have not only the artist but the theorist, and by a long way the best writer on his own works. He has explained himself in a host of literary productions, the complete edition of his works being in nine volumes. But let us speak now of Wagner's theories."

"One thing," said Agnes, "that is quite clear about Wagner is that he has not written much that can be called independent orchestral music."

"No," said Arthur; "almost all he has composed has been united to words. The highest form of the art is undoubtedly that which is wedded to poetry, and the necessity of a poetic basis for music has been recognised by Wagner to a greater extent than by any previous composer. This is one of the leading points of the Wagnerian philosophy. 'Music,' says Wagner, 'is a woman dependent upon man the poet.'"

"In that," remarked Ralph, "Wagner appears to be quite right. Music certainly needs the addition of words to give it definiteness."

"Having mentioned that point," said Arthur, "the next thing to speak about is what Wagner considers the fundamental error of operatic composers. 'The error in the opera,' he says, 'as a species of art has consisted in the fact that a mere means of expression—that is music—has been made the end, whilst the end of expression, the drama, has been made the means.' In Wagner's opinion the drama itself ought to be the great object of interest. The drama, he has pointed out, depends for the perfection of its expression on the union of poetry with music, scenery, and action. If, for the sake of effect, any one of them is given undue prominence, dramatic truth is sure to suffer. To music, all previous composers have sacrificed everything; and to combat their errors and reconstruct the drama on a sound basis is the work to which Wagner has devoted the best part of his life."

"Is that the essence of his theory?" asked Rose.

"Yes, I think it is; but there are other things to be noticed. One great absurdity in many modern operas was to suspend the action of the drama whilst some leading singer displayed his abilities in wholly irrelevant and occasionally flippant melodies. This is an abuse which Wagner has fought against with all the energy of his earnest nature. As a substitute for the melodies and what he thinks other objectionable musical features, Wagner has introduced a sort of *mezzo recitative*, to which he has given the name of *melos*. It has been described as 'a species of song, holding a place midway between true recitative and true melody.' It is something akin to the chorus in the ancient Greek dramas. This *melos* he supports by an orchestration which forms the most interesting and extraordinary feature of his works. It is essential to their comprehension, and to sing through Wagner without the colouring supplied by the orchestra, is like playing through *Hamlet* with the part of Hamlet left out."

"Wagner's orchestration," remarked Ralph, "is his strongest point. No musician living equals him in this respect."

"Perhaps Wagner does not write melodies because he cannot," suggested Rose.

"Far from that," said Arthur, "he has proved over and over again his power to write melodies when the occasion requires it. He would, no doubt, say, as emphatically as any of us, that the only form of music is melody; but he understands melody in a different sense from what most people do. His melody is not that of dance tunes."

"You do not deny, however," said Harry, "that there are many dull passages in Wagner."

"Certainly not," Arthur replied; "but who demands that an inspiration should be apparent in every bar of a piece of music any more than in every line of a story? But only those find Wagner dull who bring to him no musical intelligence, no sympathy, and no enthusiasm.

"One of the striking peculiarities of Wagner's music," Arthur went on to say, "is this: he assigns to particular characters, feelings, and ideas, a musical phrase, or a special combination of harmonies; and as those characters, feelings, and ideas return in the progress of the drama, we hear anew, either sung by the voice or played by the orchestra, the *motifs* with which they are connected. In *Lohengrin*, for instance, there are six principal dramatic *motivs*—the Grail, the Lohengrin, the King Henry, the Ordeal, the Forbidden Question, and the Ortrud or Intrigue."

"And what," asked Rose, "is gained by introducing these *motifs?*"

"What is gained? Why, there is a great gain, both in intensity and dramatic unity."

"The plan of labelling characters and ideas with distinct phrases is not a new one," said Harry, "and was in use before Wagner's day."

"That is true," replied Arthur; "but it was never used to any great extent. Mr. Hueffer says, rightly enough, that, 'as a distinct principle of art, it is entirely due to Wagner's creative genius.'"

"One of Wagner's innovations, I understand," said Hilda, "is to keep the instrumental musicians out of sight, so as to assist the illusions of the drama."

"And quite right, too," remarked Agnes; "the sight of a multitude of animated fiddlesticks certainly prevents the enjoyment of the music. Of course, it must be difficult to conceal the players without interfering with the sound, but instrumentalists should be kept as much in the background as possible."

"As a poet, Wagner has great ability," said Arthur, "as any one may see from the *libretti* which he has written for his dramas. He always writes his own *libretti*, and this is as it should be; for the musician is his own best poet. How many of the books of modern operas have been constructed by men who can hardly have been able to distinguish between sense and nonsense, and whose writings have given point to the well-known saying, 'When a thing is too foolish for speech, one sings it.'"

"No doubt," said Harry; "music constructed on Wagner's principles must be very profound, and to listen to it must be a severe exercise of the intellect. But it is not for that one cares to hear music. I want to be amused."

"The greatest happiness," said Ralph, "consists in attending to what makes us think," and he pointed to an illuminated card which Arthur and Florence had hung on one side of the fire-place. On it were these words, "A talent for any art is rare, but it is given to nearly every one of us to cultivate a taste for art: only it must be cultivated with earnestness. The more things thou learnest to know and to enjoy the more complete and full for thee will be the delight of living."

Harry smiled. He could enjoy music after a fashion, but the more advanced among us rather pitied his admiration for productions that were popular but not at all profound. We all liked him, but one or two called him Philistine, and Florence always spoke of him as "our superior Philistine," whatever that might mean.

"Now," said Edward, "I think we have talked long enough. Let us begin our musical illustrations."

"We seem to be all of one mind as to that," remarked Arthur, looking round the company; "but let us remember that in playing Wagner's music in a drawing-room we do it an injustice."

"That is understood," said Annabella.

"What shall we have first?" Florence asked.

"Let Nora," said Arthur, "play the march from *Tannhäuser*. That seems the most popular of all Wagner's compositions; there are over two dozen different arrangements of it."

Nora sat down to the piano and played the march as few but she can play it.

Ralph was now called upon for the Steersman's song in the *Flying Dutchman*, "Mit Gewitter und Sturm aus fernem Meer."

Gertrude was the next singer, and she gave "Elsa's Dream," from the first act of *Lohengrin*, beginning:—

"Lonely my lot deploring,
I knelt to God and prayed;
My grief to Him outpouring,
I pleaded for His aid."

Gertrude is our "quiet one." She listens to all that is said and seldom makes a remark, but when she sings it reminds one of the girl's voice in the fairy story by hearing which the sick recovered health.

The "quiet one" having finished, Agnes, our "cheerful philosopher," as we call her, played the Bridal Chorus from *Lohengrin*, and when that was over, Annabella said, "Just sit still, and play the accompaniment, whilst I sing Senta's ballad, 'Traft ihr das Schiff.'"

"I am glad you are going to sing that," remarked Ralph; "it is a ballad, some one says, by which Wagner will be lovingly remembered long after his operas have ceased to be performed in their entirety."

In ordinary life, Annabella is a precise girl with a great gift of management, inherited, I have been told, from her mother; and we expected rather a formal rendering of this intense and passionate composition; but she surprised us. Enthusiasm is infectious, and the example of Gertrude had evidently not been thrown away.

"Does anyone know anything from the *Meistersingers of Nürnberg?*" asked Arthur.

No one answered "Yes," but, after a pause, Nora, in her timid way, said—

"I think I can play the introduction."

She walked to the piano, and made us all happy, and some, perhaps, a little envious, by her rendering of that extraordinary piece of music, "one of the most striking specimens of Wagner's various and inexhaustible fertility."

When the last chords had died away, Edward said, "I like to hear you play, for you put such enthusiasm into it. If you had dexterity alone it would be nothing, for dexterity is a mere monkey trick; you have much more than that."

"But," said Nora, turning upon him with the air of a frightened rabbit, "they tell me you do not care for the piano."

"Neither I do. Except in accompaniments and in a very few pieces, you may set me down as almost hating it. I have never quite understood why; perhaps it is a peculiarity of my nervous organisation, but I rather think the pianoforte, as some one says, is not an instrument of which the natural man is fond."

A shade of disappointment passed over Nora's face, and, seeing this, Edward made haste to add, in a somewhat lower tone—

"We are reconciled, however, to things we dislike by our friends, and there are some players I could listen to by the hour."

We now had the lovely and deservedly popular "Spinning Wheel Chorus" in the *Flying Dutchman*, sung by Gertrude, Annabella, and Rose.

Then Agnes gave us a pianoforte arrangement of the scene of the swan and the finale of the first act of *Lohengrin*.

"How well I remember," said Arthur, "hearing that music for the first time. The end of that first act was one of the most impressive scenes I had ever witnessed. But indeed the whole opera came upon me with the force of an artistic revelation."

The next performer was Florence. She sang Elsa's "Song to the Breezes," the place of which, in the drama of *Lohengrin*, is where Elsa, clad in white, stands on the balcony of the Kremenate in the second scene of the second act. It begins—

"Ye gentle breezes, knowing
So well my sad distress,
With rapture overflowing
I would my joy confess."

Florence had the smallest and thinnest voice in the world, but it was beautifully in tune; and as she adjusted her accompaniment very skilfully to her feeble pipe, the effect was decidedly pleasing, though, indeed, it was much akin to that produced by looking through the wrong end of a telescope.

The "Wedding March" from *Lohengrin* was now given by Agnes, but whose arrangement it was among the seven, at least, that are in existence, I did not notice.

Then a piece from *Rienzi* was proposed, and we had the beautiful chorus of the messengers of peace, which no one who hears can ever forget.

Nora and Agnes next played the music to the cathedral scene in *Lohengrin*, arranged as a pianoforte duet for four hands.

When it was over, and praised and criticised, Arthur turned to Hilda, and said—

"The other evening I heard you play a grand fantasia on airs from *Tannhäuser*. You might give it again."

"A fantasia on the music of such a composer as Wagner," exclaimed Arthur, "is an outrage. Last night Rose was calling, and she played us a *Lohengrin* galop, from the effects of which I have hardly yet recovered. No, don't let us have hashed-up music. Have you brought your violin?" he exclaimed, turning to Hilda. "If so, you might play something."

"I have arranged Rienzi's Prayer for the violin," she said, "but I am not sure that I can do justice to it."

She took her place at the music-stand, her long, black hair streaming down her back. Agnes played the accompaniment, and we had an earnest and poetic rendering of that most melodious piece of music.

We had next three songs, selected from the few compositions of this class written by Wagner, for isolated performance. All the three were published in Paris in 1839, the first being a lullaby, "Dors, mon enfant"; the second, "Mignonne"; and the third, "Attente," the words of the last being by Victor Hugo. These songs were sung by Annabella, Ralph, and Ambrose, the last-named singer transposing his to suit his baritone voice.

"We must break-up now," said Rose.

"Who would have thought it was so late!" said Arthur. "But just stay ten minutes till we have 'O du mein holder Abendstern,' of which, I daresay, none of us are ever likely to grow tired."

Nora and Agnes had this touching passage from *Tannhäuser* arranged as a duet for pianoforte and harmonium, and they played it, and then Ralph sang it as a solo, with English words.

"Oh, star of eve, thy tender beam
Smiles on my spirit's troubled dream."

Then we separated.

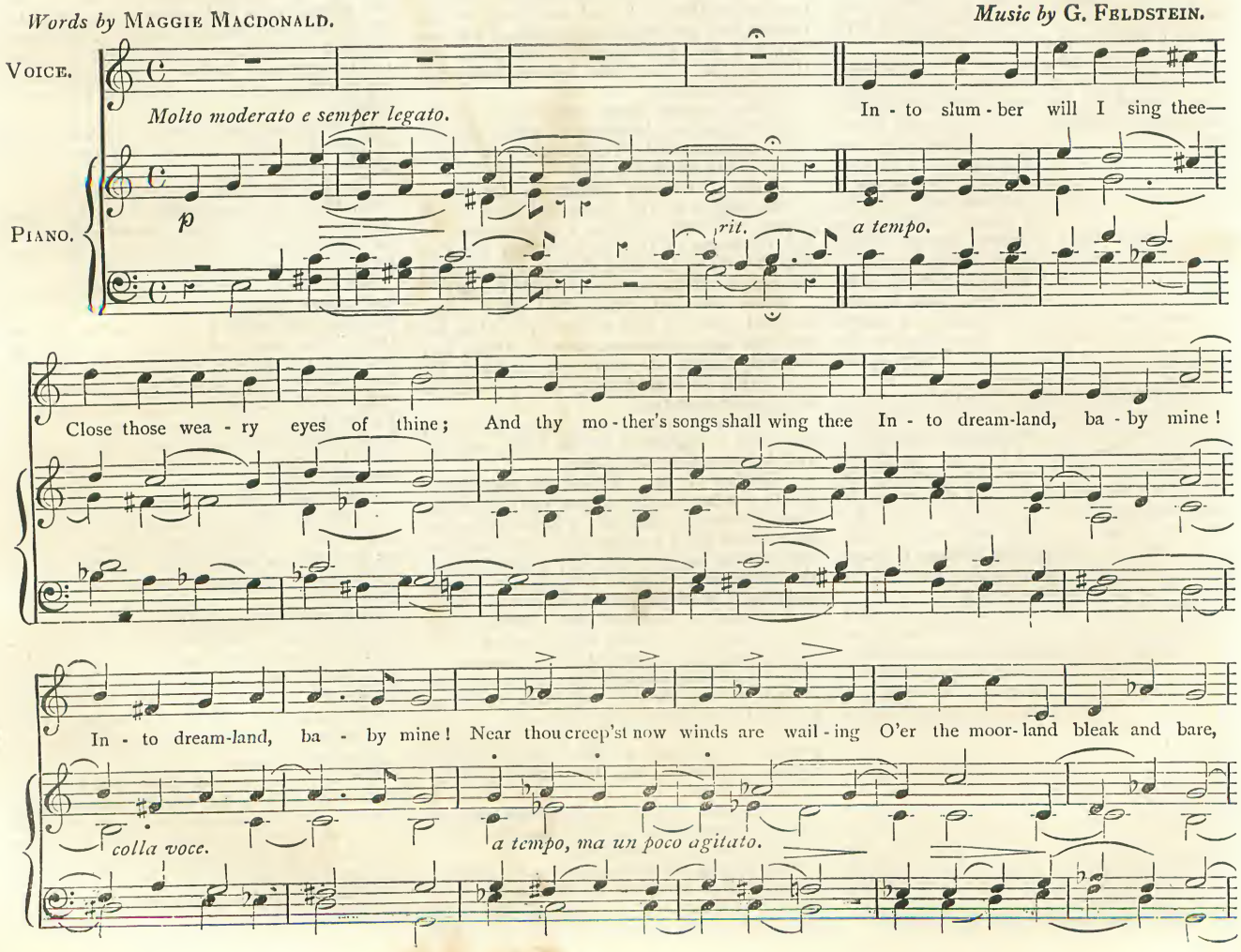
The last to go were Nora and Edward. Nora lived only a few houses away, and, as Edward parted from her, he said, "It has been a very pleasant evening, and you have contributed much to the enjoyment. As is my gain, so is my gratitude."

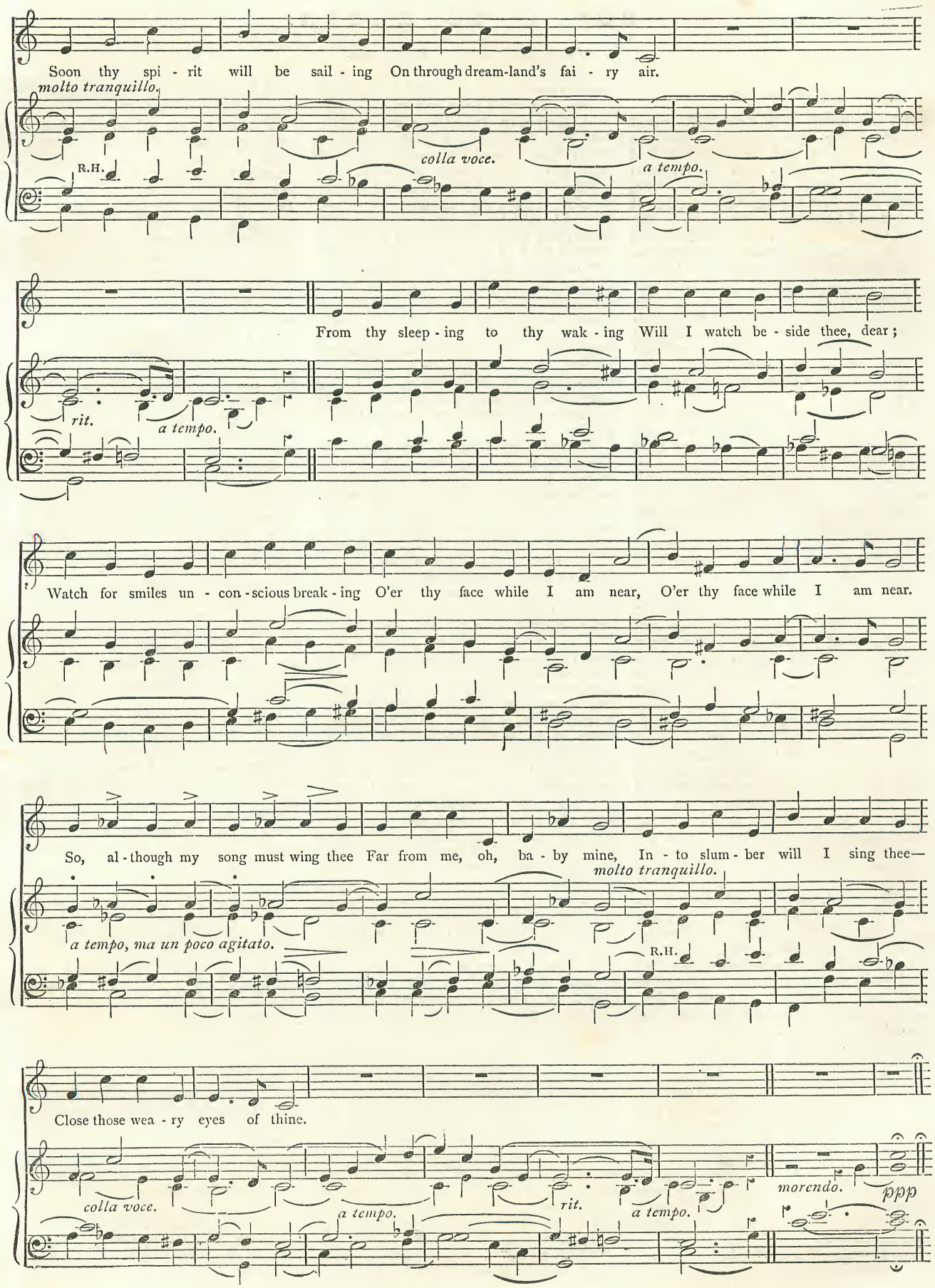
"I thought you did not like the piano?" said she.

(To be continued.)

THE SLUMBER SONG.

Words by MAGGIE MACDONALD. *Music by* G. FELDSTEIN.




Soon thy spi - rit will be sail - ing On through dream-land's fai - ry air.
molto tranquillo.
R.H.
colla voce.
a tempo.
From thy sleep - ing to thy wak - ing Will I watch be - side thee, dear;
rit.
a tempo.
Watch for smiles un - con - scious break - ing O'er thy face while I am near, O'er thy face while I am near.
So, al - though my song must wing thee Far from me, oh, ba - by mine, In - to slum - ber will I sing thee—
molto tranquillo.
a tempo, ma un poco agitato.
R.H.
Close those wea - ry eyes of thine.
colla voce.
a tempo.
rit.
a tempo.
morendo.
ppp

BOUND TO EARTH.

By the Author of "Phil's Fortune," &c.

CHAPTER XV.

WHY was it that on this particular night Helen's brave spirit seemed completely to have broken down? Nothing fresh had occurred. The worst had been known some days past. The terrible crisis, which their kind friends had so dreaded for her and her mother, the result of the trial, the parting from the old home, had all been passed through, with better firmness than they had expected. Helen's concern had appeared principally for her mother, and Grace had been congratulating herself that the poor girl, who had never known care or trouble before, had been able to display so much unexpected courage now when it had come to her in so sharp and overwhelming a form.

But Grace, though gentle and considerate as a girl could be, was too young and inexperienced to know that physical endurance has much to do with mental effort. When the bodily strength and vigour becomes impaired, as it quickly does by mental strain, then the brave spirit fails and flinches more before some small thrust than it has done at each tremendous blow that might more worthily have staggered it.

This was, indeed, the point at which Helen had arrived. She was naturally bright and affectionate, but by no means of a self-reliant disposition; one of those natures that must fasten its tendrils somewhere, and that would choose an unworthy object round which to cling rather than none—a disposition, too, that is insensibly influenced by its surroundings. It is in such dispositions as these that we find the clue to the anomaly of a good, gentle woman clinging through thick and thin to a reprobate husband whom all the world wonders how she could ever have married; a child loving and reverencing to the end a parent who has outraged every notion of parenthood, or a mother clinging to and still believing in a child who has brought nothing but shame and dishonour upon her. The world has but one criticism for such characters—weak; and though the world's judgment may be right as far as it goes, it has sometimes appeared to interested observers that their weakness has been their strength—the shadow really thrown by some bright virtue, for indeed the brightest qualities are not exempt from corresponding defects.

Helen had suffered perhaps more deeply than anyone of those around her had any notion. She felt that her sufferings were unworthy ones, and hid them from every eye, that the troubles of her family ought to have dwarfed her own into insignificant dimensions; yet it was only too true that her own private grief absorbed her as much, nay, was even more impossible of forgetfulness than all else she had to endure. The knowledge that it was selfish and weak of her to think so much of herself only made the burden harder to bear. Hour after hour, and day after day, she told herself that if only she could have one word of love and sympathy from the person whose love and sympathy she most craved, she could have borne the rest cheerfully. If their places had been reversed, how gladly she would have given him all the comfort and help her affection could bestow! She knew that it would have drawn her nearer to him, and she felt at times a kind of dim consciousness that she ought to despise his unworthiness, and, as her mother had once told her, rejoice that events had served to display him in his true colours. She ought, and yet that was just what was so utterly impossible. She could not help rebelling against the circumstances that had driven him from her, although had they appealed to him as a reason for loving her more, she would have received them gladly.

While the trial was yet pending there had been a sort of glimmering hope to sustain her, although had she been a better judge of character she might have guessed that the man who could make her happiness dependent upon such a contingency, would be hardly likely to let it weigh against the annoyance to himself of the publicity which must in any case attach to her family. But with the result of the trial her last hope departed, for Edward was silent. It was only what she had dreaded and feared all along—the revelation was no new, sudden one to her. With many dispositions the reality would have been less agonising than the apprehension. Anger, pride, a host of other emotions which people jumble together under the one confused term "self-respect" would have helped to heal the wound. It was not so with Helen. "If only I could see him," she thought, "he would not have the heart to serve me so." She had even some wild thought of writing him a few lines, or sending a message through Fanny, but her modesty came to her aid. "He might send me some unkind reply, or reprove my boldness, or show me he despised me," she reflected, and so the idea was abandoned.

To go out to that new life which they had been discussing, with this dreary burden of hopeless sorrow, seemed to Helen like plunging into impenetrable darkness. She had no heart for it. Each day the burden seemed to grow heavier, the future more dreary, the effort to meet it more intolerable. And she could ask for no sympathy, for she felt that no one else would understand. Her mother urged self-respect, Grace talked of Divine help, and she could find no solace in either. She did not want help, she only wanted what she could not have; the only comfort she could or would receive was the happiness of which she had been robbed. She was like a rudderless ship in a storm. The very trustful self-devotion that, if properly directed to its highest end, might have been her greatest happiness and safeguard, had become the whip of scorpions for her own back.

Scientific men tell us that body and mind ever act and re-act one upon the other. This was Helen's case. The mental agony had weakened her body and unstrung her nerves, and thus she became less and less able to bear patiently and silently the heaviness of spirit which seemed to weigh her down, and numb her very life like an ever-present nightmare, and at last she had broken the silence of her own sufferings with that desolate cry which had so shocked Grace: "I don't know how to live; I wish I might die." But for her mother she would have prayed to die, life seemed so dreary. To live and help her parents was a stern terrible duty, but she knew that if she lived for fifty years, life could never have the same bright aspect again it had worn a few months ago.

She had passed many a night with little sleep, but since she had been with Grace, her natural unselfishness had induced her to restrain her restlessness, and remain quiet, for fear of disturbing her friend—quiet in body, but torn, bruised, distracted in mind.

To-night she could not even lie quietly. Her brain was on fire, a horrible weight was on her head, the darkness seemed peopled with jibing, jeering faces, the faces of her friends distorted and mocking. At last she could bear it no longer, and with a sudden cry she sprang out of the bed.

"Helen dear, what is the matter?" Grace cried, starting up from her sleep. She had read to Helen for an hour before she got into bed, with the effect of making herself much more sleepy than Helen, and had utterly refused to talk for Helen's sake.

"I want a light," Helen replied, wildly. "I cannot bear the darkness."

"It will keep you awake," Grace said, doubtfully.

"No, no," Helen cried, impatiently. "There is something wrong with the night. It is full of faces. I can't and I won't be alone with them!"

"You have had a nightmare," Grace said, soothingly. "Get back into bed, and I will put my arm around you till you are asleep."

"A waking nightmare," Helen said, shudderingly, striking a match with nervous, trembling fingers and holding it to the gas.

"I will dress myself and go out," she said, suddenly tearing her night-dress off and beginning hastily to throw on some garments.

"It is not yet five o'clock!" Grace cried, in some alarm. "What are you doing, Helen?"

"I don't know," Helen replied, with a low wailing sob, letting her busy hands fall listlessly by her side. "What is the matter with my head? Where was I going?" she cried, and then suddenly

threw herself across the foot of the bed, sobbing and crying hysterically.

Grace was now sure that Helen was ill. She felt her hands: they were burning; her eyes looked wild and absent, and she could not get her to speak nor move. She was obliged to use all the force of which she was capable to remove the clothes she had put on and get her back into bed. While she was thus engaged, Helen turned angrily upon her and asked her to leave her alone, trying to push away Grace's hands, and when Grace put an arm round her and tried to rest the poor girl's burning head upon her shoulder, she thrust her aside and cried out that she was trying to strangle her. Grace dared not leave her. She had to use her utmost ingenuity to keep her quietly in bed, sitting on the edge of it herself and waiting in anxious impatience for the sound of a footstep on the stairs outside.

At last came the welcome sound. Grace went quietly and opened the door. "Tell mamma I want her at once," she said, softly, and then went back to her watch by Helen, who was tossing, chattering, sobbing all to herself, and would heed nothing Grace could say.

In a few minutes Mrs. Hardinge entered the room with that pleasant, firm cheerfulness which is so sustaining in such grave anxious moments. Grace glanced at her with a frightened, appealing face, but only said, "Helen does not seem well, mamma; she has not been able to sleep all night."

"No, you are not well, dear," Mrs. Hardinge said, cheerfully. "Your head aches, and you are feverish. Grace shall fetch you a little milk, and you shall stay in bed and try to rest, but your bed is hot and uncomfortable. We must make it up again. You may as well dress yourself, Grace, before you fetch the milk."

Grace understood, and dressed herself quickly. Helen had subsided into comparative quiet by Mrs. Hardinge's firm, judicious management. Mrs. Hardinge had assisted her out of bed, wrapped a dressing-gown round her, and placed her in an arm-chair. Helen had not rebelled, but assistance was necessary, for it was evident that she could not stand alone. Then Mrs. Hardinge sat down beside her with a hand upon hers, and an occasional cheerful word, the very tone of which seemed to have its due effect. A glance from her mother showed Grace that she wished her to re-make the bed and turn the pillows up cool and plump.

It was well that these two so thoroughly understood each other, for Helen's quiet fit did not last long. She began gradually to grow more restless, to start and mutter incoherent words about hideous faces, pushing out her hands as if to thrust them away.

Grace and her mother led her back again to bed, where she laid quietly for a few moments, turning her hot face against the cool linen with a gesture of weariness. Then for a few moments Mrs. Hardinge left her with Grace while she went to fetch her husband.

For there was no doubt that Helen was very ill, Mrs. Hardinge feared dangerously so. She knew well that it was an utter failure of mental power as well as prostration of bodily strength which had wrought this sad result, and that the impossibility of removing the trouble under which her young mind had given way was a grave source of additional danger. The wounds her sore spirit was chafing under were ones that time alone could heal, and time is a slow physician for sensitive hearts; yet Mrs. Hardinge was a little surprised that the poverty and care which she had seemed to encounter so bravely should silently have wrought so much havoc. Even she had no idea of the true state of the case, nor did Helen even in the delirium which soon set in betray the real grief which by its hopelessness prevented her mind from recovering its balance. Dr. Hardinge was almost at a loss to account for the persistent obstinacy of his patient's downward tendency. With youth and a sound constitution, it was strangely perplexing to find so little constitutional resistance to the progress of the disease —perplexing and dispiriting—and no one had any clue to the hidden, never-ceasing strain which threatened to baffle alike the efforts of nature and medical skill.

Poor Mrs. Dalrymple was almost too unnerved to be of much use in the sick room. She gladly left Helen in Mrs. Hardinge's hands, recognising what firm, wise ones they were, looking on in tearful apprehension, her energies entirely numbed by this last and heaviest blow. Grace used her best efforts to amuse and cheer her, filling her mother's place in the house with unselfish devotion, though her own inclination would have chained her to Helen's bedside, where, however, a better nurse than she was needed.

Truly God had raised up friends for these poor creatures in their great extremity. What indeed would have been their fate but for the timely help of this simple family, with their own plentiful struggles and small means, upon whom they had not even the claim of old acquaintanceship?

(To be continued.)

A STUDY IN GREY AND GOLD.

By GRACE STEBBING.

CHAPTER III.

JANE SETS OUT TEA.

"But how do you come here? Where have you been?" asked Gladys, with a shy light shining in her downcast eyes.

For the third time that afternoon she was seated on that cane chair with its back against the wall. Somehow, it had seemed the easiest thing to her to do—to retreat to her old position—when that question had been put to her with which the last chapter ended. Instead of answering it, she had gathered herself up with a low, startled cry to her feet, gathering the flower-basket up too, and had retired to her queerly chosen seat without a word.

Perhaps it was as well that Mr. Hugh Osmann was not present, for on this occasion his sister actually adopted that algebra as a very unuseful footstool! She was apparently capable of any enormity of that kind just then, although her eyelids seemed suddenly to have passed out of her control. Twice she made a desperate effort to raise them, and twice they persisted in falling again as low as was possible without actually shutting altogether, and for a few moments it had seemed as though her lips meant to be as rebellious. Then she managed to get out her couple of questions, in low tones, and very unsteady ones.

The questions were scarcely asked, however, than the questioner seemed frightened of them, and tried to put them aside by saying hurriedly—

"Oh! I beg your pardon. Won't you sit down?"

"Yes, surely I will," came the ready reply.

And one of those straight-backed, ugly cane chairs was thereupon drawn away from the wall, and the flower-buyer sat down not very far from his purchases. After a moment he said quietly—very quietly, perhaps with the object of stilling those trembling hands and quivering lips—

"Miss Gladys, would you really care to hear where I have come from, and where I have been?"

Her eyelids did consent to rise now for an instant, and apparently her companion took that momentary gleam from her eyes for an answer, for he continued almost without a pause—

"I have come, almost as straight and as quickly as steamers and trains would bring me, from your father."

There was no effort required any more for the lifting of those white eyelids. The flower-basket went down as the algebra had done on Gladys Osmann's springing to her feet, and there was a sudden hungry eagerness in the very wide-open grey eyes that were fixed on the face before her. All shyness was forgotten.

"Oh! Mr. Gordon, tell me," she exclaimed, and with a pleading clasping of the small hands—"do tell me if you really mean it—if you really have seen my father, and Percy, and Will—and where?"

Then, before he could answer, a sudden fainting came over her, and she sobbed out longingly, "Oh! are they—perhaps—here?"

Even as she spoke, she would have fallen to the ground after her flowers, but that Mr. Gordon caught her, and put her back on her chair.

"No, little Gladys," he said, gently and soothingly, as though speaking to a child, "No, they are not here, but they have sent me. They said"—and then he took one of the small, cold hands in his, and quietly held it as he added—"They said they thought that I should be better than nothing to share this Christmas Day with you. Your father has given me leave to ask you to share, not only this coming Christmas, but all your life with me, little Gladys. I almost asked you this

last year, but then I thought it would be cruel —you were so young, and so very happy as you were, so I went away—— "

"To the Pyramids?" whispered Gladys.

"No," said Mr. Gordon, sadly; "not to the Pyramids, unhappily. If I had kept to that intention I should early have learnt the news of your sorrows, and I trust, I believe, have been able to do much to soften them. But I changed my mind the first day of starting on my travels; I was afraid of my wishes pulling me home again too soon. So I went to Australia instead."

"Oh!" breathed Gladys, softly; "I see now. And there you met papa?"

"*Just so,*" came the reply, in a lighter tone. "And your father sent me back to you."

"Oh!" ejaculated Gladys at those last words, and hastily pulling away her hand, while her cheeks flamed into scarlet, "he shouldn't!"

Mr. Gordon smiled, and bent his head a little lower over the other one, as he asked quietly, "Why not? He could not help himself. I very soon let him find out that he would not be free of my prayers and pesterings till he did so."

"Oh!" said Gladys once more. She was rather given to saying "Oh" that afternoon. And it certainly is a word that exercises the brain less than most, and goes a long way, too, like a crust of stale bread or a nitre ball.

As she said "Oh" this time, the colour faded away again out of her cheeks, and she looked more at ease than she had done since the discovery of that agitating bit of mistletoe. It almost seemed as though Jane must have divined the fact, for at that moment her footstep was heard on the stair just outside, and the next instant she appeared in the still wide open doorway, and said, with an air of quiet cheerfulness, most unusual in that drab-toned house—

"If you please, Miss Gladys, I thought if the gentleman has come far to-day, he might be glad of something to take, so I have set tea in the dining-room, and lights."

Jane might well add the intimation as to lights, for in spite of a friendly attempt on the part of the wretched little fire to indulge in a few miniature flames, the room was almost in darkness. The twilight had come on and deepened without being noticed by those two until they now suddenly discovered that Jane's fairly solid, middle-aged person was transformed into a shadow, and that the brilliant flowers at their feet had turned a dingy black.

"I beg your pardon for keeping you in the dark so long," said Gladys, turning back to her companion, after a grateful word of thanks to the servant. "It is a good thing that Jane has reminded me."

"And a very good thing, and one for which I am truly grateful," said Mr. Gordon, laughing, and going forward to the doorway, "that Jane has taken more thought for a hungry man, Miss Gladys, than you have done. Do you know that, to ensure eating my Christmas dinner with you, I have waited for no food yet to-day but a penny roll without any butter."

"Oh!" exclaimed Gladys again; but this time she added "dear" after it, and then she ran downstairs, followed by Mr. Gordon.

The young lady very nearly gave vent to her favourite ejaculation anew on entering the dining-room, but some unconscious feeling of dignity checked the monosyllable on her lips. It may be doubted whether, during Mr. Hugh Osmann's twelve years' occupancy of that house, its dining-room had ever presented such a cheerful appearance as at the present minute. Mr. Osmann allowed no gas in any of his rooms beyond the basement; but, unfortunately, he neither allowed much of anything else to take its place. A "dim, religious light" reigned throughout his abode during the dark months of the year, and had helped to increase the physical depression of

"BEARING A LARGE TRAY."

his young sister's heavily-tried heart. Possibly Jane guessed as much. At any rate, there was no lack of brightness now. Her master's study lamp was companion to the dining-room lamp on the table; on the mantelpiece burnt a couple of wax candles, and a couple more flared away in the most shockingly extravagant manner in the draught of the door on the sideboard, while a splendid fire blazed away merrily in the grate. The best tea-things were set out on the best tray.

Nothing was too good for the gentleman who provided her young mistress with flowers after the royal fashion of that afternoon. A dish of the most daintily-cooked mutton cutlets and mashed potatoes, some slices of cold beef (to-morrow's dinner!) garnished with holly, fresh butter, Vienna bread, glass dishes of marmalade and apricot jam, with golden lights in the fire-glow; a pound-cake, wreathed with holly; tea and coffee, hot milk and cream.

Mr. Gordon regarded the table with an air of pleasant satisfaction and a glance of very strong approval at Jane.

"Really, Miss Gladys, I shall have to write a word of warning to my mother, for if this is the way your comfort is looked after, I fear——"

"Oh! but it isn't," hastily exclaimed Gladys, with most unintentional honesty.

The next moment she would have been well-nigh thankful to bite her tongue out, if that would have recalled the words. A deep blush burnt in her cheeks so hotly that it was almost pain.

Jane withdrew and closed the door. Mr. Gordon took the small hand in his once more.

"Gladys, dear, do you think I don't know? Do you think I have not learnt what a sad, grim, sordid life you have been strengthening yourself to bear so patiently?"

"Not strengthening myself," whispered back Gladys. "I—I have only tried to—to—"

"To what, Gladys, dear?"

"To learn our Father's lesson. I used to think I was so good because I was happy, when there was nothing to make me otherwise."

And then she drew her hand away and took her place at the tea-tray, while Mr. Gordon showed disapproval of only one of Jane's arrangements by bringing his chair from the bottom of the table to the side, very near the top, and the hot plates and dish of cutlets with him.

"I hope you are hungry, Miss Gladys?"

"I was," said Gladys, honestly.

"And I both was and am," was the laughing retort. "So, as you are hostess, you will be obliged to eat if only for politeness' sake."

And helping her as he spoke, and beginning to give a graphic description of an exciting incident of his travels at the same time, she soon found that happiness and a healthy appetite were not at all necessarily at war with each other.

The jam stage of the meal had just been reached when there was a tap at the door, followed by Jane's entrance, bearing a large tray, holding several flower-vases and a mass of flowers. She looked rather reproachfully at her young mistress as she said, gravely—

"I was afraid, miss, that they might fade if they were left out of water any longer, and they are too fine to waste."

And then she placed the laden tray on the end of the table and took herself off, while Gladys was still murmuring, as it seemed, to her coffee-cup, "I am so sorry." A few moments later a pair of rather dim grey eyes were turned to Mr. Gordon, with the earnest apology—

"Please forgive my seeming so ungrateful."

"On one condition," was the reply, with a smile. "I do think I have a right to make a condition—have I not?"

A little nod granted that much, so he continued, in rather a lower voice—

"I will freely forgive if you can tell me that you forgot the gift through thinking of the giver."

There was a pause, and then at last those great honest eyes bravely met the brown ones, and then the crimson lips said simply—"Yes then."

"And it's understood that I can leave out the 'Miss' before your name for the future?" asked Mr. Gordon a few minutes later as the two were busy together in the arrangement of the flowers.

Gladys raised her face for a moment. "It seems to me you have been profiting by the permission before you got it," she said, with a merry sparkle in her eyes which they would not hide, and a low laugh on her lips which they would not smother. The next instant her head bent lower than ever over the tray as she said—

"But—Mr. Gordon—you have not told me yet, properly, my father's will?"

Hubert Gordon drew a letter from his pocket. "I should have given that to you at once, Gladys. Now, you had better keep it to read when you are alone. Meantime, I may tell you that your father says the sooner his little Christmas rose is safe in my keeping the happier he shall feel."

"What will Hugh say, I wonder?" murmured Gladys to herself. But those sharp ears near her heard the murmur and answered it.

"I have seen your brother, and settled everything with him. I met him on my way here this afternoon, before I went for the flowers. The only thing he said when I told him how soon I was going to carry you off was, 'She will make you lose the train.'"

Gladys laughed. But a little pained sigh followed the laugh. She had so tried to love her step-brother and brighten his life, and to teach him to love her and happiness. She pitied him so deeply, and all other poor creatures to whose hearts Christmas and its message of love, joy, and peace had never penetrated. But Mr. Gordon was determined to keep sadness away from that smooth young forehead just now, and so he very quickly spoke again with a light laugh—

"Do you think that you really shall make me lose the train, little Gladys?"

"Well, I suppose that depends," was the laughing answer. "If you wish to be at London Bridge or Victoria Station by six o'clock," with a glance at the timepiece, "I expect that I have made you lose it already?"

"But I have no such wish," said Mr. Gordon, with sudden gravity. "Gladys—you asked me in the first minute of our meeting where I had come from, and I said truly enough from your father, and almost as straight as was possible—but not quite. I landed this morning."

"Only this morning!" with a glad look up; "and you have come——"

"Yes, come here already. Seeing that I came to England for the express purpose of coming here, that is not so very strange, is it? But you see I was especially bound to hurry just now, seeing that Christmas Day is like the rest of time, and the tide—it waits for no man. Arrived at Liverpool, I took the express to Hampshire, then posted to my mother's to beg her to be ready for you and me to-morrow, then post, train, and hansom here. I sleep at Nelson's to-night, and come for you to-morrow morning at half-past nine, do you see?"

"Oh!" gasped Gladys, in a breathless way, as if the hurry had been hers in the past, as it certainly would have to be in the immediate future. Then another thought came to her in the midst of her happiness, and she said, earnestly—

"But, no, Mr. Gordon, please, I cannot leave like this. I must stay till after Christmas."

"You mean that you really cannot get ready?"

The red lips quivered for a moment with a little smile.

"No, I don't mean that. I would make myself be ready. But"—earnestly again—"I could not leave Hugh to eat his Christmas dinner alone. To be so selfish would make him think more than ever that—that—Christ's religion is not a religion of love."

Hubert Gordon turned quickly, and walked away to the other end of the room. Gladys stood where she was, trembling. Her companion returned to her almost as hastily as he had left her.

"Gladys," he began, rather bitterly, "you need have no scruples. Your brother told me that he should be glad for you to be away. He has accepted an invitation to join a shooting party, which will take him out of town from to-morrow evening until after New Year's Day."

During the next six hours of needlework, packing, and arrangements, two short sentences kept up an unceasing echo in Gladys Osmann's brain: "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men." And when good-tempered, helpful Jane had left her at last when her box stood ready packed and strapped, and all arrangements were completed for her early departure in the morning, Gladys knelt with a pair of weeping eyes hidden against her bed, praying that the One who had once condescended to become a child on earth would, of His mercy, condescend to touch all hard hearts, to teach men, wrapped in their own strength and wisdom, to become as little children—teachable, loving, and meek. And so she prayed on, forgetful of her own new happiness in pity for another, into the first hours of the Christmas Eve.

Hugh had come home meantime, and growled over his scrawled, almost unintelligible, notes for his next week's lecture, still lying uncopied on his desk. Poor Gladys had utterly forgotten them, or the work would have been done, in spite of the sudden press of employment for her fingers on her own behalf.

(*To be concluded.*)

MARGARET'S NEIGHBOURS.

By Dora Hope.

"Oh! we have had such a talking to, Evelyn," cried Lulu, as she and Winnie came in from an afternoon spent at their aunt's. "We have come back feeling the most worthless worms that Isaac Watts ever dreamed of. Where is Madeline? I must call her, and then you two must sit and tear your hair (as we have been doing all the afternoon) whilst we tell you; for you two are just as culpable as we are."

"What a pity it is that you always use such strong expressions, Lulu," said Evelyn languidly, as though the effort of getting thus far through the day had been too much for her affected little nature. "I daresay there is really nothing at all the matter."

"Oh, isn't there, though! Just wait till you hear. What do you suppose we have been guilty of doing? Why, *living beyond our income!* Which is to say, we have been spending more money than we have got."

"Well, that is rather clever of us, I should think; isn't it, Winnie?" asked Madeline, who came in at that moment.

"It sounds so, certainly; but Lulu has rather misstated the case."

"You know Uncle Wilfred was there," broke in Lulu, "which we didn't expect; and the first thing he did was to ask Winnie how we were getting on, and if her accounts were all right and straight. You *should* have seen

her looks of agonised confusion at that. I could not have helped laughing if the Queen herself had been there. Just fancy Winnie with a huge ledger, balancing our family accounts."

"I think you had better let me take up the tale, your narratives are too highly coloured," said Winnie. "It seems, girls, that uncle really is afraid we have been spending too much; because he had no idea that we did not keep strict accounts, so that we might arrange our expenditure according to our income. Of course I knew we ought to keep accounts, it has been mentioned to us before; but we seemed to be getting on quite happily as it was, so I thought it was no use taking the trouble to do it. Uncle says, however, that it is most important, and I see that it is too, now; for do you know, girls, in this one quarter we have spent twenty pounds more than we ought to have done, and of course there will be that much less to come in for the rest of the year. And the worst of it is, as we have kept no accounts, we do not know what we have been extravagant in, whether it is housekeeping, or clothes, or anything else, and so we cannot tell where to begin to economise. Whereas, if we had kept accounts of 'every department of domestic economy,' as uncle says, we should know all about it, and which item had consumed more than it ought, as compared with the others."

"Oh dear!" groaned Madeline, "doesn't it sound dreadful. I feel as if we had been defrauding somebody, and were in danger of being taken up."

Evelyn threw herself back in her easy chair, and languidly wet her forehead with eau-de-Cologne, as though the consideration of money matters was a question in which she could not be expected to take any interest.

"You know," Winnie went on, "in the matter of our dress, for instance, we have no idea how much we each spend; for whenever we have wanted anything we have just taken the money out of the cashbox, without considering whether we could afford it or not."

"What are we to do then?" asked Madeline, with an anxious gravity beyond her fourteen years. "I thought we had been living very economically, though I don't know much about it."

"I thought so too, but aunt pointed out that it is the trifling things that run away with so much money. She says we should hardly believe, till we came to put it down, how much money one may spend, for instance, on flowers, and little ornaments for the house, and magazines, and small finery for ourselves. Each one seems to cost such a trifle by itself, but if you come to think of it, we do spend a great deal in odds and ends. Aunt advises us to have a slate and pencil hung up in some convenient place, say inside one of the cupboard doors, and on this every one must enter every item they spend. There must be permanent columns cut on the slate—we can get Jack to do them with his knife, for each regular item of expenditure, like this," and Winnie showed them a plan, which was to be copied on to the slate.

	Butcher.	Baker.	Grocer.	Milk.	Greengrocer.	Etc.		Total.
Monday.....								
Tuesday								
Wednesday ..								
Thursday								
Friday								
Saturday								
Total								

"We must make as many more columns as we want for the housekeeping, one for stamps, one for stationery, literature, charity, and anything else we require, and then leave two or three spare ones for extra expenses. Then, at the end of each day, we shall add up all we have spent, put the amount in the total column at the end of the list. At the end of the week we add up the separate amounts at the bottom of the columns, and enter in a large account book how much each item comes to, so much for the butcher, for fish, for stationery, and everything else. Then, you see, at the end of the year we shall be able to tell exactly how much everything costs.

"But you haven't told them about our dress money," put in Lulu.

"No, I am coming to that. Well, uncle says we had better go through our money matters all together, and see how much we think we should spend on each thing. You know there are regular rules for dividing one's income, and though uncle says they cannot be followed strictly, as circumstances vary so much, and house rent and the cost of living are so different in different towns, still they will be some guide. He says, as our income is limited, if we do not keep strictly to the sum allotted for each department, we shall get into a state of hopeless confusion, and find our resources all gone, and have nothing left to cover the expense perhaps of some absolute necessity. As a general rule, the rent and taxes ought not to take more than a sixth part of the income, then a third goes to housekeeping, which means food and washing and small household expenses, a tenth to charity, a tenth must be kept in reserve for illness or any unusual expenses; and for the rest, dress, servants, coals and gas, there is no regular proportion, as of course so much depends upon the number in family, and what manner of people they are; and of course, if there are children, there is schooling to add.

"Then we went through our income with uncle; we could not do it properly without the rest of you, but he says, in proportion to our income we ought not to spend more than £15 a year each on dress. Aunt says those Burton girls do it on that, and you know we have often said how nice they look."

"Why, mamma used sometimes to pay £15, our whole year's allowance, for a single dress," said Lulu; "it is absurd to think we can buy everything for that."

Evelyn roused herself sufficiently to chime in, "I do not think life is worth living if we are to be in this chronic state of balancing and account-keeping, and going mad over a farthing deficit. And this absurd dress allowance, to crown all; it is too ridiculous."

Poor Winnie felt inclined to give up in despair. She had been as much dismayed as any of them at having to calculate every halfpenny so carefully; but, seeing that it was really necessary, she had been making up her mind on her way home, regardless of Lulu's chatter, that she would do her very best to keep their affairs in order, and that she would take upon her own shoulders all the household accounts and management; but then she had reckoned upon her sisters doing their part, and giving her their encouragement, at any rate, in her efforts to be economical. Now, after she had made up her mind that she was going to be a martyr for the sake of her family, they all grumbled at her. It was very trying, certainly.

"You can dress on £15 if you like," Evelyn went on; "if you wish to make a fright of yourself there is no reason why you should not do it, but I shall not attempt to do with less than £25.

"Oh, yes, Winnie, let us have £25, or we shall never be able to wear anything but blue serge dresses, which I hate, and hobnailed boots," added Lulu.

"It's no use fighting against the inevitable, girls," said Winnie, when after a struggle she had driven back her rising vexation. "We ought to be thankful we have lived so long in clover, and now times are changed we must make the best of it. There is no more money to have, so it is no use insisting on having it, Evelyn; and, particularly now we have run into debt, we must not spend a farthing more than is absolutely necessary till we are straight again, so we three must take our £15 and do the best we can with it. As you are at school all day, Madeline, and cannot look after your own clothes, you had better not have any regular sum, and the rest of us will attend to your dress and that of Julius.

"Aunt has been giving us a few hints, too, about making our money go the farthest. She says the theory of having good things and few of them is a very good one, and she has often heard economical people say they cannot afford to buy cheap things."

"But some expensive things are at the same time very flimsy, and how can you buy anything expensive on £3 15s. a quarter?" said Evelyn.

"Of course, not expensive things, we must avoid those; but what we *do* buy must be good of their kind, for not only will they last twice as long, but they look decent to their very last thread, whilst common, cheap things show that they are poor directly the first gloss is worn off."

The clouds had by this time passed from Lulu's face, where, indeed, they never held dominion long, and she leaned back in her chair and indulged in a hearty laugh.

"Oh, it is so funny to hear our Winnie talking in this moral strain!" she cried. "Winnie, whose thoughts are always up in the clouds, who hardly knows whether she has a dress on or not, and is utterly above such trifles as gloves and boots!"

It was true that Winifred had hitherto bestowed on her attire as little attention as was possible. As long as her collar was fastened she was satisfied, and cared not if it was crooked, or if large white pins were showing. Wrapped up in her books, she had really cared for nothing else; and Winnie's untidy cupboards and drawers, as well as her personal appearance, were a standing joke in the family. But she was now roused to the importance of attention to these details, and saw that the household could no longer go on in its accustomed happy, reckless carelessness. She was resolved to try her best, and to cease giving undivided attention to her favourite pursuits in order to take the helm herself, and steer the domestic barque clear of those shoals and shallows into which, unconsciously, it had been drifting.

It was hard work at first, but she kept to her good resolves, in spite of the difficulties in the way. It was no use depending for help or encouragement upon either Evelyn or Lulu, for the one was selfishly indolent, and the other, though generous and warm-hearted, was utterly thoughtless, and quite contented to let things go, and take their chance of coming right, while Madeline was still occupied entirely with school duties.

As to the dress allowances, they found it very hard work at first to keep within the allotted sum, but Winnie stood firm upon her authority as mistress of the house, and refused decidedly either to take herself, or to allow the others to take, more than their fifteen pounds. Experience taught them that cheapness and economy are not the same thing; and they soon found that their aunt's plan of good things and few of them, was the best to go upon. Taking the advice of "those Burton girls," who had tried it themselves, Winnie and Lulu spent a guinea each on a course of good dress-making lessons, by the aid of which they were able to make their gowns them-

selves without at the same time imparting to them that dowdy "home-made" air which so often discourages would-be economists. Evelyn developed a very pretty taste for millinery, and in return for plain work done for her, she became chief hat-trimmer to the household. Lulu liked working the sewing-machine, and though her impetuosity resulted in not a few broken needles, she generally did her work well, and was always ready to machine any number of long seams, in return for the trimming and ornamentation of her garments, for in dainty drapings and finishing touches she did not shine.

But there was one member of the household who did not at all appreciate the new order of things.

Jack had lately gone to business, and night after night he came home ravenously hungry, as befits a healthy boy with plenty to do, and full of tales of his exploits during the day, which he was eager to tell somebody. But the rooms were deserted, the fire often out, and even if the cloth was laid there was no sign of the near approach of a meal.

"Where are they all, Jane?" he shouted down into the kitchen one evening.

"Oh, they're all at work upstairs in Miss Winnie's room, and they said they'd ring when they was ready for tea."

"I know I'm jolly ready for mine now," Jack muttered, going back to the dining-room, where he whistled, and grumbled, and helped himself to cake which Jane had unwarily placed on the table.

"I say, girls," he shouted at last from the bottom of the stairs with his mouth full. "Lulu, come on down, I've got something to tell you."

"Can't, I'm being tried on," responded the unseen Lulu.

"Well, come down, some of you; Madeline will do."

"We are *all* being tried on," shrieked Lulu again; "we shall be down in half-an-hour, go and carpenter till we are ready."

"Carpenter!" he repeated, in a tone of intense disgust; "you are a jolly set of people; I thought tea was supposed to be at seven, and it is a quarter past now. It's a horrid shame, it's always the way every night, there's not a creature to speak to, and never any tea ready, and all because of your horrid old dresses. I'd rather be in lodgings, there *would* be a landlady, at any rate."

He was the best-natured boy in the world, but his patience was tried rather too far. His sisters, in their new zeal for saving money by work at home, forgot that it was no less their duty to make home pleasant to their brother.

"Goodness!" cried Lulu, rushing to the window at the violent slamming of the front door. "Where can he have gone to? He is rather young, or else I should say he had gone to spend the evening at the club, like the neglected husband always does in books. But really it is too bad, we do treat him horridly; for my part this working mania has so occupied me that I've quite forgotten the boy and—— and everything else too!" and she looked as if something else had recurred to her memory.

At tea that night, Jack, who returned after a short walk, still wore a very persecuted air, and when he spoke, which was seldom, it was in the tone of an unwilling martyr. At the close of the meal he said: "As you're all going to keep being 'tried on,' whatever that may mean, all evening, I'm going out with one of our fellows."

"Oh! no, Jack; don't go to-night, because I want you. We are not, at least I am not, going to work in the evenings any more, and I want you to help me in the garden, it is in such a wilderness state; and I've been thinking that we might rout about in it, and get it into order, and then plant seeds in the spring, and save heaps of money by growing flowers, and fruit, and things."

It is to be feared Lulu's remark that she had "been thinking" was not strictly true, as the idea of gardening had only that minute flashed into her mind. But to see Jack cross was such a new and alarming sight that she felt a desperate anxiety to suggest something soothing and pleasant, and she felt very crest-fallen when Jack laughed at her suggestion, remarking that, as it was pitch dark and very cold, he would prefer some other entertainment. He was too good-natured, however, not to be willing to respond to her evident wish to make friends with him again, and so suggested that as gardening was quite out of the question when there was not even a ray of moonlight, they should go out and buy some second-hand garden tools he had noticed in a window, and be ready to begin work on Saturday afternoon.

Lulu's remorse at her neglect of Jack had recalled to her mind another matter in which her forgetfulness had destroyed any good which might have arisen from the promptings of her kind heart.

The *protégés* about whom Evelyn had teased her at the singing-class had vanished from her mind as completely as though they had never existed. When they were recalled to her mind, however, she resolved to go to the little music shop again on the first opportunity. The snapping of an E string that afternoon gave her an excuse, and as Jack seemed inclined for a walk, she asked him to go there with her before buying the garden tools.

It was a queer little tenement, squeezed in oddly between two more imposing structures. The shop itself was small and dark, and had evidently not been originally intended for the purpose it now filled; for it was nothing more than a little sitting-room. In the window was suspended a case, containing strings for different instruments; whilst a small and fly-blown card bore an inscription in a very un-English hand, to the effect that—

"E. Cronetyki wish to tune pianos, string the harps, and give lesson on the most of musical instruments."

The "E. Cronetyki" who thus modestly set forth his numerous accomplishments was a thin and haggard-looking man of some forty years old, on whom the fatal sign of consumption was but too plainly visible. He lived here alone with his little girl, trying to turn to account his musical talents, though it was apparent that he was the merest amateur at this form of earning a livelihood.

"Doesn't he cough frightfully, Jack?" said Lulu, after they had left the little dark shop. "I'm sure he is very ill, and poor too; and that poor little child, she can't be more than six or seven, and yet she seems to know more about the business than he does."

"Yes, he looks pretty bad," assented Jack; "but I advise you to be careful; these foreigners in reduced circumstances are often rather queer customers."

"Oh, for shame! you are a thorough prejudiced Englishman, and think no one can be honest unless they are born on our little island. I did so resolve to help the poor things if I could, in the way of getting people to go there for things, and to order music through him; only I forgot. But I hope I shall not forget again; I am certain he is all right. I went to another shop down there one day for something, and said how ill he looked, and asked if he had been there long. They said, no, not long, and that they were exceedingly quiet and 'superior,' and no one ever went there except customers, and they never went out except on Sundays, when they never failed to go once, and generally twice, to church."

"That looks bad, very bad," began Jack, knowingly shaking his head; "you will find ——" but Lulu interrupted him, and refused to hear his "bigoted insular remarks," as she called them.

For a week or two she was eager to send customers to the shop, and to render them help in any way; but alas! something else diverted her attention, and the sick man and his child were once more forgotten.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

FANNY A., A LOVER OF THE "G. O. P.," VE, and BETA. — We have given a recipe for making a jersey in crochet at page 318, vol. ii. For one in knitting we have not given any directions, though we have for a knitted vest. In fact, we do not recommend the making of them in this way, as "stockingette-cloth" looks much better and finer for the purpose, and jerseys are to be had ready-made, woven just like the finest knitting, at so trifling a cost, and of all degrees of thickness. See "Knitted Petticoat," page 41, vol. ii. Scotch fingering would make very thick, warm vests for boys. It would be too clumsy for a girl's underclothing.

MOTHER MANIKEN.—1. A suitable border for an eis-wool shawl will be found at page 269, vol. iii. 2. We cannot give recommendations of registry offices.

TWENTY-SEVEN.—Many thanks for your kind note and the directions enclosed for knitting.

FLORA.—The dress of the period of Charles II. in England is fully described in "Pepys' Diary," and is to be seen in the pictures of Sir Peter Lely. The petticoat was of satin, and over it was worn a gown and pointed bodice of a different material, with short sleeves and low neck, and the hair was worn in ringlets.

ELLEN ROSA.—You should go to an Indian outfitter's to ascertain the description of clothing required, which would probably prove equally suitable for a residence in Zanzibar. Purchase a sample of every garment, and then procure materials at some wholesale house, if you can, or wherever you may obtain them at a reasonable price, and get the articles made. This is the best plan which we can suggest when economy is an object.

SNOWFLAKE.—The dress you name will be suitable, we should think, for the purpose you name; but the bows on the black grenadine tunic should match the colour of the dress, or you will present a patchwork appearance. Of course, a black skirt would suit the tunic far better, and then you could trim the latter with pink, blue, or ruby bows. Ruby would look the warmest for the season. Your writing is good for a little girl of fifteen.

GUELDER ROSE.—We think that you could make an eis-wool shawl in crochet-work after the directions given at pages 477-8, vol. iii. On referring to our indices, we do not see any special method prescribed for the employment of this description of wool.

LARA.—Shoes and stockings for evening wear should be selected to match the dress; but this is only for formal occasions when n full dress. Black shoes would, otherwise, look very well.

TRUE BLUE. — We advise you to read our articles entitled "Occupations for Invalids," pages 75, 202, 364, and 715, vol. ii. and page 332, vol. iii., which we hope will supply you with some suggestions that will prove acceptable to your aunt. You write an excellent hand, and we feel obliged to you for your kind letter.

A DARNER.—Keep strictly to the terms of the competition. We did not prescribe the use of a hand-knitted foundation, nor "a piece of an Angola stocking." We expect the samplers to be worked on ordinary woven cotton stocking material. "Stocking-web" means a web woven in the style in which stockings are manufactured. We are grateful for your thanks.

MAGGIE TULLIVER. — The marking of a bride's trousseau, either in her maiden or her newly-assumed name, is perfectly optional. Many prefer to leave them unmarked until after the marriage has taken place.

CLARA HARFORD. — See page 623, vol. iii., where directions are given for the cleaning of velvet.

MINNIE.—We are very glad to hear that our instructions on the subject of dress have enabled you to make most of your dresses yourself. When you remove the crape from your present gown, you may replace it by a trimming of satin, or else of moiré silk. You write neatly.

JOSEPHINE.—Perhaps the following recipe for cleaning lace without friction may be useful to you if yours be very old and tender. Make a lather of yellow soap cut into thin slices; place in about two pints of boiling water; add of spirits of turpentine and spirits of ammonia one dessertspoonful each; pour this mixture over the lace and then rinse it in cold water. The cost of the spirits will not amount to more than about fourpence to supply a bath for your lace two or three times.

M. GOUGH.—For a "Little Child's Crocheted Paletôt," see page 149, vol. i.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mrs. S. P. most gratefully acknowledges parcels of clothing for the poor from Miss Thomson, Mrs. Jackson, and a parcel of boys' suits and stockings marked "Satchell"; any more, or little frocks, &c., and coats, all worn, will be gratefully acknowledged. Of course, nothing even slightly infected would be sent. Much comfort and pleasure have been thus given.

NELLIE, PATIENCE, FLORENCE HYSOW, WHITE ROSE, A. C——N, MURIEL HOME, A. W., of Jamaica (who sends a pretty card of her own making), L'E. DANS L'O., I. M. P., E. H. P., LEONI, and many other kind girls have sent Christmas cards to the Editor, for which he is very grateful.

GUERNSEY GIRL.—We rejoice to hear that the answer we gave you has given you so much comfort, and was just what you desired to know. Your writing is good, and you express yourself well.

AMY BŒHMER.—Some of our competitions are for needlework, as well as for compositions. They are announced in good time; but there is no fixed period for any of them. We sincerely hope that you will have the pleasure of meeting your friend again, but regret that we are unable to insert the verses.

JEUNE FEMME.—When visitors call on you as a young married woman, "just after the honeymoon," at an hour late enough for afternoon tea, you may have a small quantity of wedding cake sent up, besides bread and butter; but it is not now the custom to give cake and wine.

IVY ALICE.—We admire your handwriting and thank you for your kind letter, but the verses are irregular and need revision; and we regret that they would not suit THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

SYLVIE.—Apply for all such information to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. The plates and index for vol. iii. are sold at one shilling.

NELLIE writes a beautiful hand, and we yield to the temptation to tell her so, unasked. Write to Mr. Tarn for the indices.

TOTTIE AND BIRDIE are thanked for all the commendation bestowed on this paper, and we are glad to hear that it is so much approved of by their mamma. You promise to write well; try to write a little straighter, and beware of enlarging your hand.

E. S. GOUGH.—The plates and index for vol. iii. may be procured from Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for one shilling. We are glad to hear that you find the domestic and other information supplied in this paper of use to you, and thank you for saying so.

IGNORAMUS.—1. St. Peter is said to have been crucified with his head downwards, his martyrdom having been foretold by our Lord. St. Paul was beheaded, being a Roman citizen, which carried with it certain rights. 2. Wear a black hat or bonnet; certainly not a turban, nor a grenadier's bearskin. If, however, it be by general agreement that all the ladies holding stalls at the bazaar should wear caps, you may do so, whether in mourning or not, but the trimming must be black, to accord with the rest of your dress.

UNE PARISIENNE.—We are giving a list of women's names with their several significations. For the first set, see page 39, vol. iv. "André," means "strong" or "manly." We thank you for your kind letter and think you write very neatly.

INNDYGND.—"Mad Hatter" and "March Hare" were answered on page 783, vol. iii. We should be very glad if our readers would look carefully for their answers instead of giving us the trouble of looking for them. Many thanks for the violets and the verses. The 21st October, 1869, was a Thursday, the 18th August, 1866, was a Saturday, and the 12th September, 1863, was a Saturday also.

LORNA DOONE.—Your conduct must be guided by your mother's opinion. If she approves, acknowledge the receipt of the photograph with many thanks.

MAIDENHAIR FERN.—To clean velvet, see page 623, vol. iii. Use a wash of rosemary.

M. G.—We have to thank you for a very kind and pleasant letter, and we are thankful to hear of one who has found out for herself the "beauty of service," and that in those walks of humble usefulness Christ will surely manifest himself to the faithful and longing eyes.

ISABEL is thanked for her kind letter. We do not remember any case where the gender is altered in one; it is always, we think, the same in both.

MARY HERREBOUDT (Bruges).—The price of the new volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is 7s. 6d., which may be sent to the address of Mr. Joseph Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. The book will then be forwarded to you.

WOOL SOREL.—Cut the leaves off. You need not give your name unless you please.

BLITHESOME MAID.—Use the boxes of shields to be obtained at any chemist's. We should consider the engagement a very silly one.

E. M.—The paper used for pillows is generally old envelopes and letters, the best and stiffest paper in short. Tear them into shreds, and curl each shred over the scissors or a knife; when you have enough put them into a bag.

E. H. HTROWKARD.—Such things are only obtained through personal effort, or private friends.

INFLAMATUS.—Kindly wait for the articles you mention to appear; several answers have been already given to correspondents on the subject.

PYSCHE.—*Dolce far niente* has been translated as "Sweet do-nothingness." The first volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER can be obtained at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

DAPHNE.—Many thanks for your letter and the information contained in it.

MONICA.—Some articles on the subject are promised in the new volume.

PUSS.—Many brides leave the marking of their linen till after they are married, and so avoid the difficulty.

EMMA'S BABY.—A little care only is needed to improve your writing, the capitals especially need attention. You may wear real white or violet flowers if you wish.

MAIBUDD.—If only asked to a friend's house to be a companion for a day or two to some young visitor there, it is not at all necessary for you to ask that young visitor to your own home.

SOMEBODY'S SUNSHINE.—Let your front hair (which has been cut short), grow longer; and brush it straight back, from off your forehead. Do not endeavour to remove the growth from the latter by the use of any kind of lotion. There are as many persons who admire a low forehead as those who prefer a high one.

PATIENCE.—We never heard of pipeclay being employed for such a purpose; employ powdered chalk. 2. It is by no means your business to accompany your brother's gentlemen friends to the door, or any other male visitors. You write neatly.

ARVON.—A face board is shaped like a battledore, or racket, cut out of a piece of flat deal; an opening being cut in the middle so as to allow the use of the eyes, nose, and mouth. The handle is fixed into the waist belt.

DAISY.—The place called "Stye" is situated in the Lake district of Cumberland, celebrated as being the spot where there is the greatest rainfall in the British Islands. In that locality as much as 224 inches of rain have been observed in the course of twelve months; while on the east coast, as in London, the annual fall does not exceed about 24 inches. Your handwriting would be good if reduced in dimensions.

RAOUL.—You have no means of ascertaining what rights of copyright exist, excepting through direct communication with the German publishing firm who originally brought out the work in question.

BROWN-EYED NELL.—You will obtain all the information you desire by applying to Miss Tipple, 45, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, W.; or to Mrs. Walter Browne, 38, Belgrave-road, S.W.

A SORROWFUL WIFE.—There is the London Hospital, at 42, Gower-street, W.C. We trust your husband will soon be restored to health.

ANITA T.—You would do better by looking for a situation as mother's help, than for one as nursery governess. Join the letters of each word, slope them all the same way, reduce their size, and write straight.

LOVER OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.—Read "Our Sunday Scholars out of School," page 436, vol. ii., and "Sunday School Work," page 282, vol. i. Also, "Infant Class Teaching," page 730, vol. ii. If you need more suggestion than these supply, write for the General Catalogue of the books published by the Religious Tract Society, and you can select what you require. In all kindliness we strongly advise you to learn to speak and write good English. Your grammar and spelling are very bad, we regret to say.

HEBAR.—Your kind letter has gratified us much, and we acknowledge the gracious messages of thanks of which your young countrywomen have made you the medium of conveying to us. Your English does you credit, and so does your good free handwriting. Your poem in English has much merit, though needing revision. We sympathise with you, and trust, from the sentiments it expresses, that you have indeed "chosen that part good," which will more than compensate you for all you have lost, in peace in this world, and fulness of joy in that which is to come.

MARY MURTON.—We acknowledge your kind and most encouraging letter with sincere pleasure, and thank God for any benefit done to our dear girls, and all those who patronise our magazine. Accept, in return, our best wishes for yourself and your own work; we have laid by the prospectus which you enclosed for future use.

A MOTHER OF FIVE.—Read our article on the subject of Tricycle Riding, in the summer number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

PADDY PAT.—We never heard that any sequel was ever written to the story you name. Nor did we ever hear of what you call "flesh worms." The obstructed secretion from skin-pores has resemblance to small worms.

BETSY.—1. We have just sent full directions for the knitting of a jersey to the press. You will shortly find it. 2. See page 3, vol. i., for stocking-knitting.

GRACE.—The property became your husband's on your marriage; if he permits you to make a will you may dispose of it yourself. After the 1st of January women who marry will be owners of what they may have, and their property will not be confiscated. You had better try the stitch for yourself.

C. P.—What is called the Christian era was invented by a monk, Dionysius Exiguus, in 532. It was introduced into Italy about the sixth century. Charles III. of Germany was the first to add "in the year of our Lord" to the year of his reign. It is now considered that our Lord was born Friday, April 5th, B.C. 4, and that a mistake was made.

E. P. E.—You will find the answer to your query on page 846, vol. iii.

ST. REGULUS.—*Audax in recto* means "Bold in the right."

YOLANDE YORKE.—Bow to him, of course.

WARM ADVOCATE OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.—There is a winter home for consumptive women and girls, which is open from November to May, at St. Leonard's-on-Sea. Write to the secretary, Ribbsford House, Chapel-park-road. Residence may be obtained during from four to twenty-four weeks, at a charge of five shillings a week. Also there is a female children's home at Brighton. Address Mrs. Marshman, 2, Ladbrook-square, London, W. And there is a home for invalid children at Brighton, where they may be received, free of charge, for four weeks. Apply to Miss Freeman, 70, Montpellier-road, Brighton. We regret that your letter should have waited so long for an answer.

NO.—We answer your query with your own name. Shake hands with your host and hostess, and any member of the family near you, or an intimate friend *en passant;* but do not make the tour of the room, shaking hands with everyone to whom you have been introduced. We never heard that cats killed and ate rabbits.

E. R. A.—The index in vol. i. would tell you that at pages 64 and 204 you would find the directions you require for making a "stamp snake." You write fairly well.

E. C.—It is still customary to send cards, containing thanks for kind inquiries printed on them, after illness or a death.

PATIENCE.—See directions respecting the removal of moles at page 336, vol. ii. Write for all back numbers to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. You write neatly.

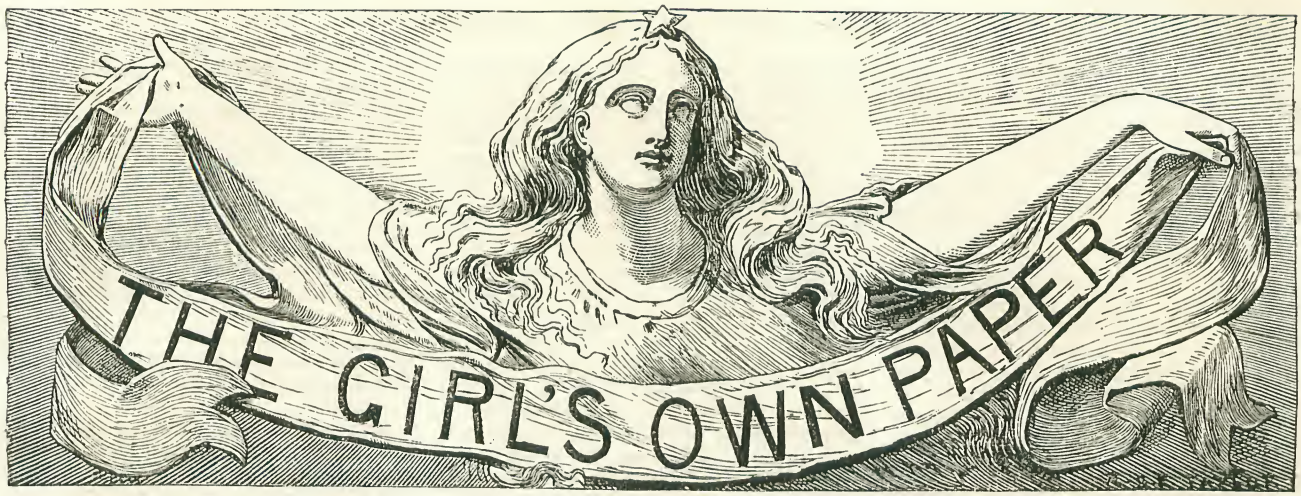
LADY JANE was not the object of any unkind mistrust. We fully believe in her good faith, and thank her for her kind letter.

L'YSIAD.—Of course, after dining and conversing with any gentleman who is staying in the same house, boarding-house, or hotel as you are, you ought to bow politely to him, when passing him out of doors. Your handwriting is good.

A BUSY MOTHER.—You should write direct to the home, stating all particulars of the case in which you are interested. Exceptions to general rules are sometimes made.

AZILE and her five sisters are warmly thanked for the very gratifying letter of acknowledgment which they have sent us in reference to this paper. We trust that the blessings they invoke on us, and on our work, will descend in a double measure on themselves.

L. H. T.—We acknowledge your letter with our thanks.



VOL. IV.—No. 161. JANUARY 27, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

LAURA LEIGH.

A TALE OF HIGHBRIDGE PAPER MILLS.

By the Author of "Cora; or, Three Years of a Girl's Life," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

ROCKLEY HALL.

BLANCHE GREGORY came back to the old house in the square, after her father's death, just in time to see his poor, pale face lying still and marble-like, in its last resting-place.

For him the worry of life was over, its miserable anxieties closed, and it was a deep consolation to Laura that at the last his poor, weak mind seemed to find—though feebly—something of the light, the rest promised to all who look in faith for God's mercy.

Death is a solemn inmate in any house, and Laura felt it to be particularly so in this case, for her own health had suffered, and she was almost worn out with long watching and weariness.

She was glad to seek the retirement of her own room, and there alone with Him, who in all our "afflictions" is "afflicted," to weep out her grief for her father's loss.

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"'IT IS *not* MY HOME, BLANCHE.'"

Blanche, in her deep mourning and costly crapes, was of course as charming as ever. She saw the few "dear friends," with whom an interview was expedient, and accepted in a graceful manner all the sympathy that was offered her, apologising for Laura with dignified reticence.

"Poor child! she is utterly overdone, quite useless, I may say, in this time of bereavement. Some natures appear altogether crushed when troubles come, while other, and I must say, braver natures, rise to the occasion, and preserve their balance," she explained.

But when the funeral was over, Blanche proclaimed her intention of returning at once to Rockley Hall, with her maid.

"I can do no good here any more, Samuel," she said. "I expect there will be a great deal of uncomfortable business to be gone through, and no doubt some unpleasant revelations will come out. As you know, that sort of thing will not concern me much, for my share of mamma's fortune was paid to me long ago, but it *will* concern Laura very materially, so you had better stay and try to manage things for her."

"Of course I will not forsake the poor child. She may look for a brother's help from me, I have told her so."

"I knew that, Samuel, and I shall leave her in your hands with full confidence that you will do the best you can for her. My nerves would never stand that sort of thing, you know."

"But, my dear! How will you travel so far alone?" asked the squire of his lately made wife, with old-fashioned gallantry.

"Oh, never mind about that; Agnes will be with me, and I shall manage well enough," she replied, airily.

So it had been settled, and after a long and wearisome spell of business, with the results before mentioned, Laura took her last leave of her childhood's home, portionless and destitute.

The only fortune left to her that she could legally call her own were her few boxes of wearing apparel, and some trifling ornaments the creditors had been pleased to spare for her use.

Rockley Hall was a large, heavy-looking building, dim and grey with age. It stood in broad park-like grounds, and though the house and its surroundings had been considerably neglected, perhaps, both had a certain stately picturesqueness and beauty.

Laura remained there all through the long winter, enjoying the quietness, and gaining fresh strength and vigour. She was never idle, for she devoted herself to a regular course of study, and every spare moment was given to perfecting herself in this or that branch of learning, this or that accomplishment.

When early summer came round again, and the tender green leaves were making a dancing shadow down the avenue, her independence of character began to assert itself, and she grew weary of being dependent on her brother-in-law.

She felt far too energetic to be contented with an idle life.

Both Squire Gregory and Blanche tried their utmost to make her look on Rockley Hall as her home, but she shook her head.

"It is *not* my home, Blanche, though it is very kind both of you and Mr. Gregory, it makes me feel as if it was. But I cannot accept the delusion, and besides, I am anxious to do something for myself."

"What can you do, pray?"

"I mean to become a governess."

"A governess!" exclaimed Blanche, aghast. "What a disgraceful idea! You, who might, not so very long ago, have made a splendid match for yourself. You, who might have married Eustace Montague! He has his title now, since his father's death, and he is sure to be a rich man when his Aunt Louisa dies. Even still, I believe the slightest encouragement from you would bring him back to you again."

"But I could not give him *any* encouragement; and do not be under such delusion, Blanche, about him—I never would marry him; never once have I regretted breaking off my engagement."

"At any rate, you are too proud to confess any regret. You are the most unfortunate girl I know, Laura. First, your money was lost through foolish speculations, then, to make matters worse, you put the crowning step to ruining your prospects by breaking off a most desirable engagement. This idea of becoming a governess I consider only a foolish freak."

"How so, when I have the wish to work, and the wits to do so? Far better a useful life like that for me, than a wretched marriage such as mine with Eustace Montague might have been. *I* do not consider my prospects ruined; rather there seems a grand, noble future opening up to me, where I may be occupied and happy."

"Work, usefulness! I hate such ideas; mere cant! You first got such notions in your head when you were staying down at Highbridge with Marion Hayward. Those are the pet terms of her set—people like that man of the paper mills, and his mother—*they* look on useful work as a universal panacea."

"Is it not so, Blanche?"

"How can I tell? I have never tried. But of one thing I am certain: you have never been the same sort of girl since that unfortunate visit of yours to Highbridge. Things you once enjoyed interest you no more. Once you liked amusements quite as well as I do, and since your return you have never cared for them. Now, all your ambition, all your pride is gone, since you wish to become a governess."

"Recollect, Blanche, I have had much sobering experience lately."

"So have I, for that matter. But it is not change of circumstances altogether. I can see you are changed in yourself, Laura, discontented with your life."

"No, but I want to make it better, nobler, more useful."

Blanche sneered at this. She could not understand Laura's yearning for a sphere of higher mental culture, of clearer knowledge, of greater freedom, where by doing good to her fellow creatures, Laura hoped to realise some of that sweet fellowship she sought for with her Saviour, who went about helping others while He walked with them on earth. Oh, if she could only explain better what this aim of her life was, for she longed to dedicate herself to His service, and would not shrink from fatigue, hardship, or even scorn, if it came to be a portion of her lot.

Blanche had been quite true when she flung the accusation at her sister that she had left off caring for amusements, such as fashionable society approved. But is it not ever the case that when once one has seen the beauty of Christ and holiness—vanity and frivolity cease to charm?

Meanwhile, Mrs. Gregory continued her remarks, growing still more irritable and pettish.

"I have not common patience with you, Laura, talking of going out of your position in such a way. Why cannot you make yourself contented here? I shall not have a creature to talk to all day long when you are gone."

And the fair Blanche looked dolefully out of the window on the broad park of Rockley that lay stretched before her, with its ancient trees and winding walks. Remote it certainly was from the town, but it held points of exceeding loveliness on every side.

Here, clusters of magnificent cedars; there, wide green lawns, on which sported deer, or browsed the more homely sheep; beyond the walls, glimpses of rustic scenery, fair to behold.

Mrs. Gregory had a supposed cause of unrest also, for she cared for none of these rural beauties, in fact, saw no attraction in any of them, and would much have preferred a glimpse at the crowded streets of London, or a peep at Rotten Row in the season.

Her perpetual lament was the lack of society in the neighbourhood, and home duties, and village duties amongst the squire's tenants had not yet appeared worthy to claim her attention.

Dress, show, pomp, excitement had been her prevailing enjoyments during her single life, and as the saying holds good, that the boy is father of the man, so in her case the girl had been the foreshadowing of the woman.

She had not changed much; her chief care was still to dress in exquisite taste, making it almost an art; and when her dainty toilet was complete, she would bewail her hard fate because there was no one at Rockley worth dressing for. Squire Gregory was an excellent husband in the true sense of the word, but he had not the slightest sympathy with his wife's whims, her fancies, and follies, nor was he inclined to pamper them in the slightest degree.

His laugh had many a time rung out heartily and loudly at these complainings of Blanche, and he had said, with a merry twinkle in his small grey eyes—

"Isn't my admiration enough for you, sweetheart?"

"You know it is not admiration I want, Samuel; but there is a medium between adulation and the total want of society."

"My dear, there is society not far off, if you choose to seek for it. The clergyman

and his wife, Doctor Jacobs and his family, and several others I could name, live quite within a moderate drive. They have all called on you, but, so far, their civility has only been acknowledged by a stiff return visit and no more. They expect hospitality from us, and will be glad enough to come to the Hall if you will only invite them to do so."

"Stupid, uninteresting, commonplace people, who have not an idea beyond the rustic neighbourhood where they have spent all their lives!" Blanche exclaimed, with proud contempt. But she made a mistake; it was only she who was commonplace.

"That may be the case in some instances—not in all. Will you drive over to Doctor Jacobs' with me this morning?"

"I am not at all inclined for a drive down the lanes on this warm day through the dust; and, besides, I think it will rain before long; it always rains here when we have had a short glimpse of fine weather—a kind of compensation, I suppose."

"Will you drive there later in the day? I will order out the carriage at any hour you wish."

"No; I don't care for driving at all to-day, it will give me a headache. I feel it coming on already; but Laura can go if she chooses."

Ere long, the squire had another suggestion to make. He came one morning into the breakfast-room in a hurry, whip in hand—

"Blanche, will you go with me to see the Murrays, at Milltown? They are tenants of mine, you know. Murray is a fine, honest fellow who has seen better days, and his wife, a perfect lady in mind and manners, is too great an invalid to call on you. She will take your visit as a favour."

"Milltown is a long way off," replied Blanche, looking up from the novel she was reading.

"Only seven miles; a splendid drive across the moors, and there are some fine glimpses of the sea on the way. You have never driven in that direction; I think you will like it. Will you go? the carriage is ready."

"You may take Laura with you; it is more in her line than mine. She likes fine views, and can enjoy conversations with interesting invalids, but I detest whining nasal cant about resignation to impecuniosity, brought on, nine cases out of ten, by foolish blundering or want of common sense. When people have means, why don't they take care of them, and not expect sympathy with their want of good management?"

The squire smiled.

"You are right enough about people's blundering, but I can assure you Mrs. Murray neither indulges in whining nor nasal cant. She is bright and cheerful as a breezy March morning, and her voice is melodious as your own; you had better come."

"No, no, Laura will go; she can apologise for me, if it seems necessary. I want to finish this book; the box must go back to the library to-morrow," Blanche retorted, pettishly.

"Well then, Laura, you must take pity on me," the squire had said, with as much indifference in his tone as he could assume at the moment.

But Laura could see he was vexed with Blanche. He was silent and out of sorts during the drive, though he made no complaint. But as they whirled along over soft undulating moor, where the scent of heather came wafted to them on the breeze, and the wide stretch of blossoming gorse caught the sunlight, and gave back rays of gold, Laura finally made up her mind on the subject she had long been pondering. She was constantly listening to conversations that had more sting than honey in them, and she had often speculated whether it would not be better to leave the married pair altogether to their own resources. Surely, if Blanche was alone with the squire, and had not her sister to fall back on, to fill up the gaps made by her lack of civility, of acquiescence to her husband's wishes, she would be compelled to exert herself more, to throw off her crust of selfishness, and become at once helpful and companionable.

This idea, though it was unconfessed and unspoken, was yet another reason why Laura had decided it would be best to leave Rockley Hall, and try her own fortune in the world.

When Squire Gregory heard of her determination to become a governess, strange to say he could not agree with his wife's views on the subject.

Blanche had begun a tirade as soon as she had an opportunity of talking to him alone, and had exclaimed, angrily—

"I call it perfectly disgraceful of Laura to think of such a thing!"

"How can it be disgraceful, Blanche? Surely there is no ignominy in trying to form the minds of the future generation after a good model, to teach them how to become true worthy Christian men and women, and such, I am sure, will be Laura's desire for her pupils."

"Stuff and nonsense, Samuel! All very fine in theory, but it does not alter the case. There are plenty of girls that have nothing like Laura's talents and attractions, that can be had for a mere song to drudge at teaching. They are quite good enough to instruct tiresome brats."

"Then you would turn over the moulding of young minds to the stupid, the plain, and the cheap?—Oh, Blanche!"

"I don't care who moulds them, but I do think it a pity that Laura, at her age, in the very bloom of youth, should withdraw herself from the place she should hold in society."

"Laura will never do anything that will make her less a lady than she is at present," replied the squire, enthusiastically.

"You seem to have a very high opinion of Laura!"

"Undoubtedly, but not at all higher than she deserves."

"I consider she had neither good sense nor a right spirit when she made Eustace Montague break off his engagement with her in that absurd manner."

"And I consider she had a happy escape there. Perhaps I have heard more of Montague than you have. A man's character gets better known amongst men than it does in the drawing-room, and I can testify there is very little to tell in his favour. He is unprincipled, and very unlike a gentleman, despite his title. He is far too fond of his own pleasures to make a home happy, and married life at its best is *not* a state of perfect bliss. Confess now, is it Blanche?"

"I don't know what you mean to insinuate, but I can gather *you* are not happy," retorted Mrs. Gregory.

"I said nothing about my own happiness or the *reverse; I merely* stated a fact that cannot well be contradicted."

"But you implied you were unhappy, and I think it very unkind of you, a reproach to me. If I do not make home happy, tell me what my faults are in plain English, but pray do not hint, and insinuate, and throw out innuendoes," and the fair Blanche turned away her head with an angry light flashing from her dark eyes, and with a cloud like a summer thunderstorm on her fair countenance.

"Do not be vexed, sweetheart! I meant nothing personal," said the squire, with gentle remonstrance, but his wife pouted and bridled. *Not yet* would she grasp the olive branch of peace with her taper fingers.

One feels inclined to re-echo the question, asked long ago, by our fine old poet, Cowper, who, with very good reasoning, though not in his usual good rhyme, sang—

"Alas! and is domestic strife,
That sorest ill of human life,
A plague so little to be fear'd,
As to be wantonly incurr'd
To gratify a fretful passion
On every trivial provocation?'

(*To be continued.*)

USEFUL HINTS.

MOTHS, PREVENTION OF.—The cuttings of Russia leather placed among furs, blankets, cloth, &c., will effectually prevent moths. Camphor is also a *good thing*. The article must be kept in a dry place, and free from dust.

TO WASH SILK STOCKINGS.—Wash silk stockings in cold water and with white soap; rinse them in cold water; lay them flat in a fine towel, roll it up tightly, and let them remain till dry; then rub them with a piece of dry flannel, to give them a gloss. As they must not be left in water, it is better to wash one pair at a time. Silk stockings washed in this way will always look new, and never require colouring or mangling.

HEALTH.—A morning bath and daily exercise are proved to be promoters of health. When a bath cannot be obtained, a good substitute is to rub the body with wet towels, and then with dry coarse ones, till the skin glows. A glass of cold water drunk immediately after the bath will be found beneficial.

TO CLEAN BLACK STRAW AND CHIP HATS OR BONNETS.—Mix equal parts of black ink and sweet oil together, take the wire out of the bonnet, and then brush the mixture well all over the outside, and afterwards rub with a cloth, bend it into shape and hang up to dry. It will look equal to new. Put in a fresh wire before trimming.

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

CHAPTER VI.

I EXPLORE.

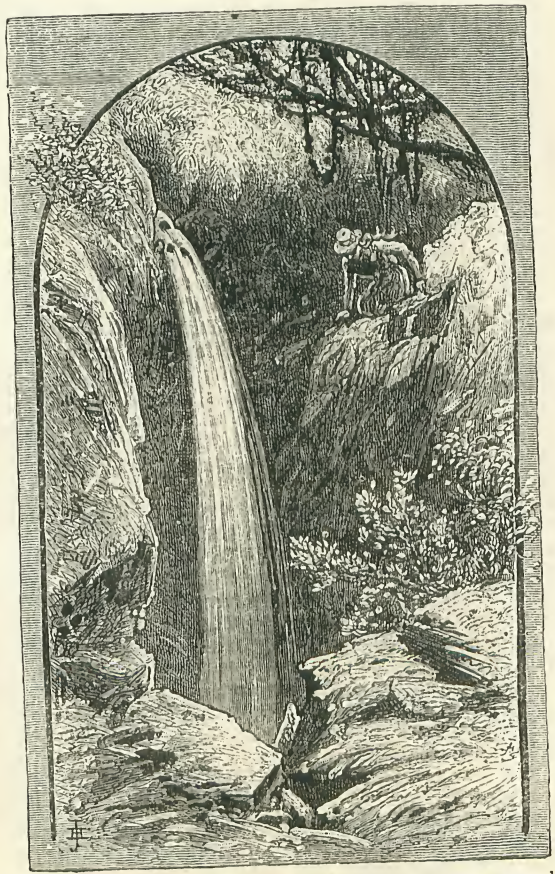
IT was a glorious morning when, after some days of repose, I prepared myself for a further inspection of the coast, being most anxious to discover a more convenient resting-place. I equipped myself for a journey, having on a short skirt and pantaloons, and a straw hat, knife and pistols in my belt, my staff in my hand, and my bow and arrow slung on my back. My faithful companion, Wolf, of course accompanied me; indeed, we were seldom separated.

The coast became more and more abrupt and less regular in outline, whilst the shore was more rocky the further I proceeded in my walk, until at last, being unable to continue along the beach, I ascended by one of the torrent beds I have before mentioned to the green plateau above, the river bed being dry. A glorious sight was then presented to my eyes; the coast, turning here, was of such a rugged, wild nature, as I have only seen equalled at the Land's End, Cornwall, worn and washed away into a thousand fantastic forms; here, jutting out in miniature promontories, there, hollowed into tiny picturesque bays, whilst the grey rocks towered proudly upwards, as though striving to defy the elements. It would at all times be impossible to round the cliffs excepting in calm weather, but I had a strong hope of finding many a water-worn cave, had I but a boat. On one hand the land arose in gentle elevations towards the mountain previously spoken of, the whole country being well wooded, whilst the coast continuing in the new direction seemed to lose its rocky character and gradually to sink into low sand-hills. I now called to Wolf, thinking our ramble had extended far enough, but having found something which interested him, he appeared loth to depart; with nose almost buried in the soil he scratched up the ground with his fore-paws. Approaching him, I saw he was simply doing this by way of amusement, as the small round black things he was turning up, and which on examination proved to be a species of truffles, were nothing his doggy nature cared to eat. I was a little disturbed, however, on finding that the whole of the ground, to the extent of about half an acre, had been grubbed into, and fearing this might indicate the presence of natives, I was anxious to quit such an exposed position.

Leaving therefore the plateau, I commenced the descent of the ravine, which was rocky in the extreme. A torrent, which had evidently its source far in the interior, rushed over projecting or intruding rocks on its way to the sea; but what was my astonishment on coming to what I thought the head of a cascade, and descending on one side hoping to enjoy the sight of a pretty waterfall, to discover that there was no water! I now remembered that on entering the ravine below from the sea-shore, I had remarked the dryness of the torrent bed. I had attributed this to the drying up of the stream during the warm season, but now my amazement was great at so suddenly losing sight of the descending water. Remounting, I searched for the cause of this phenomenon, supposing that the water had worked for itself an easier channel, and that I should find it gurgling and fuming in some other direction. My astonishment was doubled, therefore, when I saw its complete disappearance in a large hole.

Remembering, however, the formation on which I stood, I ceased to wonder, doubting not I had found one of those hidden streams, not at all unknown to geologists, and of which several examples occur in the limestone formations of England, and believing that the water would reappear farther down, or lose itself in some subterranean cavity.

I exulted at the thought that I might be on the point of discovering a safer habitation if these rocks should indeed prove honeycombed; nor did I doubt it, as the non-appearance of the stream in the lower parts of the gorge had been plainly proved to me on my ascent; quitting the ravine before meeting with the descending stream had prevented a previous discovery of the phenomenon. The hole in which the waters lost themselves was of considerable size, and had been hidden from me by an overhanging rock from which they poured, resembling the beginning of a cascade.



"I FELT SURE THAT I COULD MANAGE THE DESCENT."

I felt sure that with care I could manage the descent, for the hole was at least three feet in width, and presented the appearance of a cleft. After some little trouble and caution, at the end letting myself down with a good jump, I arrived at the bottom, a distance of about twenty feet. The interior was almost devoid of light, excepting that which came from above, whilst the water was collected in a shallow pool. My desire was to discover by what outlet the water escaped, and soon a slight current on the surface of the pool led me to an opening at the back of the cascade. I was enchanted, for should this opening enlarge farther in, what a safe hiding-place had I found! The limestone would be hard and offer long resistance, but with patience what might I not accomplish!

Becoming more and more used to the dim light, I was able to observe the several advantages the situation offered. Even now, without proceeding further, I was quite screened from observation by the overhanging rocks, which almost met above my head, and by the falling water. The descent was difficult but quite practicable. Wolf had scrambled

down to my side, and here, being so comfortably placed and having such a supply of pure water, I resolved to make a repast with the good things I had brought with me, and determined that the morrow should see me at work as an excavator.

Emerging from my retreat, I was about to continue my descent of the ravine, when my attention was caught by what seemed to me a distant sound of footfalls. In fear and trepidation I regained my hiding-place, calling Wolf after me. The intelligent animal appeared to understand the necessity there was for concealment, and we both crouched in silence, awaiting the nearer approach of the steps. Owing to the rush of the waterfall I could not hear anything, whilst my position prevented me seeing, so that I should be unable to learn if the sounds had proceeded from man or some other living creature; but deeming "discretion the better part of valour," I remained hidden for at least half-an-hour, and then only ventured on a very circumscribed inspection. Enjoining Wolf to remain where he was, I slowly ascended, then passing my head merely out of the opening I surveyed the surroundings. Nothing met my gaze that could possibly inspire terror. Judging, therefore, that whatever it had been that had caused my fright had passed on its way, or that I had possibly been mistaken in what I had heard, I called Wolf to rejoin me, and we continued our route, but the confidence which I had begun to feel was lost.

Hitherto I had not loaded my pistols, not having yet opened my stock of ammunition, but should the place prove to be inhabited, I should hesitate no longer and never venture abroad without loaded arms.

But why alarm myself? The sounds were probably the tread of some animal, although I had not yet seen any. This doubtless had been because I had kept chiefly by the coast, where there was neither food nor lair for them. A land of even such an extent and so well wooded as I had observed the interior to be, must have a fauna, and thus consoling myself I partly forgot my fears, and, quickly regaining the shore, an hour or two's good walking brought me to my nest on the cliff.

CHAPTER VII.

ALARMS.

SEARCHING amongst the miscellaneous articles brought from the wreck, I found, on the next morning, a small canister of powder and another of shot, which I did not hesitate to open, and loading my two pistols, I felt more secure than I had done on the previous day. Then arming myself with a crowbar, and placing a hammer in my belt, I presented a very formidable appearance.

I had sometimes been permitted by my father to take a shot, when out with him on some of his shooting expeditions, so that notwithstanding a certain shrinking from taking life, natural to the feminine nature, I could, if necessity compelled me, make some efforts towards self-preservation.

Wandering along the beach, thus prepared for valiant deeds, though in my heart trusting my skill might never be exercised excepting by way of stocking my larder, I was arrested by something which I saw lying before me. Hastening towards it, I was greatly rejoiced to find it was one of the boats, whether that in which I had left the vessel, or one of the others, I could not tell. Being anxious to secure her, I returned to my stores to fetch some rope, and fixing that to my newly found treasure, and tying it round a piece of rock that protruded from the sands, I made her fast. To render her still more secure and to find a safe anchorage for her would be work for another day.

How much more fortunate was I than my ancestor, who had been obliged to make a boat for himself!

The return for the rope had considerably delayed me, so that the sun was high by the time I reached the cascade, and I was glad of a shade from the burning rays in the cool depths of the rock.

But refreshed by some ham and biscuits, and a draught of the delicious water, I began an inspection of the place of my future operations. I now commenced working with the crowbar, and hard was the task, but I had the gratification of finding that the passage increased in size as I advanced, until at length it became possible to enter by crawling.

"I COULD DISTINGUISH THE FIGURE OF A BLACK MAN."

The crowbar being much too heavy for prolonged use, I laid it down and, entering the enlarged opening on my knees, continued operations with the hammer, breaking the rock above me, as my object was to heighten rather than widen the aperture. I kept working in this way for a long time, but becoming almost benumbed with cold (for I was kneeling in the water), I thought it better to rest for a while and warm myself in the sunshine. I therefore quitted the hole, whereupon Wolf, who had been watching me, immediately entered it, whether to examine the result of my hammering and make his criticism upon it I cannot say; however, I left him and pursued my way upwards to survey the pleasant view beneath me.

"IT WAS ONE OF THE BOATS."

Again I heard footsteps, and being pretty well sheltered where I was by some thick bushes, I resolved to remain, in hope of discovering to whom they belonged. Nothing, however, appeared. Was the place haunted? Surely neither the Gabriel hounds nor the mysterious huntsman of the Hartz Mountains had come to disturb me in my solitude!

I now caught a glimpse of something amidst the trees in the distance, and looking down I felt sure I could distinguish the figure of a black man, who was, I was thankful to see, descending the valley, so that each step increased the distance between us. He quickly passed out of sight, whilst I as quickly regained my hiding-place. Glad was I that Wolf had not been with me to betray my presence by barking; I was surprised he had not ere this sought me. His lengthened absence indicated hidden recesses in the rock, which would indeed be a harbour of refuge now I believed the country to be inhabited. How should I ever venture to return to my "home," as I called it; and yet, would this place of retreat prove any safer? Unexplored as it was, might it not be the habitation of some creatures as alarming or little less so than savages themselves?

The wisest course seemed that of

quitting the ravine at once and mounting the sides, so as to return along the cliffs. The man I had seen was most likely on his way to join his companions, who must therefore be below me; and as no one on the shore could gain a view of the top of the cliffs, excepting the extreme edge, I should be in comparative safety.

At this moment, Wolf returning, we left the cascade. On crossing the place where the man must have passed down, the dog showed great uneasiness, sniffing the air and the ground around, but I hurried him on, fearing that yet another of my terribly dreaded fellow-creatures might follow by the same road.

We reached home safely and without adventure of any kind. My hard day's labour made me glad of a good night's rest, and with Wolf curled at my feet all dangers were speedily forgotten in the sweet oblivion of sleep.

(*To be continued.*)

GIRLS' OWN HOME.

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MY MOTHER.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM COWAN.

WHEN forced apart from those I love,
And over distant climes to rove,
Nought from my heart shall e'er remove—
My mother.

I'll linger o'er my infant years,
When thou wouldst hush away my fears,
And on my couch shed sacred tears—
My mother.

When thou wouldst take me on thy knee,
And sing for me love's lullaby,
And give me kisses, sweet and free—
My mother.

At night ere I my pillow press
I'll importune the Lord to bless,
With all the riches of His grace—
My mother.

When darkening shadows round me close,
And with my God I seek repose,
I'll think of thee amid death's throes—
My mother.

Like strains of music on the ear
Thy name will fall upon and cheer
My soul, allaying every fear—
My mother.

And when we meet on yon blest shore,
With those dear friends who've gone before,
How sweet 't will be to part no more—
My mother.

CHATS ABOUT THE CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY takes its name from Februa, signifying purification, or expiation, from the fact that the religious expiation of the ancient Romans took place at the beginning of this month. Our Saxon ancestors called it Sprout-kale, from the sprouting of the kale-wort, "the greatest pot-wort in time long past that our ancestors used, and the broth made therewith was thereof also called kele"—probably our cabbage. Augustus Cæsar subtracted one day from February and added it to his own month of August. Every fourth year an additional twenty-ninth day was added, and is therefore the 29th, or last day of February. Every leap year is easily discovered by dividing the year by four; and if there is no remainder, as in 1852, then February contains twenty-nine days, but if there is a remainder, as in 1854, the month only contains twenty-eight days.

Of notable days we have, on the 2nd, Candlemas Day, so-called on account of its celebration in the Roman Catholic Church with processions of candles, followed by the performance of mass. The Germans say "the badger peeps out of his hole on Candlemas Day, and if he finds snow he walks abroad, and if he sees the sun shining he draws back again." Probably the saying that "if Candlemas be a shining day, the winter is not half finished," may have arisen from this German notion.

St. Valentine's Day falls (as everyone knows well enough!) on the 14th of this month, and surely no one should remember it better than the postman, as he hurries from door to door, leaving many a quaint device and pretty picture wrapped in those huge envelopes! And who, pray, was St. Valentine? Well, St. Valentine was an ancient presbyter in the Church of Rome, and suffered martyrdom A.D. 271. He abolished the old heathen custom of young men drawing the names of girls on this day, and substituted the names of saints instead. In Spain and Italy even now patron saints are chosen on this particular festival, while we in England have changed the practice to that of sending valentines to those whom we love—a new fashion, somewhat better than the old one.

On the 18th of this month the sun enters Pisces, or that sign of the zodiac typified by fishes, and the common emblematical representation of February is a man in a dark, sky-coloured dress, bearing in his hand that astronomical sign. The old Saxon pictures, however, show him as a *vine-dresser*, pruning his trees, and sometimes as a man, in tightly-buttoned jacket, warming his hands by striking them across his body, in token of the usually inclement weather of the first part of the month.

VARIETIES.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—No. 1.

My first most commonly is reckon'd
To be the offspring of my second.

1. She laid the tear before the gate of heav'n,
   Pardon'd—rejoicing—for her task was done.
2. By this, in one sense, mental food is giv'n;
   In th' other, farinaceous food goes briskly on.
3. A ridge of three sharp hills, whose points look down
   On a well-known, romantic Scottish town.
4. Chief city of an island-kingdom, known
   For works of art so different to our own.
5. A British king; his name would not remain
   But for his famous son's heroic reign.
6. A sailor, whose descriptions may have bent
   As many lads to sea as *Crusoe* sent.
7. A king of Corinth, who, in trav'ling round,
   Experienc'd no enjoyment, and no comfort found.
8. A linen fabric, that derives its name
   From the French city whence at first it came.
9. Heir to the English crown, usurp'd; his death
   (So timely, though untimely) heal'd the feud
   His father waged for years; his passing breath
   Gave peace to England, long with blood bedew'd.

XIMENA.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—No. 2.

Two foreign cities, for their beauty known,
But beauty diverse: One the work of man,
Whose utmost skill was tax'd to carve the stone,
To mould the pinnacle, to trace the plan;
The other, fresh from nature's bounteous hand,
With all the charm of mountain, sea, and sky,
In matchless loveliness must ever stand:
For saith her proverb, "See me and then die!"

1. Barbarian soldier, whom his fellows rais'd
   To be the arbiter of nations; prais'd
   For having wrought, by their all-conq'ring swords,
   The saddest siege that history records.
2. Safe on the shoulders of her bovine steed,
   That struggled through the waves with fitful speed,
   She cross'd the straits, forsook her native ground,
   And gave her name to that new land she found.
3. What is that word so often us'd, you know,
   T' express that tides are neither high nor low?
4. The river, on whose banks are seen display'd
   The wealth and wonders of our cotton trade.
5. The princess, who beheld her son despoil'd
   By an usurping uncle; long she toil'd
   To reinstate him in his lawful fief . . . .
   Vain all her efforts. Overcome by grief,
   She cast herself at th' oppressor's feet
   In grand despair, "Here I and sorrow sit!"
6. The Greek philosopher, whose precepts rare
   Are summ'd up in one phrase, "Bear and forbear."

XIMENA.

HONEST PRIDE.—If one has a right to be proud of anything, it is of a good action, done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.—*Sterne.*

WORLDLY WISDOM AND THE BEST PHILOSOPHY.—To act with common sense, according to the moment, is the best wisdom I know, and the best philosophy to do one's duties, take the world as it comes, submit respectfully to one's lot, bless the goodness that has given so much happiness with it, whatever it is, and despise affectation, which only makes our weakness more contemptible, by showing that we are not what we wish to appear.—*Walpole.*

IN PRAISE OF INNOCENCE.—As continued health is preferable to the happiest recovery from sickness, so is innocence to the truest repentance.

ILL-ASSORTED MARRIAGES.—Life has no wretchedness equal to an ill-assorted marriage—it is the sepulchre of the heart, haunted by the ghost of past affections, and hopes gone for ever.

WHAT IS VIRTUE?—The Emperor Sigismund, in conversation with Theodoric, Archbishop of Cologne, asked the primate how he ought to act so as to obtain happiness. "We cannot, sire, expect it in this world." "What, then, is the way to gain happiness hereafter?" "You must live virtuously." "What do you mean by that expression?" "I mean," answered the archbishop, "that you should always pursue that plan of conduct which you promise to follow when labouring under a fit of gout or indigestion."

FOR EVER.

Joys soon are past,
No grief can last,
The years stream in time's river;
The sun will die,
The earth pass by,
Yet love remain for ever.

A COMMON OBSERVATION.—Certain people study all their lives; at their death they have learned everything except to think.

UNREASONABLE MOURNING.

A butterfly basked on a baby's grave,
Where a lily had chanced to grow;
"Why art thou here with thy gaudy dye,
When she of the blue and sparkling eye
Must sleep in the churchyard low?"
Then it lightly soared through the sunny air,
And spoke from its shining track;
"I was a worm till I won my wings,
And she whom thou mourn'st like a seraph sings;
Would'st thou call the blessed one back?"

Mrs. Sigourney.

THE USE OF MODESTY.—Modesty is to merit what shade is to the figures in a picture—it gives to it force and relief.—*La Bruyère.*

IN THE SHADE.—Woman is a flower which breathes its perfume in the shade only.—*Lammenais.*

UP IN THE WORLD.

Two boys were playing at chess. As there was a knight short, they put a mark upon a pawn, and so made a knight of him.

"Hey!" exclaimed the other knights; "where do you come from, Mr. Clodhopper?"

The boys heard the scoff. "Hold your tongue," said they; "does he not perform for me just the same service as you?"—*Lessing.*

THE HEARING EAR.—Our ears should be accustomed to hear all manner of things, without carrying to the mind anything but what is good.—*Erasmus.*

TROUBLESOME WEAKNESSES.—Some of our weaknesses are born in us; others are the result of education, and it is a question which of the two gives us most trouble.—*Goethe.*

HOW TO TELL A WISE WOMAN FROM A FOOLISH ONE.—A wise woman can be distinguished from a foolish one by the following marks: Moderation in anger, government in household affairs, and writing a letter without useless repetitions.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (p. 197).—

D O R N A C H
E S P A R T E R O
C O A L
E P H O R I
M O L D
B R A G A N Z A
E M E R Y
R U B E N S

December. Holidays.

CORRECT CLOTHING, AND HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

THE Egyptian war, and the well-earned fame of the various Scottish regiments, have made the veritable "garb of auld Gaul" fashionable again, which has been so long unseen; and we are again permitted to array ourselves in the several tartans' varied hues. The chief amongst them now in fashion are the "Black Watch," with its sombre tints; the "Gordon," "Seaforth," "Highlander," and the "Cameronian," while the new name for our old friends, collectively, appears to be "Egypt woollens." Under any name they would still be of a beautifully fine and soft texture, for they are like those old Scotch plaids, or scarf shawls, of which it was said "they could be drawn through a ring." There are two ways of making them up into costumes. First, to make the skirt wholly of tartan and the bodice of plain cloth, with military braiding (this dress may be seen in our illustration of November 25th, page 120); or, secondly, the skirt may be made of plain cloth, with very large box-pleats, and a plain cloth bodice, the tartan being introduced as a flounce at the edge of the skirt, for the paniers, overskirt, and back drapery. Sometimes cloth tunics, the edges of flounces, and flat trimmings pinked out at the edge, the pinking-irons used being of small size and finely cut.

Perhaps, for young girls with unformed and undeveloped figures, the present somewhat severe styles are rather trying. The tight-fitting bodice requires a good figure, and so does the jacket-bodice, which is like a little coat modelled to fit. Well-informed and clever dressmakers will always help with their advice any doubtful mother in a difficulty like this, and most of them are advising pleated "Norfolk jackets" for the soft woollen materials so

EVENING DRESSES FOR GIRLS.

much in use this year. They are made in the same manner that they originally were, with four or five side-pleats at the back and front, and a band of the material for the waist. They need no trimming at the edge, nothing but a simple lined hem; but this season a preference is felt for collars and cuffs of plain velvet. The skirt of these dresses is made with wide box-pleats extending its whole length; the tunic is long and pointed in front, but is raised very high at the sides to show the pleated skirt to its full length. A costume-hat of the material is still worn by young girls, or else a straw one trimmed with the material and velvet, and a small wing. These can generally be manufactured at home, and then they prove a decided saving. I think every young girl should endeavour to be her very own milliner.

The polonaise is another shape peculiarly suited to the use of young people, and, fortunately for them, it promises to return to fashion this season. The novelty lies entirely in the drapery, which is looped curtain-like from the front on each side and raised nearly to the waist on each side of the back, where it is finished by a wide ribbon bow and a buckle. Many of my readers who may have polonaises, laid aside as old-fashioned, will be able to make use of them with the assistance of some small inexpensive additions. With the polonaise the shoulder capes now worn have an excellent effect, and make a dress sufficiently warm for walking.

Besides the plaids, I notice that some new tweeds are made with the old "knickerbocker" dots, or tufts, which were worn some years ago. Some of these are very pretty, especially those which have amber or yellow dots on a brown ground.

Tartan was always prettier in Irish poplins than in any other material, and so I hope, from what I hear, that this unfortunate Irish industry may be helped by the re-introduction of the Scottish national dress. Some very pretty afternoon dresses are already made of it mixed with plain velvet. I also understand that Irish crochet-lace has also returned to favour in the shape of flat bands for the collars and deep Cavalier cuffs to wear outside the sleeves of the dress. Cloth dresses, trimmed with velvet and plush, are amongst the warm clothing the recent cold weather introduced. Cashmere is always worn, and is made up for winter wear with skirts of velveteen or moiré, or trimmed with moiré, having a skirt of the same.

The prevailing fashion of cutting the edge of the jacket bodice in tabs forms an excellent method of altering old-fashioned round basqued bodices into something wearable. The tabs may be square, leaf, or tongue-shaped, and must be cut out evenly and carefully on a paper foundation. The measure of the distances should also be accurately taken, or else the tabs will not be cut sufficiently even, so that the openings may occur at those of the bodice seams. It will make a very pretty change to line them with a colour, especially if the dress be only little trimmed. This is a very effective method for velvet and velveteen basques.

A CHILD'S DRESS.

Her Majesty's appearance in a dress of black brocaded silk at the opening of the Law Courts, the other day, has given that material a new lease of life, and we shall probably see brocades of all kinds returning to favour for dresses. They have been more used for mantles this winter.

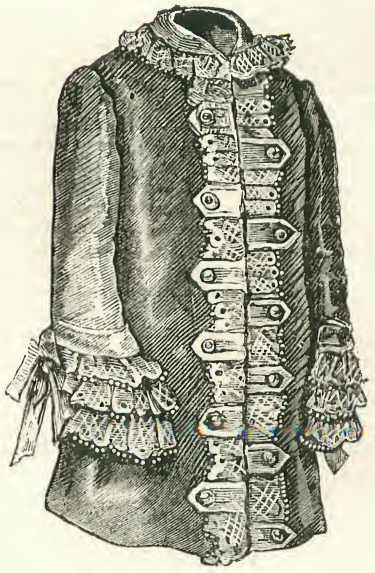
Brown is a colour almost more in favour for mantles than black; and a thick ribbed poplin is the favourite material. Beaver fur, of all shades, is used to edge them, and a thick ribbed plush is both cheaper and just as popular. The muffs, when not of fur, are made of the same materials as the trimmings of the mantles; and they are ornamented with lace, and sometimes with feather trimming; and always have a gathered bag-like top, from which the handkerchief corners appear.

The "Newmarket coats" of last year are still much worn, but are no longer made with a seam round them, below the waist, but are now more of the straight long "Redingote" style. They were worn last winter of silk velvet, and the many ladies who have them may, if they desire it, turn them into a modern and fashionable garment, by trimming them all round with fur or feather trimming; or even round the neck and sleeves only, in case they should be draped on the right side, at the back; and finished with a large bow of ribbon and a buckle. Many ladies who had them in tweed and cloth have made them useful for this winter by trimming them with fur, and having a muff to correspond. The back seam should be opened up, and trimmed with fur nearly to the waist. The skirt worn under these remodelled "Newmarkets" should be of woollen material, with a deep flounce and box pleats, and the colour should correspond in some measure; in this way a walking costume for the winter or spring can be secured by good management and a little forethought, complete, and with little expense.

Bearskin, dyed raccoon, and opossum are amongst the best furs to purchase for bands for trimming. Grey squirrel muffs are amongst the novelties in fur, and also some very *doggy* looking muffs, and small neck boas, of what is called "Chinese dog," looking like wool with a silky gloss.

Long gloves, as our illustration shows, are as popular as ever, and are worn both for the evening and walking costume. For the latter, the newest have their tops edged with fur, the favourite colour being brown; while tan gloves are still in favour for all evening occasions. Very long silk mittens are also worn at dinner, as well as the pale grey and cream gloves, which are now most worn to button all the way up the arm, not the loose wrinkled *gants de Suède*, buttoning only at the wrist with three buttons. A new feature in the long silk mitts consists in the ribbon bows of the same colour placed on the back in a straight line up the arm. From four to five small bows are needed. On black mittens red bows are used, as black ones would look too funereal.

Our illustration shows two pretty evening dresses for girls, neither of which are very costly. The long costume may be made of any two materials, such as India-muslin and satin; sateen and velvet or satin; cashmere and velvet—the first-named on the list for the underskirt, the second to form the bodice, sleeves, and long square overskirt. The child's dress is of white cashmere, with a little embroidery on the flounces, and a jacket and hood. The short dress is of sateen, cashmere or linen-backed satin, or it may be of silk of any hue. The skirt has a long box-pleated flounce, with a narrow one below it, and the bodice is a short polonaise, with a waistcoat. The skirt and bodice are both trimmed with the new embroidered floral trimmings which are *appliqué* to the dress. A frill of lace down the front, and frills at the short sleeves complete the costume. This simple costume may be copied in white or coloured cashmere without the floral trimmings, and with no other decoration than the lace. It would be suitable for a bridesmaid's costume, or a confirmation dress, and could be worn after either occasion without the wearer looking singular or over-dressed.



A DRESSING OR HOUSE JACKET.

The child's dress illustrated is an example of a simple way of making a cashmere or nun's veiling frock, with a gathered bias yoke at the top, into which the skirt of the frock is placed in pleats, the skirt being edged with two flounces. A folded scarf is placed very low down on the hips, and tied in a large bow at the back.

The dressing or house jacket is made of fine flannel, sateen, or cashmere. It is trimmed round with lace, which extends also down the fronts, and has straps of satin, bound, laid across it, each strap having a button at the end. The sleeves have three flounces of lace, and a bow and band of ribbon. This jacket will be found of great comfort to an invalid, or indeed to anyone obliged, for whatever reason, to lie in bed, and it will be regarded as a truly restful garment to the tired worker who desires to enjoy complete ease when she returns to her home in the evening, and yet would not appear otherwise than neat and presentable.

This winter has seen a return to several old fashions; amongst others is that of wearing brightly-coloured, striped silk handkerchiefs round the small straw hats, and it is wonderful how one of them will glorify an old hat. The silk or feather "pompons" worn with them, and with all other hat trimmings, are a great addition, without being very costly. The rage for fancy gold pins is very great still. I lately saw the brim of a hat entirely surrounded with them, run in and out at equal distances all round.

Some dreadfully extreme bonnets have arrived from Paris, but I have not seen anyone wearing them, and they appear to be

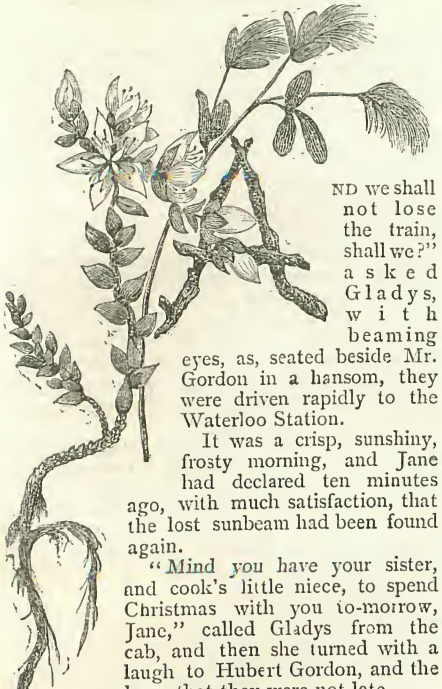
looked at with more curiosity than admiration when they figure in the shops. They resemble what used to be called "opera hats," I believe, which were worn about 1837-9, more than anything else. These bonnets, as they are now called, will be found illustrated in an article by Miss Caulfeild on the "Hats and Bonnets of the Nineteenth Century," page 116, vol. i. I hope my readers will refer to the page, in order to see what our French neighbours may call on us all to wear. We must not be too hard on them, however, for our mothers and grandmothers wore them, and looked quite as pretty, modest, sweet, and maidenly as their descendants do to-day in other guise, and with other ideas of the beautiful and becoming.

A STUDY IN GREY AND GOLD.

By GRACE STEBBING.

CHAPTER IV.

GLADYS OSMANN'S PARABLE.



AND we shall not lose the train, shall we?" asked Gladys, with beaming eyes, as, seated beside Mr. Gordon in a hansom, they were driven rapidly to the Waterloo Station.

It was a crisp, sunshiny, frosty morning, and Jane had declared ten minutes ago, with much satisfaction, that the lost sunbeam had been found again.

"Mind you have your sister, and cook's little niece, to spend Christmas with you to-morrow, Jane," called Gladys from the cab, and then she turned with a laugh to Hubert Gordon, and the hope that they were not late.

Mr. Gordon's hope was even stronger.

"The dear mother is expecting us, and I would not for much that she should be disappointed.'

Somebody else—or, rather, two other somebodys—were also expecting them, but of that Mr. Gordon at present said nothing.

"Poor Christabel," murmured Gladys once softly to herself; and a bright, very knowing-looking smile passed swiftly over her companion's face; but she did not see it, and he said nothing. Perhaps he ought to have done so, for she very nearly threw herself out of the carriage before it stopped, when at last the train reached their destination, and she saw upon the platform not only the kind, sweet, welcoming face of old Mrs. Gordon, but also the blooming, beaming countenances of Christabel and Percy.

"Oh, Percy!" she cried, between tears and smiles, "however do you come here?"

"He brought me," with a nod at the future brother-in-law. "He said he wanted to give you a Christmas-box a little different from usual, so he's given me a nomination to Charterhouse, and brought me back to England to take advantage of it."

"Oh!" began Gladys. And then everybody laughed at Percy's way of putting that matter of the gift. But Gladys gave Mr. Gordon a quick, bright glance, which made him feel very well satisfied with his own idea.

"And Christabel?" was the next question. Well, that was soon answered. Christabel had been telegraphed to yesterday morning, and had caught the evening mail south.

There was plenty of time for questions and answers during the two hours' drive to the Dower House. Plenty of time for chat and laughter during the substantial meal to which all alike were ready to do justice, and then Mrs. Gordon retired to her room for a rest after her long drives, that she might be the better able to enjoy the evening with her visitors; and the four younger people, scouting the imputation of fatigue, went off together to Gladys's future home, Gordon Hall, to superintend the gathering, and bringing up to the other house, of evergreens for the Christmas decorations.

"I expect that Gladys will do them better than ever this year," said Percy, as they entered the Gordon grounds.

Mr. Gordon looked round at him. "What makes you think that, young man?"

"Oh! because she looks so happy."

"I was happy last year," said Gladys gently, and in low tones, "for some things, you know, happier."

"Yes, I know." Percy's face changed its smiles for earnestness. "I know that, Gladys, I don't forget. But you had not been sorry then before you were glad."

Percy was no more given to speaking out his thoughts than most boys, so with those last words he pushed past his sisters a little brusquely, and ran forward to where the gardeners stood awaiting orders. When Mr. Gordon reached them he paused a few moments to give some final instructions as to where the spoils had better be gathered, and then led Gladys on into the house to see the two long trestle tables already placed in the fine old hall, at which all the people of the neighbourhood were to be entertained on the morrow, who had no fair prospect of comfortable feasting in their own homes.

"People like me," whispered Gladys, with a little sob, as she stole her hand into Mr. Gordon's. It was clasped very closely, but there was a tone of hurt reproach in the voice that asked—

"Gladys, do you feel like that with me?"

She looked up quickly, the honest grey eyes true as ever.

"I like to feel it, Hubert. I was poor and sad, and lonely and tired, and not wanted, and then you came. I had no real home, no prospect of any comfortable feast, till you came and took me away to have both. It all seems to me like a beautiful parable, and doubly beautiful now at Christmas time. For we are all as I was, Hubert, are we not? All poor and sad, and homeless and hungry, and then Christ came to give us joy, to give us rest, to give us home, to give us living bread and a marriage feast."

There was a long, long silence after that. That girl-face might not be beautiful as the world counts beauty—might have no good feature but the pair of eyes, and yet more than Hubert Gordon would have thought it lovely at that hour. Gladys Osmann's earthly happiness was likely to wear well, for she took it straight from her Heavenly Father's hand as a direct gift from God. Even Hubert Gordon felt more fully than he had done before as he looked at her that he was taking upon himself a sacred trust.

To what time those two would have stood together, alone and in silence, in the old hall, content with their own thoughts and each other's society, it is impossible to say; but Percy grew impatient at their absence from the evergreen cutting, and at last rushed in upon them impetuously, shouting as he came—

"Gladys! Where are you, Gladys? I've got a prize for you. Look there!"

And springing forward into the hall, he flourished before his sister's eyes a branch of golden holly.

"Do you remember, Gladys, the beautiful little wreath you once made with bunches of greyish-coloured leaves and little sprigs of this gold-berried holly?"

Most evidently Gladys did remember, for a blush rose in her cheeks and a low laugh rippled over her lips. That wreath had been made four years ago for this very Hubert Gordon, when the maker was still young enough not to feel shy of showing friendship. As they followed Percy from the hall, her hand upon his arm, she said, with grateful love—

"It is you who have given me the wreath this time, but you have taken out the grey and given only gold."

THE KINDERGARTEN.

THE first great trouble a child ordinarily has to endure is going to school. It is one which has to be borne by the great majority of children, and with many of them, morning after morning, there is the same scene; amidst tears and sobs the poor little mite clings to its mother, beseeching to be allowed to stay at home just that once; while she in turn is miserable at having to force it from her, and has all the morning before her the memory of that little tear-stained face.

But now, with the opening of Kindergartens in so many of our towns, brighter days are come. Instead of being loth to start, the children are eager and impatient for the time to come, and an unwilling one is a curiosity yet to be discovered.

The Kindergarten system of instruction is happily gaining ground so fast in England that a detailed description of its working is hardly necessary. Most of us have some little friends or relatives, who, morning by morning, trip off gaily to their school, which yet is not a school—to the "children's garden," where many a useful lesson is learnt, though the scholars are not conscious that they are learning.

The object of the Kindergarten is literally to educate, to draw out the faculties of the children, and so prepare them to receive the teaching of an ordinary school.

From the age of babydom upwards, a child, as long as it is in health, will be busy about something. Keep it employed, and it will be good and happy; but

"Satan finds some mischief still
For *idle* hands to do."

Seven or eight years old is generally considered a fitting age for a child to begin attending school, and it is to fill up the gap between babyhood and that age, a gap too often occupied by mischief and naughtiness, scoldings and punishment, that the Kindergarten steps in—its object the preparing and strengthening of mind and body for future instructions; the means it employs, a series of systematized games and exercises.

Frederick Froebel, the originator of these "children's-gardens," was born in 1782, in the obscure village of Oberweissbach, in Thuringia. His mother died while he was still an infant, and his lonely childhood, spent amongst the forest glades, rendered a sudden entrance into rough school life an unusually severe transition to the sensitive boy.

He stayed at school four years, and was next apprenticed to a woodman. After this he went to college, became a teacher, and soon had opportunity for maturing those theories of education upon which, even as a boy, he had loved to dwell.

With the memory of his own childhood, and the misery of his early schooldays fresh in his mind, he presently devised a plan for commencing the education of very young children, by which the awakening mind and growing energies of the infant might be gently trained and stimulated, without in any sort unduly forcing them on. In fact, so far from this, the system is calculated to keep back an over-intelligent or excitable brain, whilst a dull one is roused to interest in natural objects, sights, and sounds.

By means of games and exercises which lead on to other branches, the child receives a good groundwork of simple information, and becomes neat and orderly in habit, quick and deft in movement, prompt and obedient, and accustomed to the discipline which is so irksome in early school life.

For the better understanding of the working of the system, let us imagine ourselves present at part of one morning's exercises in this happy school.

The room which represents the children's garden is large, light, and airy, with bare floor, and a linen dado all round the walls, as high as the children's heads. A row of desks and forms is at one side of the room, and opposite them stand a blackboard in a frame, the teacher's desk, and a cupboard in which all the implements for work or play are kept. A piano stands in one corner.

There are two classes here, the elder and the younger, with about ten scholars in each. A larger number than this is not desirable, because each child must have the individual attention of the teacher, and ten are quite as many as can be managed.

The morning's engagements begin usually with the singing of a simple hymn or song; if the latter, it will be accompanied by descriptive gesture. In teaching these, the teacher takes care, by telling little illustrative tales, and talking about it, that each child grasps the meaning of what it sings, and learns all the lessons that can be drawn from the song. For example a favourite song is one beginning, "Do you want to know how bread is made?" in which the whole process is described, from the casting in the seed to the baking of the loaf.

Next comes a march round the room; in single file, two and two, or three and three, keeping time to the music, now fast, now slow, or perhaps marching to the time of their own singing.

These preliminaries take off the first exuberance of the little folk's spirits, and slightly sobered down, they step quietly into their places, and settle to work.

On one morning in the week the proceedings begin with a scripture lesson, given with great simplicity. But to-day let us look on at an arithmetic class.

The little ones sit with folded arms till the teacher or monitor brings along a pile of slates and pencils. The slates have chequers permanently marked upon them. The first step is to learn to make figures; when they have made a figure 3, they put by it three strokes, by 4, four strokes, and so on, to fix in the mind what each stands for. They then learn the meaning of units, tens, hundreds, and of the different arithmetical terms, plus, minus, and so on. This is done by slow degrees, the lesson being first illustrated on the blackboard, and afterwards by each child on his own slate, till he can claim the privilege of promotion to a book. The elder class, meanwhile, is engaged in doing simple sums in addition or subtraction in books, also ruled in squares; and great care is taken that the figures are well and neatly made.

Perhaps some of the smallest scholars are getting fidgety and tired, before the time is quite up; the teacher soon marks this; "Jessie, Tommy and Sybil may leave off figures and draw me a ladder, a chest of drawers, and a Noah's ark," she says; and, to our surprise, these mites of some four years old proceed with joy to produce these articles upon their slates, and quite recognisable ones too. This, it seems, they have learned to do, first by means of the blackboard, learning thereby the meaning of such long words as horizontal, perpendicular; then at dictation, "Make a horizontal line covering nine squares, at each end a perpendicular line over these squares," and so on, till finally they are able to draw them without any help at all.

On another morning in the week there will be building first. Each child is given a box of bricks, and then every eye rests on the teacher till the signal to begin is given.

She counts "one,"—each child draws the lid half off the box; "two," he turns his box over upon the table; "three," he draws the lid quite off; "four," he lifts up the box, leaving the bricks in a compact cube, and at "five," places his box exactly before him in the middle of the table.

Next, following and imitating every movement of the teacher, they begin to build, and during the erection, learn all about the bricks, their shape, colour, material; and a little arithmetic is introduced by counting how many bricks each child has, how many two have between them, and so on. Now that the edifice is completed, it is declared to represent a bridge; and the class is instructed, by means of lively conversation and questioning, about real bridges, how they are made, their use, and the names of the different parts. After this, the bricks are replaced in their boxes, again at signals from the teacher.

The elder class, a little more advanced, has been having an exercise in mental arithmetic; but now, after a march round, both classes unite for a lesson on the bee.

The teacher perhaps begins by asking what one is likely to see in a walk in the country on a fine summer's morning. A great many answers are given—the sun, trees, flowers, birds; at last some one says "insects," then the meaning of the word is explained, and the bee taken as an example. A picture of it is shown, and its various parts, uses, and peculiarities described.

A bell now rings for ten minutes' relaxation. The monitor for the week fetches a basket in which each child on arriving has put his little bag of biscuits or cake for lunch, and for a few minutes nothing is heard but chattering and laughing.

The bell rings again, and the teacher's "Now, children, back to your places," speedily restores order and quietness.

The elder ones now each have a pair of scissors with rounded points given them, and several small pieces of coloured paper. Under the teacher's direction they fold and cut them into triangles, oblongs, and other simple geometrical forms, learning their names and giving examples of each shape as they master it.

The little class meanwhile is engaged in making chairs, tables, and other objects with wood and peas. Each child is provided with a little heap of sticks, like rounded matches sharpened at the ends, and some softened peas. Closely following every action of the teacher, they take a stick and fasten a pea on at each end of it, then another stick is pressed into each pea, at right angles from the first, and so on, till the desired form begins to appear, and presently a row of chairs, which, delightful to relate, stand quite firmly, testifies to the deftness and industry of the little workers. These are put away till school is over, when each child is allowed to take home the specimen of his handiwork.

Froebel designed a progressive series of six games, which he calls "gifts;" and in every Kindergarten these have a place in the course of education.

The first of these consists of a wooden box containing six soft balls of various colours, each with a string attached. With these, lessons on colour and various motions are given. One ball is given to each child, who is expected to say what colour it is; they then, swinging the ball by the string, practise the pendulum motion, circular motion, movements up and down, and so on, singing appropriate songs the while, till they have received as much instruction as their little brains can retain all at once; and then they are allowed to practise ordinary ball play, throwing the ball from one to another without letting it fall, or throwing it against the wall and catching it.

In the next gift there is a cylinder, a cube, and a wooden ball. The latter being contrasted with the soft balls in gift one, many new lessons are taught; it is hard and heavy instead of soft and light, and so on. From that they go on to compare it with the cube. The sphere is round, has no corners, can be rolled along the table; the cube is not round, has corners, and is not easily moved like the ball. The cylinder comes between the two, being in some respects like the ball, in that, placed on its rounded surface, it will roll, while it remains still like the cube if placed on end.

It would be impossible within the limits of one short paper to describe the gifts at length, and a few words must suffice for the remaining four.

They each consist of one large cube variously divided.

In gift three it is divided into eight smaller cubes, all of equal size; in gift four the shapes vary; in five and six the forms are still more varied, giving scope for more intricate combinations.

With these the rudiments of geometry are taught; they are a useful medium for teaching arithmetic too, first by counting the sides, corners, and separate cubes; then addition and subtraction will follow naturally, and division is explained by dividing the large cube into halves, quarters, and eighths.

As soon as the children attain tolerable proficiency, before they leave the Kinder-

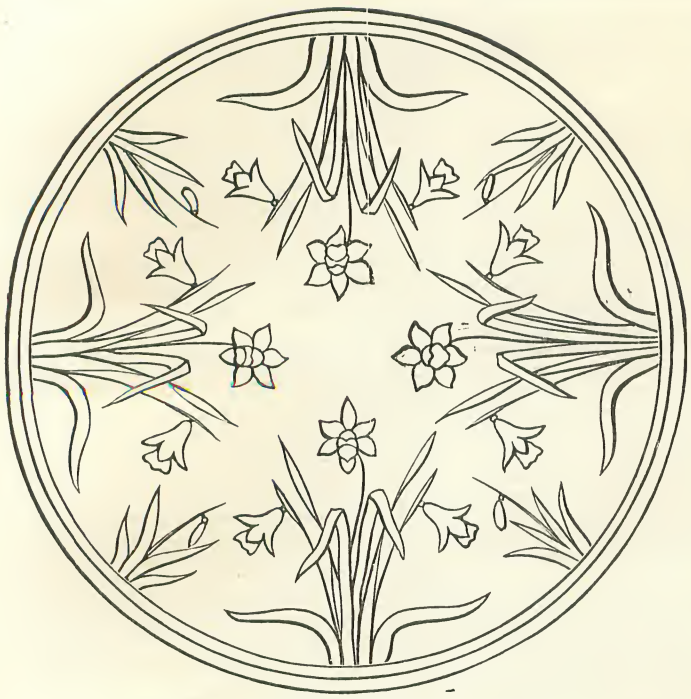


FIG. 1.—FOOTSTOOL—NATURAL DAFFODIL.

FIG. 2.—FOOTSTOOL—CONVENTIONAL.

garten for a real school, they are put into what is called the "transition class," which is, as its name implies, just for those in a transition state. Here they learn history, grammar, geography, and a few other things; so that the class of teaching in an ordinary school is not altogether new to them.

The whole morning's exercise occupies but the space of two and a half hours, or three at the most; and, to carry out Froebel's theory, there should be no school in the afternoon, though sometimes it is continued all day.

The children trained from a very tender age, till they are ready for a real school, in these establishments, certainly acquire a precision, prompt obedience, and deftness of action not to be gained later in life, besides imbibing an amount of varied information which lays an effectual foundation for all kinds of future instruction; and all in a form so pleasant and attractive to the child, that to be given a holiday from the Kindergarten, instead of being a treat, is regarded as a hardship and punishment.

DORA HOPE.

ART NEEDLEWORK.

No. 4.

IT has now come to the turn of footstools and cushions, which I put together for the sake of convenience, as designs for the one will sometimes do for both. I am giving you some specimens of each. To begin with, the former, being chiefly worked on cloth or serge, are easily made in the hand, and some of the most effective patterns require very little work. But, before commencing one either for home work or for a present, I would advise you to consider well the general style and colouring of the room it is intended for; as a footstool that is so out of harmony with its surroundings as to be glaringly conspicuous, or, on the other hand, one that so closely matches the carpet as to be almost invisible, and, therefore, constantly tripping up unwary feet, is more likely to prove a torment than a comfort to its possessors.

Small round or square stools have nearly superseded the large, cumbrous old-fashioned ones, and of these round ones are the most convenient and easy to make up, as they can be put on to flat muffin-shaped foundations, with or without a frame; the two round designs I give you will do for either.

Fig. 1 is composed of groups of daffodils, natural flowers, but conventionally arranged, and can be worked in their own colours in crewel on any shade of blue or green diagonal. The flowers should be worked in silks of two or three shades, taking care to make the outer petals of a very much paler shade of yellow than the bright golden trumpet-shaped centre. The lines at the outer edge of the stool would be worked in pale shades of green crewel, rather thick. There are so many flowers that will make pretty groups to work like this, and, as you see, only two different groups need be drawn—iris, narcissus, buttercups, white or yellow daisies, all would look well; and if you have an old stool to re-cover, you could easily make it up yourself; it only needs sewing on to the side piece, and a narrow cord to match the colour of the outer lines put round the edge over the join.

Fig. 2 has much less work in it, as of course it is intended that the outline only shall be worked, either simply with thick crewels or in feather-stitch. Two or three shades will be needed, and I think it would be best to work it in various shades of the same colour as the material, which may be either cloth, Roman satin, or velveteen; and it could be made up in the same way as fig. 1.

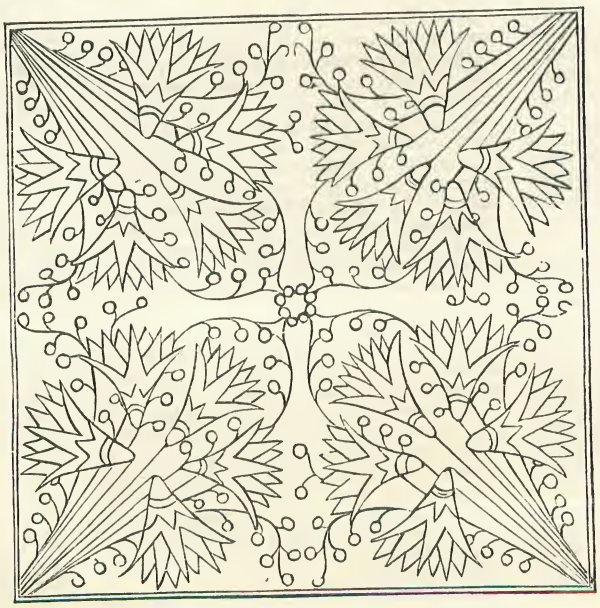


FIG. 3.—SQUARE FOOTSTOOL—CONVENTIONAL LOTUS.

Fig. 3 is an arrangement of the Egyptian lotus. If any of you girls are at a loss for conventional patterns, for almost anything, I would suggest some visits to the British and South Kensington Museums, more especially to the Indian department of the latter. You could find endless suggestions for the most beautiful designs there—scraps of borders, bits of shawls and cushions; the only difficulty is to make up one's mind what to choose, for it is quite an *embarras de richesse*, and you could sketch enough bits in a morning to work up into as many things as would keep you going for a long time. One of my favourite stool designs, to be worked in outline in the same way as the lotus design I give you, I copied from a section of the pavement of the ancient palace of Sardanapalus in the basement of the British Museum. It is also lotus, for this flower, held sacred by the Egyptians, is introduced into all their designs, and indeed gives its chief characteristic to oriental art. The design would look

well worked in several shades of gold colour on a green or peacock-blue diagonal ground, using the lightest shades for the dotted part. You may, if you please, entirely change the character of this design by leaving the dotted part out altogether, and using only a group of lotus springing from each corner, and perhaps place an open lotus flower in the centre; but this is optional, and if you do not want very much work, it would look well without; and in the same way this design would serve to adapt to various articles requiring corners. As a footstool, the square shape needs a wooden frame.

Fig. 4.—In this design it is the *ground* which is worked instead of the pattern. The whole of the ground of the pattern is evenly covered or darned with some small stitch. It is most effective for such articles as cushions, and is now much used, also for chairs and sofa-backs. It requires a bold and distinct conventional design, which must be very clearly marked on the material. All articles with darned grounds are worked in the hand, and are mostly done on linen or on light-coloured Roman satin. The sketch I give is only a quarter of the design. It is intended to be worked on linen, with blue or golden-brown crewel, or on white or cream-coloured Roman satin, with pale blue or yellow filoselle. The darning must be done by the thread. I have shaded it to show the effect; but, of course, only the outline of the pattern is to be marked on the material. There are other stitches used for this grounding, and for these I must again refer you to that treasure-house of art needlework, the South Kensington Museum. Curious stitches and cunning handiwork of all kinds you will find there, in gold and silk, and worsted, and on all manner of gorgeous materials. You could make out some of these stitches for yourself if you have any experience in art embroidery to help you; and you would also find there many bits of Grecian and oriental designs which would suggest patterns to use in this style.

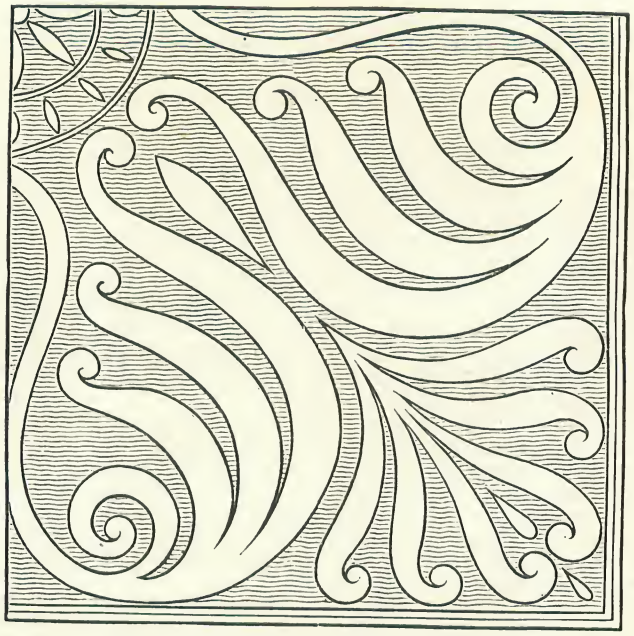


FIG. 4.—SECTION OF CUSHION—DARNED.

Fig. 5 is a section of a cushion to be worked either on linen or on some light-coloured Roman satin. It has a good effect, and is so very simple, both in design and execution, that almost any of you could undertake it. Conventional sprays are best to use, and you may have as many different ones as you please, so long as they match well in character and in amount of work. The lines which form the frame of each spray must be carefully marked by the thread, and then it can be very well worked in the hand, in simple crewel, or, as it is more properly called, stem-stitch. In the same, or, in different shades of the same colour, if worked on linen, it would make a very useful corner for a cushion which is likely to be much used, as it will then wash or clean any number of times. If you are making this cover for any special cushion, you must be careful to divide it into so many squares, according to the size you want, as halves or unequal squares left at the edges would spoil the effect of the whole.

Fig. 6 is the corner and centre of a cushion of conventional pomegranate. The lines round this are only intended to keep the design in its place. It is to be placed about an inch from the edge of the cushion, which can therefore be any size you require, and need not be drawn to fit any special shape or size. Cushions are extremely handsome worked on some dark material; on dark brown velveteen, for instance, in rich gold colours, or on dark green velveteen in light olive; but for my own part I prefer them rather light in colour. This design would work well on old gold, or on pale yellow or blue, either solid, in natural colours, or in outline in two or three shades; or it could be outlined with gold thread, and filled up with silk. I have seen pomegranates so beautifully worked and shaded in natural colours as to be real works of art; but it is necessary then to work the pattern in a frame, and it requires much experience to blend the shades and colours into each other in a harmonious and effective manner. The design I give is, however, too decidedly conventional (especially as regards the centre) to render a natural treatment desirable. It would be best to work it in outline, putting in the seeds of the fruit both in the corners and centre (which is intended to represent a pomegranate split open and flattened in the conventional manner), solidly, in the lightest shade of whatever colour you may be using, and outlining them with a kind of lattice-work stitch of the darkest shade. Now my paper has again reached its limit, and in my next I must take up again the borders for tablecloths, &c., which, I hope you have not quite forgotten, I left unfinished in the number for November 18.

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

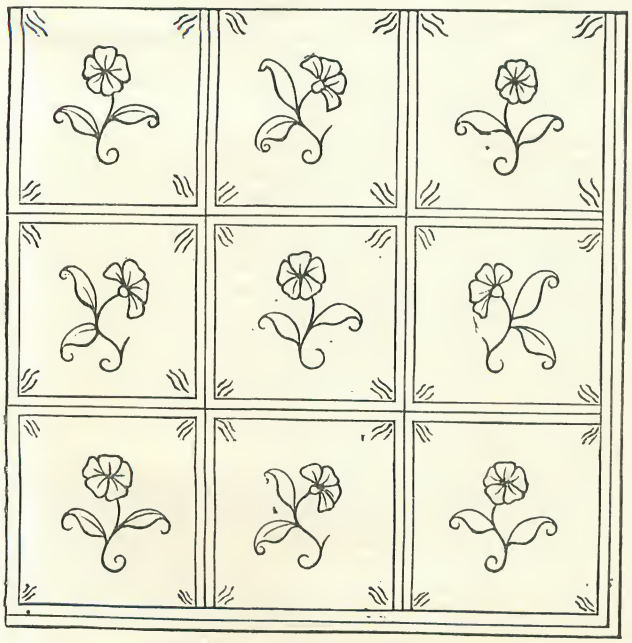


FIG. 5.—SECTION OF CUSHION.

FIG. 6.—CORNER AND SECTION OF CENTRE OF CUSHION.

BOUND TO EARTH.

By the Author of "Phil's Fortune," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

FANNY LESLIE was a little disappointed that she received no letter from Helen in reply to hers.

"I suppose she is highly disgusted with us all, and well she may be," she said to herself, but still she sighed and felt annoyed, for her own feelings towards Helen had been so friendly that it seemed hard that they should be confused with those of her family.

Helen had not been the girl of all others she would have preferred her brother to choose, and that not from any unkind or worldly motive, but because with her shrewd judgment she had seen that it needed a stronger character than Helen's to wield over him the influence that his sister believed might mould him into a good man.

But she had consoled herself with the reflection that Helen was good in so many ways that her influence must be in the right direction, and that after all he might have made so much worse a choice, and so she had rather furthered than hindered the attachment. But, whatever her private judgment might have been, she had but one feeling about her brother's subsequent conduct.

"I utterly despair of you," she said to him, in one of her angry moments. "I have always defended you with papa, and stood up for you through thick and thin, because I believed there was plenty of good in you; but you seem to me to be lost to all sense of justice and honour. If I were a man I would strike you to express my contempt! If I had known my own brother was a despicable villain, do you think I would have been his go-between, and brought that girl here to be treated in so shameful a manner?"

Edward smiled. He was used to Fanny's extravagant language, and knew very well that to bandy hard words with her was to court annoyance and defeat.

Strangely enough, Fanny, with all her real affection and solicitude, had an unhappy effect upon her brother's disposition. In proportion as she waxed indignant, which she frequently did when talking to him, he became calm, indifferent, unamenable. Fanny saw her failure, and was the more anxious that someone else should supply the influence she had failed so signally to establish.

"After all," he said, coolly, "what is there to make such a fuss about? There was no engagement, no definite promise—nothing more than men go through a dozen times before they think of marrying, and girls too for the matter of that."

"How dare you?" Fanny cried. "If you like to thrust your own disgrace in my face, don't stand there and tell me falsehoods. You know as well as I do that Helen was not that sort of girl, and that to say there was no engagement is the meanest subterfuge. She was only too fond of you—why, goodness only knows—and if you ruin her life with your miserable shallowness, you will console yourself with the reflection that there was no 'definite promise,' and that therefore you are not responsible. The world will uphold you and say what a prudent, wise young man you are," she concluded, in a tone of bitter sarcasm.

"Has Helen employed you to plead her cause? Edward asked, "and would you wish me to run away with her, and, after the honeymoon was over, settle down to starvation in a six-roomed cottage? I might develop into a wife-beater under those circumstances, you know."

Fanny could not trust herself to speak, she was so angry, nor with her own straightforward, blunt honesty could she imagine that under Edward's cool indifference lay hidden very different sentiments from those she credited him with. Weak and miserable as he was, he was not quite so bad as she supposed. It was as much for Helen's sake as his own that he had remained silent. "I should bring her nothing but misery," he had told himself bitterly. "Hard work and money-making are not in my line, and with a wife whose connections hindered my progress rather than helped it, a pretty hash I should make of it. I'm a ne'er-do-well, and if she only knew it she's well rid of me. The best thing I can do is to keep out of her way and let her forget me. When she had money of her own it was a different thing. She would have been independent of my worthlessness."

Edward was like many another weak character. He could condemn himself readily enough, but had not sufficient strength of purpose to even attempt a reformation. In holding aloof from Helen he had really exercised some forbearance and consideration. His natural instinct was to carry on the connection regardless of consequences, but when he considered those consequences they were too appalling. He would not have thought much of the disgrace attaching to her family if it had not alienated the world. His affection for her was strong enough to make him wish to spare her, but not strong enough to make him overcome the obstacles which had risen between them. Of that he was entirely incapable, and he was aware of it.

It was not wonderful that Fanny should misunderstand his assumption of reckless indifference. It was impossible for her to understand such a weak, irresolute character, and she really credited him with greater depth than he possessed—greater depth of evil, as well as good. Such misunderstandings are part and parcel of life. There is scarcely one of us who does not come in for some share of them.

Fanny was misunderstanding another person.

"I don't know why I should feel so keenly for Helen," she said to herself, when she had a little calmed down; "she has not behaved well to me. She might have written."

Now the truth was that Helen had many times attempted to write and could not. What could she say? If she betrayed the anguish of mind she was suffering, it would seem that she had a motive in writing, and although she had been tempted to do so, her modesty had, as we know, prevented her from making such an appeal. If, on the other hand, she ignored the subject altogether, it would seem that she was indifferent, and the truthfulness of her nature made her shrink from implying such a thing, especially to Fanny. So the letter was delayed from day to day, until Helen's illness intervened, and it was out of the question.

This one thing had very much worried her, and in her delirium she made such frequent allusions to it, that Grace determined to write to Fanny, so that when Helen was able to hear it, she might tell her that Fanny would know she was prevented from writing by illness. "Helen and Mrs. Dalrymple are staying with us," she said in her letter, "but you will be grieved to hear that poor Helen has quite broken down and is very ill. Papa, we can see, is very anxious about her. He says that her mind seems quite unable to recover the shock of all this trouble, which she must have felt much more keenly than we imagined. She seemed to take it so well, that her illness has been quite an unexpected blow to everyone."

"Is it about Edward that she is fretting?" Fanny wondered, but it did not seem wise to suggest such an idea even to Grace.

Fanny was very restless and troubled. She wished she dared go up to London and see Helen, and was half determined to take French leave and depart without permission, but that she reflected such a step might inconvenience others even more than herself.

But Grace's letter removed the soreness she had felt on the score of Helen's silence. She wrote back one of her brusque effusions, in which she begged Grace to let her know as often as ever she could how Helen was getting on, for every letter was a boon. Home, she said, was horribly dull, and she wished she was back at school again with her two friends.

Grace was one morning engaged on a long communication to Fanny, in which she was telling her the exact state of Helen's affairs, and how it had been proposed that she and her mother should go quite away from their old home and endeavour to start a school, when a card was brought her bearing a name that in the troubled events of the last month or

two had dropped almost entirely out of her memory.

Mr. Mackenzie had inquired for Mrs. Hardinge, but as she was in constant attendance in the sick room, and had deputed Grace to see any callers for her, Grace went herself into the little drawing-room to explain and apologise for her mother's absence.

"I just want to ask a few questions about Miss Dalrymple," he said, in his quick, abrupt manner, holding out his hand to Grace with a friendly smile. "Perhaps it would be more straightforward to ask them of Miss Helen herself. I discovered that she was staying with you."

"Yes, but she is very ill; my mother cannot leave her bedside," Grace said, gravely.

"Very ill?" Mr. Mackenzie remarked, reflectively. "I am sorry to hear that. She has kind friends, I perceive."

"Her family are in great trouble," Grace replied, "and with papa and mamma that is a great spur to friendship."

"Your parents are very unlike the rest of the world then," Mr. Mackenzie said, sharply. "I daresay Mrs. Dalrymple may count her friends upon her fingers."

Grace had no reply to make to this, and Mr. Mackenzie went on. "I came here to see Miss Dalrymple, but since that is impossible, I think I must needs make you her substitute. I must tell you that I know all about her affairs. That is nothing. The whole world knows. I went round to her house, thinking that a friend who had seen a good bit of the world might possibly be of some use. I found the house empty. I think I went to the right address, for I have a good memory."

"It was very kind of you, I am sure," Grace said, ignoring the last remark, "for you only knew Helen so little."

Mr. Mackenzie smiled. "Is that intended as a reproof?" he asked. "You think it was an impertinent piece of curiosity."

"Oh, no, please don't think that," Grace was hastening to explain, but Mr. Mackenzie interrupted her.

"The fact is, I have been in pretty sore straits myself, Miss Hardinge, and have known what it is to stand alone without a friend in the world. That's well enough for a man," he added quickly, as if apologising for mentioning the fact, "but it's hard upon a woman and a young girl. I knew they were alone, and thought, as I said before, I might be useful. You see I was some time making up my mind to risk the credit of *impertinent curiosity*."

"I am sure Mrs. Dalrymple would not have suspected you of that," Grace said, with an uncomfortable fear that she had been rude. "You would like to see her? I will send for her."

"No, not yet," he replied. "Tell me, if you know, what they are going to do? I have a reason for asking, and anything you tell me will be in safe keeping. Stay, I will ask you questions, and then it will be my fault if you reveal more than you intend. Has the furniture been sold?"

"Yes," Grace replied.

"By the creditors?"

"Yes."

"Then they have nothing so far as you know?"

"I believe they will have absolutely nothing but what they may gain for themselves," Grace replied, "for I heard papa saying to Mrs. Dalrymple that if——." Grace hesitated, and then went on, "that many people would have contrived to have saved something out of the wreck, but that Mr. Dalrymple did not appear to have thought of such a thing. It seemed to comfort Mrs. Dalrymple."

"I quite understand," Mr. Mackenzie replied, "and I am very glad to know that. It means that once yielding to temptation is not the same thing as deliberate dishonesty. Go on."

"They have talked of going right away and starting a small school," Grace continued.

"Without money, and without furniture? How is that to be done?"

"That is the difficulty, I know," Grace replied. "I fancy papa will help them. He bought in ever so many things at the sale that he knew Mrs. Dalrymple valued," she added enthusiastically. "She thought that he simply brought them away because no one would buy them, but he bought everyone of them, mamma told me so. Papa will do everything he can, I know. He is so good."

"I do not doubt it," Mr. Mackenzie replied, with an undecipherable smile. "Now, Miss Hardinge, I have learnt everything that I want to know, and you may introduce me to Mrs. Dalrymple if you like; but on the whole I think you had better not, for she may think me guilty of impertinent curiosity, and as I perceive she has such a good friend in your father, I am not so anxious to thrust myself upon her as I was."

Grace did not at all know what to make of this speech, but on the whole she was inclined to resent it.

"I think I do not quite understand you," she said, her face flushing painfully.

"Very few people do," Mr. Mackenzie replied solemnly, quite ignoring her vexation. "I have a piece of news: the 'Gravel Pits' will be in next year's Academy." Then he took up his hat and departed in his own abrupt fashion, not giving Grace time even to ring the bell, and leaving her in a state of mind made up of vexation and amusement.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

Loyal Irish Maiden.—The little girl of seven years old appears to be forward in her education. Beware of pressing her. At that early age much may be taught without fatiguing the brain, by means of reading to her, showing her pictures and maps, describing the various races of men, their dress and habits, and the various countries of the world, their produce and characteristics. Let her education be converted into an agreeable pastime, while the small amount of drudgery imposed on it, in the way of learning by heart, or of mastering a calculation, should be very limited in amount, and the completion of the task insisted upon when once exacted as a duty. A dull child, or one that is a slow thinker, should be patiently borne with, and a quick one may be allowed to learn much of its own free will, but never pressed.

"Two Hallelujah Lassies."—We much approve of your taking advantage of your mistress's permission to employ some leisure time in improving your education. Do not, however, neglect the art of needlework, nor the effort to perfect yourselves in your knowledge of cookery, nursing, or the special domestic work which you may have adopted as your own special business. You owe this to your mistress.

Lalla Rookh and Gertrude of Wyoming.—We recommend you to apply to the secretary, the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, for information as to the books employed in the senior local examinations.

Daisy.—1. Order the key to the book which you name through a bookseller. 2. Send your cloak to a furrier, or to the shop where it was purchased, and it may perhaps be so cleaned that the mischief will go no further.

Marian.—There is an Evangelical Training College for the daughters of gentlemen of small means in connection with the Princess Mary's Village, Addleston, Surrey, which trains for private and elementary teaching. Expenses, from £21 to £33 per annum.

MUSIC.

Lover of Music.—You can procure suitable exercises for the voice at any music publisher's, and you should ask for those that are intended for voices of your own compass. But we suppose that you are aware that to have a contralto voice it should have a particular tone; the question is not one of merely being unable to take a certain number of high notes, such as are within the compass of a mezzo-soprano or soprano voice. It is very essential to have at least a dozen lessons from a good master—Italian if possible—merely to teach you how to produce the three different classes of notes—*i.e.*, of the chest, throat, and head, and to tell you where your voice breaks, and which are your best notes also. After that you can practise by yourself. If your voice be so low you will have to transpose many songs.

Violin.—1. Your aunt's signature will suffice instead of a parent's. 2. You should procure some lessons in harmony from a master. Books on the subject may be had at any music publisher's.

Furneaux.—We are very glad that our paper has travelled to your islands at our antipodes and afforded you so much satisfaction, but regret that we are unable to procure for you the Hindoo air named in the story. We hope you are not much troubled by snakes.

HOUSEKEEPING.

Erema.—The following is used to clean silver when very much tarnished:—Prepared chalk, eight ounces; turpentine, two ounces; alcohol, one ounce; spirits of camphor, four drachms; liquor of ammonia, two drachms; apply with a sponge and allow to dry well in before polishing. Of course, you may make half or a quarter of this mixture as well as the whole. Many thanks for your kind letter.

Garb of Old Gaul.—You will find two excellent recipes for ginger wine in vol. iii., at pages 92 and 158, either of which appear preferable to the one you send us.

H. Adair.—See Miss Caulfeild's articles on "The Duties of Servants," pages 534 and 646, vol. ii., in which those of all classes are carefully described.

Fireworks.—You will find some very nice ideas in "Breakfast Dishes," page 295, vol. iii.

Ruby and Iris.—A little brickdust and paraffin oil is a compound for cleaning brass, rubbing with dry brickdust afterwards. As to the removal of freckles, and cure of chilblains, we can only refer you to our indices, which will direct you to many recipes already given. It is more easy to preserve your hands from the latter than to cure them.

Young Housewife.—1. Employ nothing to polish ebonised furniture but an old silk handkerchief. 2. Grease the badly burnt kettle and leave it so for a night, then polish it with brickdust and paraffin oil, and afterwards with the brickdust dry.

WORK.

K. S.—The system of banking owes its origin to Venice about the year 1150, and it was introduced thence into other countries; the great banking street in London being called after the Lombard Jews who originated banks. The oldest metallic money appears to have been counted and valued by weight, and consisted of bars of silver, not coins. See Genesis xxiii., and compare with Genesis xiii., 1860 years B.C. Brass money is spoken of by Homer 1184 years B.C. The invention of coin is attributed to the Lydians, who made it of gold and silver. That of iron and tin was the first used in Britain. The earliest known coins are Macedonian, of the fifth century B.C.; the first coinage was instituted at Colchester, the ancient *Camalodunum*. The Britons and Saxons coined silver, and the first coining of gold was by Henry III.

Lorna Doone.—See "Sock and Stocking-knitting," page 157, vol. ii. The 27th of November, 1868, was a Friday.

Susie.—1. See page 160, vol. ii., where you will find directions for knitting mittens with thumbs. The number is for December 4th, 1880. 2. Touch the

white wadding employed for Christmas decorations with liquid gum, and sprinkle it with powdered glass or "frost," which may be purchased by the ounce. But be careful how you use it, that it may not get into your eyes nor touch any food.

WILDROSE.—See page 269, vol. iii., for the directions you require for working a crochet border, which might look well on the quilt.

BUSY BEE.—To restore black lace which has become brownish or "rusty," see our directions at page 303, vol. ii. To remove shiny marks on black cashmere, sponge it with a solution of water and ordinary washing blue. If a coloured cashmere, you can only send it to a dyer's to be redyed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LILLABELL.—It depends on the degree of intimacy that exists between you and the friends entertaining visitors, and on how long these visitors may be staying with them. Of course it would be regarded as a compliment to your friends, if, as residents, you *called on their guests.*

RED ROSE.—We have formed no society for essay-writing, but we give competitions from time to time, which include the writing of essays.

LOVING JOAN.—We by no means approve of your attending such meetings. Mind your own duties at home. There is always much to be done within its walls, either for others or yourself. It is very unseemly and unsafe for girls to parade about the streets with a mob of riotous men and boys. We do not need excitement to aid us in serving our "Master in Heaven." It is a great deal to say that Christ "lives in you." If so, what evidence do you give, in the holiness of your life and conversation, and the good you do to others, of so divine a presence within you? Look narrowly to your conduct, and the example you are setting to others. The style of your letter is not such as to impress us with a comfortable assurance of your Christian humility. Endeavour prayerfully to cultivate this grace.

VOX ANGELICA.—The more general sound good-breeding becomes amongst all classes, the better. But the term "Etiquette" is suggestive of certain habits, and style of speaking, and address, and a thousand comparatively trivial matters, although having their origin in good feeling and common sense, but which, as a matter of course, must be quite out of the question in reference to persons who are not living in the higher ranks of life. For instance, it is a breach of etiquette to put on your gloves after you have left the house; but of what use would such a rule be to people who never wore a glove in their lives? Or to tell such individuals that they must precede their hostess into the carriage at once, if desired so to do? Of course, if you can teach a labouring man that he should not take the wall-side of the pavement, and force a lady out into the gutter, you will not exceed the limits of what he can understand, and has the power to carry out.

A. L. K.—We sympathise much with you in your late painfully unsettled state of mind. Be at rest now, and make no further changes. No ceremony has to be gone through under such circumstances (excepting by a clergyman). Attend the services, and, trusting in the merits of your Saviour, and with an earnest desire and intention, by God's grace, to live in a state of repentance and amendment of life, present yourself for Holy Communion, with your mother, or alone, if absent from her. But, henceforth, steadfastly refuse to listen to any one, or to read any book, that may tend to disturb your mind, and shake your faith.

EMMA.—We much approve of the sentiments expressed in your verses on flowers, a word which must only stand for one syllable in poetry, but we regret that they are not suitable for insertion in this paper. If you wish to write in metrical form, you must avoid writing a single line that bears a resemblance to any other that you have ever seen before.

A WELL-WISHER.—Certainly, false teeth should be removed, thoroughly cleaned, and placed in water at night; this last named arrangement being desirable not on account of the teeth only, but for the sake of resting the gums of the wearer. Your writing is very pretty. 2. See "Infant Class Teaching," page 730, vol. ii.

BLANCHE JACKSON.—1. Surnames date back to the latter part of the 10th or 11th century. It is the "over-name," or name of the family, under which all the Christian, and personally distinctive names are inscribed in family pedigrees. They were introduced by the Normans, and adopted by the nobility. The term "Fitz" was employed by the old Normans, meaning son, the prefix "O" was the Irish for grandson, while the Highlanders of Scotland used that of "Mac," or son. Amongst the northern nations the latter word was appended to the end of the name, "Sen" meaning son; and, as we had many immigrants from Flanders and Brabant, the final distinguishing syllable is very common amongst our surnames. 2. The helmets of the ancient knights were surmounted by what was called the cognizance or crest of each, for, when the visor was down, there would have been no way of recognizing them, had there been no coat of arms on the shields, nor crest on the helmet. The retainers of feudal lords wore their respective chiefs' cognizance as a badge, to indicate to whom he owed obedience, and these badges were set up, painted on sign-boards over hostelries and warehouses, before whole streets were given distinguishing names. Thus, in the present day liveries are worn, and the family crest is embossed on the servants' buttons.

ANNIE.—There is quite a circle of literature of which the rose is the centre, had we space to give it to you; but amongst the ancients it was "the flower of Venus," and was dedicated to Harpocrates, the god of silence, by Cupid. And you must remember that in the inspired writings our Lord is called "the Rose of Sharon."

PHILIPPA WALBERY.—1. His Serene Highness Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar Eisenach is the husband of the Lady Augusta Catherine, daughter of the Duke of Richmond and Lennox. He was the eldest son of Duke Bernard, of the same Duchy, and is in the English service; so that, owing to his marriage and his profession, as well as his kindredship with our Royal Family, it is natural that he should reside in this country. 2. Pronounce "Weimar" as if written "Vi-mar," "Merveilleux," as "Mer-vay-yeux" (the last syllable as the word for "eyes" is pronounced in French, not English), "Guelph," as "Gwelf," "forehead," as "for-head," breakfast," as "brek-fast," "coins," as "caw-eens," "walnut," as "wall-nut," and "almanack," as "all-ma-nak."

BIG JANE.—You may purchase many pretty and also useful things, such as would be acceptable to the young children in your brother's hospital, for the sum of five shillings, which you have to expend. We advise you to go to a bazaar, where you will find a greater variety than in an ordinary shop, and cheaper likewise. We sympathise with you as to writing "a hand that will not grow up!"

CARRY B.—To join the society called "the Bible Learner's Union," and to obtain all information about it, write to Miss Brine, Streamlet House, Bromley, Kent, sending your full name and address, together with six-pennyworth of halfpenny postage stamps, this small sum being the amount of the yearly subscription required. A card will be sent in return, giving a list of all the texts of Holy Scripture which the member must commit to memory during each quarter. We highly approve of your joining this society.

LITTLE WORRIT. — From your account of your symptoms we should say that there was as much or more rheumatism in your complaint as of gout. Everything that tends to produce acidity in the blood likewise produce gout. There are certain mineral waters that arrest its progress, and often effect its cure. Those, for instance, of Buxton, and those of Vichy. Consult your doctor about a course of treatment in some such watering place. If not checked speedily, your hands will, sooner or later, fail you for pianoforte playing; but that will be amongst the minor evils to be apprehended. Attack the dangerous disease at once, and by very decided measures.

EVERSLEY.—The expression "to boot" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon, in which language the word "boot" or "bot" means "compensation," while the idea is similar in the Gothic, "botyan" signifying "profit." Thus, to give such and such things "to boot," means "into the bargain," or so much more, in common parlance, "to the good." We are pleased to hear that, through the instructions given by our article "How to Swim," you accomplished the art during your visit to the seaside.

LADY MURIEL.—The 7th of August, 1865, fell on a Monday. Your handwriting is scarcely yet formed.

KITTY B. RIBBON.—We do not give names of books as we have often before told you. The 29th of July 1860, was a Sunday.

HOPE. — The "Rogation" days are the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday preceding Ascension Day. The word "Rogation" is from the Latin, and means Litany; the Greek *Litaneia* and the Latin *Rogatio* mean the same. In Rogation week, or "Gang" week, a procession was made round country parishes to mark their respective boundaries.

M. M. and CATHERINE. — Amongst the causes of chilblains are a lack of proper clothing and warmth, and of the proper kind of food. For a local application, a little dry mustard, very gently rubbed on when the first tickling comes, will generally put them back.

HETTY B.—Poultice the nail and keep the foot up for two or three days, until the inflammation be reduced. Then cut the nail in a curve inwards towards the centre, and with a sharp piece of glass, or a penknife, scrape the centre of the nail, from the quick towards the end, so as to thin it all down the middle. This will tend to raise the two sides out of the flesh where they grow in. Wear shoes or boots that are square at the toe.

YULY.—We do not remember to what letter you refer, nor any circumstances connected with your sister's baptism.

A WISH

AT THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR.

By BRIDA WALKER.

SEEN through the vista dim of hoary time,
Our days from budding youth to golden prime—
From thence to age—*seem* stretching far away,
When we in truth live but from day to day.

Each morning brings its own allotted care,
And with that "daily cross" the strength to bear;
Enough for us if every setting sun
We hear the Master's whispered sweet "Well done."

And so God give thee, dearest, day by day
His "daily bread" to lighten all the way—
Strength for the "daily cross," the daily race,
And every eve His crown of pardoning grace.

A PLEASANT THOUGHT.

VOL. IV.—NO. 162.] FEBRUARY 3, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

LAURA LEIGH.

A TALE OF HIGHBRIDGE PAPER MILLS.

By the Author of "Cora; or, Three Years of a Girl's Life," &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

IN the end, Laura had succeeded in carrying out her views, and during the five years that intervened between her father's death and the time we again get a glimpse of her, she had passed through a varied experience, and though she had met with some difficulties and disappointments, she still persevered in the path she had chosen for herself.

She was always warmly welcomed back to Rockley Hall whenever she was able to stay there, and during the vacations it was always her home.

The domestic atmosphere of the Hall had grown considerably brighter of late, and the reformation had been brought about, as many reformations are, through the "fires of affliction."

One day the squire came in from riding in anything but

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"THE EXHAUSTED INVALID WAS LED ABOUT THE GROUNDS."

his usual spirits. He was dull and pale, could not enjoy his dinner with his wonted zest; and when he rose from the table, he said he would go to bed and try to get the weariness out of his bones.

But even this remedy proved ineffectual. He had taken a severe chill—congestion of the lungs had come on, and for a long time it was a matter of doubt whether he would ever be up and about his place again.

One doctor was called in, then another, a still more celebrated physician was brought down from London, and long and anxious consultations took place, but it was weeks and months ere a languid, thin, exhausted invalid was led about the grounds, step by step, to where there was least draught and most sunshine. By slow degrees he grew better, then he was pronounced quite recovered, and the doctors left him and said he required good nourishing food instead of physic.

But Squire Gregory was never quite the same man again; his illness had been a breakdown of a splendid constitution, and he was warned he must be more careful in future.

Where was Blanche during this time of trial?

Just where a true wife ought to be—by his side, watching him, tending on him, *and listening* with throbbing heart and pallid cheeks for any little ray of hope the doctors could give her.

How it had come about that the stately Blanche could turn into a skilful, devoted nurse was a metamorphosis she could never explain, even to herself. But there must, after all, have been a spark of true love for her "auld man" buried deep down in her heart, and the mist that hid it had rolled aside, and it had shone forth distinctly in the gloom of the sick chamber.

She no longer refused to accompany her husband in his walks and drives. He had given up riding and hunting since his illness, and the pretty low carriage, with its pair of occupants, and its well-groomed bays, became an almost daily object to the country people. Blanche, in time, even began to confess that though the neighbourhood round about Rockley Hall was rather lonely, there certainly were some bold, striking points of view.

To return to Laura Leigh. At the time we take up her history again she was living in the house of a rich manufacturer—an almost palatial mansion, for its owner, Mr. Herbert, had ambition as well as riches.

But although Laura had every comfort and many of the luxuries of life, the manufacturer's wife never for a moment allowed her to forget that she was only "governess" in the family.

Mrs. Herbert was quite as lofty in her way as Blanche Gregory was in hers, and she had very decided notions about keeping people in their proper positions. She often gave large dinner parties, massive, as regards the plate, heavy, as regards the conversation of the guests.

Laura Leigh — the governess — was never invited to sit at the table on any of these grand occasions, but she was always expected to come into the drawing-room for an hour or so when dinner was over. Her presence was supposed to be a kind of wholesome restraint on her pupils—Gerty and Ethel—two bright spirited little girls, who were apt to be much petted and teased by the visitors, and whose spirits consequently sometimes rose to turbulent commotion.

Again, Laura was required to play duets with the little ones, to exhibit their musical progress, and occasionally to join with them in singing their simple infantile songs.

On the first evening Laura had been summoned into the grand, much-decorated drawing-room, she had been greatly startled by a water-colour painting, that, in a gilt and enamelled frame, occupied a conspicuous place just above the piano.

What was it in this picture that so bewildered her? that made her almost forget the notes of the cantata she was playing with Gerty, her youngest pupil? and that made her seek a position where she could still see it when the music was ended?

It was only a scene in the woodlands, where the trees were decked in all their summer beauty; only a dancing river that ran in its deep bed, with many an "eddy and ripple;" only a quaint bridge, grey and ivy-wreathed, through which the waters seemed to sweep with a slow waveless motion.

"Surely I have seen that view before," was her first thought.

"Surely every branch of those trees, every effect of light and shade is familiar to me? I know those drooping ferns, those rugged banks, those sprays of trailing briars."

And then her memory had fled far away from the stylish company that thronged Mrs. Herbert's rooms, thoughts swept over her brain that made her feel mystified and bewildered. At last she turned to Gerty, who happened still to be near her.

"Who painted that picture, do you know?" she asked.

"I don't know who painted it, Miss Leigh, but Cousin Con gave it to mamma on her birthday."

Laura made no reply, but pondered to herself—

"Whoever Cousin Con may be, is beyond my knowledge, but I am quite certain that painting was copied and enlarged from the sketch I once made in Chorley Woods. We called it 'On the Brink,' Vincent Ashton and I. Could I ever forget one incident of a picture that so nearly cost me my life?"

Gerty ran across the room to her mamma, and in childish impetuosity exclaimed—

"Mamma, mamma, who painted that picture; Miss Leigh wants to know? I told her Cousin Con gave it to you, but I couldn't tell her who did it."

"Cousin Con himself, of course. He knew I should value it all the more on that account."

"Which picture are you talking of?" asked Mrs. Lester, a young bride, who, in glistening attire, and with bright gems flashing on her arms and neck, was standing beside Mrs. Herbert.

"That one over the piano, my birthday gift. I am very proud of it, for it is exquisitely done."

"Of course, it must be if Cousin Con painted it. He is a paragon of perfection; is he not, Gerty?" asked Mrs. Lester, with a laugh.

The two ladies had gone towards the picture, and they stood looking at it, while Laura, rather wonderingly, watched them from a distant part of the room. Mrs. Herbert was saying—

"I call it a gem; the lights and shades are so well managed, and one could almost fancy he heard the gurgling of the river. There is some story connected with that painting, Con says; but I never could get him to tell me what it is."

Laura was not permitted to remain long in the retired corner she had chosen for herself beside a large stand of exotic plants, where she was half shaded by the broad leaves. Mrs. Herbert sent Ethel to her to summon her to take part in a duet.

"Mamma says you are to play that one I learnt last from *Martha* with me. It has a tune in it like the 'Last Rose of Summer,' you know."

Miss Leigh had not been introduced to any of Mrs. Herbert's guests.

"Whoever thinks of introducing the governess?" said that lady, as her friend, Mrs. Lester, made some remark about the tall, graceful girl who was crossing over to the piano.

Laura thought more of the picture than she did about the music just then. The impression on her mind was deepened by further examination, and as she was ingeniously managing the strains of Flotow, so as best to hide Ethel's false notes, her thoughts were still repeating—

"I am *sure* that is copied from my sketch. Who, I wonder, is Cousin Con?"

(*To be continued.*)

GIRLS' OWN PETS.

SECOND SERIES.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

FOREIGN BIRDS—(*continued*).

Pet Crows—Foreign Starlings—Weaver Birds—Waxbills.

HERE are pets and pets. And surely, among all the multitudes of foreign birds that are brought to this country every year and exposed for sale in shops, or advertised in the exchange columns of popular prints, any girl, be her tastes what they may, will find some pet to suit her fancy. The bright-plumaged birds are the most captivating to look at. It does not follow, however, that they make the best pets.

Indeed, for my own part, I recommend as useful pets those birds that are most comical and amusing in their ways. Even if they are tricky, I do not object to it. I have had several pets of the *Corvidæ*, or crow family, both in this country and abroad. Each and all of them were affectionate in their own way, but as mischievous as monkeys; thieves, too, they were, as far as food, and spoons, and jewellery were concerned, but amusingly clever at stealing. It would have made a sick person laugh to have seen my old Bird o'-freedom Sawin—for that was the name he rejoiced in—perched on the back of an adjoining chair while I sat at breakfast, sitting all of a heap with his head thrown back between his shoulders, as if he did not mean to move for a month, and with the eye next to me half shut; the other eye open enough, no doubt.

Rat-tat. It is the postman; and I go out to get the letter. When I return, where is my egg, and where is the butter? All gone, and Sawin too.

I had an Indian crow with a club foot, of which I think he felt rather ashamed, for he never even looked at it.

I had a raven who had a wooden leg. He lost the original in a trap. He was proud of it rather than otherwise—used to feel at it with his bill and then feel the other one, then laugh apparently, then set out for a ramble, a kind of hop-step-and-jump, which was irresistibly funny.

In India once I was in the habit of feeding, two or three times a day, a flock of from fifty to one hundred crows, at my window. They became a nuisance at last in this way. When I went out for a walk they came also for a certain distance; they came hopping off the water buffaloes, up out of the ditches and down from the banyan trees, flying around, mobbing me as it were, and making more din than a dozen charity schools all let loose in a play-ground.

Some wild birds that I have captured abroad are extremely solemn, and some vicious. These are no good as pets, only my advice is, if ever you are offered a foreign bird, no matter how uncouth or uncomely he may appear, do not refuse him, you never can tell what is in a bird till you tame it; feed it well, give it as much liberty as possible, and it may turn out a mine of good humour and drollery. And remember what the proverb says—"Laugh and grow fat." There is some truth in this, for innocent fun in my humble opinion is better than all the physic in the world.

Yes, some foreign birds are solemn. One which I caught on a string at sea—I did not even know the name of it, a kind of large gull it was—seemed to have a silent sorrow somewhere. He spent most of his time, when he was not eating, standing on one leg, thinking I suppose. What he was thinking about nobody could tell, but my brother officers used to declare he made them sad when they gazed on him—that he made them think of home and all kinds of things that made them sigh; so I fed the bird extra well one morning, then threw him up into the sky, and after an awkward turn or two he soared away eastward, and I saw him no more. I wasn't sorry. But I have had queer foreign bird pets, whose eyes and faces seemed all puckered with fun and merriment on the very day they were caught. A bird of this kind would seem to address me as follows: "Of course, I would rather be free; but as you seem bent on keeping me, and you don't look half a bad fellow, I'll try to make the best of it. What's for dinner?"

If a new bird pet of any kind eats and does not mope, you may be sure he will thrive, and you will make something out of him.

Nearly allied to the crow family are the *Sturnidæ*, or starlings, and they are also very like them in all their ways.

The common starling of our own country may be taken as a type of the class, but foreign starlings are as a rule far more gorgeous in plumage. Some of the African starlings are very beautiful; they are changing coloured, green and purple, and blue, with a bright metallic lustre. They are to be found, I believe, at Mr. Abraham's bird emporium, St. George's-street East; and I have no doubt either Mr. Jamrach or Mr. Cross, of Liverpool, would send a good bird to any reader of this paper that she chose to mention, or having read about, to fancy.

The charming mynah bird of the East Indies—an old friend and favourite of mine—is one of the starling family. It is a most lively and amusing pet, a good musician, and a fair talker. Foreign starlings of all kinds are fed precisely as the ordinary English species are. They are far from dainty. My experience of them is, that they think more about the quantity than the quality of the food placed within their reach.

The rose-coloured pastor and the Malabar mynah belong also to the starling family. The latter in particular, although not so gaily clad as most of its brethren, makes a very nice and very gentle little pet.

One of the most interesting inmates of the aviary is the Wyhdah, or widow bird. It is a finch, but belongs to the sub-family of weaver birds. There are several kinds of them, and as far as regards colour the plumage might be called a little sad. They are, with one or two exceptions, not much bigger than an ordinary canary, but when the males are in full plumage, "when summer days are fine," they present a very remarkable appearance indeed, the drooping tail feathers being nearly three times as long as the bird itself. They are natives—the Paradise Wyhdahs at all events—of Africa, south the line; their seasons are, therefore, the reverse of ours, and they moult in winter. This is equivalent to telling you that they require extra care and warmth then, and good nourishing food. So far as my experience and knowledge go, they may be fed and treated in the same way as canaries. They must be kept in large cages; indeed, a small cage will break and destroy the tail plumage of even our own domestic starlings.

Some of our most gaudily-plumaged aviary pets belong to the weaver family. They are so called from the peculiar nest they build. While walking some distance inland on a shooting expedition in the south-east of Africa one day, I came upon a Dutchman's clearing. Many wide-spreading trees, that had been left to border the fields not far from the house, were positively laden with birds' nests, shaped like lemonade bottles turned upside down. These were the homes of weaver birds, and they themselves perched or flew around in hundreds, from which I learned that these lovely creatures are not always denizens of the deep forest. They seem to be fond of mankind and to court his proximity. I fain would have possessed myself of a nest or two, but climbing to get them would have resulted in a fall, as they were hung on the outside thinnest branches, and to shoot one down would have been cruel.

For one pound of English money I was once offered, in a town called Mozambique, a most charming parlour aviary of African birds. They were all about a size, and numbered about thirty, in excellent plumage and as healthy apparently as the day was long. I could not purchase them, because I was bound for the East Indies, and might not get home for years. But I dreamed of that aviary long, long after; and I have not forgotten it yet, although I could not at this date call the birds to name. They were doubtless mostly natives of the adjoining shores of Africa, and probably some hailed from Madagascar.

Some birds are put down in books as natives of West Africa, some of Eastern Africa. I have, however, often seen them *vice versâ*, and have found so-called Madagascar birds in the woods of Zanzibar and islands further north. Perhaps they emigrate; perhaps they are too independent to remain in the countries which naturalists and bird-dealers are pleased to appoint as their homes.

Weaver birds are moderately hardy, and will live well on the ordinary bird seeds; only, when they begin to moult—the tail being generally the first part to look shabby—egg food and German paste should be allowed, with the usual insect food and mealworms, &c.

They are not only affectionate birds, but it is interesting to watch their curious movements and manœuvres. The foreign finches proper are a very numerous family, and new kinds are still being found and imported. I shall now mention a few of the kinds that are most common in our aviaries.

The *amadavat*, or *avadavat*, comes first to memory. This tender wee finchlet is *par excellence* a young girl's pet. In its very tininess it seems to advance a plea to be loved and gently cared for. It is also a very pretty little bird, especially when in full plumage, with its beak so brilliantly red, its crimson body, dark brown wings and tail, to say nothing of the pearl spots that dot it over. Amadavats are among the cheapest birds of foreign breed one can buy, and, by the way, a pair or two of them—for they are not at all pugnacious—would make a very nice birthday present, especially if in a pretty and ornamented cage. To add to their charms, they possess a sweet voice, which is often raised in song.

There are so many kinds of waxbills that I hardly know which to select for description or recommendation. All are pretty, all interesting. They may be so selected that when in full plumage in an aviary the colours of one kind shall show those of another up.

The ordinary or common waxbill of Africa or St. Helena is a charmingly beautiful little bird, the head and back and wings a pretty barred brown, the tail darker, the breast and under part a rose hue, and the bill a crimson colour; but this crimson colour extends backwards, all round the eye, and gives the little creature a peculiarly pretty appearance. The orange-cheeked waxbill is a sprightly little bird, and very lovely; it not only has orange cheeks but a coral red bill, and in other colours it stands by a brown or greyish-brown, orange and red.

Another very common waxbill, which will do well in the same aviary as the others, is the *cordon bleu*. In colour it is charming; from the top of the head over the back and wings is a brownish colour, the rest of the body a light, bright blue, with a beak of red and a patch of red on the cheeks. This last gains for the bird the name of crimson-eared waxbill. I have never kept these; they are said to be exceedingly delicate in constitution.

If buying any of these, or any other kind of foreign birds for the matter of that, at a shop, do not take those that seem unhealthy, and sit in a lump or with drooping wings; they are nearly sure to die. They are seed birds, being usually fed on canary and millet.

The birds I have just mentioned above I have known in their own country. Their very names bring back to my memory as I write many a lonely, pleasant ramble in the woods and groves of sunny Africa, and many a strange adventure, too, which would be more suited to the pages of your brother's paper—*The Boy's Own*—than for gentle girls to read.

In my next paper I will tell you of some of the birds of other lands—then devote a column or two to parrots, cockatoos, parrakeets, &c. And this will finish the series, so far as birds are concerned.

"I FOUND THAT I WAS IN A CAVE."

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

CHAPTER VIII.

DISCOVERIES.

My next day's work consisted in securing my boat, so, finding the cow and harnessing her, we set out along the beach. I could not allow the fear of natives to keep me prisoner at home, knowing that unless I met them in numbers my pistols would render me a match for them.

Seeing that I should require the boat in the first place to take me round the rockier part of the coast, I dragged it in that direction, instead of near to my stores, trusting I should find some harbour for safe anchorage.

I was sorry to observe a hole in the side of the boat, where it had evidently been thrown with force against a rock. This would need mending before I could take my intended voyage; I therefore found that I must drag her high up under the cliffs and hide her as well as I could. This was not difficult, as I was now at the entrance of the ravine in which was my cave, and where many bushes grew about the sides of the now dry torrent bed.

Leaving the cow to regale herself on the scanty herbage around, I entered the ravine, and, commencing the ascent, soon arrived at the scene of my yesterday's labours. Setting to work at once, by mid-day I had made a great advance; and, finding the passage increase in width, I thought I might venture to enter farther. Creeping on all fours I proceeded with caution, Wolf before me; and we continued in this manner for some little distance, the passage gradually sloping downwards, until feeling around me I discovered that it ended in a cave. Now I brought into use part of a very precious treasure which I had only found a day or two before in a watertight case amongst some of the things saved—namely, three boxes of matches. So valuable did they seem to me that I hesitated to strike one match unless perfectly necessary; but I had brought a box and a candle with me, and as it was impossible for me to know into what kind of a place I had groped my way unless I had a light of some sort, I struck one. I found I was in a cave of some eight or ten feet wide, and of considerable height; the water here formed a small pool, and then continued its course by an outlet on my right hand. This second passage was of such a height that I could walk in it upright, and of such a width that, the water spreading out and sometimes running to one side from the unevenness of the ground, I could pick my way with more comfort

This passage, which was short compared with the other, ended in a spacious cavern, which to my astonishment was perfectly dry; it was also lighted by an opening at the farther end, proving on examination to be a cleft or fissure at some height in the side of the cavern. The roof was covered with beautiful stalactites, which, glittering in the light of the candle, produced a scene perfectly enchanting.

But where could the water have gone to? Having entered the passage which led to this fairy-like grotto, it must have changed its course at some point I had passed. Retracing my steps, therefore, in search of this, I discovered a cleft in the side, by which the torrent escaped. Entering this, I found at a little distance, by the increasing rush of the water, that we were descending; and the descent became more and more abrupt until it ended in another cave, not quite so large as the previous one, but with several openings on each side, probably leading into other recesses. Not caring to penetrate these, and fearing I might lose myself in the intricacies of the rock, I followed the course of the water, knowing it must issue somewhere, and at last found myself in another cavern, a marvel of beauty, adorned with innumerable spas and stalactites. The floor consisted of the finest sand, and gradually shelved down to a pool of limpid water, filling at least three quarters of the cave; this, as I expected, proved to be salt, being, indeed, sea-water which flowed in by some of the numerous crannies and fissures of the honey-combed rock. All was dark, but by the dim light my candle afforded I could see that the roof was vaulted; and the numerous stalactites from above meeting the stalagmites rising from the ground made it resemble a miniature cathedral.

I now returned, full of delight at having found a retreat which appeared impregnable to any foe, and so admirably constructed that with time and patience I might turn it into a thorough palace!

I made up my mind to occupy it at once, to sleep in it that very night; for

"WE MADE THE RETURN JOURNEY."

"I THEREFORE BEGAN TO EMPTY THE BOAT."

I was heartily tired of my old nest, and feared I ran great risk of rheumatism or some other malady from its exposed position.

Returning, therefore, to the upper cave, which from its dryness was the sole portion at present available for occupation, I considered what preparations were immediately necessary to fit it for a night's residence. Evidently I must provide myself with some things from my former sleeping-place, and as the journey was rather long, and I should be well laden in coming back, I resolved to start forthwith. I soon found the cow, but I thought she seemed more timid than usual, and we set out.

Having a great many articles I wished to take with me to the cave, I hung two of the large crates as panniers across the cow, taking care to cover her well with sailcloth in order to lessen the friction. In these panniers I placed a few pots, pans, cups and plates, for present use; a good supply of food and a case of ammunition; also some candles, which would be indispensable in my dark abode; some soap, the remainder of my matches, and a canister of tea. I then strapped on the cow's back a sailcloth, in which I had rolled a couple of fowling-pieces, a greatcoat, and a few other garments. Wolf being a famous carrier, I provided him with a package; whilst for myself I kept a basket containing a bottle of wine, my brandy flask, and a stout pair of boots.

Thus laden, we made the return journey, and my hardest labour began when the cow, being unable to advance more than a certain distance up the steep ravine, I had to fasten her to a tree and carry the contents of the crates a few at a time; but in order to expedite matters as much as possible, I deposited all my goods in the first, or smallest cave. On one of these expeditions I found on returning to the cow that she had been very restive, upsetting one pannier completely; this surprised me, for she was one of the gentlest animals I ever knew. On my last journey I untied her and left her to provide for herself until the morrow. I was obliged to be rather extravagant in the matter of lighting, for the interior cavern was large, and to save carrying a candle constantly with me, I fixed several in the passage between the two caves, besides one or two also in the smaller cave where my goods were stored.

Having carried up a mattress and some coverings, I made myself a more comfortable bed than I had had since the shipwreck; I next arranged a basin and jug, filling the latter with water from the underground torrent, and I felt quite luxurious as I thus arranged my bedroom. I then brought in all the food, etc.; and by this time, having disposed of my possessions to my heart's content, and emptied the smaller cave ready to receive a second supply of goods on the following day, I got into my delightful bed and spent my first night in "Cave Castle."

CHAPTER IX.

MYSTERIOUS VISITORS.

I WAS slightly confused, and scarcely realised where I was on opening my eyes the next morning, all was so obscure. I had become accustomed to being awakened by the rising sun in my airy perch upon the cliff; now the rays glimmered in askance through a cleft, which cleft I thought it should be one of my earliest endeavours to enlarge.

I had intended starting off at once with the cow to bring in a further supply of goods, but on reflection and considering the difficulty I had in climbing up to the cascade, when heavily laden, and the many journeys required, I thought it better to turn my attention to repairing the boat, so that I might by using her find an easier entrance to my castle. Knowing as I did that the torrent lost itself in salt water, there must be some communication between my home and the sea.

As this would entail another journey to Cliff Nest, the name I had given my former home, in order to provide myself with tools, I again started with my two useful companions, and this time brought back all that remained of the lighter articles, together with the ammunition, not daring to expose the latter to a possible drenching in an open boat. These, together with the oar and rudder, composed my second load.

On reaching the little nook where I had hidden the boat, imagine my astonishment on finding it almost filled with stones and rubbish, and to observe marks of trampling in the soil around.

Clearly, I thought, this is the work of human beings; the man who had so terrified me had doubtless been here, and possibly he and his companions were lurking in the neighbourhood. This made me very uneasy, as I did not like the idea of being exposed to any sudden attack, and I knew it to be the habit of all savages to lie concealed, so as to fall unawares on their unsuspecting victims. As on the water one is at least safe from ambushes, evidently that would be my safest position. I therefore began to empty the boat, wondering what object there could have been in thus filling it, instead of taking possession of it. On clearing out the rubbish I found a cocoanut amongst it, several smaller nuts, and some roots partly eaten; hence I concluded a meal had been made there, and I fervently hoped from the presence of such remains these barbarians were at any rate not cannibals. What was my fright, when my reflections were suddenly interrupted by a shower of small stones upon my head—the enemy was without doubt

"THE SUBTERRANEAN CHAPEL OE CAVE CASTLE."

upon me. Springing out of the boat, I drew a pistol to resist him. Wolf was also on the alert, and rushing forward with a bound, and barking furiously, he gave pursuit to one who now appeared, and who, making the best use he could of his legs, was hurrying to a clump of trees in the interior of the ravine. Seeing that my assailant was more frightened of us than even I was of him, and desiring to protect Wolf, in case he should be turned upon, I hastened after him, coming up to them just as the agile creature, having gained a tree of some altitude, commenced climbing it so dexterously that I stayed my course to watch him, vaulting from bough to bough. He at last turned to regard his pursuers, and I then saw he was nothing more formidable than a mischievous and grinning monkey, who showed his animosity by flinging down upon us all the branches he could break off, whilst he returned Wolf's furious barking with the most discordant cries and frightful grimaces. I was not sorry to find my supposed barbarous foe was a more harmless one than I had feared, and some of the things that had seemed strange were now explained. The timidity of the cow when left alone in this place, the spilling of the contents of her pannier, were to be attributed no doubt to the mischievous gambols of some monkey.

I called Wolf, not wishing either to teaze or infuriate the hideous fellow, for I knew he could do harm if incited to it. So long as he and his comrades were contented to confine themselves to mere pranks they should remain unmolested by us.

Returning therefore to the boat, I commenced the repairs. Having the requisite tools, I sawed off a plank of sufficient length to cover the hole, nailing it firmly on, and afterwards caulking it to the best of my power with torn sail-cloth. Again harnessing the cow, and applying the rollers, I was able to drag my little vessel to the water's edge, where I sat down to await the returning tide to float her off.

Having discovered a second oar amongst the wreckage, I was fully prepared, and when the favourable moment arrived, seated myself in readiness in the boat. It was soon afloat, and I was glad to find that my repairs were effective. A sail would have been a great help; this, however, could be added on reaching Cliff Nest, where the greater part of my stores yet remained. I now turned in the opposite direction, the sea being calm enough to admit of my exploring the coast. Half-an-hour's row brought me in face of the rocks where I supposed the cave might end. One or two of these, of enormous size, hid the base of the cliff from me, but rounding these I observed that the rock was water-worn in all directions, and that the approach in rough weather must be impossible, as the waves would rush in and out of those caverns with tremendous fury. Perceiving a fissure in the cliff, which had split it from the summit to the base, I directed my boat towards it; it proved to be a sinuous passage ending in a little inland sea of exquisite beauty, and most probably of uniform calmness, even during the severest storms, as it was completely landlocked with towering cliffs on all sides. Had it been accessible to the land, here would have been a splendid harbour. I made the circuit of the pretty lake before leaving it, and observed on one side a cavity in the rocks so low that I could not enter it sitting upright; but the spirit of adventure was upon me, as well as the hope of penetrating to Cave Castle, so lying down in my boat, I pulled myself in by the overhanging rock, and in a few minutes was in total darkness. I was now able to sit up, so lighting the candle which I had brought with me, I began to look around. Column after column arose before me, and rowing further amongst the wondrous pillars, I recognised the subterranean chapel of Cave Castle! What more could I desire? Two entrances to my home, both equally hidden, and a safe harbour for my boat, where no one would ever find it, for who would dream of entering such a hole as that?

By this entrance I resolved to bring in all my stores, piling them up on the gravelly beach, until I could find room for them above; in the meantime I must rest, and leave for the morrow the continuation of my labours.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES.

UNPROFITABLE DAUGHTERS.—There are four good mothers that have four bad daughters: truth hath hatred, prosperity hath pride, security hath peril, and familiarity hath contempt.

HANDSOME AND GOOD.—A handsome woman pleases the eye, a good woman pleases the heart: the one is a jewel, the other a treasure.

REASONABLE BEINGS.—If we do not reason we are bigots; if we cannot we are fools; if we dare not we are slaves.—*Dr. Black.*

IN FULL ACTIVITY.—"I have lived," Dr. Adam Clark once said, "to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire' conveys an abominable falsehood. You cannot have too many—poker, tongs, and all: keep them all going."

AN ALPHABETICAL NOTE.—All the letters of the alphabet are contained in the 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra: "And I, even I, Artaxerxes, the king, do make a decree to all the treasurers which are beyond the river, that whatsoever Ezra the priest, the scribe of the law of the God of heaven, shall require of you, it be done speedily."

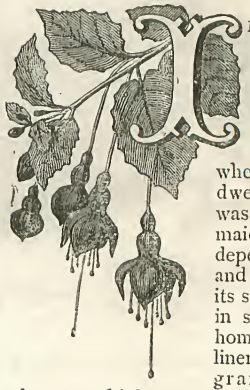
HAPPY PEOPLE.—It is a good thing and a wise to be able, with a few books and a little needlework, to give any room, however strange and desolate, a look of home; to be able to pursue our usual employments anywhere at a moment's notice; and a blessing beyond wealth, beyond beauty, or even beyond talent, is that cheerful temperament which can rejoice in the sunshine, yet be merry in the shade, which can delight in the birds' singing in spring, yet solace itself with the heart's own music when winter is at hand.

A NICE GIRL.—A person being asked why he had given his daughter in marriage to a man with whom he was at enmity, answered, "I did it out of pure revenge."

THE FAIRY OF THE FAMILY.

By DORA DE BLAQUIERE.

THE LINEN OF THE HOUSE.



IN these days we do not appear to take nearly so much care and thought for the linen of the household as was formerly the case, when every mistress dwelt more at home, was more amongst her maidens, and was more dependent on her own and their labour for its supply. Sometimes in some quiet English home we yet hear of linen "spun by my great grandmother;" and when you think of it you know that a hundred years or more ago all ladies had their spinning wheels and made much of their own linen, which, judging by what remains of it, is well-nigh imperishable in its honest and unbleached texture. The linen of the present day, highly stiffened and bleached to a snowy whiteness, has not a quarter of the wear in it, and unless well looked after, the laundress and her chemicals will make great havoc, and the servants not much less either, by careless usage when soiled.

The durability of good linen is evidenced by its existence on mummies, and a celebrated German writer, Seetzen, says that he found several napkins inside the bandages of a mummy which he unwrapped, and that he used them, and had them washed and done up several times, thus making use of linen which had been woven more than 1,700 years before.

The household linen divides itself naturally into four heads, viz., of the table, bedrooms, pantry, housemaids, and kitchen. To this, perhaps, many housekeepers would naturally add blankets, curtains, bed fittings, furniture, and stable linen.

Beginning with table linen, the first item of knowledge generally gleaned by the inexperienced purchaser is, that linen damask for table use is divided into two qualities, the single and the double, and that the price of each article respectively depends on its quality, on its size, and its pattern. Double damask is much firmer and stouter than the single, and presents a much handsomer appearance, as it throws up the design better, and its strength for wear, as also its price, are nearly double that of single damask. The design of the patterns selected may form a large item in regulating the expenditure, as amongst linen manufacturers it is not unusual to pay as much as £50 for a design from some well-known artist. Spots and sprigs are always cheaper than the patterns which have a centre, or a group, and a border round the cloth; and those who wish to procure comparatively cheap table linen never make a selection amongst the new designs of the year, but content themselves either with the inexpensive spots and sprigs, or the patterns of past seasons. Sometimes if these have not proved successful, they are disposed of on very reasonable terms. Good table linen at present is very generally ornamented with the crest, coat of arms, or monogram of its owner, woven into the material to order.

The table-cloths and table-napkins generally

match in design, and many people prefer to keep to one pattern only in purchasing all their table linen. Two table-cloths to one dozen table napkins is the usual proportion observed in purchasing for a family of from four to six persons; two qualities of linen damask being chosen, one for dinner cloths and the more reasonable in price for breakfast use. Many people purchase half-bleached linen for common use in the nursery, at the family breakfast and luncheon, and always for the kitchen. This kind of linen is moderate in price, and improves with each washing; it is usually bought by the yard. Kitchen table-cloths of huckaback may also be obtained. Large table napkins are now used, the medium size being 26in. by 30in. In every house there should be a table-cloth press, which not only keeps the table-cloths smooth, but saves their being washed so frequently as they would otherwise be if they were allowed to become creased and soiled. Two table-cloths should always be in use at once, one for breakfast and another for dinner, and at the end of the week, if economy be an object, the dinner cloth may be taken for use at breakfast, and a clean one be taken out for dinner. The dinner cloth should always be protected from gravy spots at each end of the table by spreading a napkin cornerwise to the centre in front of the carver and under the dishes. If the cloth becomes spotted, the clean napkin will equally answer for concealing the disfigurement, and thus at both breakfast and dinner, with the aid of a few extra clean napkins, you may spare your damask table-cloths, and bear the vexation of seeing the splashes made by a careless carver with patience and equanimity. At the same time, we should advise you to have the whole of the gravy served in a sauce tureen. In a certain house of my acquaintance the mistress told me she never was able to keep a cloth clean for a week until she began to charge her husband twopence for the washing of each table-cloth that he soiled by his careless carving of the different dishes.

Napkin rings are, of course, a great saving in the use of napkins, but here great care should be taken that they be not allowed to become too much soiled, as few things present a more disgusting appearance. The dinner napkins may be put into the press with the table-cloths when they are not too much soiled, and then they may be folded by the parlourmaid in some fancy style, in case a visitor should come in to dinner, and that it seems desirable to save the expense of a complete set of clean ones.

Tray cloths are usually of one size, 34in. by 43in.; long cloths for the side-board or the side-table are usually bought by the yard, and both of them should match the table-cloth in pattern, if possible to procure them alike.

A dozen at least of small-sized and cheaper table napkins are always needed for putting under fish, for the handing of dishes when hot, and the silver basket and the knife-box must have their clean napkins folded neatly inside them day by day, and in some houses a folded napkin is used both for the bread, and to enclose new potatoes, fresh boiled eggs, and hot chestnuts. Fringed d'oyleys form another requisite, and as they are constantly in use for laying under the cheese, the pie-dishes, and inside the silver dishes on some occasions, at least two dozen are needed, one dozen being of a smaller size than the other. Afternoon tea also has made an addition to our stock of needful house linen, for instead of an embroidered and fanciful table-cloth, I find many ladies have adopted one with a coloured border or a plain white one with fringed sides. When a large silver salver is used, a white fringed d'oyley should be placed under the cups and saucers to save the distressing noise of scratching which is sure to be heard when the surface is left uncovered.

And here, although it does not quite belong to the subject, I must mention the fact that there should always be a pantry bag provided for the soiled table linen and pantry cloths; and no article should ever be allowed to become too much soiled, nor any towels be permitted to be smuggled out of sight.

One great secret of keeping table linen in good order is to adopt a careful method of arranging it in the linen-press or cupboard set apart for it, so that every article may be evenly worn and none have an undue share of washing. In order to secure this effectually, each article, after having been washed, should be placed at the bottom of the pile of a similar description of article, so that, when taking them out, you may remember to take from the top only. Each kind should be placed in a pile together, and as far as possible the arrangement of the press should be a permanent one, many orderly people pasting a list inside each shelf, with the contents plainly written upon it. As a rule, there should always be a "linen-book" and a lead pencil suspended to a nail inside the door of the cupboard, the former containing a full list, descriptive of the linen, its quantity and quality. In this book there should be an entry of any article lost, and how the number was made up.

When the income of the householder is small, it is wise to lay aside a small sum weekly for the purchase of linen. A new pair of sheets, a new table-cloth, or half a dozen table napkins within every six months would not be found very costly, and would represent a large amount of comfort and luxury in the house, and increase your capability of keeping all round so neat and dainty that you need never be afraid to receive a visitor.

Before being sent to the wash, all the table linen should be examined with a critical eye, each small deficiency rectified, their places strengthened, and stains of all kinds attended to. The worn places in damask should be darned with linen-floss, or, if attainable, what is called "Moravian cotton," an extremely fine untwisted cotton, very soft in texture. If the thin parts are noticed in time, there will be little fear of large holes making our table linen unsightly.

The first instruction to be given to the parlour-maid, as a rule, is never to shake out the table-cloth over the table. This very ugly and uncomfortable practice seems to be universal, not only amongst the maids, but amongst carefully-trained men-servants; and it is quite destructive of the smoothness and good appearance of the cloth. Table-cloths should be unfolded while lying upon the table, and the half of the cloth carefully laid on the exactly corresponding half of the table, the centre of the cloth placed lengthwise and lying along the middle of the table in a straight line. The doubled-over half of the cloth is thus smoothly spread out without the exertion of violent shaking, or resulting in the tumbled and untidy appearance which it then presents.

From the linen of the dining-room we pass on to that of the sleeping-rooms. Here we find both linen and cotton in use for sheets and pillow cases. To those who are used to the former, the feeling of cotton is quite unbearable, and even in winter they prefer the cool smoothness of linen sheets to the warmer qualities of cotton, the roughness of which is apt to irritate delicate skins. On the other hand, calico sheets are a great deal more comfortable to those who suffer from rheumatism, and are less likely to increase such tendencies than linen. Martyrs to rheumatism have actually been cured, it is said, by constantly sleeping in blankets; but when the skin is too irritable to admit of this, soft unbleached cotton sheets will be found a good substitute, the unbleached cloth being found warmer than that which is bleached.

And now a few words must be said on the choice and the respective qualities of both linen and cotton.

Linen is frequently adulterated by being mixed with cotton—a fraud not easy of detection when the fabric is new; but, after being washed, it will be found that a cloth of a mixed material will never present the smooth glossy appearance of linen. Cheap linens are sometimes made up of jute and hemp, and may be generally known by their harshness and stiffness of texture.

Cotton as used in the household is divided into the long and the short staple. Cloth made of the former wears better than when made of the latter, because in the spinning the joins are not of so frequent occurrence, and the cotton itself is softer and more pliable. The defects in poor calico are usually hidden by the amount of dressing it contains. These defects are uneven projections in the calico, caused by spinning short-staple cotton of poor quality; and when made in this manner it will not wear, because the cotton is unevenly spun. In all cotton cloths some defects of the kind are visible, and the purchaser must choose that which has the least of them, which will naturally be found amongst the most expensive. Much the same observations may be made about linen as calico; the threads of both should be round and even, the warp and woof being alike, not one thick and one thin thread, and, as a rule, both fabrics should be altogether free from coarse threads, and the edges or selvedges should be straight, even, and not too thick. In choosing linen and cotton, the purchaser should rub one end of either cloth until soft, so as to get the dressing out, and judge of the real textures.

Both linen and cotton sheeting is sold in widths suitable for beds of different sizes. A full-sized sheet for a large double bed should be three yards and a quarter long, by two and a half yards wide. The old rule was (and a very good one too) that whatever the width of a sheet, it should always be three-quarters of a yard longer than it is wide. In the present day we are constantly annoyed by finding that sheets have been made too short, and we have lately heard it said that two yards and a half is quite a sufficient length for a six foot bed. It is not difficult to see that a quarter of a yard at the head and feet would not be enough for comfort.

The borders of all sheets should be oversewn, not hemmed, and these hems should never be less than one inch wide. As a rule, it is well to mark them in pairs, with the date supplemented to the name or initials. Servants' sheets, and those for children and schoolboys, are usually made of the unbleached cotton. The oftener this is washed the whiter it becomes, and its wear is excellent. Bolton or workhouse sheeting is also much used, and this same material makes very effective curtains for bedrooms. It may be trimmed with bands of Turkey-red twill, stitched on flatly by the machine.

Bolsters are not so much used as formerly, and in many families have never been employed at all. Where they are in use they should have properly-made covers, like those for the pillows. I cannot sufficiently reprobate the untidy and unthrifty practice of rolling the bolster in the sheet. Of course the covering comes off, and the bolster ticking is soon soiled and black.

There are two methods of making bolster cases; one kind of case is (as I have said) exactly like a pillow-case, only much longer; and the other is made by setting one end into a circular piece of linen four inches or so in diameter, and by drawing up the opposite end with a string of tape.

In England the pillows are generally longer than they are wide—27in. by 18in.; but on the Continent they are always square, and

the covers are generally very handsomely embroidered, and trimmed with lace, the pillow underneath being often covered with coloured silk, which shows through the open meshes of the embroidery or lace. We have advanced so far on this road in this country that we put frills round the edges of our pillows, and also on the top of the upper sheets, where they turn over on the bed. The Americans, who turn down their beds in the morning, have invented what they call "pillow shams" and "sheet shams" for the better covering of the pillows and the turnover of the sheet. These are merely highly ornamental covers of linen and cotton, much frilled and embroidered, to lay over during the day, and so hide the half-soiled articles beneath. But the idea of any kind of "shams" is not one which commends itself to English minds, and we prefer the neatness of our covered up pillows, which are not visible until the beds be prepared for the night.

Pillow-cases are nearly always made of linen, for, however coarse it may be, this cloth wears far better than cotton, and keeps clean much longer. Pillow-case linen is one yard wide, and one yard is usually allowed for a case. The two raw edges form the side, and are sown up in a felled seam, the bottom of the pillow-case being oversewn, and at the top there should be a deep hem of at least an inch in width. This end must be closed with strings, or buttons and buttonholes, the use of four small buttons and four neatly-made holes being preferable to that of strings. When frills are added, the patent kind will do for ordinary use, and will be found to wear well.

There seems no end to the variety of materials sold for towels, and everyone may choose according to their length of purse and their individual fancy. Their proper length is from 36 to 40 inches, and at present towels are more generally fringed than hemmed. For ordinary family use huckaback towels are preferable to other kinds, as they dry the skin well and do not become too wet. The best sorts are made with damask borders. Spare bedroom or guest chamber towels should be made of the finest diaper or damask. The allowance of towels in the household should comprise from six to twelve towels for each washstand in the house, according to the circumstance of the room being a double or a single bedded one. Six towels in the week for a double-bedded room would be divided into two of fine diaper for the face and hands, two of huckaback, and two Turkish rough towels for the bath. In many houses bath sheets are always used, which are far pleasanter and more healthful, as on getting out of the bath one is wholly enveloped in the warm sheet, and the process of drying is conducted with great rapidity and comfort. The warm sheet should be brought up rolled together by the maid with the hot water. Bath sheets may be of Turkish towelling, of fine huckaback, or of coarse twilled cotton sheeting; they should measure three yards and a half each way.

It is well to purchase the towelling used by the servants and children with a distinctive border or pattern, a red line or coloured stripe. The old-fashioned plan was to allow three sheets, or two pair, to each bed in the house, and two pillow-cases to each pillow. The upper sheet was changed every fortnight, giving a clean upper sheet, and employing the upper sheet to replace the lower one. This plan ensures regularity of wear throughout the house.

I may here give a list of household linen for the guidance of those possessing only moderate incomes, where but two servants are kept, and the household consists of from four to five people. Of linen or cotton sheets, six pairs; children's and servants' sheets, six pairs; pillow-cases—Four best, twelve ordinary, and 12 servants' and children's. Towels—Twelve rough huckaback, 12 finer, 12 with damask borderings, 12 servants'; bath sheets, 4. Table cloths—Six ordinary, 2 best, 4 servants'. Of table napkins, 12 dinner, and 12 ordinary (smaller size).

The next department of the household linen is that of the pantry, the housemaids, and the kitchen. The usual numbers in reference to these are as follow:—Of glass cloths, 12; tea cloths, 12; dusters, 12; round towels, 4; kitchen cloths, 18; pudding cloths, 4; and chamber cloths, 6. If the cook have the care of the dining-room, and the floors varnished and requiring to be dusted, a dozen dusters must be provided for her use, which should be of a different pattern from those used by the housemaid. The chamber cloths should be of a distinctive pattern also; some brightly striped cheap towels are usually selected. For pudding cloths I have for some years used coarse unbleached sheeting. Many people make dusters from old linings, chintz, or old cotton dresses, and, where economy is needful, such materials must be made to answer. But they wear badly, and are not usually too well taken care of by the servants. Every mistress who values her cloths will provide kettle-holders for the kitchen, and also some very coarse oven cloths.

Of whatever description of cloth the dusters may be made, however, they and all the other kitchen towels should be carefully hemmed and marked, and a certain quantity given out every week, the soiled cloths being counted before being taken back. This last-named household law should not, on any account, be ever broken, as untrustworthy servants are too apt to make away with very many soiled towels and dusters rather than produce them to be found fault with, or have to wash them.

I have made no mention of counterpanes, as their use is now such a matter of question that each house has passed its own verdict upon them. White "marcella" used to be the correct kind, and where they are still used, one is required for each bed, and perhaps an extra one laid by for use, while a soiled one is being washed. It is a wise thing to take the clean counterpane off the bed each night, and fold it up carefully when the bed is turned down. It should then be replaced by the down quilt or *duvet*. In many houses the covers laid on the bed during the daytime are made of the same chintz or cretonne as the curtains of the bed; and in London this is an economical plan, though not, I think, a pretty one. Ladies in the country often use white muslin, lined with coloured sateen, to put over the beds instead of a thick counterpane or quilt. The sides of these should have a deep muslin frill all round them.

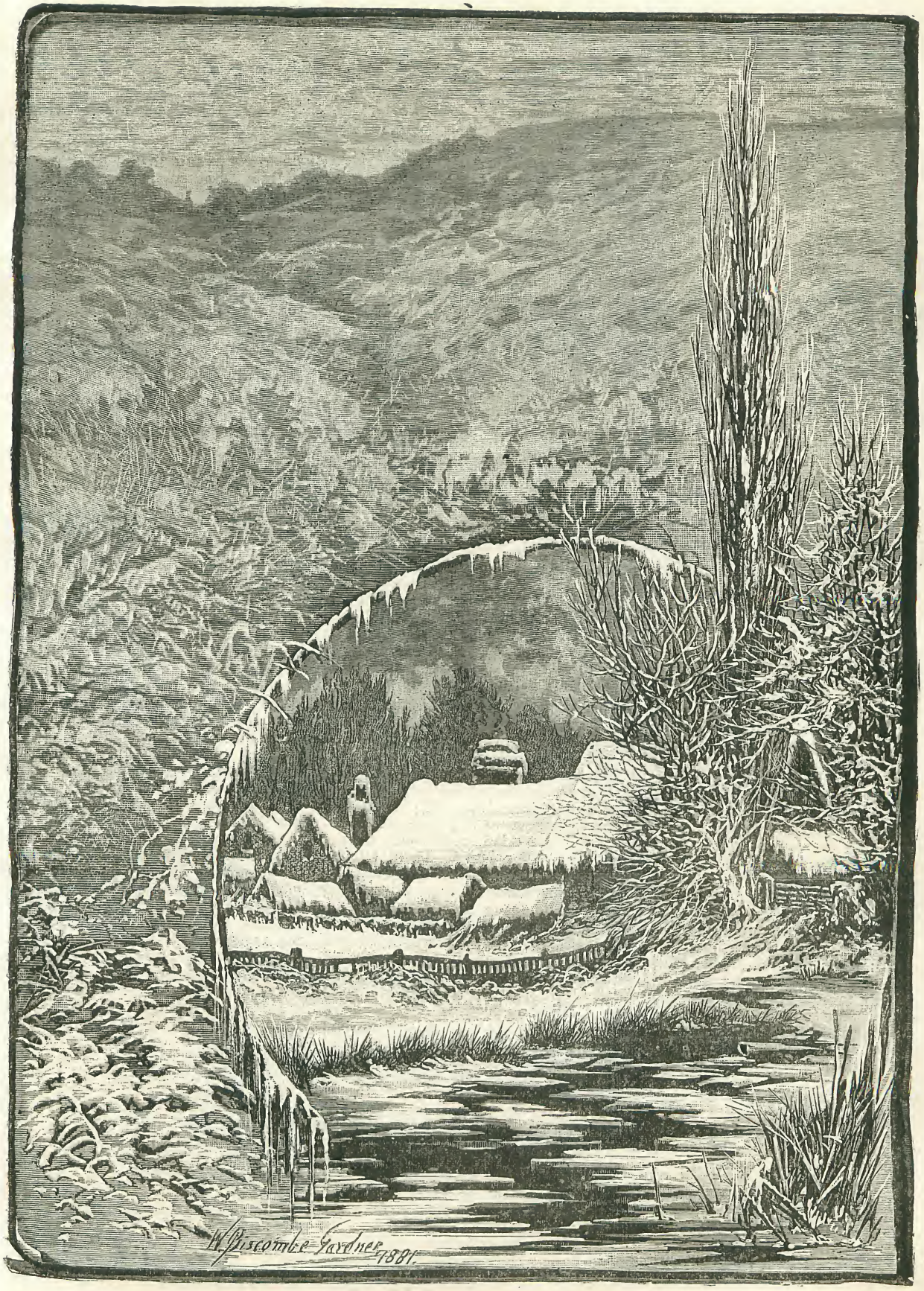
SNOW.

How purely white is the glittering snow,
As it sparkles fair on every tree!
O'er nature's funeral pall it throws
A mantle rich and rare to see.

The Indian girl, when snow she saw
(Sweet thoughts to childhood's mind oft spring),
Regarded it with solemn awe
As feathers from an angel's wing.

It is for us a warning chime,
Marking the passing of a year;
A link from off the chain of time,
Bringing eternity more near.

On that great day when God shall stand
As sovereign Judge on all below,
May we be of that chosen band,
The pure and spotless as the snow!



"O'ER NATURE'S FUNERAL PALL IT THROWS
A MANTLE RICH AND RARE TO SEE."

BOUND TO EARTH.

By the Author of "Phil's Fortune," &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

AMONG her many other duties Grace did not forget to comply with Fanny's request that she should be kept informed of Helen's state. She knew better than most people the genuine kindness of heart and unselfish interest in others that underlay the girl's masculine brusqueness, and having actually seen and experienced the chilling, repelling atmosphere of her home life, she had found the clue to much that had seemed objectionable in her friend. Her defects of character were in many instances the reverse side of brighter qualities, but, alas! in her case the shadow seemed quite to have obscured the light. Grace often wished that Fanny could have been surrounded by the same tender, devoted love and true charity in which her own life had been developed, for she knew that then she would have displayed an unusual nobility of character, as people such as her father and mother regarded nobility; but by the worldly-minded people surrounding her, Fanny's generous, unselfish impulses were regarded as the wildest nonsense, and scouted with scorn, with the effect of repressing her best traits and developing the cynicism and natural impatience of everything that displeased her, to an extent that had endangered all the higher qualities of her soul. For her parents she felt and expressed something akin to contempt, their worldliness was so galling to her; the wealthy and luxurious atmosphere of home wearied and sickened her, craving, as she did, for something higher and nobler—some definite aim and work in life. At only twenty years of age, she, with her unusually shrewd mental vision, had seen love and marriage so debased by the flippant worldliness with which both girls and young men made them objects of amusement, of advantage, of anything but what they ought to be, that she had determined she would never marry at all, but would reject with scorn the merest advance of any of those shallow-pated, despicable creatures with whom her world seemed to abound. There was little in common between her elder sister and herself. Julia accepted life as she found it, and made haste to render it as enjoyable as possible. She hated the country, but contrived to spend the greater part of the year with friends in town. Fanny reproached her with cultivating acquaintances that from her heart she despised, for the mere sake of getting invitations. Julia would laugh and ask why not, and to what better purpose could friendship be put. To which Fanny would reply, sneeringly, that friendship was a strange word to apply to such an arrangement, and hurl Jeremy Taylor's beautiful definition at Julia's unheeding head. Julia would retort that Fanny's ideas were theoretical, for that she had never contrived to gain any friends, so far as she knew; to which Fanny would again reply, that there were few people in the world she would care to see a second time, and so the wordy war would go on. Julia had recently been staying with some extremely wealthy friends, who had introduced to her notice a young man about the same age as herself, with the reputation of an immense prospective fortune, and, so far as Fanny could learn, no other recommendation. This individual seemed from all accounts to have taken a violent fancy to Julia, and all his sayings and doings were repeated, and discussed and considered with an avidity that filled Fanny with a sort of loathing. She had liked Helen because there had been nothing of that kind about her, and the treatment she had received at the hands of her father and brother, contrasting as it did with the favour they were bestowing upon this "rich simpleton," as she disrespectfully termed her sister's supposed suitor, had exasperated her beyond endurance.

This exasperation was fed and developed by the bulletins that came from Grace. "Helen is no better; we are all dreadfully anxious." And another day, "Helen remains the same, and poor Mrs. Dalrymple begins to be very alarmed. She said to-day that if Helen did not recover, they would feel they had killed her; and she cried, poor thing, till my heart ached for her." Then, after a while, "The fever has abated, but papa says Helen seems to have no rallying power. She looks dreadful—quite ten years older, and so haggard and worn. Papa says it will be years before she recovers the effects of this illness, if, indeed, she ever does."

"And she has to set to work to help to earn a living as soon as she rises from this sick bed," Fanny said to herself; "and that brainless idiot of a Willoughby is squandering thousands of pounds every year on his idle whims, and here am I, full of life and strength, with nothing in the world to do but to dress and eat and sleep. What awful injustice! Why is the world all topsy-turvy like this?"

A question, Fanny, that clearer brains and stronger heads than yours have not answered to their satisfaction: of the nature of those things hidden from the wise and prudent.

Since her stormy interview with Edward, Fanny had not condescended to speak half-a-dozen words to him. He had dropped for ever from her regard. She had thought him better than the rest, and had been bitterly disappointed. She would hear nothing in his favour ever again.

But, in her anger and resentment, she could not refrain from hurling one blow at him. She came out one evening at dinner with the startling statement: "Helen Dalrymple is supposed to be dying or may be dead now, for all I know."

Edward turned pale and glanced up quickly, but the next moment concluded that this was only one of Fanny's exaggerated, sensational effects, and took no further notice at the time. Mrs. Leslie remarked, "Poor thing! How very sad!" and Mr. Leslie said, with a scowl, "A man that complacently kills his daughter by his villainies, has Fanny's sympathy, no doubt, although her own parents are quite beneath her esteem."

"If Fanny had her own way she would rush off to that happy abode, and turn nurse and general domestic to the whole family," laughed Julia.

"Helen is in much better hands than mine," Fanny replied, quite seriously. "The Hardinges are taking care of her and her mother."

"I thought they were so poor," Mrs. Leslie remarked. "Grace's mother always acts as if she were."

"Those are just the people that do such things," Mr. Leslie retorted, not by any means as a compliment. "Charity beginning at home is no part of their creed; and they, no doubt, expect that someone will provide for their families when the time comes."

"Our charity begins and ends at home," said Fanny, hotly. "If the world were all like us, Helen would have died long ago. It's a good thing there are a few people like the Hardinges, who, although they are poor, can spare something for others."

"My dear Fanny, you don't understand what you are talking about. Mary Hardinge is a woman with peculiar notions. She is quite content to grub on anyhow and make no appearance. That sort of life has an attraction for her and her husband. It would not suit everyone," Mrs. Leslie said, loftily.

"It would suit me a great deal better than the life I lead here," cried Fanny, very indignantly; "and I can tell you, mamma, that it is you who talk about what you don't understand. The Hardinges are most refined people; far more so than we are. Mrs. Hardinge would be scandalised at the idea of Grace marrying a man who had no recommendation but his money. She is far too refined for that."

Mrs. Leslie's face flushed angrily. "How dare you use insulting language?" she cried. "Leave my presence."

"Willingly!" cried Fanny, in a hot rage. "I only want permission to leave the house altogether. That's what I should prefer."

"I think it the best thing you could do, since you are so little credit to it,"

Mrs. Leslie replied, too angry to heed the full purport of her words. Mr. Leslie looked on with a grim smile, secretly rather enjoying his wife's discomfiture.

Fanny rose and went away to her own room.

"I will take mamma at her word—I will go!" she said, resolutely. "I can work, and I will;" and then an idea that had before floated hazily through her brain took definite shape. Helen was weak, she was strong, and Helen had to work. She would offer her services to Helen, and ask her to let her come and help her with that school. "I have too much determination not to succeed," she said; "and if they will only let me, I will share their struggles and their poverty and their work. It will be the saving of me, and some sort of reparation maybe."

A little reflection showed her that it was impossible to take the step she had at first contemplated of leaving her home there and then. Helen might not recover, and, at any rate for the present, there was no place to which she could go. She could not burden the Hardinges, even for a single night, nor could she remain in London alone. She must wait patiently for awhile.

In the meantime she gathered her belongings together and put them in readiness. She collected her music out of the little room where she and Helen and Grace had spent that happy summer afternoon together, when Mr. Mackenzie had been so gracious and agreeable. Everything that they had sung that afternoon she added, and as she did so she thought of him and the example of hard work his life displayed. "He would approve," she thought. "He despised our life. If he ever knows, he would say I did well." And the reflection cheered and strengthened her, for Mr. Mackenzie was the only man she knew that she respected.

She also prepared a long letter to be sent to Helen the moment she was sufficiently recovered to receive it. In it she set forth her own desire to be of some use in the world, and the misery of her life at home. "No one cares for me here, and I care for no one," she wrote. "They are only too anxious to get rid of so discreditable an adjunct to the house as I am considered. Let me come and share my fortunes with you. I will be no expense, no bother; and you know of old what determination and self-will I have when I take anything up. I will be the strong elder sister to take care of you, and you will see how useful I can be, although I cannot hope to be quite Grace. You will want a companion of your own age; and how we will work together! I will only add that my determination to leave home is firmly taken, and if I don't try governessing with you, I shall advertise for a place as scullery-maid. I want work, and must have it, no matter what it is."

When at last Helen, looking a mere weary shadow of her former bonny self, was carried down into the homely drawing-room, Fanny's letter was awaiting her. The extraordinary suggestion it contained was warmly discussed. Mrs. Dalrymple evidently shrank from the very thought of a Leslie, but Helen as evidently seemed pleased with the idea, and Grace sided with her. "Fanny would be a cheerful companion, and there is no doubt about her capability and determination," she urged. "If there is one thing she does well it is amusing children. She was always a prime favourite with the little ones at school. I think she'd be a decided acquisition."

"Fanny was always kind and good to me," Helen said, in her low, weak voice. "I think she was fond of me, and I am fond of her. She is so strong and quick. It would be nice to have her, if mamma likes."

"My dear, you must do what you wish. I only want you to be well and happy again," Mrs. Dalrymple said, wistfully.

Then Dr. Hardinge came in and was consulted.

"I think a sensible, matter-of-fact, healthy young lady, like Fanny Leslie seems to be, would be a wonderful help to you in your undertaking," he replied; "but we must first learn that her parents consent, and what remuneration she would expect at your hands. Be business-like, ladies, if you please."

So Grace was commissioned to write to Fanny on these points, and Helen now being pronounced convalescent, the business of looking out for a suitable house and other preliminaries for the new life were at once taken in hand.

(*To be continued.*)

NEW MUSIC.

VOCAL MUSIC.

B. Williams.

The Soldier's Return. Words by G. E. Webster. Music by Arthur B. Plant.—A fine, bold song; music characteristic and in keeping with the words.

Ashdown and Parry.

Little Lassie. Words by Harold Wynn. Music by Louis Diehl.—A little, easy song. The first part an andante movement, the second joyous and playful.

Robert Cocks and Co.

I Sang to My Heart. Song. Words and music by Charles Marshall.

A Ray of Light. Words and music by Frank L. Moir.

An Old Letter. Words by G. C. Bingham. Music by Alfred J. Caldicott.

We can recommend these three songs as being pretty, melodious, of easy compass, and accompaniment of moderate difficulty.

Hutchings and Romer.

Cavalry Song. Words by Sydney Dobell. Music by C. A. Macirone.

The Emigrant's Song. Words by Campbell. Music by C. A. Macirone.

Two spirited and joyous part-songs, most effective and pleasing when carefully rendered.

Dreams. Song. Words by Frederick Langridge. Music by C. A. Macirone.—A refined, melodious song, with very graceful accompaniment, music and words appealing direct to the heart and feelings.

Daisy's Song. Words by the Hon. Mrs. Pigott Carleton. Music by C. A. Macirone.—A simple and easy little song for contralto voice.

Weekes and Co.

The Angel's Whisper. Words by Samuel Lover. Music by Frank H. Simms.—Written in five flats; suitable for a contralto voice. The subject of the words is a mother's singing to her sleeping child, whose smiles fill her with hope of "Dermot's" safe return.

Love's Ebb and Flow. Written and composed by Walter Spinney.—A simple little song, written in four flats; easy to sing and accompany. The compass is small. The song can be had in the key of F or in A flat.

The Minster Choir. By Walter Spinney.—The subject is by no means novel, yet ever finds ready singers. The words and music are pleasant. The song is written in two keys—D flat for contralto and baritone; E flat for mezzo-soprano.

Lamborn Cock.

Always. Words and music by Mrs. Arthur Goodeve.—A plaintive little song, written in a smooth and pleasing style. The compass is moderate, and the accompaniment quite easy.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

Shepherd and Kilner.

Romanza. For violin, with accompaniment for the pianoforte. By J. H. Macfarlane.—A very nice little piece for young performers on both instruments. The pianoforte part is very easy; and the "Romanza" will be gladly welcomed by our young friends.

Weekes and Co.

Evening Bells. Reverie for the pianoforte. By Oliver Cramer.—A short and easy little "reverie," in which the bells are distinctly marked, whilst the air flows on smoothly and quietly. It is written in the key of G, and in three-quarter time.

Ich Liebe Dich. Waltz. By Blumine.—A waltz with more than usual individuality; by no means difficult, yet requiring some degree of care in order to give the right effect.

Tarantelle. In F minor. By Edward Withers.—An easy, bright tarantelle, with the usual characteristics, producing a good effect with moderate skill and practice.

Amos and Shuttleworth.

Amitié Exquise. For pianoforte. By Leonard Gautier.—A pleasant little lesson for the pianoforte, written in an easy style, with sufficient variety to render it interesting.

Curiosité Exquise. By Leonard Gautier.—Another short piece by the same composer; still easier, and suitable for small hands, as there are no stretches or difficulties to overcome.

F. Amos and Co.

Félicité. Polka. By De Sculles Folcardet.—A very good and easy polka; the time so well defined that the feet respond to the music without any trouble.

Metzler.

Le Minuit. Valse. By Gertrude Knight.—A characteristic waltz, dedicated, by special permission, to H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and patronised by a long list of the nobility. It has met with great success, having been performed by a number of the military bands. The arrangement for the piano is effective, and without any difficulties.

AFTERNOON IN FEBRUARY.

Words by LONGFELLOW. *Music by* MRS. TOM TAYLOR.

Andante con moto.

VOICE. The day is end - ing, The night is des - cend - ing; The marsh is

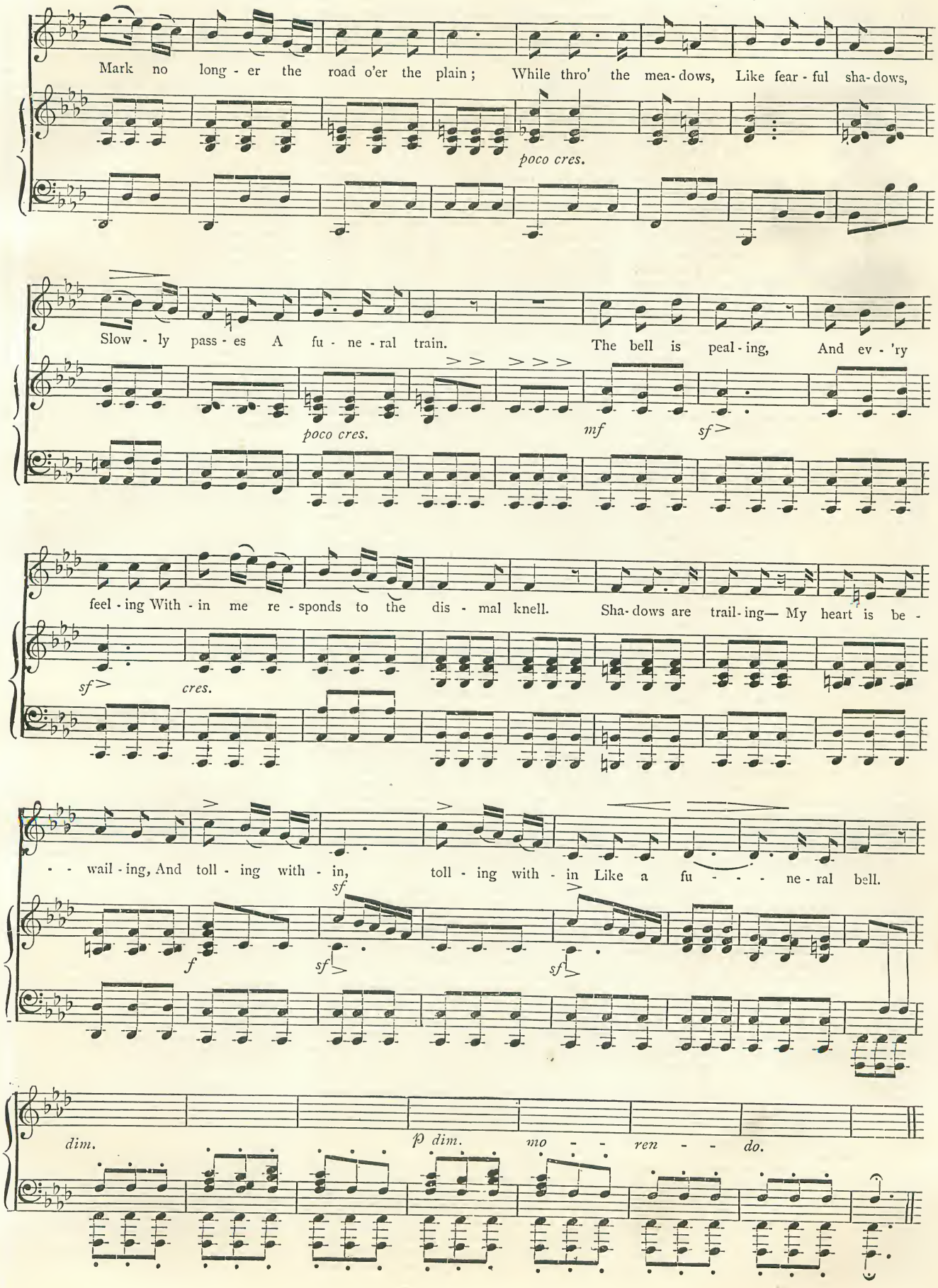
PIANO. *Eguale.* *p*

fro - zen, The ri - ver dead. Thro' clouds, like ash - es, The red sun flash - es On vil - lage

p

win - dows that glim - mer red. The snow re - com - men - ces— The bu - rial fen - ces

p


Mark no long - er the road o'er the plain; While thro' the mea - dows, Like fear - ful sha - dows,
poco cres.
Slow - ly pass - es A fu - ne - ral train. The bell is peal - ing, And ev - 'ry
poco cres.
mf
sf
feel - ing With - in me re - sponds to the dis - mal knell. Sha - dows are trail - ing— My heart is be -
sf
cres.
- - wail - ing, And toll - ing with - in, toll - ing with - in Like a fu - - - - ne - ral bell.
f
sf
sf
sf
dim.
p dim.
mo - - ren - - do.

AN ARMENIAN GIRL'S BETROTHAL AND MARRIAGE.

FROM a very interesting little volume entitled "The Daughters of Armenia," by Mrs. S. A. Wheeler, missionary in Turkey, we extract the following story.

Perhaps few of our readers are unacquainted with the fact that Bible-women are doing a great work amongst their humble sisters at home. But many may not know that scores of these, natives of Armenia, are teaching hundreds of their fellow-country-women how to be happy here and hereafter. Let us hear Mrs. Wheeler's account of one such.

Before we do so, we must premise that this educated and accomplished lady is one of the noble band of more than 200 American women who have left their homes to live and labour in that dark part of the East. She thus describes her first entrance into one of their houses:—"We went through a long, dark passage, not a ray of light pierced the gloom, and the floor was so uneven that I feared to fall at every step. We enter the low, narrow door by stooping, and think this cannot be the place where the family live, but an outside room for cooking, for it was full of smoke struggling to make its way through the hole in the roof, and the one little window a foot square in the side. But this smoky room was the home of an Armenian family. It is a cold morning, and we are invited to put our feet *into* the fire-place to warm them. I say *into*, for it looks like a small well. It is a hole in the earth, three or four feet deep, stoned round the sides, and in the morning grass and brush or dried turf are brought and a fire kindled. These village houses have but one room; and if the owners are rich enough to keep cattle it serves as a stable too. These people have no comforts, but just drag out a miserable existence. The only thing that can elevate them is the light of the bible."

Now let us see what this has done. In one of these wretched hovels lived a man named Sarkis, with his wife and three daughters. Sarkis heard of God's love, and became a new man. He was so changed, that though formerly he looked upon every woman as "only a donkey," he now wanted his girls to learn to read. Formerly he said, "it will only make them impudent and lazy." Now he came bringing Mariam, his firstborn, to Harpoot, begging the missionary lady to teach her. Mrs. Wheeler says his clothes were so coarse and old he looked like a beggar, but the father was so much in earnest that he gave one-fourth of the money required for her. A few months passed, and father and mother made a journey to see their child, who was diligently improving at school. She then took lessons in another school, and, of course, her learning and goodness, for she had become a Christian, were discussed in more villages than her own.

Meantime, a young man named Geragos, who had been at the boys' school, and had learned to study and to prize his bible, was advanced to become a graduate at the American Theological Seminary. Geragos wanted a wife, and one bright morning the native pastor came and asked Miss Pond, the lady at the head of the girls' school, if Mariam would not make him a very good one. The matter made quite a stir in their village. The parents gave consent, and it was all settled.

Then came the betrothal. Geragos went to the bible depôt and bought one of the best, gilt edged, red covered bibles, worth three dollars. On the blank leaf was written the betrothal pledge. Then he was ready for the betrothal, which was made in Miss Pond's sitting-room. The missionaries were invited, and the schoolgirls were present. Extra lamps were lighted, and at seven o'clock the native pastor and Geragos made their appearance.

Mariam was seated between her beloved lady teacher, Miss Pond, and Kohar, the native assistant teacher. On the entrance of Pastor Mardiros and his friend, Kohar, Mariam, and all the girls rose, went forward, and made their usual salutations. When again seated, Mardiros read a chapter, offered prayer, and then all sang a hymn. Then, taking the new bible in his hands, and going forward to the parties to be betrothed, he reminded them of the sacredness of the pledge they were about to make. Handing the bible to Mariam he said, "By accepting this you pledge yourself to be the future wife of Geragos." She then accepted the bible, and Geragos put what we should call the engaged ring on her finger. After this, tea and cake were served, a hymn sung, and the bride-groom elect and his pastor bowed and left.

In many cases years elapse in Armenia between the betrothal and the marriage, but it was important that someone should at once begin to teach the ignorant women in the village where Geragos was to labour amongst the men. It was arranged that the wedding should take place in a few weeks. The usual custom is to have it celebrated in the house of the father of the bridegroom, but Geragos's had now been some time dead. His mother was living, but she was not yet won over to the truth, and her dislike of the gospel made her reluctant to receive a Protestant daughter-in-law. It was, therefore, decided to have it in the schoolroom where the betrothal had taken place. It is usual, too, for the bridegroom's family to furnish the bride's wedding-dress, but poor Geragos had no friends to do it. The Pastor Mardiros's wife therefore kindly volunteered to do it. It was made of Turkish silk, and the colours were green, yellow, and red! Nevertheless, it was declared by common consent to be very pretty. The jacket was of green broadcloth, and she had a light head-dress made of gauze. The wedding, of course, took place in the evening, according to the custom in Eastern countries. Friends on both sides were invited. The room was carpeted with rugs, and well lighted, and a table of refreshments arranged in the centre of the room. All being ready, the bridegroom, with a party of his friends, went out with lanterns to the house of the pastor, where Mariam was waiting, and the bride and her attendants were escorted back to the schoolroom with songs of rejoicing. Poor Mariam soon after her marriage met with a sore affliction. Geragos never became a teacher. He fell ill, and lost his reason. Her life was now a sad one. It was very touching to see her leading him in the streets when he went out; while others shunned, and were afraid of him, she could always quiet him, and if she left the house even for a short time he would call after her, and beg her not to leave him.

After a time the husband recovered so far as to be able to go out as a labourer in the fields. Mariam was then asked to become a bible-woman. She would visit from house to house telling her neighbours of the love of Jesus, and reading to them from the bible.

Mrs. Wheeler describes a day she spent with her. "We started on our visiting, Mariam having her baby in her arms. She had sixty pupils, and gave thirty short lessons a day. Our greeting in one room was very cordial: 'Good morning, hanum. A thousand welcomes.' 'How do you succeed in learning to read?' I asked. 'O,' replied the grandmother, 'they can all read but me. Even these bits of children know more than their old hana. I wish it had come in my day. I can only listen, but I thank God it has come to my house. I thank Him for the blessed bible that Keoork reads.' 'Do you think your son is a better man, now that he reads the bible?' 'O, yes, hanum, we are all better. Mariam, the Lord bless her, is doing a good work. I wish all to read. They will be better women and do more work.' We next entered a small room, where a little girl sat without shoes or stockings. 'Bring your bible, Anna,' said Mariam, 'and turn to Isaiah lvii.' She took her book from a box, and read very correctly, asking questions about God's ancient people. She seemed to love her bible and asked us to pray with her." Mrs. Wheeler concludes the account of one of her village journeys by saying, "Before I had taken off my wraps a villager came in. When told where I had been he looked at me with wonder, and said 'Hanum, how can you go into our dirty homes? Yours is so light and beautiful, and ours so dark and filthy. We wonder that you ever go. Surely it is not to please yourselves. Your religion must be different to ours.' I told him we came just because we wanted better homes to be found in every part of their land. Homes where Christ is loved, and trusted and obeyed as their best Friend; but they could never have them while their poor women were forbidden to read, and treated as slaves or children."

We speak of the "romance of missions," but there is much stern reality and hardship in the work, requiring patient endurance and laborious self-sacrifice, which only the love of Christ and of poor souls could sustain.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ORPHAN.—We do not think that a knowledge of Latin and French is exacted of lady pupils in a hospital; at the same time, it is desirable that you should be able to read a doctor's prescription. You should write, or apply in person to the secretary or the lady superintendent of the hospital into which you desire to enter, and obtain a prospectus of all that you will have to do, and all that will render you eligible for reception. Your writing is carelessly performed. Make the stroke belonging to each "t" through it.

HEATHER BELL.—See vol. i., page 543. For further particulars apply to the secretary of the Civil Service Commission, Cannon-row, E.C. Your writing will do much in your favour in obtaining a clerkship, as it is exceptionally good.

ELSA.—You had better have the number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER required sent to you by your family in England. Such situations are only to be obtained by personal inquiry and first-class recommendations, as well as ability. The teacher would do as she pleased in the matter.

PUZZLED GIRL.—How can you expect us to advise you on such a question as the changing of your business without telling us how much you obtain in your present vocation, and how much you could make in the other? Also, you do not name the number of hours engaged at one of these callings. Beware of giving up a certainty for an uncertainty. If you employed a better pen, and took a little more pains, your writing might give satisfaction as a book-keeper.

NELLIE.—We are not aware of any reason why you should not qualify yourself in the course you have proposed to take for a situation as private certificated governess. At the same time, we strongly advise you to reflect much before you decide on such a mode of making a living. That calling is so overcrowded, and is rarely conducive to happiness It would be far better to be a daily visiting governess, or to give lessons at schools or private houses in certain branches of education.

KETTLEDRUM.—See "Nursing as a Profession," page 454, vol i., and "Food for Invalids," page 611, vol. i.,

in which latter article a small manual is recommended by a writer of many articles in this paper.

WORK.

ROSIE.—Your assurances as to the moral or spiritual benefit derived from our advice are indeed gratifying, and we gratefully accept the encouragement. A moderate trousseau for a girl in middle-class society would consist of the following numbers of articles: Six, eight, or a dozen of every article of under-linen; of merino vests, four or six; three flannel petticoats, one dozen pairs of thread stockings, and half a dozen of either merino or spun silk winter ones; one coloured flannel dressing-gown, one ditto short jacket. Besides the wedding-dress, and that for the wedding tour, you will require one dinner and one walking dress. If in summer, a pretty print dress or two might be a comfort. A black silk mantle, a winter cloth one, and a warm shawl; fur tippet and muff should be included; and bonnets and hats, gloves, shoes and boots; an umbrella and parasol must not be forgotten in making the list. £100 might cover the cost of all, but we advise you to purchase all the articles enumerated in smaller numbers at first to see how far the money will go, and then add to the quantities as far as possible.

MARY ALICE.—Refer to our indices at page 160, vol. ii., you will find directions for making mittens with a thumb. Your hand is not formed.

BONNIE HOLLIS wishes us to tell other little girls who cannot spend much in behalf of the poor, that she and her sister cut up little shreds of every description of rag and enclose them in cretonne, so as to make a bed covering. We thank her for her nice letter, well-written and expressed.

ALIQUIS.—Three of the woollen combination garments should last, at least, two years. Be careful as to the washing of them, that they do not become "milled," stiff and hard. They are not changed as frequently as other underclothing. If found too warm for summer wear, silk ones form the best substitute. We congratulate you on having so reliable a friend with whom to take counsel.

BUSY BEE.—"American flannel chest protectors" may be cleaned by washing in a tepid lather. You employed hot water, we should imagine.

EVELYN.—We should not consider it worth while to have light-coloured gloves dyed black, although we might have them cleaned. You can but make the trial of the experiment yourself.

DOT and CARREY.—1. For an antimacassar, see pages 204 and 268, vol. iii., also pages 140, 141, 150, and 276, vol. i. There are many styles of cushions suggested throughout our several volumes, as also antimacassars. See page 829, vol. iii. Those cushions worked in cross-stitch only are rather out of date, although strips of work combined with alternate ones of velvet are quite fashionable. As to designs, you can procure as great a choice as you could possibly desire at any fancy-work shop, either in paper or partially worked on the material you purchase for your cushion or antimacassar. Refer to our indices. 2. See "Moles," page 336, vol. ii. They are not necessarily unsightly, but much depends on their position and whether they be quite flat. If raised they are blemishes.

M. E. N.—1. Perhaps the boot gaiter would suit you. See page 150, vol. i. Woollen gaiters without feet for older children may be purchased ready-made for a mere trifle. 2. How do you expect us to "teach you to sing music"? We do not advertise instruction books for that art. You should ask for what you require at a music publisher's.

ART.

A LOVER OF ART sends a badly spelt letter, grumbling over a disappointment in reference to the prizes won in the water-colour competition. We could not confer them where not fairly earned. Those who deserved them received them. Look out the word "academician," before you next try to write it.

GRACE MABERLY and MARIANNE.—Read "How to paint on Silk and Satin," page 67, vol. iv.

M. L.—To clean old oil paintings, see page 750, vol. iii. If in very bad order it will probably need to be sent to a restorer's.

MISTLETOE.—Use some of Nelson's gelatine, such as is usually sold for making jelly, for fastening on your paintings, or for photographs.

DISCOURAGED.—We see no cause for discouragement; you only need practice, and should procure a small manual to direct you, if you cannot afford to obtain lessons.

F. C. Z.—You have mounted the leaves and flowers very well. The painting it not sufficiently well done for sale. Everything of this kind must pass through the ordeal of submission to the stationers who sell cards of this description.

WINIFRED WARDEN.—The picture you name is probably a mere fancy of the artist's, idealized from the descriptions given in the poem. Although there are more localities than one bearing the name of "Morven," as a "kingdom," it is only fabulous. Fingal was said to be the sovereign who ruled over it; and he is represented in the poem of "Ossian," (so called) to have died on the rocky top of a mountain close to the sea; and the painter was at liberty, in the absence of any historical proof, to select a spot for the grave, such as he imagined it in his mind's eye, near, if not actually upon, the wild rocky height supposed to have been the scene of his death.

LOUISE.—Your best plan would be to pay a visit to some large city outfitter's for the colonies and India, make inquiries and selections there of all the articles required and usually supplied, and either limit your purchases of ready-made things according to your means, or else take some as patterns, and obtain materials at a wholesale shop and have them made to order, to save expense. Lists of every description of necessary articles, whether of wear or otherwise, will be supplied to you at one of these outfitters' houses.

LILIAN.—We think that your little sisters show much artistic talent, and, if properly taught, will probably excel. There is much power evinced in the large head, and a good deal of imagination in the interior scenes. The flowers are also cleverly sketched. Your writing would be improved were the letters a little less squeezed together, and more round in form.

AUSTRALIAN WATTLE-ROSSON.—Of course you could mount your water-colour sketches and hang them up without glass or frames. But we think that they would soon become soiled, and spotted all over by the flies. We do not know of any substitute for glass, in the case of water colours. All girls, whether of our own colonies or foreigners, are "Our Girls," and our paper is written for everyone. We are glad that you find our paper so useful. Beware of straying away from your friends in localities where you may meet kangaroos. You write fairly well.

VELOUTINE is thanked for her kind wishes. Let her try gelatine to secure the painted satin on the cards.

COOKERY.

CASKET OF GEMS.—1. The "Green Isle" has been flatteringly spoken of as "the first gem of the sea," but our young correspondent claims still more for herself, and, if rightly so named, she must be a very gifted little individual. There is a recipe for making a plum-pudding at page 400, vol. ii. You may reduce certain ingredients, and make it less rich and expensive if you please. 2. You can procure a bottle of cement suitable for mending any china article of a light character at any chemist's, but if it be a dish or plate it should be riveted. We do not advertise cements.

HETTY.—We advise you to read the article given on "Creams" at page 442, vol. iii., and likewise see page 463, vol. iii. Also page 525, vol. ii., where a recipe is given for tapioca cream. We feel pleased at hearing of the esteem in which you hold our magazine.

BLUEBELL.—For the recipe for making tea cakes, see pages 35, 352, and 495, vol. ii.

TETTY.—With reference to the icing of cakes, see page 399, vol. i. We hope that you will be more successful after reading our directions. It seems to us that you lay on the icing too thinly.

FRANCES S. M. has written a most gratifying letter to us, and sent us a very useful recipe, of which we gladly avail ourselves, and beg to assure her of our full appreciation of her kindness in both word and deed. She writes a beautiful hand, quite in keeping with the apparent character of the writer. Fondue, or cheese-pudding.—Grate half a pound of rich cheese, add four eggs, one ounce of butter (oiled), and one gill of cream. Beat all together as you would a pudding, butter the dish, and bake for half-an-hour. For a small party half the above quantities would suffice.

ZIT.—1. For cocoa-nut cakes see page 3, vol. i., and for "cocoa-nut rock," see page 399, vol. iii. 2. Lie down for an hour daily, or oftener, if only for ten minutes, to rest your spine, and bathe with either sea-water or Tidman's sea-salt.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TABBY.—You will find a series of charming papers "concerning cats" in the *Leisure Hour*, commencing with the January Part. The anecdote about the cat ringing the bell, when left in the room and wanting to get out, is vouched for by the late Archbishop Whately. This and other true stories are given in the *Leisure Hour* articles, which are by the Rev. E. Paxton Hood.

AMATEUR FLORIST.—Success in flower-growing depends not only on skill and care in culture, and suitableness of soil and climate, but also on the quality of the seed. There are establishments where the sale of the best vegetable and flower seeds is the special business feature. Messrs. Sutton, of Reading, publish an "Amateurs' Guide," containing a very extensive priced list, with several beautiful coloured illustrations of favourite flowers. You can have it sent by post from Reading in return for a shilling postal note, or it may be ordered through any bookseller or railway bookstall. Messrs. Sutton's seeds are sent to every part of the country, and to the colonies and foreign lands.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—1. You will find your quotation in "Endymion," by Keats. The poem commences thus—

> "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
> Its loveliness increases; it will never
> Pass into nothingness."

2. We regret that we have neither time nor space for giving so long a piece as that for which you ask. Your letter is very kind, and your writing fairly good.

ELAINE.—Speaking to your father's guest in a formal manner, you should address him as "Mr. Archdeacon;" but if an old and intimate friend, you might say "Dr. So-and-So." The name "Guinevere" is pronounced is if spelt "Gwin-ee-veer." Your handwriting is good.

A GIRL OF ONE-AND-TWENTY.—We quite feel with you on the subject of using birds for personal adornment, and shall always use our best efforts to persuade our girls not to conform to so cruel a fashion.

ANGELA is thanked heartily for her kind letter. How can she expect us to do aught but praise its pleasant phrases?

INKY FINGERS.—Dessert d'oyleys are still used, and may be either of silk embroidery or the delicate netting which, we believe, comes from Madeira. The index may be obtained at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

TYME TRYETH TROTH.—Consult your parents as to the propriety of your going.

A. G.—We should advise you to consult a doctor.

BEE.—"Anne Page" is a character in Shakespeare's *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

ARABELLA ALLEN.—It is a singular and powerful book, but not quite a healthy one for very young girls; but we can all "choose the good," you know, and refuse the evil if we like.

JUMBO and METSUM.—A sailor is called a "tar" from his tarred clothes, we believe. Consult the dictionary for the meaning of "jolly."

FIDE, SED CUI VIDE.—Small manuals of heraldry abound. When you have learnt the heraldic names of colours you will be able to find out very easily the proper colours from any description of a coat of arms.

NETTIE.—Your quotation is from "A Dream of Fair Women," by Tennyson. Your writing is dreadfully trying to the eyes, your ink is bad, and your pen scratchy.

A CONSTANT READER.—Many thanks for your note. The suggestion has already been made to us, but at present we ask our girls to support the endeavour to help the "Girl's Own Home."

STEWART.—1. The Book of Job was written by Job himself, though it may have been revised by Moses. It purports to be the history of his life, and of God's dealings with him; and its truth is amply attested in the New Testament by the Apostles James and Paul. 2. The Brocken is the highest summit of the Hartz Mountains, in Hanover. This summit is at times enveloped in a thick mist, which reflects in a greatly magnified degree any form opposite at sunset. This is called the spectre of the *Brocken*. *There is a* description of it in one of De Quincey's opium dreams. We should not think you would find any account in a Parliamentary Blue Book.

A YOUNG WIFE.—Are you *quite* sure that if you really tried you could not go to church in the morning with your husband. Why can you not have a cold joint, or make a meat pie, which could be quickly heated? Potatoes, if prepared, may be quickly boiled, and you could manage, we think, to put a guard on the fire, so that it would be quite safe. We think the plain way out of the difficulty is to rise an hour earlier, and make all possible preparation over night.

INNOCENTIA.—We think they are intended to be used in the way children play, with the cards arranged in families.

F. E. N.—We do not think it would be possible to clean and remake a sealskin jacket at home, and we should advise you to entrust it to a furrier. Make inquiries of several as to *price, etc.*

M. E. K. B.—Consult "My Work Basket." A hanging pocket or cornucopia of cardboard is the usual shape.

E. K.—We regret to say we cannot read your hieroglyphics.

A. E. J. S.—You have not pressed your flowers properly, or changed the paper in which they were sufficiently often. The shells may be fastened on with very strong glue.

K. A. T.—We thank you for the information given respecting the quotation from Miss Fanshaw's enigma, whom we have already named as the author; also for stating that the keeping of Her Majesty's birthday on a Saturday is so arranged to give the clerks in public offices the power of "getting away from Friday night till Monday morning;" besides which, that Ministers and Members could not attend the full dress *soirée* at the Foreign Office, or the dinners of the Ministers, if given on a night when the House was sitting.

LOCHLEVEN.—"American leather" may be procured at any large furnishing linendraper's. We are gratified by all you tell us in connection with this paper. You write well.

FADED ROSE, at least, retains her sweetness, of which we acknowledge the gracious evidence in the kind letter now before us.

EINE WOHLWOLLENDE.—You must either seek for such information in the advertisements of some good and reliable paper, or write to some friend living in one of the German towns where you desire to find such an opening. Perhaps to write to the English chaplain would be a safe plan. You may write the sentence you give either thus, "And there were Mary, the mother of Jesus, Joses, and James," or thus, "And there was Mary, the mother of Jesus, and also Joses and James.

CORALINE.—Use natural wreaths of ivy (or artificial ones) for the decoration of the gas-stands at Christmas, and tie in here and there bunches of red berries.

THE DAFFODIL.

By CLARA THWAITES.

Of all the flow'rs which grace the bow'rs
  Of England fair and free,
For dainty grace of smiling face
  The Daffodil for me!

One while, with gracious bend and smile,
  A stately dame is she;
In castle hold, where baron bold
  Holds spring-tide revelry.

Again, in pause of April rain
  Fair weeping maids I see,
Whose slender forms sway in the storms—
  Sad Daffodils are ye!

And now, with laughter on each brow,
  Like dancing children free,
Ye are with smile and winsome wile
  The Daffodils for me!

Sarah S.—The sending of a present to any man anonymously is objectionable, however high or humble the girl's social position may be.

Christiana.—We thank you for your kind letter and appreciation of the manner in which we reply to our correspondents. Apply to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., and he will supply you with the index and frontispiece, at a cost of one shilling.

Flirt. — What an objectionable *sobriquet* you have adopted! We hope it has been misapplied. Directions for making a "stamp snake," as well as an illustration, were given at pages 332 and 333, vol. iii., under the title, "More Occupations for Invalids." The previous soiling of the stamps is of little consequence, when so closely packed together. As a rule, about 6,000 are required, supplemented with the bright lead-coloured paper in which tea is usually folded, and all kinds of coloured papers cut like stamps, so that when the snake is coiled in various ways, the colours of the body change in hue, and look bright.

Lena Norman. — 1. The passage you quote about "the grand old gardener and his wife," is taken from Tennyson's "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." 2. There were many families called Norman in Scotland, in the middle-ages; the name is a contraction of Northman, or native of Normandy, in France. The origin of the name is German.

Chloe.—Employ the burnt end of a cork, it can be removed with vaseline and soap, or the latter only.

Peggie's letter has pleased us much. We take great interest in little girls in her position, and rejoice to hear we have done her some good service. If you can fill the crevices under the walls and at the grate and oven with a powder called "Insecticide," to be had at any grocer's, you will diminish the number of such vermin as blackbeetles. Also if you place a soup-plate of treacle on the kitchen floor at night, and lay a number of flat strips of card-board or stick, like ladders, up the brim, the beetles will walk up them and be caught in the treacle.

Pen Box.—The calendar is published every year, about November. Order it of any bookseller. The price depends on the style of the book, whether bound or unbound.

Christiana, E. M.—We would much rather not "read a poem," as we have quite enough to do already.

Doubtful Edith.—It is altogether immaterial to us whether pert little Miss Edith "cease to believe in the genuineness of the 'headed' Answers to Correspondents" or not. However, we will give her this much information, that the simile employed by Pope, in his "Essay on Man," 2nd Epistle, comparing the present, or "time," to an "isthmus," is likewise to be found in "Lalla Rookh," by Thomas Moore.

"This narrow Isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,
  The past, the future; two eternities."

We suppose that this must be the passage to which you refer.

Patissa.—Certainly, we are quite as anxious to be of service to "Our Girls" who are of other nationalities, as to our young countrywomen; and we should be grieved to think that, through press of matter, and immense correspondence, any of our foreign friends should imagine themselves neglected because not English. The word "light" is the signification of "Helen," in contradistinction to "darkness." It has four distinct meanings, as employed in our language: that above-named, and that as applied to weight; it is also used to signify trifling in importance, as, "It is a light matter," and it is employed in a bad sense as regards morality in women, when it precedes the word "character.

Hugh.—You will find a lengthy notice of the family of Darell in Burke's "Commoners of England." The family dates as far back as the reign of King John, when they were of some consideration in Yorkshire. With regard to the enclosed arms, we cannot find any information, but the family to whom they belong may be extinct. Many thanks for your kind letter and its kindly expressions towards us. Cod liver oil is much used in cases of neuralgia.

Sallie.—We can only advise you to allow your thumb nails to grow as long as possible, in the hope that the width may be increased by so doing. You might protect the tops of the thumbs with glove stalls.

VOL. IV.—No. 163.] FEBRUARY 10, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.

CHAPTER X.

"CAVE CASTLE."

I NOW began to get about me such things as would render my life more comfortable. A recess or prolongation of the cave was set aside as my bedroom, whilst a special corner was assigned to the food, and the small stock of plates, knives, cups and spoons, etc., which I had brought up for immediate use.

I devoted the first hours of each morning to enlarging my window. This was slow work, but by the aid of a hammer and chisel I so far succeeded in increasing it, that in a few days I was able to rise and breakfast without a light. After a mid-day meal I sallied forth with the intention of bringing in the remainder of my goods. For greater expedition I made a sail for the boat, choosing a couple of broken spars of moderate length and thickness, and rounding off the jagged ends. I nailed two opposite sides of the sail to these, and to each end of one I attached a cord. A second and longer cord joined to the centre of this, and running through a ring affixed at the requisite height on the mast, enabled me to elevate or lower the sail at pleasure, the under spar remaining constantly fastened. It was a proud day for me when I sailed forth, having chosen suitable weather, and taken care to arrange my time so as to have the tide in my favour on returning, as my strength would prove unequal to bringing back a well-laden boat.

"I MADE A SAIL FOR THE BOAT."

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"I CONSTRUCTED A ROUGH SHORT LADDER."

I landed in front of Cliff Nest, fixed the anchor safely in the sands, and having carried down as much as I was able, went off in search of my cow, so that she might convey the rest of the things; but she had strayed so far away, and I had lost such an amount of precious time in seeking her, that I desisted from the pursuit, and by the help of rollers managed to bring down by my own labour as much as I dared to put in the boat, remembering the particularly low entrance to my castle.

In a few days I had stored all my belongings, and Cliff Nest was as utterly deserted as before my arrival. I now turned my attention to rendering my home still more comfortable. A centre table was formed by a chest, one of smaller dimensions doing duty as a chair, whilst two or three arranged along the wall served as sideboard, chiffonier, or locker.

My window being completed, I began another, as the wall was of no great thickness on that side; these openings gave me a fine view over the sea. I next improved the passages, cutting away projecting portions of rock, smoothing the sides as much as possible, taking care however to leave a few pieces jutting out upon which I could place my candles.

I also scooped a hollow for the torrent along one

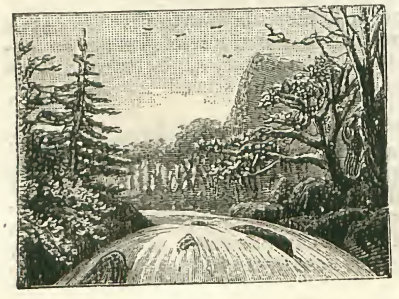
side of the passage, thus preventing it spreading over the whole floor; this enabled me to go out of my castle dry-shod.

My mode of entry here was certainly not very dignified, for as the reader will remember the opening was so small and low that I could only crawl in on hands and knees; still, I felt it was far safer to leave this as it was than to try to enlarge it. No wandering savage would be likely to imagine it was the entrance to a habitation, even had he scrambled down, which was not a probable feat for him to perform, seeing he would not be interested as I had been in seeking to discover the outlet for the water. To render my descent a little less hazardous, I constructed a rough short ladder, so that I could accomplish the last few feet without the jump that had been necessitated from the fact that the side of the cleft overhung at a short distance above the opening to the cave. This ladder I could of course draw into the passage after me when I returned from an excursion, but was obliged to trust that as it was quite concealed from view at the top of the gully, it would never be found out during my absences from home at any time.

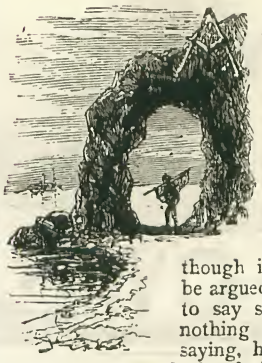
I thought it desirable, however, to increase the height of the passage sufficiently, if possible, for me to stand upright; its width I left so that not more than one person could advance at a time. It was truly a hard task I set myself to do, and one requiring an enormous amount of patience, so little could I manage at a time; but to be constantly employed was not only a pleasure for me but a necessity, or my solitude would have dwelt injuriously upon my mind, and the apparent hopelessness of my situation. It was very long before I completed my labour of chipping away the rock, nor did I ever succeed in making my corridor as lofty as I would have liked; still, after effecting an entrance I was able to rise from my ignominious posture, and at any rate walk, although not without stooping.

During this time I varied my toil by other occupations. One of these *recreations*, as I may call them, was collecting dried leaves, and exposing them to further drying beneath the powerful rays of the sun, intending to make myself a mattress, for I found one hardly sufficient to give me a very restful bed, although I had laid it on a heap of clothes to raise it from the hard rock floor of the cave. Stuffing and making this mattress was playwork compared with my arduous labours at excavation.

(*To be continued.*)



QUOTATIONS AND MISQUOTATIONS.



An inveterate habit of frequent quotation has been said to indicate poverty of idea on the part of him who quotes, and, to some extent, it must be conceded that the allegation is a true one; though it may reasonably be argued that if a man has to say something and has nothing of his own worth saying, he had better have recourse to somebody else's store than talk nonsense. A far graver charge, and one resting on a surer basis, is that of *inapt* quotation—words, phrases, or sentences wrested from their context and applied to matter on which they have no bearing and are utterly meaningless in their original form. The prevalence of this mischievous practice in the newspapers of the present day, and the readiness with which it is received by the public as proof of erudition on the part of the writer, afford unmistakable evidence that an acquaintance with the classics of our language is far from general. If everybody who quotes were liable to be "pulled up short," and made to cite chapter and verse for his excerpt, we might expect to find a better knowledge of literature soon exemplified by greater correctness of application, for the very names of the authors would often show, from the well-known spirit of their writings, the primary force of a quotation from them. This point, however, is commonly evaded by the use of such subterfuges as—"said the poet," "cried the philosopher," "observes the sage," "as one of old has justly remarked," &c. Speaking of one of the best-quoted poems we have, viz., "Hudibras," Dr. Angus says, "Many of the couplets have become proverbial, and are quoted by multitudes who know not whence they come."

Let us run over a few such "household words," of which it may be said that probably not one in ten of those who use them daily would be prepared to state their source at a moment's notice. We will, therefore, not include those which are drawn from such mines of aphoristic ore as the plays of Shakespeare, or more recent and generally-read poets, nor expressions selected from ancient and modern languages, usually on account of their idiom, where a little ignorance would be far more pardonable—though, unfortunately, not half so common—as imperfect acquaintance with the literature of our own, if, indeed, as Charles Dickens has said, one tongue be not enough for any man to write in at once. Still less will we trench on those numerous biblical quotations so much in vogue which, if not bordering on profanity, are at least in questionable taste when applied to secular and frivolous subjects; such a use begetting a want of reverence for them when found in their proper context. Some few there are which are taken from the Koran and other religious writings, as, for example, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," and "Providence tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." These are often confounded with holy writ by many. *Hamlet* and "Hudibras" are perhaps the two English works from which most familiar quotations have been derived. Almost of necessity, nine-tenths of such proverbial lore owes its origin to poetry and the drama.

To begin with, a phrase having relation to the topic itself, the oft-mentioned "well of English undefiled," whose contamination now-a-days is so frequently deplored by writers, not always aware *who* was the well and who said so. It is Spenser in his "Faerie Queene" that speaks of

> "Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled;
> On Fame's eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled."

Better recognised is the same poet's gentle reminder to Queen Elizabeth—

> "I was promised on a time
> To have reason for my rhyme;
> From that time unto this season,
> I received nor rhyme nor reason."

which brought to her august recollection the delayed pension of fifty pounds a-year which she had bestowed on him in consideration of the opening stanzas of the "Faerie Queene," adulatory of herself. "All this," exclaimed Burleigh, the Lord Treasurer, "for a song!"

It was *not* Dr. Watts, but Oliver Goldsmith, in his ballad of "Edwin and Angelina," who said that "Man wants but little here below, Nor wants that little long;" and he, most likely, borrowed the sentiment from Young. "Pity's akin to love" is vaguely connected with Othello in some people's minds, but is really due to Southerne's play, *Oroonoko*. Perhaps the most extraordinary instance of a universal popular misquotation is that which runs—

> "When Greek met Greek, then came the tug of war."

The original line is found in the fourth act of Nathaniel Lee's drama, *Alexander the Great*, written about 1660, and is correctly read—

> "When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war"

—a wholly different construction. Two curious examples of analogy in expression without plagiarism of idea are seen in Dr. Evans' poem on Sir John Vanburgh, the architect and comic writer—

> "Lie heavy on him, earth! for he
> Laid many a heavy load on thee!"

the direct converse of which thought in *Hamlet* will occur to everyone; and in Congreve's line—

> "Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,"

from *The Mourning Bride*, which bears close comparison with

> "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned."

Congreve was the contemporary of Sir John Vanburgh; and to *The Mourning Bride* we also owe "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." Dryden has supplied us with the "noble savage" in his *Conquest of Granada*--

> "When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

A little constellation of writers who flourished about the close of the sixteenth century have bequeathed us some "good things," by which, nevertheless, the memory of the authors is not perpetuated as it ought to be. It was Sir Philip Sidney who taught us to call our "mother tongue" by that title. Robert Southwell, who was executed in 1592 for sedition, gives us "My mind to me an empire is"—not a "kingdom;" the sarcastic remark, not less famous now than in the age when it was published, about "dining with

Duke Humphrey" is contained in Joseph Hall's seventh "Satire," given to the world in 1599; and in Richard Lovelace's poem, "To Althea," far too little known in its entirety, we get the beautiful verse—

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage."

Carew's quaint conceit, in his epitaph on the daughter of Sir Thomas Wentworth, that her soul had

"Broke the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatched a cherubin!"

and Sir John Suckling's celebrated image of the girl whose

"—— feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light,"

belong to this period also. "Westward Ho!" of modern date may be traced to an antecedent in Chapman's drama, *Eastward Hoe!* written in 1585.

For "a living tomb" we are primarily indebted to an old Trouvères romance concerning "Richard Cuer du Lyon," which was translated from French into English about the time of Edward I., and done into intelligible shape more recently by Longfellow in his "Poets and Poetry of Europe." When Sir John Mandeville returned from his travels in the East in 1356, he published a "boke" about them—the first prose book indeed seen in England—wherein were related such incredible marvels that "travellers' tales" became a by-word from that moment for all time. The "boke" must have been very much appreciated none the less, for Sir John himself tells us that he "put it out of Latyn into Frensche, and again out of Frensche into Englyssche;" and Halliwell states that "of no book, with the exception of the Scriptures, can more MSS. be found." This book, of course, was copied by hand only; "The Game of the Chesse," translated from the French and printed by Caxton in 1474, being the earliest specimen of English typography. "Dictionary words" is a common term of ridicule with us for the use of bombastic language where simpler might be employed to convey the meaning, and we find that our forefathers had a similar predilection for short words, since as far back as 1570, Wylson deprecates "ink-horn terms," and recommends people to "speak as commonly received," advice which we can well understand when we remember that our pure old Saxon embraces very few long words, the latter being nearly all imported from Latin sources. "Euphuism" originated with the character of Euphues in John Lillie's *Anatomie of Wit*, and founded a school, the disciples of which, Skelton, Stanihurst, Sidney, Thomas Fuller, Sir Thomas Browne Sylvester, and others are distinguished by a love of antithesis, puns, and alliteration, and were known as euphuists. The name lay dormant a long time, but was revived by Scott in Sir Piercie Shafton in "The Monastery." The *Anatomie of Wit* was published in 1523. When we wind up a pathetic tale of deluded hopes, or something of that sort, with the exclamation, "And behold it was a dream!" we quote as Bunyan did from the "The Vision of Piers Ploughman," written in 1365 by Langlande, the first English poet, from whose early pen also issued a couplet which we now know in the modified form—

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

It was Byron who "awoke one morning and found himself famous" just after the first two cantos of "Childe Harold" saw the light. Dryden tells us that "Men are but children of a larger growth" in *All for Love;* while that "the world knows nothing of its greatest men" we learn from a passage in Henry Taylor's drama of *Philip Van Artevelde, the Brewer King of Ghent.* Otway gives us, "Oh, woman, lovely woman!" in *Venice Preserved;* "The woman that deliberates is lost" is from Addison's *Cato.* The "gallant, gay Lothario" is a character in *The Fair Penitent*, a tragedy by Rowe, the friend of Pope and first editor of Shakespeare, that lugubrious Boxing Night tragedy, *George Barnwell*, being a play of the same epoch by Lillo; "Jerry Sneak" is presented in Sam Foote's *Mayor of Garratt*, and John Home's romantic drama, *Douglas*, has provided schoolroom recitations and penny readings innumerable with "My name is Norval." It is scarcely respectful to mention the Venerable Bede in this association of "characters;" but possibly not all who favour us with extracts from his writings know the history of the good Asiatic Greek, Theodore, Archbishop of Canterbury, who was sent over to enlighten us in 668. "O rare Ben Jonson!" was the simple epitaph cut on the tombstone of the great poet and dramatist in Westminster Abbey, where he was buried in an upright position.

Lyttelton, in his prologue to the posthumous work, *Coriolanus*, by Thomson (of "The Seasons" celebrity) says the author had never written "one line which, dying, he could wish to blot." This alludes, of course, to his purity of tone, and does him no more than justice; but it would hardly have been corroborated in its literal sense by Thomson himself, since his tragedy of *Sophonisba* was condemned on account of a single line—"Oh, Sophonisba, Sophonisba oh!"—the only one by which it is now remembered. "Neither fish nor fowl nor good red herring" occurs in the epilogue to Dryden's *Duke of Guise;* "Throw but a stone, the giant dies!" in Goldsmith's "Retaliation;" the "starting tear" in Burns' "Bard's Epitaph;" "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever!" in Keats' "Endymion." Coleridge interpolated the familiar lines—

"For his darling sin
Is the pride that apes humility"

in Southey's poem, "The Devil's Thoughts;" Shenstone wrote, in musical rhythm—

"So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return."

"Coming events cast their shadows before" we owe to Campbell; and if Hallam, by his panegyric on Professor Wilson ("Christopher North" of *Blackwood*), has not imparted "eloquence as the rush of mighty waters" to a thousand tongues, he has, at any rate, given them a quotation about it. Pope's works have yielded two very popular extracts—one from his lines on the poet Gay, whom he describes as having been "in wit a man, simplicity a child;" the other, his magnificent verse—

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet, seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

"The Chameleon," pabulum for the amateur elocutionist, and made use of as an illustration by his elders rather in reference to its sentiment as a whole than to details of expression, was written by James Merrick. "Namby Pamby" was an epithet first applied to Ambrose Phillips, who published a number of pastorals in *Tonson's Miscellany*, 1709, on account of his habit of writing short pieces eulogistic of everybody and everything. "Let us return to our muttons" is found in an old French farce, *Maître Patelin*, produced about 1490. A very curious derivation is that of the vulgar exclamation, "All my eye and Betty Martin," heard more frequently some years ago than it is now. It is a corruption of a scrap of dog-Latin, commencing an invocation to the blessed St. Martin—*O, mihi et beati Martini.* And, still more singular, "The man in the moon" is a linear descendant on the Darwinian hypothesis of Butler's satire, "The Elephant in the Moon," directed against the then newly-formed Royal Society. It may be noted that the establishment of such a society was suggested in the first place by the "New Atlantis" *of Bacon.*

"Give me the making of the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes the laws," said Fletcher of Saltoun; and, in conclusion, let us select a few instances of songs, popular at the present day, whose classical source is not generally known to the majority of those who are conversant with both words and music. "Come live with me and be my love" is by Marlowe, and was published in "England's Helicon," a collection of short poems and romances, in 1600. Jonson wrote, "Drink to me only with thine eyes" about the same time. Douglas Jerrold's famous drama was founded upon Gay's song, "Black-eyed Susan;" Francis Semphill, laird of Renfrewshire, was the author of "Maggie Lauder" and "Auld Lang Syne;" while the refrain "There is nae luck about the house," in the *Mariner's Wife*, we owe to Mickle. "A wet sheet and a flowing sea" is one of Allan Cunningham's nautical ballads; Mrs. Hunter, wife of John Hunter, the great surgeon, and sister of Everard Home, wrote the words for several of Haydn's most beautiful melodies; Dr. T. Percy, author of the "Reliques," has himself contributed "I am a Friar of Orders Gray," amongst others; and the poetry of "She wore a wreath of roses" and "Oh no, we never mention her" came from the pen of T. Haynes Bayly at the beginning of the century. The well-known hymn, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," was written about the same time by Henry F. Lyte, who held several curacies in Cornwall and Devonshire; while the glorious "Dies iræ, dies illa," dates back to 1250, and is ascribed to Celano, the friend of Francis of Assisi. Our present translation of it is due to Roscommon, who died in 1684, repeating some of its words.

ARTHUR STRADLING.

USEFUL HINTS.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—One pint of sugar, dissolved in as little water as possible, half a cup of butter, one tablespoonful of vinegar, one cup of grated chocolate; boil until quite thick, put in buttered tins, and cut in squares when partly cooled.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Make a batter, not very stiff, with one pint of milk, two eggs, and flour to bring it to a right consistence. Pare and core six apples (large ones), chop them small and mix them well in the batter. Fry in lard, and serve with powdered sugar sifted over them.

RICE AND HOMINY GRIDDLE CAKES.—Mix two tablespoonfuls of flour with two teacups of cold rice or hominy, and a little milk, add one or two eggs. Add as much more milk as may be necessary to give the desired consistency when cooked. Too much flour or too much egg makes them close.

TOOTH POWDER.—Half an ounce of Peruvian bark, half an ounce of powdered myrrh, and one ounce of powdered charcoal make a most refreshing tooth powder; the quantities named will last three or four months and cost sevenpence.

LAURA LEIGH.

A TALE OF HIGHBRIDGE PAPER MILLS.

By M. M. POLLARD, Author of "Cora; or, Three Years of a Girl's Life," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

COUSIN CON.

THE June sunshine was streaming pleasantly through the southern windows of the schoolroom, while Ethel and Gerty Herbert were seated near the large table, on which was spread their books and writing materials.

In Mrs. Herbert's house this apartment was not the usual ugly, dreary room one so often sees even in fashionable houses dedicated to learning. It is not an uncommon idea that anything is good enough for the "schoolroom," and thither are accordingly banished the ill-matched articles of furniture, the worn-out commodities that would never be allowed admission in any other place.

The Herberts' schoolroom was large, handsome, bright and cheery, all the appointments were in good taste; for Mrs. Herbert considered it an important part of her children's education that they should be constantly surrounded with all that was tasteful and artistic.

Ethel and Gerty were both tractable girls, who really tried to work hard during school hours; for they knew well their time for recreation depended pretty much on their progress. But the moment books were closed there was a tumult of delight, and the children, laughing and chattering, would vie with each other who should be nearest Laura.

"We never had anyone here like you before, Miss Leigh," said Gerty, as she nestled her curly head against her arm. "And we have had such lots of governesses since I can remember. Some were strict, and cross, and ugly, and not a bit as nice as you are."

"Perhaps I can be cross too, sometimes, Gerty, but never with obedient children; so, always try to attend to what I tell you."

"Mamma is quite pleased with our last school report, and she is going to give us a grand treat."

"Oh, I am glad of that. What kind of treat will it be?"

"We are to go with her to the opening of the new Town Hall, and we are to have luncheon on Lord Wintermere's lawn. Such lots of people will be there, and there will be a military band, and all sorts of nice games!"

"How pleasant that will be for you both."

"Cousin Con is to open the Town Hall. How silly that sounds, Miss Leigh! As if there was anything much in opening the door of the Hall. Why the porter could do that, without Cousin Con's coming, I should think."

"You do not quite understand, Gerty. It does not mean merely unclosing the door of the building, but it is throwing open the place for public use. Inaugurating it is the term used, though perhaps that is too long a word for you to understand."

"Anyway, I am glad Cousin Con is coming. He will stay here a whole week, mamma says; and, oh, he is such fun! He has always lots of games with us, and he often gives us lovely presents."

"And he is so big and handsome," added Ethel.

"Not bigger than papa, and not handsomer," argued Gerty.

Ethel went out of the schoolroom soon afterwards, and then Laura said to Gerty, as she held her by the little fat fingers—

"Stay a little longer here with me, my pet; I will show you a pretty book of pictures I bought lately."

"Thank you; that will be splendid, and Ethel may go out in the garden by herself, if she likes."

Laura kept her word to the letter. She showed Gerty the pictures to the very last page, and explained them all ere she asked the question that had been all the while in her thoughts—

"Now, Gerty, you must tell me Cousin Con's other name, will you?"

What a coward she felt after all! It hardly seemed her own voice asking the question, and the reply sounded to her like an echo from the past, bringing up a host of memories and feelings that had never lost their place in her heart.

"Cousin Con! Oh, don't you know? Vincent Ashton, to be sure."

"Then why do you call him Con?"

"Because his first name is Vincent,

"WHAT A COWARD SHE FELT AFTER ALL!"

the same as papa's is, and mamma said there must be some distinction made or she would never know which of them it was, and so she told us to call him Con. His second name is Conroy; it makes altogether, Vincent Conroy Ashton. Pretty, is it not?"

"Very pretty," replied Laura, thoughtfully.

"Papa calls him Ashton. Men are so queer and blunt to each other. If any other girl called me Herbert I don't believe I should answer her at all."

Laura hardly listened to the child's prattle. She was thinking how strange it was that after all these years the lines of their lives should again meet each other.

Often since they parted she had met with Mr. Ashton's name in the newspapers, and she had traced somewhat his public doings. On many occasions she had read his speeches, when he had led the van of some philanthropic scheme. Now she read of his having been chosen to open a mechanic's institute in some provincial town—again he was heading a committee for improving the condition of factory hands. Wherever there was anything noble and useful, anything to elevate, to improve his fellow creatures, there Vincent Ashton's name was sure to appear. And now he was coming to the quaint old borough of Haughton to open its newly-built Town Hall.

Gerty Herbert had been delighted with the picture-book. She still held it in her hands, and hung over its pages.

"I think I may even say I love it, Miss Leigh; it is so pretty and droll. Animals dressed up like men, and talking quite wisely. If our dog, 'Gip,' and our cat, 'Brownie,' could speak, I wonder what their opinions would be, and what sort of history they would give of themselves?"

"Gerty, as you admire the book so much, you shall have it for your own, and you may run away and show Ethel the pictures."

Long after Gerty had vanished with the book, Laura still remained at the schoolroom window, looking out on the gorgeous garden beds, now so rich with their many-hued summer flowers.

She was thinking of Vincent Ashton, and of those days "long ago," when she stayed at her cousin Marion Hayward's down at Highbridge, those days which had seemed so happy, so brief, and that had somehow spread their influence over all the years that had passed since.

She was surprised to find how every incident of that time still lived clearly and distinctly in her memory, her introspection brought a glow to her cheeks, a soft light to her eyes.

The whole dream was awakening again, with its magical tints, its warmth, and its glamour.

She roused herself from her reverie with an effort. It was *altogether* a "mental glamour," she argued, and she must banish such thoughts from her mind at once. What right had she to think of Mr. Ashton in that way? Doubtless, he had thoroughly despised her when he began to reflect on the part she had played with him. It must have seemed like deception, and yet she had never intended to deceive him. But, looking back on her conduct from her present standpoint, she could not free herself from blame, and she felt mortified and humiliated.

She was sorry for it now, the remembrance brought a bitter pang to her heart, and she turned away from the window with a sigh.

"Perhaps he spurns my very name, or he has forgotten me, or he may be married to someone else long ere this," she decided.

Before the grand day for the opening of the Hall came, Laura fully believed she had schooled herself to calmness and indifference.

She supposed she must meet Vincent somehow, that could hardly be avoided; but she determined, on her part, that they should meet as utter strangers.

"Things are so different now," she argued. "I am only a governess, and Vincent Ashton's name has become a power in the country. I suppose it is most likely he will rather avoid me than otherwise."

Haughton rose up to sudden excitement on the day the Town Hall was to be thrown open. In its usually dull, sleepy streets, triumphal arches, decked with flowers, sprang up, flags fluttered from the windows, the military from the neighbouring barracks were to line the way, and the mayor, corporation, and other officials were to turn out in full dress.

After the ceremony was over, Lord Wintermere was to entertain all the distinguished party to a déjeûner in his own house, while the grounds were to be thrown open to a number of invited guests.

Mr. Herbert, directly breakfast was over, started off to meet Cousin Con, who was coming by train, and Mrs. Herbert was to drive over to the scene of festivity with Ethel and Gerty later in the day.

There was no suggestion made about Laura's going; that seemed never once thought of by the mistress of the house. Of course she might have walked the three miles to Haughton, and the three miles back, had she chosen to do so. Her time was all her own for that day, no one to interfere with her, and she might spend it as she pleased. Many of the servants of the house had asked leave to go to see the show; they were quite willing to brave the dusty roads, and the scorching sun, for the sake of staring at the fine sights and gaily dressed people.

Laura Leigh stood at the schoolroom window, and watched Mrs. Herbert and her two girls drive away in the elegant carriage, the high-stepping horses tossing their heads as they went down the avenue.

Gerty's quick eyes soon spied out the governess, looking, despite her resolutions, a little sad and deserted as the light fell on her face; and Gerty kissed her hand towards her, nodded gaily, and sent back a joyous ripple of sunshiny smiles.

"Oh, how I wish Miss Leigh was coming with us!" she exclaimed.

"That would be out of the question, Gerty."

"But why, mamma? there is lots of room in the carriage."

"I dislike a crowded carriage particularly, and besides, how could she come? We are invited to Lord Wintermere's with Cousin Con."

"Couldn't Miss Leigh have gone there with us, mamma?"

"Hardly, I think;" and Mrs. Herbert smiled down at her youngest girl.

"Of course she couldn't go, Gerty. How silly you are!" said Ethel. "People don't take *their governesses* with them when they visit at noblemen's houses; do they mamma?"

Mrs. Herbert laughed merrily at Ethel's quaint, old-fashioned speech, as she called it; and then she gave her children a little warning.

"I hope you will both be good children while you are at the 'nobleman's house' as you call it. There will be some sports on the lawn, and you must not get wild and excited over the games. Remember, this is a very sultry day, quite the hottest we have had for the season."

"But may we not play lawn tennis?" questioned Gerty.

"I shall see. *If grown* people only are playing, of course little girls will have no chance; they would not be allowed to join the game, and must be contented with quietly looking on."

(*To be continued.*)

NEW MUSIC.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

AUGENER AND CO.

Wiegenlieder. For violin and piano. By C. B. Ingham.—Three charming little cradle songs, soothing and sweet; easy for both instruments, and sure to be encored if played with expression.

F. PITMAN.

Eulalie. Gavotte for the piano. By Angelo Costa.—Short, well marked, and easily committed to memory. A nice little addition to our gay and pleasing pieces for the young pianist.

LAMBORN COCK.

Sonata in G. For pianoforte. By Domenico Scarlatti. Marked and fingered by Florence May.—An easy, short sonata, rendered a useful practice by the careful fingering of Florence May. A smooth, legato touch is required, and acquired by the steady practice of the young performer on the pianoforte or harmonium.

Romance Poétique. By Edwin Harriss.—A good practice piece, with pleasing melody and variety in arrangement; not at all difficult, but requiring careful learning and moderate facility of execution.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER AND CO.

Scherzetto. For the pianoforte. By Maude Valérie White.—A light scherzetto of three pages; very easy. It is arranged as a solo, a pianoforte duet, or for pianoforte and violin. Our musical girls will be glad to add this to their collection of pleasant pieces.

AMOS AND SHUTTLEWORTH.

Malines. Souvenir du Carillon. By Edwin M. Lott.—A showy piece of moderate diffi-

culty. The bells are accompanied in various ways, and always distinctly prominent if carefully played. This will be found a good practice piece.

AMOS AND CO.

Ophélie. Caprice for the pianoforte. By P. von Tugginer.—A graceful caprice, easily learned and pleasing. The frontispiece is a pretty illustration of the crazy maiden.

GODDARD AND CO.

La Jouissance. Valse impromptu. By Henri Stiehl.—A well-marked waltz, and one which will be heard with pleasure. The style is bright, and the fingering will be found helpful to our friends.

Danse de Cangs. By Frederick Kessler.—The "danse" is published as a solo or duet for the pianoforte; also for full orchestra. The arrangement is simple and pleasing, and might easily be committed to memory.

Duke of Albany Va'se. By A. W. Kessler.—These four waltzes, with coda, are very easy, and are also arranged as piano solo or duet.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

Chant du Matin. Caprice. By Cotsford Dick.—A well-written "caprice" in G. The character of the bass is sparkling, the style altogether good and pleasing, whilst unburdened with difficulties, and easily committed to memory.

December and May. Sketch for the pianoforte. By Cotsford Dick.—A very nice little piece for our young pianoforte players, written by our well-known composer. The air is well sustained and accompanied lightly by the treble hand, and the time well marked in the bass; easy to acquire.

Victory. A March. Composed by Horton Allison, and dedicated to Lieut.-General Sir Garnet Wolseley, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.—In A major, most carefully and fully fingered. The style is military and lively, befitting the subject.

The Syme Polka. By James Batchelder.—The number of polkas written by a large number of our present pianoforte composers has supplied a variety from which all grades of performers may choose. "The Syme Polka" is one for our young friends. It is easy, well marked, and pretty.

WEEKES AND CO.

Gavotte in A. By Edward Withers.—A nice little gavotte, in three sharps, very easy and short—two recommendations to our young beginners.

An Evening Song. By Farquharson Walenn.—A smooth, soothing air, with light accompaniment. The piece is well-fingered, and will be well received.

R. COCKS.

Il Penseroso e l'Allegro. By Cotsford Dick.—This composer has arranged, as well he can, two nice airs for the benefit of the juvenile pianoforte player, who will find the learning of this piece both pleasing and easy.

En Badinant. Morceau de Genre. By Francis Thomé.—A brisk, useful pianoforte study of staccato and legato passages, attention to which is required to give the right impression of the composer's intention. "En Badinant" is short, and by no means difficult.

Minuetto. By Francis Thomé.—Another easy, short piece, suitable for young performers; dedicated by permission to her Grace the Duchess of Newcastle.

VOCAL MUSIC.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

The Road to Market. Words by Edward Oxenham. Music by Arthur Whitley.—The composition, both as regards words and music, is of a simple character, easily accompanied, and suitable for "penny readings."

Old Chimes. Words by Edward Oxenham. Music by Arthur Whitley.—Another useful song for winter entertainments, describing two old friends chatting together over old times whilst seated round the fireside. The song is written in the minor, and is quite easy for both performers.

Very Wrong. Words by Edward Oxenham. Music by Arthur Whitley.—A merry little ballad, with words and music; also suitable for "pleasant evenings" for our poorer neighbours. The song is written in the key of C, compass E to E.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

The Darkness is Stealing. Song, with chorus in unison. Words by Mrs. W. K. Clifford. Music by C. B. Ingham.—The words are taken from Mrs. Clifford's "Children Busy," and the music is as quaint. The nursery governess will be repaid for the trouble she will take with her little charge by seeing their eager faces and hearing their childish voices whilst listening and joining in the chorus. An agreeable pastime for winter evenings.

Bygones. Song. Written and composed by C. Clifton Bingham.—The words are suggested by finding an old letter, long hidden away; "Let bygones bygones be" being the burden of the song. The music is simple, and the accompaniment very easy.

B. WILLIAMS.

Twilight Memories. Ballad. Written and composed by Noretta.—A ballad presenting no difficulties for voice or accompanist. The air is smooth and compass moderate. Written in the key of F; suitable for an alto voice.

Jo. A souvenir of "Bleak House." Character song. Written and composed by Noretta.—A pathetic song, well adapted for our popular entertainments given to the working classes, who would warmly appreciate both the sentiment and melody.

F. PITMAN.

Have You Seen My Doll? Written by E. Cympson. Composed by W. F. Lancelot.—A humorous song for a little girl. Very droll, and not too difficult to be learnt by a merry, imitative, little songstress, who would be sure to produce much glee and laughter by the performance. The illustrations on the cover are equally funny.

LAMBORN COCK.

The Cornfields. Song. Written by Calder Campbell. Music by James Coward.—The beauties of the cornfield, "like a poet's dreams, by a painter pencill'd out," are pleasantly set to music; the theme of the writer of the song having inspired the musician, who has produced a song worth singing.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER AND CO.

The Rose and Lily. Two part songs for female voices. Music by Ernest Ford. Words by Rev. W. M. Statham.—A very pleasing duet for first and second soprano. The compass is moderate, and accompaniment very easy and smooth. It is written in the key of C, and printed on small-sized music paper, but in very clear type. It is published at fourpence nett.

Reading Abbey. Part song. Words by Claxon Bellamy. Music by Frank L. Moir.—Another cheap, good part song for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, well harmonised, and of moderate compass. The quartett is intended to be sung without accompaniment, which is only printed as a help to acquire the parts and time correctly.

Romeo's Good Night. Words from Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet.* Music by Marie Corelli.—These well-known words are very sympathetically set to music. The lingering "good night" is effective, gradually dying away to the softest pianissimo. The accompaniment is light and guitar-like.

F. AMOS AND CO.

Told in Confidence. Ballad. Written and composed by F. Julian Crozer. — An arch, merry song; the words and music light and playful. The ballad is written in two flats, for a soprano voice.

GODDARD AND CO.

Beautiful Flowers (Oh come son belli i fiori). Bolero. English words by Miss L. M. Keep. Music by Luigi Gambogi.—A graceful song, requiring some flexibility of voice and proficiency in execution. The accompaniment is light and suitable. We recommend this bolero to our more advanced readers and vocalists.

A Dream of Life. With English and Italian words. English words by Miss L. Keep. Composed by Luigi Gambogi.—A much more simple song by the same composer. Both Italian and English words are given. The subject is the oft, dearly-bought experience that "all is not gold that glitters."

THE FRIEND OF YOUTH.

By JAMES MASON.

PART II.

(Continued from p. 203).

CURIOSITY, did I say? Yes; I opened the manuscript left by the Friend of Youth with a good deal of curiosity. But that was not all. Curiosity was mingled with sadness at the thought that our happy hours and profitable intercourse were now gone for ever. It is a small private sorrow that seeks relief by proclaiming itself in public, but in presence of the sympathetic audience of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, I may confess to having dropped a tear on the title page.

That tear fell on a dedication—

"TO MY PRINCESS,"

which dedication had the whole page to itself.

I have tried, so has Nanette, and so has Blanche, and we have worked, gir's, with the zeal which becomes those devoted to your service, to discover who this Princess was, but we have not found out. "I give it up," said Nanette, the other forenoon, "but of this you may be sure, there has been a romance about his life, for a man does not ordinarily remain unmarried all his days for nothing."

The "Words by the Way" which followed this somewhat mysterious dedication were, in a general sense, what might have been expected from one leading a quiet but observing life. On every page the earnest desire of the Friend of Youth was evident to be of use in the world, and to make an impression for good on the minds of those younger than himself. "To be thought not to have lived in vain" had evidently been his guiding principle, and that being the case, the decision was soon arrived at to print the manuscript just as it came into my hands.

Perhaps, through interest in the writer, I have thought more highly of the following papers than they deserve, but that error,

being one of those which lean to virtue's side, will no doubt be forgiven. My feelings towards them are more kindly too, because they resemble to a considerable extent many of those articles which during the past two or three years I have contributed to these columns. Sometimes the resemblance has appeared very striking, but it is natural after all, for no two people can be much together without taking on a good deal of colour the one from the other.

Even though the Friend of Youth should repeat some things I have said, that will be rather a good feature, for the memories of all of us are like sieves. A good counsel, they say, is wasted that is speedily forgotten, but there is a terrible amount of waste in this direction.

Blanche, who has read the manuscript, says that here and there it is wanting in that grave and serious air which best becomes a moralist. Now, Blanche, you are wrong. A moralist may sometimes be a laughing philosopher; indeed, he is better so than writing always in a strain of perfectly gratuitous solemnity. Who would exchange the cheerfulness of the Friend of Youth for the grave morality of a neighbour you know who walked home with me from the funeral, and, after railing at and abusing everybody, summed up by saying that "Mankind, and especially young people, are a tiresome pack"?

Introductory.

From the window at which I write I look across the common, and can see a cottage door and beside it a group of children sitting on stools at their mother's knee, whilst she is telling stories to them. I would give a good deal to secure as *attentive* an audience for what is to be put in this book; but that is hardly to be expected, for we are after other game than stories. Our end is good counsel, and whoever heard of good counsel being listened to by anybody with breathless interest?

I shall hope, however, to receive a little attention, for that may mean doing a little good. Really I am not writing solely to please myself. Who says so? If any doubt it, let them consider that to begin the career of authorship late in life requires a rather stronger motive than either vanity or self-gratification. The exertion is too great, for the unpractised author lacks the gift of fluency.

Possibly, my friends, I might have possessed that gift, and have flooded the world with books long ere this, had it not been that my up-bringing was amongst people from whom literature received but little encouragement. My case was much like that of a friend who the other day told me that when a girl she once wrote verses, but her relatives ridiculed them, and that dried up the little poetic stream even at the fountain.

My object is to speak of many things, for the world is wide, and thought is free, and there is little that can come amiss to our inquiring spirits. Besides, no reason exists why one should prescribe limits to himself before he has well begun. It is, no doubt, an indefinite programme, but better that than a programme incomplete or unfulfilled.

That I have the young specially in mind is natural, for to age youth seems always beautiful and attractive, and there ought to be a pleasure in writing what may tend to the right direction of those who are dear to us. We owe much to those who went before, and, as payments should be made with interest, we owe more to those who come after. Life with all of us goes slipping away, and the time when we can discharge our debts is soon over. This thought spurs me on, and, as at least a payment to account, it seems that — to appropriate the lines of a character in an old play—

> "I cannot go without a whisper
> Of a few five thousand words."

Quarrelling made Easy.

When passing the village well last evening in the gentle twilight, when one might have thought everything would have been at peace, I came on a boy and girl quarrelling. Her forehead was disfigured by a fearful frown, and as for him, he was exhausting his vocabulary of hate and malice. The dispute was as to which should first draw water. Just about nothing, thought I, but after all half the quarrels of the world have as trifling an origin.

Quarrelling made easy, consists, as a rule, in the exaggeration of trifles. Make mountains of molehills and the thing is done. This is a recipe adapted to the meanest capacity, for it requires neither learning nor ability to make oneself intensely disagreeable.

The boy and girl at the well—"cantankerous" children, I had seen them often before—set me thinking how the habit of quarrelling, like every bad habit, more or less, once formed is apt to stick to us through life. Now, whatever we may think of two angry young people, two grown-up folks in a fury are ten times worse—especially two angry women—and it is as well to take warning in time, and so cultivate common sense and self-command that we shall never take part in such a painful exhibition.

At the root of a great many bitter animosities is the belief that we are much better than our neighbours, that our property is more sacred, and our opinions entitled to more respect. Quite a mistake. We are such microscopic creatures, all of us, that any differences, even if they be on our side, between persons, property, or opinions, are hardly worth spending a thought upon. They are but the trifles that belong to trifles.

Another very common source of quarrelling is that we take offence at things which are not meant in the least as we suppose. To put the most friendly construction on everything is one of the safest rules for carrying us pleasantly through life. Unless when we ourselves are disagreeable, people are almost always well disposed; they may be selfish, and they may be stupid, but of their general goodwill I have long felt sure. But even an act ill-intended may be laughed at—at any rate rather laugh at it than quarrel over it.

Sometimes the bad manner of thoughtless people may annoy us, but that is no reason why we should retaliate by doing or saying what cannot fail to breed discord. When Beethoven was once playing before an enthusiastic audience, a young nobleman at one end of the room persisted in talking to a lady. At last the composer got up in a rage and said, "I play no longer for such hogs"; nor would he touch another note for the rest of the evening. We may be, and I hope we are, enthusiastic about Beethoven's music, but no one can defend such an exhibition of temper, and I quote this anecdote by way of enforcing the truth that, whether we are great geniuses or only humble people, it does not do to appear too sensitive.

With a view to keeping clear of quarrels it is as well to guard against expressing ourselves too strongly about things, even though our aversion should be considerable. Uncalled for criticism is very often ill-taken, and so for that matter is solicited criticism, as Gil Blas found when the archbishop showed him the door after his delivering an honest opinion on the archbishop's literary productions.

Not that one should be afraid to speak out when the occasion demands it. It is only unnecessary expressions we object to, on subjects about which there may fairly be two or even more opinions. But whatever you do, let no one carry criticism to the extreme length of the man who showed his aversion to the subject of a picture in a public gallery by poking his umbrella through it.

How often quarrels arise, especially in a place like this, from the readiness with which we believe every piece of gossip that comes our way! There is a girl in this village who delights in insinuating all sorts of malicious things about her neighbours, and who has been at the bottom of a large proportion of the enmities of Rosenhurst. "Preserve us all," says Susan every other day, "from such a backbiter, launching out poison from her black tongue like a hideous serpent." The best protection, Susan, is never to mind what she says. Of all trifles, indeed, that give rise to quarrels, hearsays, and the tattle of the idle and malicious, are the most trumpery and ridiculous.

It would deprive gossip of half its terrors if people were more frank in their intercourse with one another. Of course there is a delicacy in asking sometimes if a discreditable story be true, because the mere fact of our asking implies a belief that it might. But we should either face that difficulty, or absolutely refuse to believe anything that does not bear the marks of authority on the face of it.

Quarrelling is a sad waste of time. Even when the quarrel itself is soon over, the recollection of it often unfits us for work. Agitated spirits are not favourable to the accomplishment of anything, and those who have much to get through must live in peace.

In some cases too it causes as great a waste of money. For the gratification of a quarrelsome disposition many a man has before now spent all his fortune, as *if he could find no* better use for his wealth than by its means to provide his enemies with revenge. Such people are quite as foolish as that Italian woman of whom some of you may have read, who quarrelled one day in the market-place with another woman, and not being able to come near her antagonist, took a knife and plunged it in her own breast.

What a happy thing it would be if we only got into the habit of thinking when parting from those with whom we had quarrelled, that we may never see each other again. The sun would not then go down quite so often on our wrath. Marion Gretchley said as much to me the other day, and I rely a good deal on her experience, for she and Pat Hamilton, her sweetheart, as many of you know, had a violent quarrel the night before he set sail on that voyage on which he was lost. Her last word had been a reproach and his had been the same. And—speak about trifles!—it was all about one of the most insignificant things in the world. Pat had spoken to, or perhaps it was only looked at, a girl who lives near the Standing Stones.

Lovers, I am aware, are *supposed to* have special privileges as regards quarrelling, but when love is based, as it ought to be, on reason, there should be as little of the pugnacious element about it as about a course of athletic exercise, or the study of logic. There is a proverb "Biting and scratching is Scotchfolks' wooing," but for the credit of that nation I hope it is not true.

There is something however that is natural, I allow, about lovers' quarrels, for love is a great magnifier of trifles. And that brings us back to the point from which we started. Trifles have much to answer for, and to see that trifles are nothing but trifles should be the object of all who long for friendliness and peace. Let us all try then to see things in their true proportion by keeping our minds fixed on the high standard of what is noble and good. That will put an end to quarrelling, for we shall all then possess tempers which nothing can ruffle.

(*To be continued.*)

"FILLED WITH HOPES AND THOUGHTS THE SWEETEST."

YOUTH.

Ah, Golden Youth,
Why in such haste to speed away?
Life is a long and dreary day;
And its early morning hours
Filled with hopes and thoughts the sweetest,
Passing by us, swiftest, fleetest,
Steal away our freshest bloom
Ere we catch the full perfume
Of its opening flowers.

Return, sweet Youth,
Restore each grace that with thee fled:
The "sun-kissed tresses" to the head,
The bounding step, the beaming eye,
The ruddy lip, the spirit high.
Bring back each hope, each fond young dream,
That in this bosom reigned supreme.

It may not be, once gone—for ever!
Life's sweet spring-tide returneth never;
Not mist-wreaths from the mountain's brow,
Not dewdrops from the rose's heart,
Not flush of dawn, nor sunset's glow,
More swiftly, certainly depart.
Nor, till we reach beyond the tomb
The land of light and love and truth,
Shall we behold unfading bloom,
Undying and eternal Youth.

J. E. H.

BOUND TO EARTH.

By the Author of "Phil's Fortune," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FANNY would have preferred to take her departure from home without any unnecessary commotion or preliminary discussion. She considered that her mother's remark was quite sufficient permission, and had intended to depart quietly, leaving a letter only, by way of explanation, confident that they would on the whole rather rejoice that she had taken the step than make any attempt to fetch her back. When, therefore, Grace's letter arrived her satisfaction at its contents was very much counterbalanced by the condition it imposed.

"It is just a parcel of nonsense," she muttered, impatiently. "They will make objections if only for form's sake. Why couldn't I go first and ask permission afterwards? Anyhow, I suppose it must be done. Here is the first test for my determination."

Undoubtedly a difficult one, for the Leslies were full of the pride of wealth and position. Fanny had to use her utmost tact. She had one point in her favour. She was already looked upon very much as an alien, and very often a troublesome addition to the household, for she was unpleasantly brusque and took little pains to be agreeable to anyone she did not like. She had expressed herself in no measured terms about Gerald Willoughby, and Mrs. Leslie was secretly not a *little* anxious about the effect her manner might have upon him when he and his sister paid a promised visit at Christmas.

Fanny was shrewd and worked this point dexterously. "Gerald Willoughby is by your own showing a pretty simpleton, but do you think he is quite silly enough to fancy you care two pins about him?" she said to Julia, in her most affable tone. "I could soon open his eyes on that point if he does."

Mrs. Leslie looked up in much annoyance. "You have no right to speak to Julia like that," she said. "It is most unbecoming."

"Heigh-ho, the truth always is, so it seems," Fanny replied, good-temperedly. "If I were Julia, I would suggest that if she married him, he should have apartments at the top of the house, to which he should be rigorously confined, like a wild beast or lunatic. He only wants you to spend his money gracefully, and that you can do without his interference, you know."

"That's true enough," Julia replied, imperturbably; "but he mightn't think so, and he has not asked me to do it yet."

Now Mrs. Leslie was really very much in earnest about this matter. She considered it a most desirable marriage, and was anxious it should come about. She believed that Julia was too sensible to be influenced by Fanny's coarse badinage, but she was not absolutely sure even of this. And if Fanny made some of her outrageous remarks before the young man, she trembled for the consequences. This was just the result Fanny was aiming at.

"Mamma," she said one day, abruptly, "would you mind me leaving home? I never intend to marry, you know, so it's no good thinking of a settlement for me, and I might seriously interfere with Julia's."

"Leave home, child? Where would you go? You have no friends. You are so different from your sister, I never saw such a girl. Indeed, I quite despair of you," Mrs. Leslie replied, fretfully.

"You forget, I have two friends, Grace Hardinge and Helen Dalrymple. Either would be glad to have me; but I want to go and stay with Helen and help her in her school."

"Good gracious, Fanny!" Mrs. Leslie exclaimed; "what next will you propose? Would you like to have a broom and sweep a crossing?"

"I shouldn't much mind if I could get enough to live upon," Fanny replied, disrespectfully. "I should feel that I had done something to deserve my crust of bread anyhow. I don't think teaching is bad; I might take up many a less distinguished calling. I mean to do something."

"You are really the most extraordinary girl!" Mrs. Leslie said, hopelessly. "I don't believe you will ever be contented at home."

"No, I never shall," Fanny replied, promptly, with a decided movement of her cropped masculine head. "Look here, mamma, I want to go away to the Dalrymples. It is nonsense to pretend that I am wanted at home. Get papa to let me go. I will keep out of everybody's way and never disgrace you, that I promise—far less indeed than I do at home. It will make me happy. I will never ask you any other favour."

Mrs. Leslie pondered Fanny's request in much perplexity. It was highly desirable to have Fanny out of the way this Christmas, and she had indeed no other friends. Then again, might not this taste of self-denial and hard work cure her for ever of her unorthodox, quixotic notions? She would come back in three months a different individual. On the whole, Mrs. Leslie was in favour of the plan. To Mr. Leslie she simply said that Fanny had an invitation to spend Christmas with a schoolfellow, and she thought it advisable for her to accept it; for neither Mr. nor Mrs. Leslie were at all above using small deceits towards one another.

"One thing I shall expect you to promise," Mrs. Leslie added, when she told Fanny of her decision: "that you hold no communication with Edward. I will not have you a medium between him and Helen Dalrymple. There are to be no messages, that I hope you understand."

"You needn't fear, mamma," Fanny

said, with flashing eyes. "I wouldn't take a message from Edward. I have no desire to bring them together again. I would not have Helen marry Edward on any account now."

Mrs. Leslie was satisfied. She could rely upon Fanny's truthfulness, and she considered that she had acted with great ingenuity. She had no intention of allowing Fanny to take up governessing permanently, but under the pretext of humouring her whim she would get her out of Julia's way. She really believed that had Fanny known why she wished her away she would have refused to go, so entirely was the girl's true character misunderstood.

She wrote off triumphantly that she had obtained permission, and that for the first year she could consent to take nothing; afterwards, as she wished to be entirely self-dependent, she would be glad to have sufficient to buy herself necessary clothing, but that need not be discussed at present. "If you give me a home I shall consider the favour all *on your side*; I want to share your struggles, not to hinder you," she added, by way of conclusion.

It was not until the arrangements were really being made that Helen fully realised how great those struggles would be. A house was advertised for and chosen in a country town far enough away, Mrs. Hardinge and Mrs. Dalrymple spending a day on its inspection. It was very small and mean, but it was not safe to be more venturesome at first, and they could easily leave when they were justified in doing so. There was a tacit understanding that it would not do to depend upon Mr. Dalrymple—his health and prospects were alike broken down and ruined. It was little enough he would be able to do for his family for the next year at least.

When the house was chosen there was neither furniture nor money to buy it, only those few things Dr. Hardinge had saved from the sale, useful in themselves, but utterly inadequate for the most *modest requirements*. There was only one apparent solution of the difficulty, which was to hire such things as were absolutely necessary, paying for them in instalments.

Not one of Mrs. Dalrymple's friends had come forward with any offers of help, nor could she find it in her heart to solicit any. Helen was inclined to be despondent in the face of this grand difficulty.

"Is it honest?" she asked, nervously. "We shall be in debt."

"No one will trust you unless they are fully secured from loss, and if you fail to pay, the things will be taken from you, so that you really run the greatest risk," Dr. Hardinge replied. He very well knew that without his aid they could not have done even this.

But while the point was being anxiously discussed a sudden solution came in the shape of four five-pound bank notes enclosed in an envelope to Miss Dalrymple. There was no clue whatever to the name of the sender, and after the first surprise was over, and every possible and impossible conjecture had been raised and considered, Mrs. Dalrymple and Helen came to the conclusion that some of their relatives, pitying their misfortunes, but not caring to acknowledge them openly, had subscribed this timely help. It seemed the most probable explanation, and was ultimately received by everyone but Grace, who had her own theory, but which she would not even hint at, since the transaction was evidently intended to be a secret.

Twenty pounds! Under present circumstances what a fund of wealth it seemed. It would give them a start. The practical doctor shook his head and cautioned them against depending too much upon it.

"You will still have to get some things on the obnoxious plan," he declared.

"Nothing more than we can help," Helen said, resolutely.

Fanny arrived from Alverstone the day before the Dalrymples were to take their departure. She was in high spirits, and although Helen painted a most doleful picture of the life she must expect, she would not be cast down. "The greater the difficulties, the more credit for overcoming them," she declared, cheerfully. "You will see how I will teach those children, and how we will get on. I have bought a cookery book and I made cook tell me lots of things, and give me the recipes for all her nice puddings. I have provided myself with aprons, and the neatest of cotton dresses; furbelows and lace, and all that won't do in our cottage of course, and we shall have to make our own things, I reckon, so we must not expect to be smart, for we shan't have too much time. You see how practical I am, Mrs. Hardinge, and do you know I have brought all my pictures and odd and ends to furbish up our bedrooms with. I hope after that no one will say that I am not equal to the occasion."

Everyone laughed at Fanny's enthusiasm, but everyone was pleased. Mrs. Hardinge thought she would be a great help and protection to poor Helen, who seemed still far too weak and languid to bear any strain. "Won't I tuck you up in bed and make you a fine basin of gruel," she said to Helen, pityingly, for indeed she was grieved and shocked beyond measure to see the alteration in her friend. Thin, haggard, and spiritless; she looked indeed, as Grace had said, at least ten years older. The brightness of her beauty had departed, and had become replaced by a patient, weary expression, most touching to see. It seemed cruel almost to let her go away to this new untried life, but that there were such urgent reasons for it. Both she and her mother were anxious to have the new home ready for Mr. Dalrymple's return, and Helen would not leave her mother to do it alone; moreover, Dr. Hardinge considered that the interest and occupation might rouse her from the utter dejection into which she had fallen.

So they took their departure amid the earnest good wishes and blessings of their kind friends. No eyes were dry but Fanny's, and they sparkled merrily.

She was apparently in her element, taking care of Helen and her mother as though she had been a man.

The journey was long, and would have been dismal but for Fanny, whose spirits were inexhaustible. Helen and her mother had been to bid a temporary good-bye to Mr. Dalrymple, and could not feel cheerful, but Fanny kept them from utter despondency.

When at length they reached their little house, to which some few most necessary things had been sent on beforehand, its bare and cheerless aspect on this winter afternoon was anything but encouraging. Fires had been lighted by a woman in charge, but in the helpless way of an incompetent person, and were black and smoky. Poor Helen, weak and tired, sat down and cried helplessly.

"This will never do," cried Fanny, briskly, taking upon herself to order the woman about pretty freely.

"Bring in heaps of wood and make a blaze," she exclaimed, and she stood by till it was done. Then she made Helen and Mrs. Dalrymple come close round while she flew to unpack a small hamper which Mrs. Hardinge's forethought had fortunately provided.

By dint of gigantic exertions she succeeded in getting some sort of a meal placed upon the table.

"I have learnt one thing," she said, laughing. "We must find a domestic who knows how to light a fire. By-the-bye, Helen, didn't we learn that at school in our Household Science? Of course we did, and to-morrow it shall have practical application. Come, Helen, let us coach each other up and see if we remember the rules."

(*To be continued.*)

A GIRL'S OWN PAPER THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY YEARS AGO.

MORE than three hundred and fifty years ago a great and marvellous empire was discovered by Europeans on the new-found continent of America. The empire was Mexico, the people — its inhabitants—the Aztecs. Ever since their first discovery by the people of the Eastern hemisphere, it has been a question eagerly, earnestly, learnedly discussed, how far they had advanced on the path of civilisation. It would certainly be very well for England if all English matters were as far advanced on that path, as Aztec mothers were noble enough, wise enough, civilised enough to give to English girls such precepts as trained and strengthened the Aztec girls of Mexico.

The following letter, copied out in full by Prescott, in his "History of Mexico," is too absolutely and plainly appropriate to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER not to find its fitting place in its pages, as a counsellor to other girls

than the one for whom it was composed, who departed to her Father and our Father nearly 400 years ago.

Mr. Prescott says he translates this letter from Sahagun's "Historia de Nueva Espana," lib. vi., cap. 19, adding that "it is a strange mixture of almost childish simplicity and of moral sublimity, the product of the twilight of civilization." Where the Spanish historian, Sahagun, saw the original Aztec letter is not stated, but Prescott would not have given the translation if he did not believe it to be genuine. The tone is like that of the moral treatises of the Chinese, and adds confirmation to the theory that the early American civilization came from Asia.

AN AZTEC MOTHER TO HER DAUGHTER.

"My beloved daughter, my dear little dove,—You have already heard and attended to the words which your father has told you; they are precious words, and have proceeded from the heart, in which they were treasured up.

"Although you are a woman, and are the image of your father, what more can I say to you than has already been said? What more can you hear than what you have heard from your lord and father, who has fully told you what it is becoming for you to do and to avoid? Nor is there anything remaining which concerns you which he has not touched upon. Nevertheless, that I may do towards you my whole duty, I will say to you some few words.

"The first thing that I earnestly charge upon you is, that you observe, and do not forget, what your father has now told you, since it is all very precious; and persons of his condition rarely publish such things, for they are the words which belong to the noble and wise—valuable as rich jewels. See, then, that you take them, and lay them up in your heart, and write them in your bowels. If God gives you life with these same words, will you teach your sons and daughters, if God shall give you them?

"The second thing that I desire to say to you is, that I love you much—that you are my dear daughter. See that you receive your parents' words, and treasure them in your breast.

"Take care that your garments are such as are decent and proper; and observe that you do not adorn yourself with much finery, since this is a mark of vanity and folly. As little becoming is it that your dress should be very mean, dirty, or ragged, since rags are a mark of the low, and of those who are held in contempt. Let your clothes be becoming and neat, that you may neither appear fantastic nor mean.

"When you speak, do not hurry your words from uneasiness, but speak deliberately and calmly. Do not raise your voice very high, nor speak very low, but in a moderate tone. Neither mince when you speak, nor when you salute, nor speak through your nose; but let your words be proper, of a good sound, and your voice gentle. Do not be nice in the choice of your words.

"In walking, my daughter, see that you behave yourself becomingly, neither going with haste, nor too slowly; since it is an evidence of being puffed up to walk too slowly, and walking hastily causes a vicious habit of restlessness and instability. Therefore, neither walk very fast nor very slow; yet, when it shall be necessary to go with haste, do so—in this use your discretion. And when you may be obliged to jump over a pool of water, do it with decency, that you may neither appear clumsy nor light.

"When you are in the street, do not carry your head much inclined, or your body bent; nor as little go with your head very much raised, since it is a mark of ill-breeding; walk erect, and with your head slightly inclined. Do not have your mouth covered, or your face, from shame, nor go looking like a near-sighted person, nor, on your way, make fantastic movements with your feet. Walk through the street quietly, and with propriety.

"Another thing that you must attend to, my daughter, is, that when you are in the street, you do not go looking hither and thither, nor turning your head to look at this and that; walk neither looking at the skies nor on the ground. Do not look upon those whom you meet with the eyes of an offended person, nor have the appearance of being uneasy, but of one who looks upon all with a serene countenance; doing this you will give no one occasion of being offended with you. Show a becoming countenance, that you may neither appear morose, nor, on the other hand, too complaisant.

"See, my daughter, that you give yourself no concern about the words you may hear in going through the street, nor pay any regard to them; let those who come and go say what they will. Take care that you neither answer nor speak, but act as if you neither heard nor understood them, since, doing in this manner, no one will be able to say with truth that you have said anything amiss.

"See, likewise, my daughter, that you never paint your face, or stain it, or your lips, with colours, in order to appear well, since this is a mark of vile and unchaste women. Paints and colouring are things which those use who have lost all shame and even sense, who are like fools and drunkards. But, that your husband may not dislike you, adorn yourself, wash yourself, and cleanse your clothes.

"My daughter, this is the course you are to take, since in this manner the ancestors from whom we spring brought us up. Those noble and venerable dames, your grandmothers, told us not so many things as I have told you. They said but few words, and spoke thus:—'Listen, my daughters,—In this world it is necessary to live with much prudence and circumspection. Hear this allegory, which I shall now tell you, and preserve it, and take from it a warning and example for living aright. Here, in this world, we travel by a very narrow, steep, and dangerous road, which is as a lofty mountain ridge, on whose top passes a narrow path. On either side is a great gulf without bottom, and, if you deviate from the path, you will fall into it. There is need, therefore, of much discretion in pursuing the road.'

"My tenderly-loved daughter, my little dove, keep this illustration in your heart, and see that you do not forget it. It will be to you as a lamp and a beacon, so long as you shall live in this world.

"Only one thing remains to be said, and I have done. If God shall give you life, if you shall continue some years upon the earth, see that you guard yourself carefully, that no stain come upon you. When it shall please God that you receive a husband, and you are placed under his authority, be free from arrogance, see that you do not neglect him, nor allow your heart to be in opposition to him. Be not disrespectful to him; beware that in no time or place you commit treason against him; see that you give no favour to another, since this, my dear and much-loved daughter, is to fall into a pit without bottom, from which there will be no escape. From this will arise a stain and dishonour upon our ancestors, the nobles and senators from whom we are descended. You will tarnish their illustrious fame, and their glory. Your name will be forgotten or abhorred. Of you will it be said that you were buried in the dust of your sins. And remember, my daughter, that though none shall see you, God, who is in every place, sees you, and will be angry with you, and will be avenged upon you as He shall see fit.

"My dear daughter, whom I tenderly love, see that you live in the world in peace, tranquillity, and contentment all the days that you shall live. See that you disgrace not yourself, that you stain not your honour, nor pollute the lustre and fame of your ancestors. See that you honour me and your father, and reflect glory on us by your good life.

"May God prosper you, my firstborn, and may you come to God, who is in every place."

VARIETIES.

PLENTY TO DO.—The more people do the more they can do; she who does nothing renders herself incapable of doing anything; whilst we are executing one work we are preparing ourselves for undertaking another.

A SURE TEST.—There is no surer mark of the absence of the highest moral and intellectual qualities than a cold reception of excellence.

MILD, BUT FIRM.—Firmness without mildness is harsh and forbidding; mildness without firmness becomes weak and contemptible; both united make a character respectable and amiable.

THE SECRET OF FAILURE.—An old Scottish merchant was once asked how his son and daughter-in-law had not succeeded so well in life as he himself had. "That's easily explained," said he; "we old folks began with a little house and a plain table, with porridge and a herring, and bit by bit advanced to tea and a 'chuckie' (chicken); but the young folks started with a braw house and tea and chuckies and silks, and never buckled up their sleeves to work."

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHER.—It is easy to be merry when the heart is light; but the true philosopher is she who can make sunshine in a cloudy day.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—No. 1 (page 263):—

P E R I (*a*)
R E A D I N G
E I L D O N
J E D D O
U T H E R (*b*)
D A N A (*c*)
I X I O N
C A M B R I C (*d*)
E U S T A C E (*e*)

Prejudice. Ignorance.

(*a*) In Moore's "Lalla Rookh."
(*b*) The father of King Arthur.
(*c*) Author of "Two Years Before the Mast."
(*d*) First made at Cambray.
(*e*) Son of Stephen; at his death, in 1153, the king made a final treaty with the Empress *Matilda, by the* terms of which he should remain undisputed possessor of the English throne, and, at his death, be succeeded by her son, Henry Plantagenet.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—No. 2 (page 263):—

V E S P A S I A N (*a*)
E U R O P A
N E A P
I R W E L L (*b*)
C O N S T A N C E (*c*)
E P I C T E T U S

Venice. Naples.*

(*a*) In whose reign the Roman legions, under his son, Titus, destroyed Jerusalem.
(*b*) The river on which Manchester stands.
(*c*) In Shakespeare's *King John*.
* The Neapolitans say "Vedi Napoli e poi morire."

MY WORK BASKET.

Hanging Pocket.

A fresh model of this useful hanging pocket for the head of the bed, or wall, will be acceptable. The form is simple and easily made up. A firm cardboard serves for the foundation, which is formed of three pieces. The back is thirteen inches across, and twelve inches in the

HANGING POCKET.

deepest parts, being curved down in the middle. The front, on which the embroidery is placed, is eight inches deep in the centre scollop, and the length seventeen inches. The shaped bottom of the bag is made to fit the front by a gradual curve in front. These pieces of cardboard are covered with coloured satin (either old gold, or to match the bed furniture), nicely quilted and wadded. The back is covered plainly with the same, or with a firm, coloured cotton to match. A thick fancy cord is attached to the outer corners of the front, and tied in several loops in the centre. Two shorter cords are fastened to the back and carried up to the loops, giving a firmness to the hanging of the pocket. Large tassels of shaded silks hang from the loops. The cord covers all the edges when the pieces are joined together. The embroidery in silks is on black satin. The forget-me-nots are in the natural blue; the rosebuds pale pink, and the foliage in shaded greens and browns. Narrow bands, imitating fancy braids, separate the wreaths of embroidery, and are worked with *cérise* silk crossing a fine yellow cord; the large dots in each point are in *cérise*.

DETAIL OF HANGING POCKET.

Travelling Bag.

An old travelling bag is rendered still useful, if not really broken, by being covered with dark faded green plush on which a suitable bunch

TRAVELLING BAG.

of flowers is worked in cross-stitch over canvas, which is afterwards drawn out. The case is cut to fit the bag, and when embroidered, joined together, so as to slip the bag in. Small straps fasten the case across the top.

FANCY WORK BASKET.

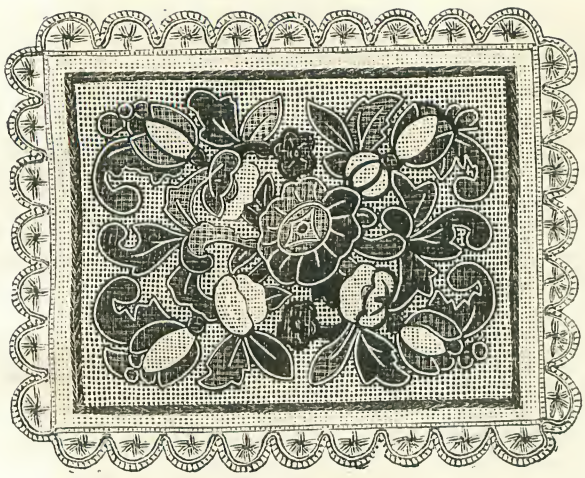
Leather handles can be bought and attached to the rings on the steel or iron band.

Fancy Work Basket.

A white, open wicker basket is lined with plaited red satin. The *lambrequin* is of peacock-blue plush embroidered in chain-stitch. The flowers are outlined with a fine gold cord, and are worked in old gold and dark blue silks, the foliage of faded greens and olives. Full tassels of ravelled wools are placed at the handles and ends of the basket. The handle has skeins of variegated wools plaited round the wicker.

Antimacassar.

This antimacassar is made of open coloured canvas, worked with Berlin wools and floss silk. The pattern must be enlarged and traced



ANTIMACASSAR.

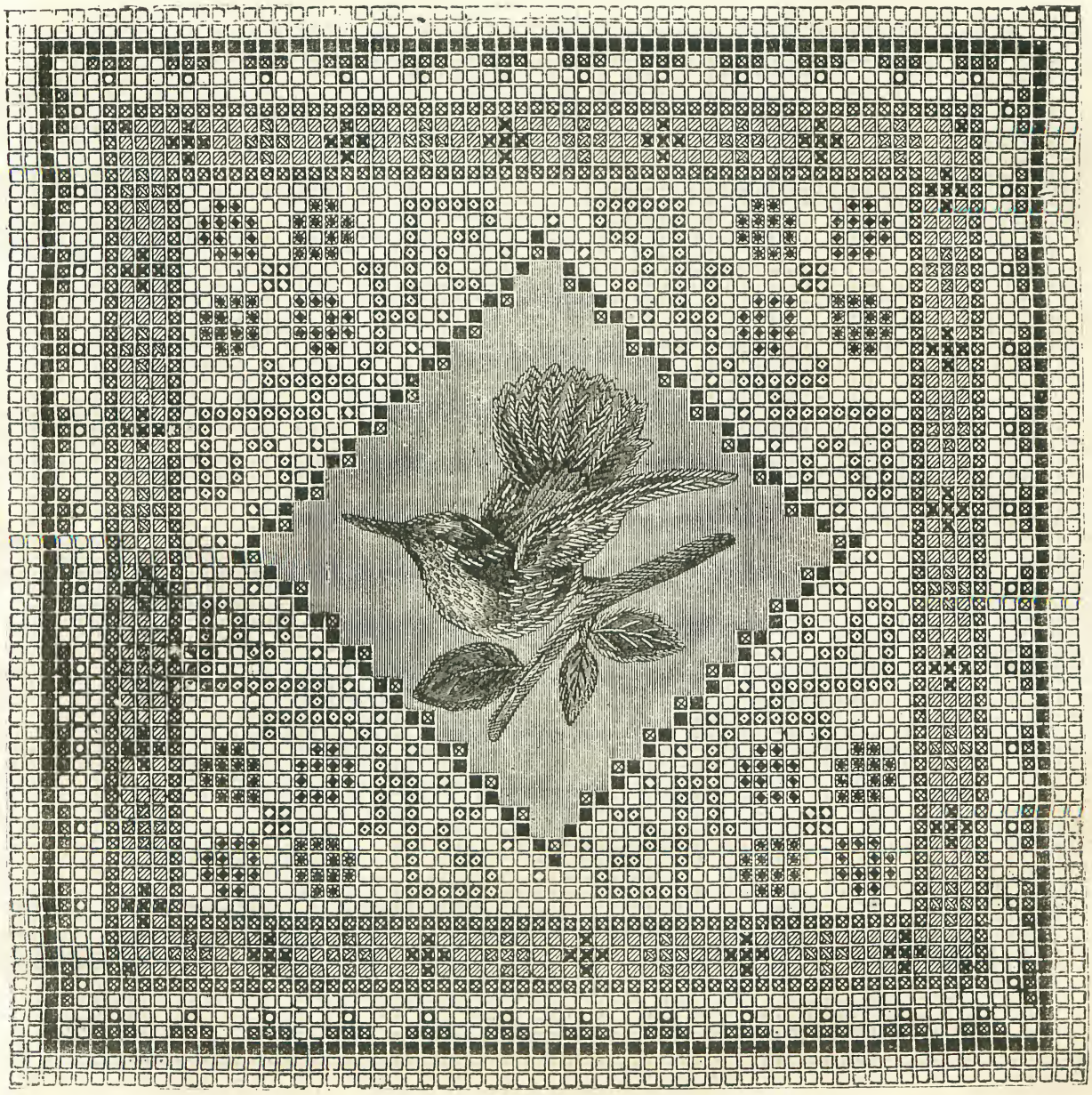
on the canvas. The colours chosen to suit the design and a small-sized embroidery needle are required.

The pattern is darned on the canvas in the ordinary manner, and the straight band round the inner edge is worked with wool, or a black velvet ribbon is stitched on with gold-coloured silk. A firm-edged lace in gold colour is sewed on the antimacassar, the edges of which are worked in buttonhole stitch.

Tapestry Cushion.

The centre of this cushion cover is composed of a square of satin to match or contrast with the rest of the furniture. The bird is formed of satin, as are the leaves, the colours selected according to their requirements. When the bird and foliage have been *appliqué* on the satin by sewing them with very fine silk, they are worked over with silks in good shades, approaching as near as possible the natural tints. The square of satin when worked is tacked on a piece of white canvas-cloth, which is worked in cross or marking-stitch, care being taken to edge the satin with some bright contrasting shades, so as to conceal the joinings. Wools may be used for the marking stitch, and several colours and shades should be employed.

The pattern can be easily copied by counting the threads of the cloth, which should be coarse and even. If the edges are trimmed with lace, the cushion-cover can be pinned on to any cushion by small safety pins, or made into a slip pillow-case by adding a back.



TAPESTRY CUSHION.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

GOLD AND SILVER FISH.—1. Consult Mrs. Walter Browne, Hon. Secretary of the Women's Emigration Society, at 38, Belgrave-road, S.W. Educated women are assisted by loans of money, and by advice, and all information which, under your own special circumstances, you require will be given you. 2. We have just given a correspondent advice on the subject of the care of gold and silver fish, which you will have read before you see this reply.

S. SMITH.—The salary of a nursery governess should not be less than £20 per annum; but, of course, due qualification could not be dispensed with. In your case, your letter shows that you do not understand either grammar or composition. You ought not to speak in the present and past tenses in the same sentence, nor should you express yourself thus, for example, "I am 21 years of age, and should feel obliged by letting me know if my qualifications are such as would," etc. You should not need to be told to correct the sentence thus, "and should feel obliged *to you for* kindly letting me know *whether* my qualifications *be* such," etc. Nor should you subscribe yourself in so ill-bred a style as "I am, yours, S. S." Write, "Believe me," or "Allow me to remain, yours sincerely," or any other polite term in lieu of the latter expression.

M. C.—We think that, without a teacher to assist you, you would probably learn more by reading than in learning by heart. However, you should study the two verbs, "to have" and "to be," and commit them to memory; as well as the pence and shilling tables, learn the rules of addition of money and subtraction, and study spelling; look out every word of which you are uncertain in the dictionary before you venture to write it. Also study a small "atlas," and some first book of English history, such as used in schools. Then you should make a better acquaintance with the Bible and ancient history by procuring, when you can *afford it, Dr. Eadie's* "Biblical Cyclopædia," price 7s. 6d. (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.). You should also write copies of small roundhand.

CATHERINE.—See pages 127 and 410, vol. iii., for the removal of inkstains from various materials.

COOKERY.

TRIXY WEE.—The following is a good recipe for a plum-pudding suitable for Christmas:—Take one pound of currants, one pound of raisins, three-quarters of a pound of suet, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, half-pint of treacle, half a basin of flour, one basin of bread-crumbs, eight eggs, candied lemon and orange peel, of mixed spices a dessert-spoonful, of brandy a wineglassful, and one tea-spoonful salt. Boil for about two and a half hours, slowly. 2. To remove inkstains from linen and other materials, see pages 127 and 410, vol. iii.

GLADYS HAWKSLEY.—For the recipe to make vegetable marrow jam, see page 399, vol. i. We thank you warmly for your gratifying letter. It is a source of much comfort to us to hear that our paper has been found of so elevating a character by its thousands of readers.

WILD IRISH GIRL.—Your name does not do you justice. There is nothing "wild" about your ex*ceedingly nice letter, for which* our most cordial acknowledgments are due, and our best wishes returned. We gave a recipe for "American Dough Nuts" at page 494, vol. ii. The other, we regret, is of a character which we do not give. You employ a bad pen. Procure one that suits you, and write copies daily of small roundhand, giving all the letters the same degree of slope.

A MOTHERLESS ONE, LILY OF THE VALLEY.—You will find an answer to your questions at page 63, vol. iv.; see answer to "Alms," and "Flo."

YOUNG MAUDE.—We think there must be something wrong in the dampers of your range, or else you do not manage your fire properly. Perhaps no other cooking should be going on at the same time. We advise you to consult a doctor on your state of health.

WORK.

BETA.—See "My Work Basket." Write and inquire at the address we have given.

BEE.—You do not say whether you require a knitted or a crochet pattern. See page 476, vol. iii., for the latter, and page 596, vol. iii., for the former.

L. F. S.—You must not forget that we do not pretend to publish a fashion magazine. Our object is accomplished if we select the best and prettiest styles, and help our readers to help themselves by advice and instruction. For the very latest fashions we should advise you to purchase the *Queen*, whenever you require the Paris fashions of the week. Our pictures are drawn in London, and are usually copied from actually existing and pretty dresses of girls worn at the moment. They then have to be prepared, and are given as soon as possible. All the back numbers may be procured from 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. We have read your bright and enthusiastic letter with much interest, and thank you for it. We value its full and kindly sympathy.

RUBY.—We think £6 per annum for boots and shoes too much, unless you live in a very muddy part of the country. Two or three pairs of house shoes would afford a sufficient supply for the year, with ease, and two pairs of good walking-boots. Never reduce yourself to one pair of boots only, however, but always keep several pair "going." This is a much more economical plan. £4 would be quite enough for hats of all kinds.

FLEURANGE.—We never saw any woollen shawl of the description you name that was hand-made. They are machine-woven. You will find a pattern for a shawl in crochet work at pages 477 and 478, vol. iii. For cakes, with or without icing, see our index to vol. i., and select for yourself. We rejoice to hear that our paper has had so good an influence over your mind, and made you wish to live up to a higher standard. We wish you sincerely God-speed.

HEARTSEASE.—In reference to knitting stockings, see our reply to "Enthusiast," page 111, vol. i.; also see pages 157 and 158, vol. ii.

SNOWIE.—We think that careful washing with a lather of soap and tepid soft water would be the best method of cleaning swansdown. It should be shaken dry in the sun or before the fire. You write exceedingly well for your age, and your letter does you credit. We hope what we say will give you encouragement.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—We do not know how to help you in reference to your patchwork quilt. Perhaps you might induce the proprietor of some fancy-work shop to allow it to be "on view" for a time in his establishment, and, failing there, you might try another. Sometimes a piece of work is admitted, by favour, into a bazaar; and the clergyman of the parish would probably have sufficient influence to get an odd article in, as an act of charity.

VERY OLD READER.—See vol. iii., page 623, for directions as to the cleaning of velveteen. Perhaps this "Old Reader" would like to supplant us in the editorship of this magazine. She evidently flatters herself that she could do much more satisfactorily by lengthening out the "tails" of our contributors. Perhaps she is the real Hamlet, who

"could a tale unfold."

Be assured that it is easier for you to criticise and find fault with other people's stories than to write them.

SARAH L.—To stretch worsted work, you must nail it, well strained, on a board, taking care that it be straight, the right side being laid face down on the board. Make a thick paste with flour and water, and without any lumps, and rub this over the back of the work, leaving it there till dry. Remember that if not very thick it will run through.

LILY OF YSTWYTH.—We should advise you to send your sealskin jacket to a furrier, to be cleansed and restored. We do not think it would be wise to keep it at home in its present condition. It would probably fill the house with moths.

LIZZIE.—We know of no method of removing a crimson dye stain from a cream-coloured satin dress. You had better so arrange a trimming of lace or ribbon upon it as to conceal the marks, and alter the disposition of any folds in the material, if possible.

A WATERLOO GIRL would not look very suitably dressed in "black stockings and shoes, and a cream-coloured dress trimmed with pink." Black kid shoes embroidered with steel beads, or with pretty rosettes or silver buckles, would not look amiss; but to wear the black stockings would show bad taste in connection with such a dress.

AGATHOS.—Consult "My Work Basket," first looking down the list of its contents in our indices. You will then see what would be within your powers. You do not say in what style you work—embroidery, knitting, crochet, &c.

DRAPER'S DAUGHTER.—Knit the cap in plain and purl stitch alternately. Measure the boy's head, and make a chain accordingly, knit from three to four inches in depth, of an equal width throughout, so as to turn up a straight band of double material all round the head. The turned up portion may be of scarlet, if you like, and the rest of the cap of blue wool. Decrease gradually to the point of the cap, and then make a small tassel. You write a beautiful hand. We suppose that the cap you call a "Brewers' Cap" is the Neapolitan boatmen's cap, shaped like a man's old-fashioned cotton nightcap.

BABOONIE (Melbourne).—For a recipe to clean white kid gloves, see page 734, vol. ii. Wash swansdown in a lather of soap and soft tepid water, and shake the down dry either in the sun or before a fire. Your hand is legible, but rather of a masculine character, and the position of the heavy and soft strokes is reversed. Why so?

VESTA.—Procure some stamped velvet, suitable for furniture, for the footstools, and braid it, following the outlines of the pattern, with old-gold-coloured silk braid. The velvet should be of a colour to suit the rest of the furniture and carpet.

B. B. (South Africa.)—See crochet work in wool, page 476, vol. iii. We should prefer a border pattern, such as that with the woollen balls on page 477.

SCOTCH LASSIE.—Plush is by no means a good wearing material, and we should advise you to use silk in preference for your wedding dress. You did quite right in accepting the proffered "peace offering." We wish you much happiness, and thank you for your kind opinion of us.

MISS JEFFERY.—The pieces of shirting might be made into small work aprons, or bags, such as you will find at pages 76, 204, vol. iii., or pages 428, 488, vol. i., if too small, into cotton patchwork quilts. The pieces of cloth may be made into cases for spectacles, and scissors, needle-books, and penwipers, or used to dress little sailor-dolls, "egg and tea cosies," page 269, vol. iii., may also be made of them, as well as of the flannel and Italian cloth. The "nest for eggs," page 644, vol. iii., may also be made of cloth pieces, as well as crochet. Read a "Chat About Quills," page 340, vol. iii. Bags of marbles and sweets are also suitable gifts for children. Balls to be used as play-things may be covered with cloth, and pincushions of various shapes, as well as needle-books, may be made of it. Cloth book-covers or writing-case covers are also useful gifts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.—You inquire on "what day of the week December 24th, 1862;" it was a Wednesday. We feel glad to hear how highly you approve of and value the religious advice given in this magazine.

SOPHIE POKES.—Your suggestion does not come within the scope of our arrangements. The plan has been formed by the editor of a contemporary magazine, in which you probably saw it.

ANNE M.—Our opinion of the verses would depend on the age of the little writer. We must point out the difference in the length of the lines in the second verse compared with those of the first and third. The sentiments expressed in them are very good.

NAN NAN.—After the death of an affianced husband it would be but natural to continue wearing your engagement ring *in memoriam*. When, if ever, you become engaged a second time, you can consult the wishes of your second "intended" as to what he would wish you to do. Of course, the ring had ceased to be what is called an "engagement" one on the death of the giver, and was only worn in memory of a friend. Your hand is good.

CHRISTABEL.—Two recipes have been lately given for the prevention and cure of cold feet. The first is to make a pair of chamois leather socks to wear over the stockings under the boots, and the other is to wrap newspaper round the stockings under the boots. The last comes from a Russian source and is said to be invaluable:—Wash the feet every day and rub them very dry, and be sure that your stockings be quite dry also. Putting the feet near the fire is a great mistake.

MOUSIE.—Say, "With pleasure." We do not approve of young girls having such pets, as they are sometimes very distressing to other people, and may cause fright and trouble. You already have quite enough pets to take care of, and we hope you are not one of those who leave the care of them to others.

E. M.—We could not answer your query as the answer would be of the nature of an advertisement. Personal xertion and determination are the best friends to rely upon in such matters.

CLEM MCLAREN.—We advise you to consult a good surgeon, who will advise you best.

SPES.—We are much obliged by your letter, and we had noticed the oversight, which, however, few people except one so well informed as yourself would have noticed.

THE YOUNGEST OF TWELVE.—We do not think that skating with acme skates would be injurious, but we should advise you to see that your buttoned boots fit well and closely round the ankle and leg before you skate.

JESSIE C. and PRIMROSE.—The title-page and index may be obtained of the publisher, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., price 1s.

PHEBE.—In the first place, the library shelves may have been in fault; in the next, the use of chemicals in the binding of the books. Examine the shelves well, and use turpentine and beeswax to rub into them every three months or so. M. Fabbroni, the director of one of the Italian museums, has used aquafortis to anoint the backs and sides of the books, and olive oil and arsenic boiled in it for the shelves. Scatter powdered alum over all the new books. The mischief is caused by insects, and the paste used in the books is considered to be one of the first causes of their attacks.

ONE WHO KNOWS BUT A LITTLE.—We know the story of the casket presented by the Iron Duke to his godson, but we never heard that information respecting the contents had been divulged by the Royal Family.

A SCOTCH LASSIE.—Shyness arises in a great measure from vanity; the vanity of believing that other people are thinking much about us or our appearance. Do not think of yourself at all, nor what you are, nor how you look. Think of the people you are going to meet.

RORY'S LASSIE.—You will find every information given in a series of articles which have appeared in this paper on the subject of etiquette, and all rules of good-breeding. We know of no book that would tell you more, and, if we did, we could not advertise one published by another firm than our own. Your writing would suit a governess very well, but for a book-keeper it would not be sufficiently compact and round. It should not spread out so widely over the paper.

PIPPIN'S handwriting is not yet formed. She may be about ten or eleven years old, and should she write copies very carefully every day for two or three years, we think she may succeed in writing well.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—St. Wenceslas was Duke of

Bohemia, and was martyred in A.D. 938, on September 28th. There was also King Wenceslaus V. of Bohemia, who was assassinated by stabbing at Olmutz in the year 1306.

FAIRELIE T.—We read your verses with interest, and you have our sincere sympathy. Although needing correction, there is considerable merit in them, and we regret that we cannot give them space in this magazine.

ULVERSTON.—The saying in reference to "Roland and Oliver" is equivalent in signification to that of "tit for tat"—to give as much as you receive, in a sinister sense. The Emperor Charlemagne had twelve paladins, remarkable in person and in prowess in arms. The two most famous were Roland and Oliver, and they were so singularly well matched that neither could excel nor vanquish the other. They are named by Shakespeare in *Henry VI.* It is said that these two knights fought together, to win a claim to precedence, for five consecutive days, on an island in the Rhine, but neither was victorious even after so severe a test.

PROSERPINE.—Gardeners cut down geraniums in the autumn, having taken and set cuttings from them. They either hang up the old plants by the roots, in some place where the frost will not reach them, or else throw them away.

ANNIE F.—Inquire at a large dealer's in indiarubber goods, or at a manufactory, if near you, and they may provide you with a liquid which you may yourself employ. Otherwise, send the waterproof to them for repair. At the same time, we are not confident of your success.

HAPPY LITTLE MOTHER.—1. If you have been ill, and during that illness people have called to inquire after you, and a very slow convalescence should long delay a personal visit, send your card in an envelope and write on it, "With best thanks for kind inquiries." It would not be polite nor kindly, when able to go in person to the friends' door, to leave a card only. When able to go there yourself, go in, if only for a few minutes. 2. One invitation card or note would not be sufficient in the case of two married or middle-aged persons. The maiden lady has a standing in society of her own at that time of life, greater or less, as the case may be, and perhaps might have the right to take precedence of the married woman under some circumstances, if not on all occasions. We wish you and the baby all prosperity.

MILDRED SMART and E. SCOTT.—Write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for the index and frontispiece of the third volume, price 1s. The price of the third volume is 7s. 6d. The Christmas Number may be had on application at the office, or ordered through any stationer near you.

SALLIE.—Study as many books of reference as you please; then put them all away, and write your essay from what you remember.

SEVASTOPOL.—You write wonderfully well in English, and we thank you for your kind and appreciative letter. You should have written to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., respecting the magazines, not to the Editor, as the sale of them is not any business of his. However, as you are so far distant, we shall send your letter to Mr. Tarn, requesting him to answer it, and forward the paper monthly.

MAY IN THE MORNING (East Indies).—When you are obliged to address an unmarried women by name say, "Miss So-and-so," never "Miss," as a name by itself. You would not address an unmarried man as "Master," nor a married one as "Mr." without the addition, nor would you say "Lord" instead of "Lord Dash." Tradespeople should address any lady, married or unmarried, as "Madam." It is no business of theirs to inquire in which state of life they are living. 2. The birthday present should be selected with due consideration of the taste or the wants of the receiver, and the giver's length of purse. The age, or the fact of being married or single, in the case of either party, is of no consequence. In so hot a place a fan or a scent-bottle might be acceptable.

SISSIE LANCASTER.—Were there three sisters and one brother, you might send a single card of invitation to "the Misses," and one to the brother. But if the case be reversed, a separate card will have to be sent to each. 2. You must accept or decline an invitation sent you, whether by card or note; thus, "Mrs. So-and-So has much pleasure in accepting Mrs. Somebody else's kind invitation to —— at seven o'clock on Monday next, December 1st." Or, "Mrs. —— regrets that a prior engagement will deprive her of the pleasure of accepting Mrs. ——'s kind invitation for," &c. Notes of this kind may be expressed in a variety of ways. Slope your writing a little more towards the right side of the paper.

AUTUMN LEAF should learn to put the right stops to divide her sentences. We cannot tell "how to clean shell boxes with good wishes," but we should soap a soft tooth-brush, and rub them gently, using tepid water to rinse them. Write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for the title-page, picture, and index of vol. iii., price one shilling.

SUNSHINE.—A little bran or oatmeal will soften water; and a very small quantity of soda will do so too. We are glad that you like our paper so much.

MURIEL.—It is contrary to our rules to give addresses and advertisements. We regret that we cannot advise you on the subject of an aurist. A doctor or chemist might recommend one: or you might apply at a hospital. 2. We have given much advice on the subject of chilblains. See pages 15, 64 and 111, vol. i.

ONE WISHING TO DO RIGHT.—We are pleased with the spirit of your letter and you write a good hand. Yes; if you can devote an hour weekly to study, with a view to improving your education, you had better do so. Confide your wish to your mistress, and then you can carry it out satisfactorily.

VIOLET MAPLESON had better give up the idea that she can write verses. She may be able to sew or darn very neatly, and do many useful things; and we advise her to confine her attention to such things, or anything else in which she can show herself dutiful and kind. But the specimen she has sent us of her composition is perfect rubbish.

B. M. M.—We thoroughly approve of the sentiments expressed in your verses, "Be friends to-day;" but they are not correct in point of composition, and have not the originality that would give them any marketable value.

E. PAUL and MARY.—Write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. An Editor has nothing to do with the supply and sale of books and magazines. You can obtain all that is missing on application at the office, as above directed.

TOPSY.—See page 720, vol. ii., for directions respecting the method of preserving cut flowers.

FIDELIA.—We regret to find that the composition you sent us is not poetry in the highest sense of the term, nor does it belong to any style of the same, being neither in lyrical form, in heroics, blank-verse, nor any kind of rhythmical composition. We advise you to study the rules of prosody. We wish we could have given you a more gratifying answer to so kind a letter, which has been fully appreciated.

MARIE.—If you consult the terms of the competition you will understand what to write. At page 84 you will see that our girls are invited to write "a short biographical sketch;" the picture is not named in this paragraph. We hope you will be more successful this time than you were on the last occasion.

MOSS-ROSEBUD.—An instrument called a "radiometer" (and termed a "lightmill") was constructed by Mr. William Crookes, F.R.S., in 1873-6; having two little disk arms mounted on a pivot placed in an exhausted glass bulb, which arms revolve when exposed to a bright light. This Mr. Crookes calculated the force of the sun's rays upon the earth to be 2·3 tons to the square mile. 2. There are two kinds of eclipses, one occasioned by the intervention of a body so as to prevent the shining of the sun's light on the one eclipsed. The other the coming of two heavenly bodies into a straight line with the vision of the observer, so that the more distant of the two should be hidden. Both kinds may be either partial or complete. Eclipses of the sun can only occur at the time of a new moon, when she is between us and the sun.

WILD DAISY.—If you cannot procure the pigments you require at the shop where you get the gamboge, try at any large oil-shop, and you may be successful. Your writing is neat and legible. We thank you for your kind commendation.

LIZZIE RACE.—Always close the bedroom windows at about five o'clock, as a rule; on damp foggy days earlier still; in the depth of winter be guided by the amount of sunshine. There ought to be a ventilator in every room, and then the opening of the window would be less an object, excepting in the morning and until a little past mid-day.

LILY OF WILLOW-STREET tells us that "it is exactly twelve months ago" since she wrote to inquire "how to keep the keys of a piano from going yellow." We reply that it is nearly twenty-four months ago since we gave, amongst others, a good American recipe for cleaning ivory; and more recently we have shown the way to preserve the colour of pianoforte keys. Let her use her eyes, and look for it in the index of vol. ii., under the word Ivory. 2. *Good Words* is published elsewhere. Writing tolerably good.

MNEMOSYNE.—1. The lines you quote are from Lord Byron's "Childe Harold." 2. See "Gingerbread," vol. ii., page 439. Why do you not make use of the indices which we have taken the trouble of making, to enable you to find all the information you require, if supplied in this paper. We have shown our consideration for our readers' convenience, but meet with little from them in return.

A. E. W. is thanked for her offer of a story, but our staff of writers is very full already.

SANNIE.—The term "Jerrymandering," which was recently employed in a parliamentary speech, is a corruption of "Gerry-mandering," from the name of Elbridge Gerry, the Governor of Massachusetts, and member of Congress, between the years 1776 and 1784, and Vice-President of the United States in 1812. He died two years after that elevation. The term derived from his name means the so dividing a district or state as to confer on one portion of it a political advantage superior to that of the rest.

BANKS OF THE WYE.—Enclose a stamped envelope to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., asking him in what colours he can supply you with a cover. Tell him you wish for a dark and serviceable one.

AILEEN.—We advise you to write to the secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, whose office is in Queen Victoria-street, E.C., enclosing a stamped envelope. The peculiarity of which you speak is, we imagine, a natural defect. It is usually one of old age, when the tissues become relaxed, and the skin wrinkles; but much crying might induce it. The books you name may be procured separately.

MARGUERITE.—The names of authors who choose to withhold their names from the public cannot be published by the editor of any other work.

NA DRAM.—We must shorten so long a name as that which you give, and (in Scotch parlance) we think we have improved it. The word "come" must always be used in reference to an approach to yourself, and "go" to any departure from you, or your present place of abode. To say, as you have, "Would I be right," is wrong. Say "Should." The earliest rule to give you in reference to "would" and "should," "will" and "shall," is to bid you always to reverse their usage; that is, when you would naturally use one word, employ the other, and the English will be correct. This is a rule that an Irish person may always remember with ease. These words are as persistently reversed in their proper use by such, as uneducated people in England reverse that of the mute or aspirated "H." They never, by any fortunate accident, employ that letter in the orthodox way.

PHYLLIS.—For advice respecting maidenhair ferns, see page 831, vol. iii. It is under the name "May Morning." We thank you for your kind letter. You write a fairly good hand, although not pretty.

SISTERS ANNIE AND MEG.—Your not liking any man who has been introduced to you would give you no excuse for acting in a rude, unladylike manner. Of course, bow politely; the acquaintance need extend no further than that.

J. B.—Your question is one for a librarian; we do not advertise books. If you look through our answers to correspondents, you will see that this is a style of question which we decline answering, though, at the same time, we reserve to ourselves the right of naming, if we see fit, any book that is published.

EUSTACIE.—To remove inkstains out of linen, try the recipe given at page 127, vol. iii. See also page 410, vol. iii.

HEBE.—The ancestor of the Dukes of Devonshire was Sir John Cavendish, Chief Justice of the court of Queen's Bench in 1366, 1373, and 1377. He was afterwards beheaded in the marketplace of Bury, during Wat Tyler's insurrection, by the mob, in revenge for the death of the latter, who was slain by the Chief Justice's youngest son, John Cavendish. You must consult "Burke's Peerage" for further particulars.

JESSAMINE.—The enigma containing, "'Twas whispered in Heaven," was by Miss Fanshawe, not Lord Byron. Purchase a manual on the subject.

ESTELLE.—1. Prepared chalk is the most simple dentifrice in such a case. 2. Place the mounted photographs in a basin or deep dish of clean cold water, and they will soon be detached from the cards without any damage accruing to them.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—We owe you our best thanks for all the encouragement you give us, with reference more especially to the spiritual advantage derived by so many from the reading of this periodical. In return we wish you God's blessing, and His aid in all your endeavours to serve Him and your fellow-creatures.

RUTH PINCH.—The quotation you make is taken from *Twelfth Night*, viz.:—

"She sat like Patience on a monument, smiling at grief."

EDYTH.—The weight of a man's brain amounts usually to nearly four pounds. It is divided into two parts: the "cerebrum," composed of three lobes, occupying the top and front of the skull, and the "cerebellum," divided into two lobes, resting on the base of the skull behind. The whole mass collectively is called the "encephalon." You write well.

MYSIE.—1. If you know his mother or any member of his family who corresponds with him, send a message of thanks to him through them. 2. Should you ever receive a letter from a gentleman, not your intended husband, show it to your mother, and by no means reply without her leave, nor carry on any clandestine correspondence.

S. A. TITMOUSE.—The origin of the game of chess is a point much contested. By some it is ascribed to Palamedes, Prince of Eubœa, during the siege of Troy, 680 years B.C. But this idea was founded on a statement made in a line by Sophocles, which, according to Barrington ("Historical Disquisition on the Game of Chess"), merely states that Palamedes invented a game played with pebbles. Sir William Jones and Hyde attribute chess to the Hindoos in the West of India, who, according to the Persians, introduced it to them in the sixth century of our era. Seneca credits Chilo the Spartan, one of the seven sages of Greece, with the invention; Cornelius Agrippa and Chaucer ascribe it to Attalus, King of Asia. Another idea is that Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, was its author, and another that it was due to a Babylonian philosopher. A Spanish authority supports this last idea, but Eyles Irwin, the traveller and writer, gives a Chinese authority for attributing the game to a mandarin called Hausing, in a letter to Lord Charlemont ("Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy," vol. v.), the invention of the game marking an important era in Chinese history. The Arabians also lay claim to its invention. Pronounce "Labouchere," "La-boo-share."

EVELYN.—Write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. We cannot interfere as the editor, in another officer's department. You write very well.

NORRIE.—We much applaud your determination, and wish you every success. Remember, however, to keep the faith of a little child, as you will find much to try it. The writing and composition of your letter are both excellent. November 10, 1865, was a Friday. January 14, 1864, was a Thursday. June 3, 1861, was a Monday. A girl so well informed as yourself ought to know how to find these dates by aid of the golden number.

M. M.—THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may be ordered through any bookseller or newsagent, either in England, America, or the colonies.

POOR WORKWOMAN.—We regret that the verses you send us are not suitable for publication. It is necessary to be well acquainted with the rules of grammar, as well as with those by which the composition of poetry is governed. In addition to this, the ideas should be new and original. We are glad, however, that you are one of those who desire to love and serve God, and we think that you might do good amongst your own friends and acquaintances by showing your verses to them.

PALLIDO.—Stamps already used are of no further value than for snake-making. We are sorry for your disappointment.

SARCHEDON.—The Rigi is composed of what is called "nagelflue," which is a conglomerate consisting chiefly of rounded limestone and flint pebbles, imbedded in a calcareous cement. This rock, which of itself is extremely hard, is frequently interstratified with layers of sand, which are disintegrated by exposure to the weather, or eroded by subterranean waters, so that the solid superincumbent strata, being deprived of their support, are from time to time precipitated into the valley. This was the cause of the disastrous landslip of the Rossberg, which you will remember seeing at Goldau, as you went up the Rigi. These beds of conglomerate belong to that section of the Tertiary system called "Meiocene." It is, geologically speaking, a very recent formation, and proves what vast transformations the earth's surface has undergone at a comparatively late date. The "nagelflue" consists of boulders and rounded stones, belonging to formations entirely foreign to the Alps of the present day.

TOUJOURS FIDELE.—We are much indebted to you for your kind praise of this magazine, and sympathy with us. Please write to the addresses given, and put your question as to the reception of work, &c. Our time is not sufficient for replying to questions that can be answered by others as well.

DITA.—We have read your letter with interest and sincere sympathy. God's dealings with those who seek to love and serve Him are not always understood, nor designed to be so, in this world. We must only serve Him by humble submission, and the exercise of faith in His wisdom, love, and promises for the glorious future. May He support, guide, and comfort you under your great bereavement, and your painful loneliness amongst comparative strangers. It is worth while to combat with evil, and bear the temporary cross, to be numbered amongst those who will be welcomed with the greeting, "Well done, good and faithful servant." "Why our best and dearest are taken away" we cannot always explain. It may be for their own happiness, or to make us turn to a stronger Arm for support, and One who can "bind-up the broken-hearted." You express yourself in English beautifully, and write a fine hand.

MISS STREET will find an article on the subject of "Mothers' Meetings" at page 84, vol. iii.

LONGING.—We see nothing wrong in your desire to obtain the friendship and confidence of any lady whom you know to be good and worthy of your affection. Your writing does not indicate your age, but we should imagine you to be under or but little more than of age.

S. C. BARTON.—We cannot recommend one periodical above another. Write your story, and then send it to various editors or publishers; and if they consent to read it, then let it take its chance. All writers go through the same ordeal.

LULU.—The quotation you give is evidently a misprint. We are glad that you like this paper.

"UNGRATEFUL" is a misnomer in your case. How kindly you write! and we value your warm appreciation of our advice, and the information our writers are so happy to supply.

LEENA.—1. You should always introduce the gentleman to the lady—that is, you mention his name first. 2. When you sit down to the breakfast or dinner-table, grace having first been said, you unfold the napkin, and lay it across your lap, and use it to dry your mouth whenever necessary, and before and after drinking. When dessert is over you dip your fingers into the finger-glasses, and you dry them with the napkin; and when you rise from the table, at the signal given by the hostess, you lay it on the seat or back of the chair.

MARIE HENRIQUEZ.—Your complaint may arise from poor blood, bad digestion, or some unhealthiness of the skin itself. You should consult a doctor

GERTY.—1. You are much in need of medical advice and very careful treatment, as you are altogether out of health. 2. Write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for any numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER which you require.

201, COMMERCIAL-ROAD.—Only half a sheet of paper has reached us from this address, and no signature nor question. But the writer has at least distinguished herself by her great powers of discernment as well as good English. She says, "I'm beginning to think that you do not answer strangers, but make them up yourself." How do you "make-up strangers"? We are not so clever as that. We have heard of laundresses "making-up fine things."

GRACE DARLING.—We are glad to hear that our paper affords you so much comfort, and that our counsel proves of such value. We thank you for the kind offer of assisting the "Girl's Own Home" movement, and for all your good wishes for its success.

ELECTRA.—On his marriage with Miss Milbanke Noel, Lord Byron assumed the additional name of Noel. She was consequently Lady Noel-Byron. 2. We could not say.

DREAMLAND LOTTIE.—You appear to be in a very bad state of health, and we should imagine that a course of treatment at some mineral baths would do more for you than anything else. But the special waters suited to you only a clever medical man who was acquainted with your case, and the probable origin of your condition, could prescribe. Ask him to consider what baths would best suit your complaint. Other measures appear to have completely failed, so it is high time to adopt this. We are very sorry to hear of the sad accident to your eye. But your innoculating yourself was a crazy action on your part; for which you paid dearly, and risked giving infection to others. Learn to spell, to write, and to speak English.

THALIA.—Apparently you are careless in the pressing of the flowers. The weights are too heavy, and the blotting paper should be changed every day. The process should be carried out slowly. Gum them to the cards. Coloured leaves, having a broad flat surface, should be varnished with a thin coating of gum, to preserve their hue. You write fairly well.

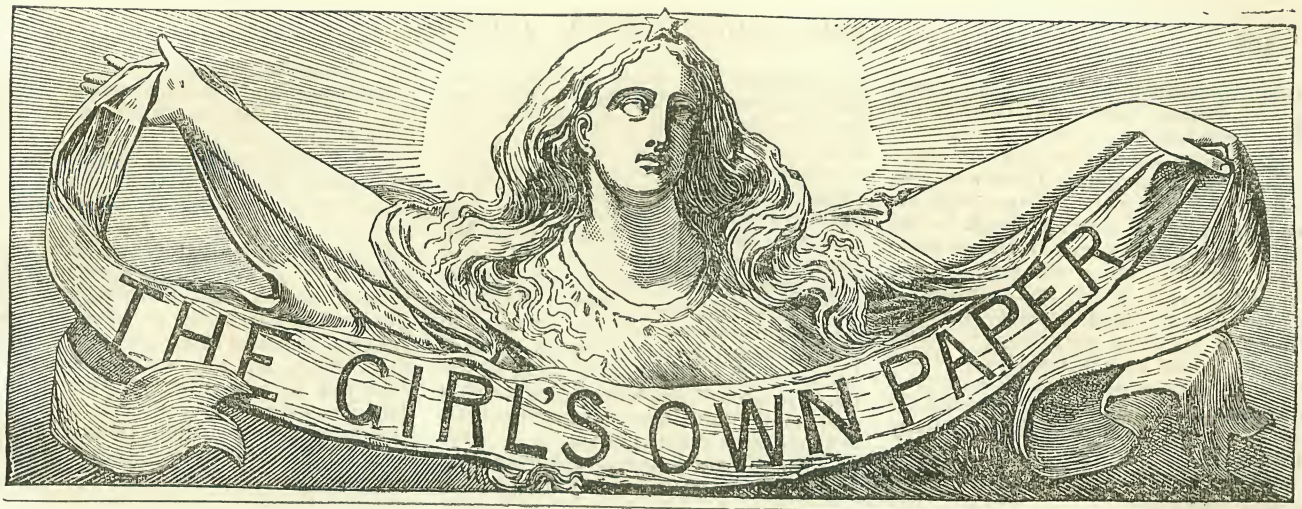
AUNTY JOE.—It is their business to call on you and your family, without any invitation on your part.

PORTIA.—There are mysteries in the Christian Religion, both as to Divine Truth and the dealings of God with His creatures. That which we do not understand we are required to receive in faith and trust, and to enter the kingdom of Heaven "as little children." Our treatment of the latter must often appear strange and even cruel to them, but they have to trust us, in grateful recognition of the care and kindness experienced. One thing we know. "Thou art inexcusable, O man" that repliest against God.—See Romans ii. 1. We possess the knowledge of good and evil, and though too weak to renew our own hearts and do the will of God, all needful grace and strength are promised to those who ask for them. "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me."—Phil. iv. 13. Would it not be your own fault, if unable to swim, you declined to take a rope thrown to you because you did not provide it for yourself? So weak and sinful as you are, you are absolutely responsible for your perdition, if you do not "lay hold on eternal life" in God's own way. Do not expect to understand, nor anyone else to explain to you, being finite, the "deep things" of Him who is Infinite. Apparently contradictory, the difficult passages of Holy Writ are really harmonious one with another. All God ordains is right, all he declares true. Rest all your hope on the death and merits of Christ, yet obey, and labour just as earnestly in His service as if your salvation were purchased by your own works.

SWEET WILLIAM.—We are glad that our advice has enabled you to break yourself of a very objectionable habit, and to hear you say that you believe that hundreds of girls have been thus benefited. Yes, if the essay have been written and sent in before you "struck" seventeen, all is right. Whether we chance to have answered letters or not, all the young women and little girls who read this magazine are privileged to regard themselves as "our girls."

DULCIE.—We are sorry that the verses you send us are not suitable for this magazine. They lack originality. Your writing is unformed as yet. We thank you for your letter.

MARY STUART.—The sentiments expressed in your verses are very good, but there is no originality of idea, nor is the versification itself correct.



VOL. IV.—NO. 164.] FEBRUARY 17, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

BOUND TO EARTH.

By the Author of "Phil's Fortune," &c.

"WASHING THE TEA-THINGS."

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CHAPTER XIX.

FANNY soon found that she had undertaken no light task. She had never for one moment anticipated how much scope there would be for her energies when she had offered to share her friend's struggles, with a real desire to see and know something of an active, hard-working life. Not that she in the least regretted her decision. It was the keenest delight she had ever experienced to find that she was not only useful, but absolutely necessary to those around her. The great point of trouble was that, after all, she and all of them together could effect so little.

It was positively marvellous to see the talents Fanny had developed. No one could for a moment have supposed that she had been brought up with every surrounding of wealth. On the first night of their arrival she had sent that helpless woman to fetch some milk and cornflour, and during her absence had quietly and cleverly put the little kitchen in very neat order, washing and putting away the tea things which she had requested the woman to bring out before her departure. This done, she persuaded Helen, who was still little better than an invalid in many

ways, to retire to bed, and having seen her comfortably there, went down to get her a comfortable basin of gruel with some toast. There was only one drawback to this proceeding. There was not a saucepan in the place. Fanny sent the woman flying all the way back to the little town to fetch one, which after some delay arrived. After all this trouble the gruel was burnt and uneatable. Fanny was mortified beyond measure. How had the gruel gone wrong? "Oh, miss," said the woman, resentfully, "how do you suppose gruel can be made in a tin saucepan that ain't been well scalded? and it was sure to burn in that trumpery thin thing."

"Then why did you bring it?" Fanny asked, savagely.

"Because you didn't give me money enough for a better one," the woman replied, provokingly.

"Now really, Helen, that was hardly my fault, was it?" Fanny asked in much chagrin; "but you shan't be done out of your supper every night. I shall learn everything in time."

"You mustn't think of doing such things, dear," Helen replied, languidly. "What would Mr. Leslie say?"

Fanny only replied with an impatient exclamation, and it soon appeared that both she and Helen would have to do many such things. The little school was very slow of establishment, and meanwhile the scanty funds were rapidly diminishing. The house was small and furnished meagrely, for the twenty pounds, out of which five had to be reserved for housekeeping, seemed literally to melt before the requirements it was expected to supply. Fanny secretly believed this had much to do with their want of success, and she and Helen did their utmost to cover the deficiency. Fanny's pictures and brackets and ornaments were called into requisition for the one best room, which was of a nondescript character, partly dining and partly drawing-room. The girls' bedroom had to go without, and for the present could only receive the barest necessaries.

As soon as the home was put into the best possible order, at which task Fanny laboured like a Trojan and with an unlooked-for skill, the two girls set to work to write some circulars, which they then posted to all the principal people in the town and surrounding neighbourhood. As this, however, produced no response of any sort, Fanny proposed making a tour of calls and letting people see for themselves what very superior young persons they were, as she laughingly declared. From this step Helen shrank altogether, but Fanny was not to be daunted. "We must put our pride in our pockets," she said. "It is no good to sit down and give up so easily." So Fanny went alone, for she thought, after all, that Helen's languid looks and pallid face might rather prove detrimental than otherwise.

Much speculation had been rife about the new inhabitants of Morecombe Cottage, and many were the questions with which Fanny was plied. Many were impertinent, some were almost insulting, but Fanny managed to preserve her dignity and her temper admirably. Her mission was fairly successful, for people seemed on the whole to like her. She laughed gaily to herself on her homeward road, wondering what Helen would have said could she have seen her dangling babies, racing about with children, listening to accounts of bread making, suggesting hints about the management of troublesome girls and boys, and receiving recipes for preserving eggs, preparing jams, and other household matters as if they had supplied the deepest interests of her life. "It is little enough of that kind of thing we are likely to want," she reflected, somewhat sorrowfully, though not for her own sake. "There are those puddings; I have never been called upon to make one yet," she said to herself; "they all seem to cost so much, quite beyond our means, and, dear me, only to think of the things that come on the table and disappear at home. I suppose the servants have them or throw them away. Are there many people in the world besides the inhabitants of Morecombe Cottage who have to be so careful I wonder, while rich folks are throwing their costly dainties away?"

Fanny's success, which she reported in highest spirits, consisted of promises of six little pupils. She had been obliged to consent to very low terms as the only means of getting these six, "but," said she, hopefully, "when we get on and can defy people we'll raise them. We must have a beginning."

Mrs. Dalrymple cried over it. "How you will have to slave over these untaught country children," she said, "and what return is there? Not enough to provide us with the plainest food. I am ashamed for you to see our adversity. You had much better go home and leave us to starve by ourselves."

"Now that is the very unkindest thing you can say," cried Fanny, cheerily. "If you sent me home I should feel for ever disgraced. We are going to get on, never fear. I am not a bit despondent; and as for our housekeeping, don't you know that frugality is the secret of long life?"

"My dear, you cannot live upon nothing," Mrs. Dalrymple replied, despondently, "and I am sure it is little more you take. Then you get up so early and are always flying about everywhere; it quite amazes me to see you."

"Now you compliment me tremendously," Fanny cried, gaily, and turned the subject, for Helen's face was betraying great distress. In fact, Fanny had really partaken of little else than bread and butter for many a day, their funds being desperately low, and both girls having a nervous horror of debt. The little maid consumed the greater part of the small dishes their limited means could provide, yet she was an absolute necessity if anything was to be done in the way of a school. Helen was uncomfortably sensitive about the whole matter, which Fanny saw, but appeared not to know. At last, however, Helen broke out into bitter self-reproach for having let Fanny share their misfortunes. "I never dreamed it would be like this," she sobbed; "do go home, Fanny. It nearly drives me mad for you to see it all. You work like a servant, without her recompense, and you endure every hardship. I am sure you have less comfort than Minnie, who does sit down in the afternoon and evening. If anyone knew, they would say you were mad and we were wretches. You *must* go back, Fanny."

"Never," said that young lady, resolutely. "You don't half know me yet, Helen," and she took the poor distracted girl in her arms with an air of protection she was fond of assuming. "You, poor child, are so weak and sensitive that you see things in their worst light. Did you ever observe that I am not in the least sensitive, and that I am as strong as a horse? Why, these difficulties are a positive amusement to me, so many ninepins for me to knock down one after the other. And, indeed, how do you suppose you could do without me? Why, you are most ungrateful. You don't seem to know what a necessary individual I am. Besides, dear Helen, I am really much happier here than at home."

So, between scolding, coaxing, and the exercise of a pretty strong will, Fanny carried her way, but she was not sorry to have had the proud barrier of silence broken down. They would henceforth talk and laugh over their difficulties together.

They received an additional one very shortly in the person of Mr. Dalrymple. It soon became evident that he would prove a source of much bitter trial to them all. He was utterly broken down, and at first seemed not to have enough spirit to lift his head and observe his surroundings. Everyone lavished attention upon him, feeling the utmost pity for his desolation. Even Fanny, who had a very thorough contempt at heart for the weakness which could have resulted so disastrously, was touched by his misery, and used every effort to rouse and cheer him. The girls taxed their resources to the utmost to provide him more tempting food than they themselves were content with. They kept up a cheerful fire in the best room for his especial behoof, although coals were extremely dear and the schoolroom fire was all they had allowed themselves, except on half holidays. They waited on him at every possible moment, fetched him books and newspapers, read to him, and took him out walking whenever the winter afternoons gave them a chance.

But as he began to rouse a little from his utter despondency, a less pleasant change was apparent. He became irritable and restless, observed his surroundings only to bemoan them, wandered aimlessly about the house, hindering and distracting the girls in their duties. He had become utterly regardless of appearance, and made no effort to hide the very real shabbiness to which he had sunk. People began to talk, and one or two of the little pupils were mysteriously removed, which was a great blow to Fanny, who had in the space of one month, by dint of the greatest energy, worked up the number to twelve, and was confidently hoping to raise it to twenty by the beginning of the next quarter.

"Helen," she said one evening in bed,

the place where all the most important matters were discussed, "we must find Mr. Dalrymple something to do."

Helen sighed deeply. "It is what I have thought, but I am afraid it is impossible. Who would take him into their employ, seeing what a wreck he is?" she added hastily.

"Something at home, I was thinking," Fanny replied meditatively. "If even it does not bring money, he must be employed or we shall be ruined. Supposing he were to try writing newspaper articles. Something about business abuses. We must draw him out and see if he hasn't any grievances of that kind. I wish we had a man to help us in this matter, but there is no one we dare call to our aid, at least I only know of one I would trust, and I don't think I could write to him. By-the-bye, Helen, you had a letter this evening in a masculine hand. Was it from Mr. Mackenzie?"

"Mr. Mackenzie," Helen said as if recalling the name. "Why, no. How should he write to me?"

"Oh, I don't know," Fanny replied, hastily. "He was at our house, you know, and seemed very much concerned for you. I thought you might have seen him in London since perhaps."

"No, the letter was a stupid one, from an old friend of ours, John Woodward. We were children together, and liked each other very much. He has asked me to marry him."

"Oh, Helen, and you never told me. How unkind. And what are you going to say to him?"

"I didn't think it worth mentioning, and it did not seem quite kind to talk about it. Of course I told him it was impossible."

"Impossible!" Fanny echoed, almost regretfully. "Dear Helen, I wish it could have been. He must be good and true to write to you now; one of the men that I have never managed to meet, who love a girl for herself as much in adversity as prosperity."

"He is all that," Helen replied. "His letter is so generous. He begs me not to let any family troubles be a bar between us. They can never affect him, except to make my happiness of still higher importance to him," he says.

"Then why, Helen, must you reject his offer? Think of your father and mother. You might be able to help them so much more. I will stay here if that is the hindrance."

"Fanny, how can you torture me so?" Helen cried, with a very sorrowful wail. "Do you suppose I can ever marry anyone? Never say such a thing to me again, please," and great sobs of pain choked her utterance.

"Poor child, is it so bad as that?' Fanny said, half frightened at the storm she had so unwittingly provoked.

"And this is the clue to her bad illness, her loss of beauty and health," she reflected with much bitterness. "How can I ever atone for having brought them together?"

She said no more, hoping that time would heal the still open wound, but she watched her friend more closely, and was discouraged to see no sign of renewed elasticity of spirit, or interest in anything. It seemed as if the sun of the girl's life had set, leaving her in utter darkness.

In the meantime, all Fanny's plans with Mr. Dalrymple had failed. He had once or twice essayed some writing, but had thrown it aside in disgust and weariness before it was half completed. He had lately, too, developed an irritability of temper that was more than trying, either sitting over the fire in an abstracted mood, with a gloomy countenance, or breaking out into the bitterest self-reproaches, and often giving way to bursts of passionate anger which made those around him very unhappy.

It was the complete wreck of a weak mind fallen into the depths, unguided and unconsoled by any higher power than itself.

The little pupils continued to fall off and had to be replaced by others of a lower grade. Fanny's drawing and singing, and Helen's music, which they had so counted upon, were in little demand, for their pupils were not of a class to require them. Mrs. Dalrymple, too, was beginning to give way to despondency. The life seemed too hard, too grinding, too uninteresting, to be borne patiently. With all their efforts and hardships, they could only just provide mere subsistence. Under these circumstances Fanny suggested that Helen should take a situation as daily governess in some family, leaving her to manage the school alone, or with Mrs. Dalrymple's assistance. Helen assented, as she always did, and Fanny set to work to find the required opening.

In this way the winter passed. It had been a long and trying one for all, but with spring Fanny looked forward to better things. It would be no risk for Helen to go out every day to her teaching now, fires could soon be forsworn, the worst was passed, she believed, and she had more ideas than one in her busy brain, by which she hoped to turn the tide of affairs.

A situation was found for Helen, and seemed likely to prove a good one, so far as the first day's experiences went; but, as if to counterbalance this fresh hope, there came the same day a letter from Alverstone demanding Fanny's immediate return home.

(*To be continued.*)

THE COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

By Mrs. Brewer.

THE WEST INDIES AND CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.

If it be quite agreeable to you all, we will telegraph to the *Girls' Own*, which lies off Quebec, awaiting orders to come to us at Halifax (Nova Scotia), and beg our captain to convey us to the islands lying between North and South America, and known to us as the West Indies. This visit will not have the same object as the last, the West Indies offering no special inducements to English girls to emigrate; but our plan at starting was to get a view of all which forms part of our Great Empire, and to learn how each possession contributes to the greatness and the comfort of the whole.

Cool, loose dresses will have to be made up; and while all hands are employed we can look back into our memories for the history of the past.

Well, once upon a time (say 1470), there arrived in Lisbon a man in the prime of life, tall and well-formed, with bright grey eyes, of simple habits, and gentle, grave demeanour, but whose hair had changed to perfect white, the result, it is said, of restless efforts for geographical knowledge. This man was not of grand lineage, he was only the son of a woolcomber, whose childhood was marked by a longing for special knowledge, and who had been fortunate enough to find a friend in a clever old Genoese Admiral, who directed the lad's studies, and perfected his skill in navigation. This man who appeared at Lisbon was an enthusiastic member of the Church of Rome, and possessed indomitable energy. Do you know who this was? "Yes, to be sure, Columbus," you all cry. Well, this man firmly believed that the earth was round, and taking the circumference as twenty-four hours of fifteen degrees each (360) he considered that one-third remained unexplored, and that a successful voyage of discovery might be made by venturing boldly into the ocean and following steadily a western course. The reports, some true and some false, which from time to time reached Columbus, convinced him that he would not only find fertile land in the western ocean, but that it would be inhabited. You want to know what the reports or incidents were which so strengthened his conviction. I will give you one or two. Some mariners, whom he knew, had picked up pieces of wood curiously carved, but evidently not with iron instruments such as were in general use, on the island of Porto Santo, after a long continuance of westerly winds; again, trees of unknown kinds had been wafted to the Azores, and two dead bodies of men, unlike in colour and features to any known race, together with a curiously wrought canoe, were cast on the shore of the island of Flores. Cannot you imagine his delight and excitement at these verifications of his one grand idea.

You all know, however, of the long years of disappointment and waiting he endured; for we are not talking of anything new, only bringing the old stories to light as we approach the same land to which his heart's thoughts were ever tending.

At length he was assisted by Queen Isabella of Spain to set sail and steer for the unknown regions of the West, but he had many difficulties yet to overcome; the sailors had not full sympathy with him, and were alarmed and depressed at everything they did not understand. When land was first seen, Columbus and all on board were in a state of excessive delight, such as perhaps few have ever experienced.

Let us stand by their side while they take the first view of the desired land. What does it look like? a thickly wooded, level island, some miles in extent, with numerous inhabitants, perfectly naked, and gazing with astonishment at the ships. Watch Columbus; dressed in scarlet, and bearing the royal standard, he hastens on shore, falls on his knees, kisses the earth, and returns thanks to God. His companions, no longer unsympathetic and mutinous, follow his example and give themselves up to unbounded joy. With what astonishment the aborigines looked on! You cannot wonder that they thought the ships to be monsters of the deep, moving by means of huge wings (sails); but, when the boats lowered, and strange beings, clad in glittering steel armour and bright-coloured

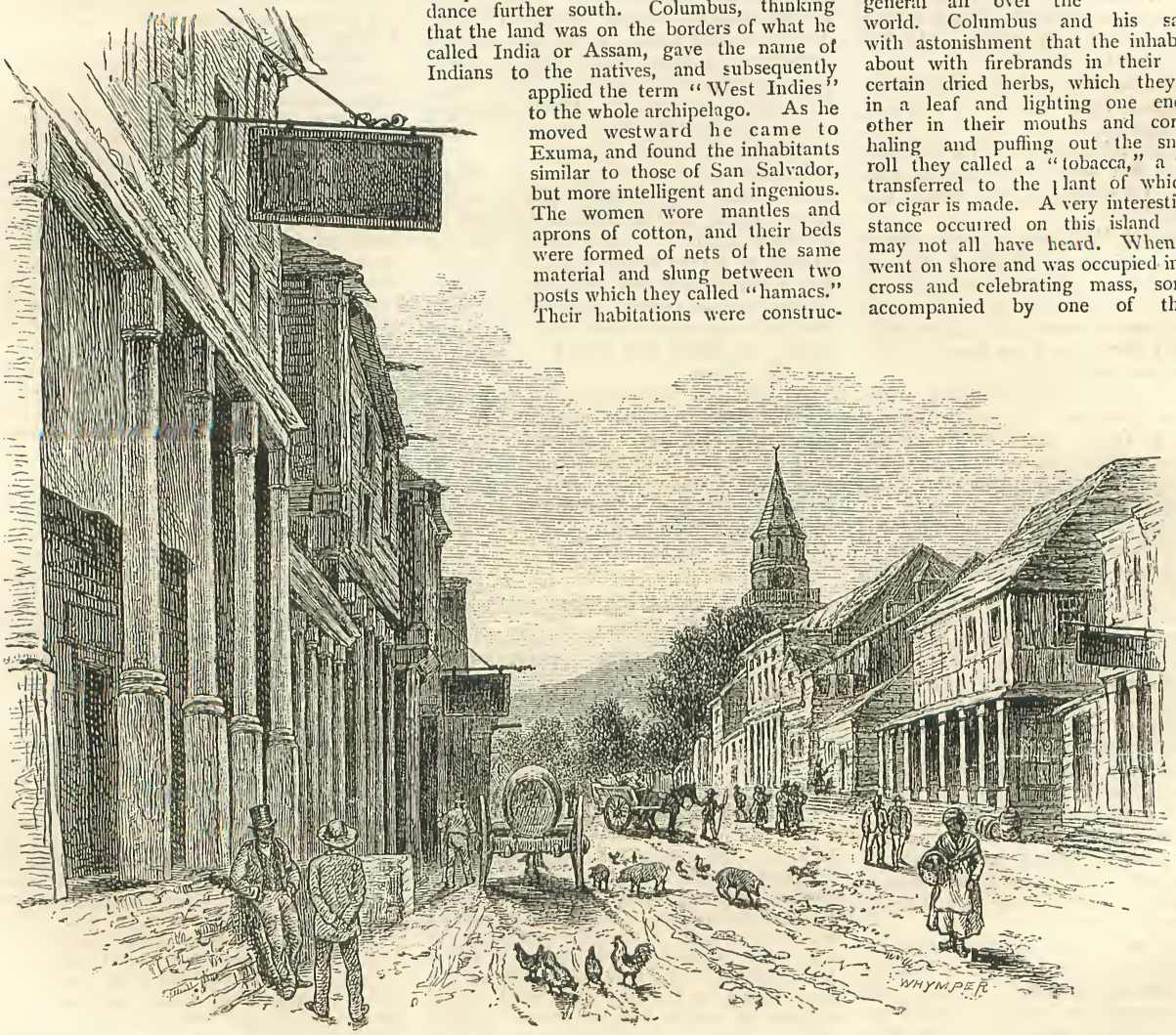
SUGAR-CANE PLANTATION.

raiment, approached the shore, they fled affrighted to the woods.

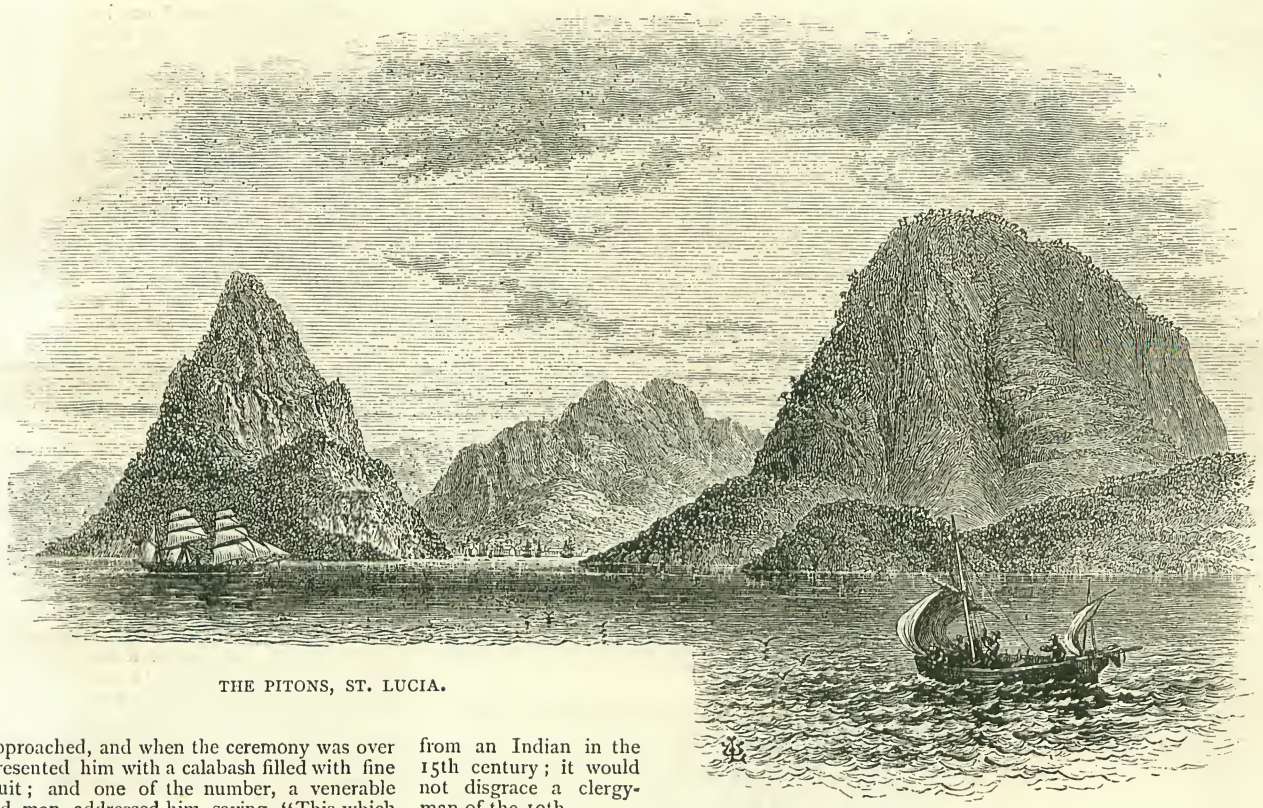
Columbus took possession of the island in the name of Spain, and called it *San Salvador*, one of the Bahama group which now belong to us. The natives approached the Spaniards with awe, prostrating themselves and making signs of adoration; and as their fears abated they touched the beards of the strangers and admired their white faces and hands. These natives were of a copper hue, well made, with long black hair, broad and lofty foreheads, fine eyes, and pleasant features, which were, however, disfigured by paint; they had but few objects of barter beyond tame parrots, large balls of cotton yarn, and a sort of bread called "cassava," prepared from a large root, named "yuca," which they cultivated. They wore small gold ornaments in their noses and ears, which quickly roused the cupidity of the Spaniards, who learned by signs that the precious metal was to be found in abundance further south. Columbus, thinking that the land was on the borders of what he called India or Assam, gave the name of Indians to the natives, and subsequently applied the term "West Indies" to the whole archipelago. As he moved westward he came to Exuma, and found the inhabitants similar to those of San Salvador, but more intelligent and ingenious. The women wore mantles and aprons of cotton, and their beds were formed of nets of the same material and slung between two posts which they called "hamacs." Their habitations were constructed of branches of trees, reeds, and palms, in the form of a pavilion or high circular tent, and kept with great cleanliness and neatness. They next came to the island of Exumata, which they described as more beautiful than any yet seen; the birds, fish, and vegetation surprised them; there were no animals seen in these islands except two species of dogs, neither of which barked, and a kind of coney or rabbit. The next island discovered was Cuba, which Columbus regarded with exceeding wonder and pleasure.

A SUGAR PLANT.

Stately forests, lofty mountains, and pleasant plains, watered by fine clear streams, charmed him with their beauty; there were here indications of increased art and civilisation, the dwellings were better built, and contained rude statues and wooden masks carved with great ingenuity, implements for fishing, and large stores of cotton wrought into yarn or nets. The fields were cultivated with the sweet pepper, maize, and the sweet potato. It was on this island that Europeans first observed the habit of smoking, now so general all over the world. Columbus and his sailors saw with astonishment that the inhabitants went about with firebrands in their hands and certain dried herbs, which they rolled up in a leaf and lighting one end put the other in their mouths and continued inhaling and puffing out the smoke; this roll they called a "tobacca," a name since transferred to the plant of which the roll or cigar is made. A very interesting circumstance occurred on this island which you may not all have heard. When Columbus went on shore and was occupied in erecting a cross and celebrating mass, some Indians accompanied by one of their chiefs



KINGSTON.



THE PITONS, ST. LUCIA.

approached, and when the ceremony was over presented him with a calabash filled with fine fruit; and one of the number, a venerable old man, addressed him, saying, "This which thou hast been doing is well; for it appears to be thy manner of giving thanks to God. I am told that thou hast lately come to these lands with a mighty force and subdued many countries, spreading great fear among the people, but be not therefore vainglorious; know that according to our belief the souls of men have two journeys to perform after they have departed from the body—one to a place dismal and foul, and covered with darkness, prepared for those who have been unjust and cruel to their fellow-men — the other pleasant and full of delight, for such as have promoted peace on earth. If thou art mortal and dost expect to die, and dost believe that each one shall be rewarded according to his deeds, beware that thou wrongfully hurt no man, nor do harm to those who have done no harm to thee." Imagine such an address from an Indian in the 15th century; it would not disgrace a clergyman of the 19th.

The beautiful island of Hayti, afterwards called St. Domingo, now rose before him with its charming scenery and pure tropical atmosphere; the inhabitants seem to have lived in peaceful though indolent enjoyment under the patriarchal rule of kings or chiefs whose authority was hereditary, few traces of idolatry were found among them, and they had vague ideas of the existence of a God and the immortality of the soul. Columbus, writing of them, says, "So loving, so tractable, so peaceful are these people; they love their neighbours as themselves, and their discourse is ever sweet and gentle, and, although they are naked, yet their manners are decorous and praiseworthy."

It was on the 12th of May, 1494, that Jamaica was discovered, Trinidad on the 31st of July, and Grenada in August, 1498.

COFFEE BERRIES AND PLANT.

The newly discovered islands contained several million inhabitants, who at first received the Spaniards with hospitality and friendship, but were speedily converted into enemies and their destruction was swift and terrible. It must not be disguised that Columbus was consciously or unconsciously instrumental in the establishment of slavery in the West Indies. The misery of the natives was aggravated by having sent among them the most depraved criminals as free colonists.

For many years other European nations did not interfere with the Spanish monopoly of the West Indies, but at the commencement of the seventeenth century the English, French, and Dutch began to form settlements on the islands. When disputes arose, as they often did as to first rights, the subjects of two nations partitioned an island between them. The Spaniards strove for a long time to maintain exclusive possession even of those islands which they were unable to colonise but, notwithstanding, many English located themselves on different islands, colonised Barbadoes, and commenced traffic with the Spanish Main, as the coast of South America was then called. It was in 1629 that the Spaniards seized 600 English settlers at St. Christopher's, or St. Kitt's, and condemned them to subterranean bondage in their mines. This gave Oliver Cromwell an opportunity of punishing Spain, and, at the same time, of increasing the resources and influence of England by gaining possession of the West Indian colonies, which had poured such wealth into the coffers of the Spanish monarch.

The demand in Europe for sugar, coffee, and other tropical products rendered the

A PIMENTO TREE.

possession of these islands, on which they grew and throve, very important for the acquisition of wealth. England put forth all her strength to become possessed of them, and the amount of sin and suffering perpetrated was appalling—the annihilation of the Indians, the introduction of slavery; indeed, from the period of their discovery to the emancipation of the slaves, their history presents little more than a series of *calamities and crimes*.

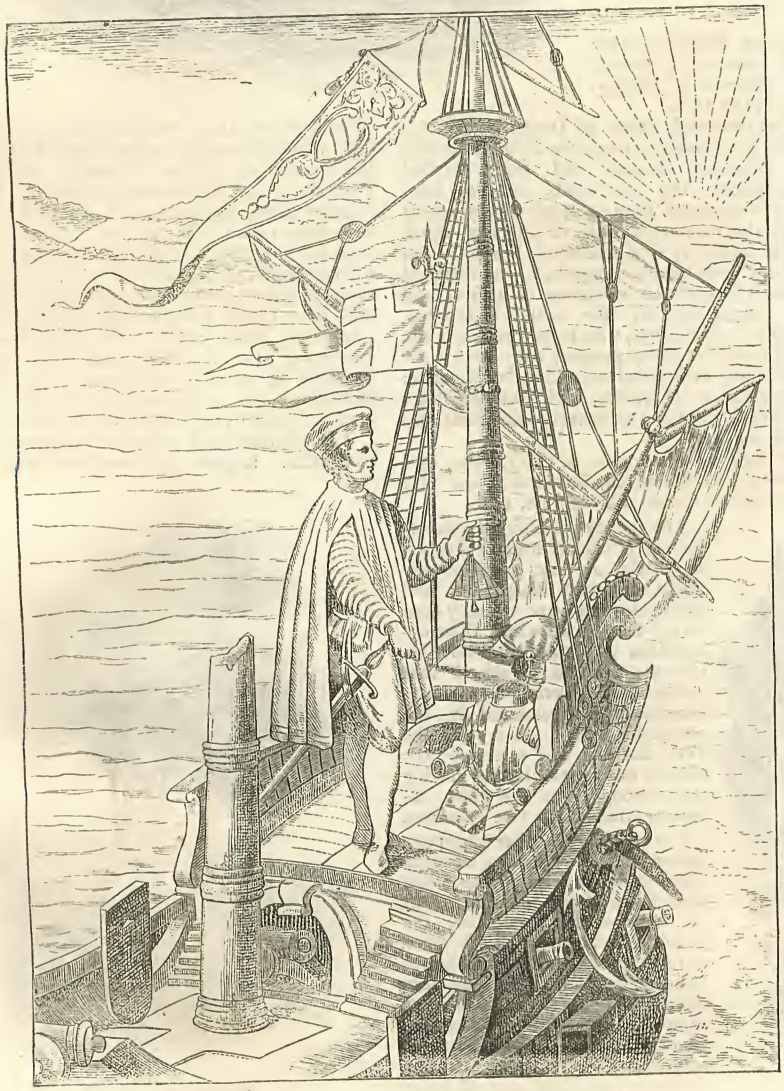
If we intend to get a glance of the whole archipelago, our captain must guide us in and out through a vast expanse of ocean, extending from the Peninsula of Florida in North to that of Paria in South America. The whole of these islands do not belong to us, but of those that do* we will visit as many as possible.

I do not know if you have heard of the tradition that formerly there was a tract of country called Atlantis, which sank beneath the ocean, leaving these islands as the loftiest peaks of the submerged territory. We were saying that there are no special inducements to English girls to emigrate to the West Indies, but you must not therefore think that the stream of emigration stops short of these islands; the emigrants are, however, those who have been accustomed to work under tropical heat, and come mostly from China, India, and Malta; the mother country is doing its best to win over these people, who have trusted themselves to her honour and protection, by education, kindness, and religious teaching.

Our captain has been steering the *Girls' Own* almost due south, and, veering somewhat to the west, we shall soon pass through the Windward Passage to the harbour of Kingston or Port Royal, in Jamaica, or as it was called by the natives "Xaymaca." This harbour is the principal one in the island, and affords perfect shelter for large vessels; so that ours will be safely anchored while we get a glance of Jamaica itself. I should be glad if some of you who have pencil and paper handy will take a sketch of Kingston as we approach it, the view from the harbour being so much prettier than any we can take within the town.

The arrival of the *Girls' Own* seems to be causing great excitement; men, women and children are running down to the harbour, little boats are popping about in all directions, little nigger boys laughing at us and diving for coins which we are throwing recklessly into the water for them; some black girls have come out in boats to offer for sale tempting baskets of fresh fruit.

* Bahamas, Turk's Island, Jamaica. In the Windward Islands we own St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Barbadoes, Grenada, and Tobago. In the Leeward Islands we own Virgin Islands, St. Kitts, Nevis, Antigua, Montserrat, Dominica and Trinidad.



COLUMBUS. (*From an old print.*)

We will make Kingston* our headquarters, and be thankful that our visit was not made a few years ago, when roads were unpaved and neglected, drainage not thought of, the town unlighted, and no water to be had. Now we can find a decent inn, the roads cared for, water laid on, and the streets lighted with gas. Neither are we cut off from our friends at home, to whom we can send letters by way of New York three times a week; we can buy post cards here, and we can despatch a telegram by the West India and Panama Telegraph Company to Paternoster-row, saying we are well, and dressed in pretty soft muslin and cotton dresses of our own making, and that we mean to get as much knowledge as possible before leaving the island. We are all surprised to find a railway of twenty-six miles, which is well appreciated; last year it carried 150,000 passengers, and this year we shall increase the number.

As we walk through the streets of Kingston, one girl is calling attention to a public library, another to a museum, another to a savings bank; and one of the girls has been sketching the town from within, which is not so pretty as the view from the harbour, but we will give it as a contrast.

The streets are wide, and what we all appreciate is that nearly all are open to the sea. We do not think much of the public buildings—they look mean, if we except the places of worship belonging to the Church of England, Wesleyans, Baptists and Jews.

We shall not spend much money in the shops, for they strike us as being shabby, dark, and ill-ventilated; but what we do like is the market, with its fresh, beautiful fruits, vegetables, and fish.

And now for a visit to the lovely blue mountains, the forests, the pastures and fruitful fields; high up there are many beautiful little estates, the proprietors of which have all offered us hospitality. In the ravines we see the graceful bamboo rising to a height of thirty feet, rivalled by the branching fern tree, and growing side by side with the mahogany, the cedar, and the pine; the hedges which divide the gardens delight us, for they are formed of roses and fuchsias; and in the gardens themselves grow the orange, lemon, and citron, mixed with white and red roses. One of the proprietors of these hill-side estates tells us that in the month of June he gathered beautiful strawberries, and had peas, potatoes, and artichokes in full perfection. On asking how this could be, he said enthusiastically, "This queen of islands is sheltered from the violent eastern and northern tempests by the islands of Hayti and Cuba, and cooled by the winds which come down from the elevated plains."

Formerly (50 years ago) the coloured proprietors of land were few and scattered, now there are more than 100,000 such holders, working hard, living thriftily, and endeavouring to accumulate real capital; as yet they can do little more than raise a sufficiency of food for the supply of their families, and they gladly labour for their former masters at a fair rate of wage, and the negroes' efforts at task work are something to astonish us. We all feel interested in these coloured proprietors, and we have been chatting with some of them and find them kind and very intelligent and evidently proud of being questioned. They tell us that often there is great distress among the poor people for want of water—not for lack of rain, but that, the soil being very porous, the rain passes into deep underground channels on its way to the sea, and the poor have not the means to provide tanks to catch it. We told them we had seen several tanks constructed of masonry. "Oh, yes! quite true;" but they

* Most of our readers have heard of the recent fire which destroyed many buildings, and caused much distress.

mostly belong to people well off, who use them for their cattle, or for their sugar and coffee works; and they finished with great satisfaction by saying it would be much better in the future, as the mother country meant to help them by sinking wells, constructing tanks and regulating the course of rivers which were not navigable. We think all things very dear here in Jamaica, and on mentioning this, one said, "Yes, ladies; that is because we import nine-tenths of our provisions." Finding us really desirous of knowledge, he went on to explain. "We have the finest fish in the world, and in great abundance, and yet we import a large quantity of salt fish; our forests could supply all our needs, yet we pay an exorbitant sum for imported timber rather than be at the trouble of cutting down our own. "God has done everything for Jamaica, but she has done little for herself." We have had a great treat in being shown into an old rectory fitted up as a school for the education of the coolies. A clever-looking Hindoo was instructing the children in English and Hindostanee.

We all know that Jamaica supplies us with sugar, rum, pimento, coffee, ginger, logwood, and fruit, and would like to see something of their growth; so we are going to Clarendon, the largest sugar-growing district in Jamaica. When we were in Canada we saw sugar manufactured from the juice of the maple; here in the West Indies it grows, and its culture forms one of the chief occupations of the people, and a source of wealth to the planters; the value of that which is annually exported from this island alone is between £400,000 and £500,000.

Having secured a friend and guide, we made our way to the sugar-cane fields.

While on our way thither, he gave us a little history of the sugar cane, telling us it was cultivated in China 2,000 years before it became known to Europeans. The sugar cane is not of equal growth, but varies according to the soil in which it is planted; we saw some twenty feet high; it is propagated from cuttings, and the labour of hoeing a cane field is very great. When the canes are quite ripe they are cut close to the ground, tied up in bundles, and conveyed to the works; but how, do you think? not as formerly, at the cost of much time and labour, but by tramways and wire railways, over ravines, and down slopes. Our friend was very pleased at our notice of these introductions, which he said would decrease the cost of sugar; he told us that many of the improvements were the result of the proprietors living more on their estates, and trusting less to their agents.

We were taken on to the works, where we were allowed to watch the whole process. The canes are pressed between cylinders, or ground in a mill, in order to express the juice. This is collected in a cistern, and heat applied to prevent its becoming acid; lime-water is then thrown in, which separates the grosser matter contained in the juice. The liquor is then boiled very rapidly, to evaporate the watery particles, and reduce the syrup to such consistency that it granulates on cooling. Five gallons of cane juice will yield six lbs. of crystallised sugar, and this requires about 110 well-grown canes. When the sugar had been allowed to cool in shallow pans, we saw it put into the casks in which it is shipped to Europe; these casks have holes pierced through the bottom, and placed upright over a large cistern into which the molasses drain, leaving the raw sugar as we use it on our tables; the holes in the casks are filled up before they are shipped off. The molasses which drained from the casks, together with the skimmings of the cisterns, were fermented and distilled for rum, the annual export of which from Jamaica is valued at £200,000.

We were anxious to know if it were really true that the pimento or pepper plants were used for umbrella sticks, and heard that last year 6,000 bundles, each containing from 500 to 800 sticks, were exported, and that the value was £4,000. Every stick, of course, represented a young bearing pimento plant.

Of course we could not leave Jamaica without going to a coffee plantation, having drunk Jamaica coffee all our lives. Coffee is very particular as to certain conditions being fulfilled if it is to repay the planter for his trouble. It must have a temperature above 55 deg. Fahr., it must not be too much exposed to scorching heat, it must be shaded by umbrageous trees, and water must not be allowed to lodge about the roots. A coffee plantation is a most interesting sight, during the period of flowering; in one night the blossoms expand themselves so profusely as to look like snow in the morning. One acre will grow about 9,000 coffee plants, each of which, on an average, will produce one pound of berries; these, when ripe, are gathered by the labourers in a canvas bag, which they wear round their necks; the berries are then washed, deprived of their over-skin, and dried in the sun, on wooden terraces, on the hill sides.

We have enjoyed our visit to Jamaica exceedingly, and were about starting for the Bahamas, when we were told that if we intended going to British Honduras, on the coast of Central America, Kingston was the best place to go from. We have therefore determined to leave the *Girls' Own* in the harbour, and take return fares on the vessel which leaves on the 7th of the month for Belize, returning thence on the 16th. The voyage will take two days each way, and thus allow us ample time to look about us in Honduras.

(*To be continued.*)

NEW MUSIC.

VOCAL MUSIC.

W. Morley and Co.

Wherefore, Sweet Maiden. Words by Henry J. Moxon. Music by F. Julian Croger.—A love song, written in three flats; very easy both for voice and accompanist.

Patey and Willis.

Evening Bells. Words by F. S. Boas. Music by F. Abt.—A bright and sparkling little part song, easy and effective.

J. B. Cramer and Co.

Behold I stand at the door. Sacred song. Words by Lewis Morrison. Music by W. H. Jude.—These poetic and beautiful verses have been most happily set to music by Mr. Jude. There is a grandeur of conception in the setting of "Behold I stand at the door," and the cantabile movement in the major key is expressive and tender in character. Altogether, we recommend this charming sacred song.

The Hidden Dial and *Broken Toys.* Two songs. Words by Nella. Music composed by Henry Parker.—The former a cheerful and tuneful melody, set to remarkable words. The latter song speaks more to the feelings, and conveys a moral:

"Until at last we reach a land,
Whose smallest gift no time destroys;
That better land where tears shall ne'er
Be wept o'er broken toys."

The music is simple, graceful, and tender.

Waifs and Strays. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by J. L. Molloy.—This is one of those morbidly sentimental songs that the musical public have been so much favoured with lately. We cannot say that the music is up to Mr. Molloy's usual standard. It is written in three keys.

Robert Cocks and Co.

When Life is Young. Written by Oliver Brand. Music by P. Von Tugginer.—A simple love song sympathetically set; the allegretto movement at the end of each verse—

"When life is young and love just told,
How bright the future seems!
Oh, do not say that we some day
Must wake from these sweet dreams"—

is joyous and bright and suitable.

Bygones. Song. Written and composed by G. Clifton Bingham.—A charming little song, graceful and melodious; of very easy compass as regards singing and playing.

Joseph Williams and William Lea.

Pity. Words by Rev. John Burbidge. Music composed by James Butler Fortay.—The music breathes a kind and tender sentiment throughout, and is particularly well suited to the verses, which are very pretty.

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

Robert Cocks.

Six popular pieces for violin and piano. By Guilio Banti. The first three are—

1. *Serenade.* C. Gounod.
2. *Cavatina.* J. Raff.
3. *Heimliche.* J. Resch.

The "Cavatina" which we have before us is exceedingly pretty and nicely arranged for both instruments. The air is sweet and full of sentiment, but not too difficult for a moderate violin player, and quite easy for the accompanist on the pianoforte. We recommend our young friends to try the "Cavatina," and have no doubt that the series will be equally pleasing.

The Stirrup. Galop. By Rudolf Herzen.—Written for young pianoforte players of moderate attainment. The stretches are suitable for small hands, and the keys are simple.

A. Cox.

The English Patrol March. By Frederick Croft.—A very easy little march for our young beginners, reminding them of the recent successes of our army and navy. Also by the same composer, *The National Flag March*, founded on his popular song, *The National Flag.* It is well marked, requiring a little more firmness of touch and advanced playing.

F. Pitman.

Pitman's new *Pianoforte Tutor.* By Arthur H. Brown.—This is one of the best tutors we have seen, every essential being most easily explained and perfectly demonstrated. The time-table is very clear, the difficulty of which is so often a great feature both to learner and teacher. The large diagram on page 23 shows an octave of notes upon the keyboard, with all their possible names—most useful. The scales in the major and minor keys, the expression marks, list of musical terms for time and degrees of sound in use in modern and found in old music, could not be better defined. Each lesson is well explained, and the airs well known.

AT OLD WIDOW MURDOCH'S DOOR.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

A Sketch of Scotch Life.

THE minister sat in his easy chair by the study table. It was a cosy room on a winter's day, that study of the minister's, with the fire crackling cheerily in the grate, and throwing its red light over the furniture—spare and simple of its kind, but showing everywhere an artistic taste which one would scarcely have expected to find in a Scotch manse, even in this age of refinement. But the minister and his wife were not ordinary people, and therefore their house was not furnished in an ordinary way. When they had first come to their new parish, the stern Presbyterian element in their congregation had manifested itself in one or two deputations to remonstrate with their pastor upon the ornamental creepers he had trained up the bare walls of the house, and on the enormity of a minister's lady wearing a silk dress. But somehow when the elders found themselves in the little drawing-room with its crimson hangings, for the first time in their lives perhaps in the presence of a real lady and gentleman, their courage had always failed them, and they had invariably come away without accomplishing their object, whilst the two whom they left behind would smile at each other with an unspoken sense of the ludicrous side of the matter, and then resume their own duties as though nothing had happened. But at the time when my story opens, the pastor had been tending his congregation for two years, and they had learned to appreciate the true worth of his character, and to be proud that a gentleman should have left the busy world of which they heard so much, and knew so little,

and have devoted his own life and his wife's also to do good in their midst.

He was sitting just now, as before stated, by his study table. A great Bible lay open before him, and one or two commentaries beside it showed that he was compiling his sermon for the coming Sabbath. It was a custom of his to select his text on Monday, so that he might be able to ponder it thoroughly during the week, and collect illustrations applicable to his subject from every little homely incident that was familiar to his parishioners.

And then on Sunday morning he would mount the plain wooden pulpit, and discourse eloquent words to a congregation that drank them in eagerly and willingly, as only a Scotch congregation can, when they have a pastor whom they can love, and trust, and reverence, as the people of Dairly could Mr. Hardy.

It was a cold raw day in the month of January, and the prospect from the manse windows was black enough, looking out as they did over a wide heathery moor, with scarcely a cottage or tree to break its monotony. Beyond that moor some four miles away lay the town of Acklyne, which the people of the little parish of Dairly regarded almost as the centre of the universe, few of them having ever been beyond its narrow streets of high, many storied houses, which were considered marvels of architecture in that locality. The minister, however, was not thinking much of the prospect just then. He had stumbled upon an abstruse passage in one of his old commentators, and was studying it with knitted brow. So busy was he that he was unconscious of the fact that his study door had been gently opened and closed, and the first intimation he received of his wife's presence was a gentle kiss on his forehead, and a merry laugh which rang out like the tinkle of sleigh bells on a frosty night.

"I hope I have not disturbed you in anything *very* serious, Hugh?" she said, smiling as she saw him look up from his books. "I knocked twice at the door, but I suppose you were too much absorbed in your sermon to hear me. I should not have bothered you now only that I am just starting for Acklyne, and I thought perhaps you might have some message for Mr. Macpherson about the books that you ordered."

"I think by this time you might know that you can never disturb me, Katie," said the minister, "especially when I am writing a sermon. You look too like one yourself for that!" and his glance wandered lovingly over her as she stood beside him.

And certainly his praise was not unmerited. Katie did look like a sermon, and a very sweet one, as she stood there in her warm cloak with its fur lining, a little flush on her cheeks called up by her husband's flattery. She had one of those faces which, though possessing few really good features, yet leave a pleasing impression on the observer, owing to their expression of "goodness," if I may coin such a word. She had that great charm of female beauty also which lies in a well-shaped figure marred by no artificial training. A little basket hung on her arm, covered with a white cloth, and leaving her hands at liberty to bury themselves in the recesses of her muff. Altogether she was as pretty a picture as any man would wish to see, and evidently the minister thought so too, and was proud of her, as every husband should be of his dearest earthly possession.

"I scarcely like your walking alone to Acklyne," said he. "Don't you think it is rather far for you to go on such a cold day as this; and, besides, what will you do if it comes on to snow?"

"Oh! it is sure not to snow," Katie answered. "And I don't mind the walk at all; I can easily get back before dark, and, besides, I must really see old widow Murdoch to-day; she is expecting me, and will be quite hurt if I don't go."

"Well, go then, my darling," the minister said. "Only mind you don't delay at her house; I shall be anxious till I see you back again. You need not give Mr. Macpherson any message from me, I think. I hope to see him myself to-morrow."

There was another kiss, only this time Hugh was the active agent, and then Katie went off in triumph. The minister watched her from his window, as she walked bravely across the moor, and, when she was out of sight, returned to his sermon.

But whether it were that the commentator was more than usually abstruse, or that the fire was too warm, or from the joint effect of both causes, the writer's head nodded more than once over his work, and at last when the servant looked into the room to see if the coals needed replenishing, she saw her master comfortably sleeping, with his head resting on one of the arms of his chair. Going back into the kitchen, she informed her fellow-servant, the cook, that master was asleep in the study, and a good thing, too, when he let himself be kept out of his bed till two o'clock in the morning with old Sandy McAllister only yesterday. She for one was not going to awake him, at all events. She wondered where mistress had gone; down to the village, she supposed.

When the minister woke, it was dark in the study. Inwardly scolding himself at having wasted his afternoon, he struck a match and looked at his watch. It was five o clock. "I suppose Katie did not like to wake me when she came back," he thought; "like the silly little woman that she is." He rang the bell, and the housemaid appeared.

"I am afraid I have been asleep a long time, Elsie?" he said, smiling. "Where is your mistress now?"

"Indeed, sir, I don't know," the girl answered; "I have not seen her since dinner time to-day. We were wondering what could have become of her. I thought she might have been down in the village."

"Why, she went to Acklyne! You don't mean to say she is not back yet?"

The girl clasped her hands and cried, "Oh! sir, and the snow!"

The minister rushed to the window and flung it open. The ground was already white, and the flakes were falling so thickly that they seemed to make a solid grey curtain all around. In another moment he had rushed out without his hat or overcoat to alarm the village. Before half-an-hour had elapsed, every man able to walk was out on the moor seeking for the "bonny leddy" astray in the snow.

We must now return to Katie. She reached her destination safely, saw the widow, and started gaily for home. It had begun to snow a little, but she was one who was accustomed to the hardships of the North, and the thought of turning back never occurred to her. She had got rather more than half way to the manse, and was absorbed in the remembrance of her husband's fond parting and of how dearly he loved her, when she heard a child crying piteously near her. She went in the direction of the sound, and soon discovered a diminutive girl about ten years old, sitting in the snow with her pinafore over her head, weeping bitterly. Katie removed the covering, and saw a tear-stained but remarkably pretty face, belonging to one of her Sunday scholars.

"Why, Margaret, what *are* you doing here?" asked she in astonishment.

The child stopped crying and replied, "Please, ma'am, mother was busy, and I went out to walk on the moor, and the snow came on, and I lost my way, and I am so cold!" Here the whimpering seemed likely to begin again.

"Never mind, Margaret," said the minister's wife, "it was wrong of you to go out without your mother's leave, but I daresay she will forgive you. I will take you home myself. Come and take my hand; we shall have to walk fast for fear the snow should get too deep or the night come on." So, hand in hand, they commenced their journey home.

"Surely we must be getting near the manse," said Katie after a while. "We must have been walking more than an hour now, and yet I don't see it. Oh! that must be it!" as a dark object loomed up through the falling flakes a little distance off. They struggled towards it, but found it to be a lonely, ragged bush growing alone on the moor. "Strange!" thought Katie to herself as she saw it, "I don't remember any bush like that on the way to Dairly." Then, as the whole truth flashed on her mind, she cried involuntarily, "We have lost our way, Margaret. God help us!"

Taking up her companion in her arms, for the child was worn out and could walk no longer, the minister's wife strove to retrace her steps. But the snow was now deep, and she could scarcely struggle through it with her burden. After what seemed a weary time of walking she found herself at the old thorn bush again. Tired and exhausted, she sank on the snow. But then an exceeding longing for life took hold of her and she struggled on to the bush. There was a sort of cavity beneath it, and into this she and the child crept, and found some little shelter from the storm without.

(*To be concluded.*)

ON A BLACKBIRD SINGING DURING DIVINE SERVICE.

By ALICE KING.

HUSHED is the pealing organ,
And down the shadowy aisle
The wave of mellow voices
Has ceased to roll awhile.

For now the blessed Gospel
In holy calm is read,
And e'en the merry children
Bow down the listening head.

But what is this glad music
That knows no tune nor time;
Yet with the dear old story
Blends in in sweetest chime?

We know there should be stillness,
Yet when the silver strain
Ceases, we bid the singer
Go warbling on again.

A blackbird in the churchyard,
Beneath the summer shower,
Gives thanks for precious moisture
That freshens blade and flower.

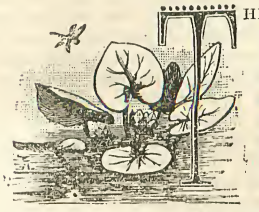
Glory to Thee, my Father;
Our hymns shall rise to Thee,
Who both from birds and angels
Ordainest praise to be.

STUDIES OF GIRLS.

By the Author of "Her Object in Life," "The Other Side of the World," etc.

PART II.

THE GIRL WHO ENDURED.



"THE cleverest girl we have had for years! She has such originality, and so much energy. She must prove to be something remarkable."

It was Miss Wilde who spoke. Miss Wilde was the principal of a large girls' school in the cathedral town of Radcaster. This was one of its gala days, when the dean came to give the prizes, and Miss Wilde was in her best brocade and her Limerick lace, in high spirits too, and very proud of the bright and promising pupil of whom she whispered to the select group of canons and their wives.

"One of our townspeople, I suppose?" observed a clerical dignitary. "I did not catch her name. What is it?"

"Helen North," answered Miss Wilde. "The Norths are scarcely Radcaster people. They only settled here after the father's death. I should imagine he must have been a very superior man."

Perhaps the last remark seemed a little inconsequent, made as it was without any other reference to the late Mr. North's position or history. The explanation was, that as Miss Wilde's thoughts had turned to the North family, it had occurred to her that Helen had certainly not derived her talents or her force of character from her mother. And to own the truth, in the short silence which followed Miss Wilde's last remark, her mind went on to ask itself how, if Helen really resembled her father, such a man as he must have been could ever have chosen and loved such a wife as lack-a-daisical, sentimental, selfish Mrs. North.

"And how many prizes did you say she has won this year?" asked a gentle old lady.

"Six first prizes!" answered Miss Wilde, her wandering thoughts promptly returning to the matter in hand. "A thing that has never happened to one girl before since I have kept school. But even that does not really represent the distance which separates her, intellectually, from her schoolfellows. For instance, our English composition prize is usually counted well-earned by clearly-expressed commonplaces, set forth in good grammar and neat style. We cannot give prizes for genius, you know," she added, with a smile, "because we have no right to expect it. But Miss North's essay shows genius. At least, so Mr. Matthews says, and so I think."

The object of this praise—a slight maiden—was now standing before the little dais on which the dean's chair was placed. If there were fine markings about her brow and strong lines about her chin, they were apt to pass unnoticed in the general girlishness of her appearance, though, perhaps, by some subtle contrast they increased it and gave pathos to it. The young face was so quiet and grave that it needed an acute observer to detect the fire burning behind it, and only rarely making itself manifest in a flashing glance. Quite in keeping with face and figure was the dark brown dress, simply made, and set off by tiny white ruffles at wrist and throat, where they were fastened by a small brooch, whose dusty old gems, like Helen's eyes, gleamed only now and then. Certainly in appearance she was as little of a blue-stocking as a coquette, nothing but a simple, earnest girl, with whom excitement would be enthusiasm, and who could never relax except to recreate.

"She does not seem much elated by her triumph," whispered one lady.

"I don't fancy Helen North thinks of it as a triumph," said Miss Wilde, gravely.

"I doubt if she remembers how she has excelled her schoolfellows. It is her firm persuasion that nearly all of them could do better than she does, if they would only try more. And when Mr. Matthews praised her essay, she only said, 'I liked doing it, but I ought to have done it a great deal better.'"

"The true temperament of genius," observed the cathedral organist—"joy in work, and dissatisfaction after it."

"Is not that an unhappy state of things?" asked another visitor. "Would it not be better even to be restless while we are at our work, and then quite satisfied when it is done?"

"Poor work is done so," thought the gentleman, silently; but he added aloud, "There is such a thing, you know, madam, as 'divine discontent.'"

"I think we read that God looked upon His work and saw that it was good," observed a comfortable-looking rector.

"Man is not God," rejoined the organist. "The Son is not yet as the Father."

"Well, well, I grant that," admitted the rector; "but surely he has got far enough to be able to take comfort in feeling he has done his best."

"If he can honestly feel so," said the organist.

"It does not matter how he feels about it, so long as God knows it," whispered the gentle old lady. Her aged eyes, soft with tears, were resting like a benediction on Helen North's face. The aged can see far before them, because they know so much behind them. They can read destinies, because they have read histories. In all that happy assembly it was only that one old lady who guessed what was the truth—to wit, that at that moment the girl's thoughts were not of her "triumph," nor even of her work, nor of anything of herself or her own.

Helen's thoughts were in her home, whence nobody had come to see her in her moment of success and glory. Mrs. North did not set much store by her daughter's talents and their reward, but under some circumstances she would have liked to come forth and pose a little under the congratulations of her neighbours. And Aunt Lydia would certainly have come, for she appreciated diligence and capacity, though she might have understood her niece's better, had those qualities been made manifest in old-fashioned samplers and bed quilts, instead of in essays and problems. But Aunt Lydia was sick—suffering from a severe, strange chill, caught by walking through heavy rain a night or two before. It had not been done in recklessness or thoughtlessness, but for the sake of one whose life lay like a shadow on the little household—Helen's elder brother Jem.

It was his absence which made the shadow unusually dark just now; for Jem had run away. It was not the first time. The two women and the young girl made common cause in their desperate hope to hide the fact from their neighbours. It was only Helen who had any suspicion that they did not altogether succeed.

It was the old story of the indulged boy and the indulgent mother, which is, after all, only an euphemistic way of describing a selfish boy and a selfish mother. It may sound severe, but it may be said that Mrs. North had no idea of love but as a form of selfishness. She could not have comprehended that true ideal which teaches the loving to seek no pleasure except what may be found in the good of the beloved. It pleased her to caress and gratify and excuse Jem, whether this did Jem good or harm. She miscalled this "motherliness." In her boy's childish illnesses she had to be held aloof from him—her approaches to his bedside watched and guarded, lest her "motherliness" should be unable to withhold dainties or deny whims which might have cost him his life. Jem had always turned to her to conceal his youthful peccadilloes from his father, knowing that she would not even spare a few little lies if they seemed necessary to secure his immunity. Buried into Helen's heart was one memory of which she never spoke—the memory of a day when her father, all unconsciously, had asked a simple question, to which in agony and shame his little girl had given a truthful reply, and so had revealed the cruel weakness with which his wife had defeated his paternal discipline. She could remember the look on her father's face, as, without a word to her, he turned to seek an interview with her mother. She could recall the sound of her parents' voices as they reached her through the closed door, her mother's hasty retreat to her own room, in a flood of passionate tears, her father's slow step downstairs, the dead silence in which he laid his hand on Jem's shoulder, and passed on alone into his little study, where Helen found him an hour afterwards, his elbows resting on the table and his face buried in his hands. She had crept to his feet and sat there, laying her head against his knee, and presently one hand had stolen down and stroked the bright curls.

After that, Jem had been sent away to school. And Helen noticed that henceforth her father never asked her a single question on any matter touching Jem, nay, that his very eyes avoided hers when Jem's name was mentioned. He had no right to ask his child to bear witness against the foolish woman whom a pretty face, a little fortune, and genteel family connections had tempted him to make the mother of his children—his partner in the arbitration of their destinies. At the same time, Mrs. North herself was more guarded in her proceedings. Helen was quite sure that she secretly supplied Jem with the pocket-money which his schoolmaster advised and his father decided he should not have. But Helen knew this less by information than by that strange intuition which love and fear often give, teaching the significance of external signs which might otherwise pass unheeded. At times the girl would blame herself for her silence concerning her fears and suspicions. At others, she would blame herself for the fears and suspicions themselves.

But they all proved true on that other terrible day when a letter came from the schoolmaster requesting Mr. North to remove his son immediately, as he had been detected in practices of secret gambling and sensual indulgence which threatened to corrupt his more innocent schoolfellows.

Helen's father was ill when that letter came. Not very ill, they thought. Only he never got better. All through those last days Helen remembered that her father, speaking of her mother and brother, always said, "Your poor mother," and "poor Jem." At the very last, when voice and sight were failing, and consciousness seemed gone, the weak hand groped about, and the weak voice faltered "Helen!" To the daughter's heart there was more in the dying tone than could have been expressed in a thousand words. There seemed in it a charge laid upon her, an injunction given her, a hope held out to her, a world of regretful tenderness poured upon her. Was all that in that sinking tone, or was some of it in her ear? Who can say?

She felt as if she could never atone to her mother and Jem for that last word being hers

and not theirs. It was half a relief and half a blow when she discovered accidentally that they had never noted it!

Immediately after Mr. North's death the family had removed to Radcaster. James North had not gone again to any school. His mother was sure he would be quite fit for college if he had a little private cramming. Tutor after tutor was dismissed as "too severe," and as "not possessing the art of making study attractive." At last the college idea was given up, simply because James himself scouted it. Then he was articled to an architect. Then his articles were broken. Next his uncles got him into a London office, and put him to board with a relative of his father's. The relative soon asked for a change in this plan, as it did not suit her domestic arrangements to have an inmate who seldom rose before noon, and would like to pass all Sunday in bed. So Jem went to lodgings, and soon something happened at the office which brought telegrams to Radcaster, and there was a big cheque filled in, and a hasty journey to London, and a melancholy coming back without Jem, and days of waiting in shamed suspense, till a post-card arrived that "J. had enlisted in the —— Regiment, and sent his love, and hoped there would soon be a war (which was likely) and then he might get out of everybody's way, and trouble nobody any more."

Mrs. North was frantic. She would not listen to her own brother and her brothers-in-law, her lawyer, or her doctor, when they urged that it might be truest kindness to let the young scapegrace reap as he had sown, before the crop should be too heavy—and that strict discipline and the harsh rule of necessity had sometimes made worthy men even out of as poor material as he. No, no, come what might, Jem must be bought out. And she went again to London to meet him, and liberally replaced the comfortable wardrobe which had utterly vanished, and brought him home in triumph. She said that Jem's "self-respect must be restored"—as if that was possible until he had been first wholesomely humbled—and so she even brought forth the dead father's signet-ring to bedeck the prodigal who neither by word or deed had yet owned "I have sinned."

And then Jem had idled about at home. Friends and relatives shook their heads to each other and said there was no use in trying to do anything for the lad, for the foolish mother would be sure to interfere. Once Jem was again within the range of her spoiling and petting, Mrs. North herself seemed to feel no uneasiness, nor to be troubled with any thought of the future. Jem lounged and dawdled, and indulged in habits of thought and speech which made Helen weep with shame and sorrow. But to Mrs. North, what the idol did was either right or excusable. She did not seem to notice the destruction of the simple household amenities—how neighbours held aloof—how Helen never gave herself the treat of the visit of a school-friend. Helen would plead with her brother sometimes, generally meeting but a sneer or a scoff, but occasionally arousing some strain of sentiment which would start in her heart a sickly hope, almost more exhausting than despair. Aunt Lydia spoke out her mind at last, and warned Mrs. North that she was not doing her duty, but she only received the retort that an old maid could not be supposed to appreciate a mother's heart. Had she then no motherly consideration for Helen, Aunt Lydia had inquired? It was in the bitterness of this household jar that Jem took occasion to make another flight, and that Aunt Lydia, goaded by her sister's reproaches into terror lest her simple justice had been cruel severity, tramped at midnight through a blinding rain to a neighbouring town in the hopes of catching Jem there before he took the London train, and would be lost in the mysteries of the great metropolis. Her errand failed, and while Jem's place remained still empty, her exertions had thrown her on a bed of suffering.

And so Helen was alone on the day of her glory—alone, with bitter fears in her heart—alone, with none to hear the praises which never stir a woman's soul unless they reach it through loving ears.

When the prize-giving was over, and the more social festivities of the afternoon began, the young prize-taker slipped into sudden insignificance. Other girls were surrounded by their own relatives or familiar friends, to whom they were merrily doing the honours of the school-house. Other girls had light hearts and merry faces and gay laughter. She could be merry herself, thought poor Helen, if only she might! And a drop of bitterness entered her heart for a moment. But then came the reflection that perhaps her sad, solitary, solemnised life had had something to do with the earning of her prizes, and that there might be a perfect compensation in all things, even in the bitterest pain or loss. And so Helen devoted herself to assist the flurried teachers in their tea-making, and presently she heard herself laugh, and by a sudden stinging remembrance of the shadow at home realised that she must have forgotten it, at least for a moment.

It startled her, as if the indefinite whisper in her own heart was suddenly audible outside, when the gentle old lady visitor took her hand, and kindly looking into her eyes said—

"And so you are Miss Wilde's clever girl, my dear! Well, well, let us be thankful for all God's gifts we take, my love, but ever most thankful for those He lets us give. Sometimes it is our giving that leaves room for His gifts. But we must not think of getting—only of giving—nor of doing, only of being—and not even of being loved, but only of loving. That is the daily dying, my child, which keeps our souls open to the fountains of eternal life."

And then she passed on, and Helen felt as if a clear eye had reached the very heart of her life. The next moment she wondered with a jealous doubt whether the lady had heard some report of her home troubles. That doubt often occurred to her afterwards, but it faded away as she grew wiser, and learned to understand that a soul may recognise a soul and comprehend its proper burdens and divine its peculiar "weird" without knowing every step of its earthly way.

Often, indeed, in years to come did Helen recall that lady, and her gentle manner and solemn words. The girl's life had seemed to her dark and dreary on that school-holiday, but how would she have borne it had she known what was to follow? For Aunt Lydia never rose again from her bed of languishing, but stayed there, racked with anguish. At first, they thought it would be only for days, but the days passed into weeks, and the weeks into months, and the months into years. And Jem came back once more: not penitent, not humiliated, only more degraded, and therefore more defiant; more utterly reckless of all the wrong and misery he had wrought. And Mrs. North petted and fondled him, and poured deadly indulgences upon him. As it was not his first going away and coming back, so neither was it his last. Helen could scarcely say whether it was an added torture or a subtle relief when their household skeleton could no longer be shut in a cupboard—when they could no more dream of keeping it a secret from their neighbours, and when their neighbours felt it no longer necessary to make believe they did not know of its existence. At any rate, when further concealment was hopeless, life seemed more honest. Sin bears no bitterer fruit than when it makes the sweet reticence of life feel like one long act of deception.

The Norths had never been rich. If Jem had done justice to his opportunities, and had relieved the family income of his maintenance, even without adding to it, their circumstances would have been much easier, but as it was he was a constant drain upon them. Such of her little property as Mrs. North could freely dispose of soon vanished in the provision for Jem's unceasing wants and the payment of his self-indulgent debts. When Jem was not at home the family meals grew more and more sparing, Helen's dress became a shame-faced renaissance of faded grandmotherly glories, worn-out carpets were not replaced, the little house acquired the look—the very atmosphere—of penury. Yet suddenly, some bill of Jem's, or some glaring and incomprehensible blank among his necessaries would demand the out-payment of a sum sufficient to have procured all the little comforts which the others had foregone. And then there would come on Helen's face an expression which made Mrs. North break into tirades against her "unsisterly hardness," her "selfish setting of mercenary interests above poor Jem's welfare and requirements."

"But are we serving Jem's welfare?" Helen would ask, gently. "Have we done him any good yet? Have we not rather done him evil?"

As she grew to womanly estate she never failed in this protest. Alas! it only embittered the mother towards the daughter, without having any influence on the weak woman's course of action. But Helen could not have felt true to her mother, true to Jem himself, without making it. She never sought to hide it from her brother. To him personally she said far plainer words. She said them in fear and trembling, for her mother's ideal of clinging, excusing, smothering love had impressed itself upon her, though she had never made it her own, and so she thought that her loyal adherence to her convictions concerning truth and right must certainly snap the last link of affection binding her and her brother together. In after years she used to say, "I believe if I had loved Jem better I should have been more decided in my tone towards him—what is called 'more severe.' I always feel I was to blame for failing there."

Friends and neighbours saw what was going on. They saw that it was the old story—that a dead weight of mental and moral weakness was dragging down the strong—that in the inmost shrine of the little household there was a hideous idol of self before which a blinded worshipper was ready to offer up everything. Miss Wilde especially saw the significance of the situation, and did not hesitate to urge her counsel on Helen.

"My dear girl," she said, "if you do not strike out for yourself your prospects for life will be ruined. Your mother has no right to sacrifice her daughter to her son—her daughter's good to her son's evil, as it really is. She would not do it if she could understand what she is doing," added the good lady, hastily noting the pained expression of Helen's face. "Indeed, it is your duty to her as well as to yourself to do yourself justice. In fact, she may ruin herself if she will not heed her friends, and then she may need to rely on you, and you must begin betimes if you are to be of any service. Think it over, Helen. I could get you a good situation as a teacher in a school. With your appearance and manner and your quite exceptional knowledge of English and literature there would be no difficulty in the matter. Let me try, Helen."

Helen looked up with sad eyes. "You are very good, Miss Wilde," she said, "but please don't. I must stay at home."

"You don't think your mother would forbid your going?" asked Miss Wilde.

"No; oh, no!" answered Helen, and then, not feeling quite so sure, her truthful nature added, "at least, I don't think so; it was not that I was thinking of."

"You are not dreaming of exerting any good influence over Jem, are you, my poor child?" pleaded the governess. "For if that is to be done, it is more likely to be accomplished from a distance than while you are at home."

"I'm afraid I've left off hoping for that," sighed Helen. "I know it's wicked to do so, but I fear I can't help it. No, it is not that. But I must not go away from home now, Miss Wilde. Still, thank you very much for troubling about me."

Miss Wilde said no more then, but she returned to the charge by-and-by, this time with no mere suggestion, but with the practical offer of a good appointment. Helen only thanked her the more warmly, but adhered to her own determination. She did not give her reasons, and perhaps she was unduly reticent.

The truth was, that Helen North could not help feeling that she was the last earthly sunbeam in the life of her Aunt Lydia. She could not leave Aunt Lydia, her dear dead father's sister, who had thrown in her lot with theirs, and had suffered and broken down in their cause. Helen could not have said this, even to herself, and to have hinted as much to anybody else would have seemed to her the last degree of arrogance and self-glorification. To her own mind the duty came as a blessing which she could not give up—a blessing which outweighed all the present and prospective advantages which she must sacrifice for it. She might feel a few longings for change and pleasant excitement now, but she had a foreseeing soul, and could forebode how these would look on the day when the dear eyes which now always brightened at her coming would be closed, and the gentle lips would be fixed for ever in a smile not for her. "I may be a desolate woman some day," thought Helen North, "but I will weigh prosperity or fame now as I shall weigh them then, and so I will not make my own desolation. God will take care of my life better than I can; so while He spares me one whom I can love and serve, I will not leave her."

In her inmost, silent heart He'en knew that her mother was too absorbed in Jem and herself to heed her daughter's coming or going, though she might have fretted to miss the thoughtful little domestic services which were the only form of dutifulness possible towards her. Helen would have gone bravely out into the world, if anything she was likely to have found there could have been set to the services to which she was devoting her life. But, poor as the family was growing, she knew that it was not money that they really needed, and that had she earned money of her own, she must for pure conscience-sake have withheld it from Jem's rapacity and her mother's weakness. And no money could have done any good to Aunt Lydia: the poor comforts she absolutely needed she had, and nothing could have made up for the withdrawing of the constant tender ministrations of love which were the sole solace of her suffering solitude. No, Helen North saw distinctly enough that the demands of present duty were not for hers, but for her. The service of her gifts was not asked from her, but their surrender.

Radcaster pitied her for a little, and then forgot her. When one chooses one's own stony path, the world does not often remember to throw into it such bright flowers of sympathy and help as it might. Helen slipped fairly out of sight of Radcaster "society." People excused themselves from calling on the Norths on the score that they thought the ladies of the household must feel nervous lest their visitors should encounter Jem—"it was kinder to leave them to themselves, poor things." And Helen had no gay dresses or new music to contribute to the charms of their evening parties. How could they be expected to consider that even a library subscription means much in such houses as the Norths, and that many a book which lay half read on their own tables would have been a boon to Helen, or that a country drive, or even a quiet twilight chat in a cosy drawing-room, might have given her a refreshment in whose strength she might have gone many days.

And so Helen's life settled down. The time came when the Norths' little servant sought "to better herself," and no new one was taken in her place. Helen reflected that if she could not leave home to earn money, she might at least save it at home. Perhaps, too, the household skeleton was better hidden so. And Helen toiled upstairs and downstairs, and swept, and cooked, and patched, and soothed her fretful mother, and nursed her suffering aunt, and was true to her unhappy brother, and as tender as might be beside. She had her quiet shady corner in the cathedral aisle, but she was often missing even there for Aunt Lydia's sake, and stayed at home and read the simple sermons and sweet old hymns, which were all the mental food the sick woman required. It was only when the aunt was sleeping, or while Helen kept her vigils for her straying brother, that she read the grave histories and deep philosophical treatises which she found in her father's bookcase. And there was something else which she could not help doing, for which she often wished she had more leisure and scope, and then again would feel that she might be thankful that stern duty withheld her from wasting much time in such vain ambition. But when there was really nothing else to do, there could be no harm in writing a few verses, a brief story, some short sentences of reflection.

It occurred to her at last whether she might not keep up some communication with the outer world, and even open some new field of usefulness for herself when her present one should have closed, by this very gift of which she felt so diffident. And then began the weary sending round of manuscripts to magazines, with those results of cold refusal, blunt criticism, even insulting comment, which only those who have been through them can fully realise. But perhaps they were the more easily borne when the letters containing them could only be hastily glanced at, and then crumpled away, because Aunt Lydia was fainting in agony, or because Jem had just been carried into the house, an unconscious heap of self-indulgence and degradation. Compared with these, what were those? Besides, it was not likely that she would grow disheartened and desist, when she found that whatever else it might not be, her writing at least gave her that self-expression for which she had often agonised—that in it her lonely soul had found a companion in its very self. And so she went on, content to believe that she would never meet with any of what is called "success." Those who have reason to know, might have prophesied differently. For never a soul spoke itself out because it must, and found an echo in its own depths, without finding some other hearer too.

Helen's first sunbeam of success fell on the darkest day which had ever lowered over the North family. Jem was in prison at last, having fallen into strong hands, which would not condone his dishonesty for any compensation or forgive it for any pleas for mercy. "You and I may have different ideas as to what mercy is," said the accuser to the bewailing mother. "I think mercy saves from sin, not in it—from itself, not from its mere consequences." As he spoke he glanced at the pale sister standing by. He had noted her silence. He saw the pathetic gleam on her face at his words. As he opened the door to let her and her mother pass from his presence he said quietly—

"It is truest kindness."

And she replied, "I know."

When they got home there was a letter awaiting Helen. Nobody even asked her what it was. It was from a London firm of publishers, accepting a manuscript which she had sent them months before and believed they must have forgotten. And they enclosed a cheque, small indeed, but seeming to Helen like a nugget from a gold mine in her secret possession.

But once again, she dared not rejoice in her day of joy.

Jem's trial soon came off, and he was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment in a gaol at the other end of Great Britain. To Helen's utter amazement—almost, for her mother's sake, to her confusion—it was for his sister that he cried out under his bitter punishment. When she saw him, she scarcely knew him, such changes had been wrought by a few days of solitude and abstinence and unavailing remorse. The old "good humour" had vanished as he turned at bay. His sister quailed beneath the fierce words he hurled against those beside whom he had drifted down to ruin. "They ought to have known better than to give him his way!" "Meant kindly, indeed—aye, as people did, who gave their babies sleeping draughts!" "His poor mother was a woman, and did not quite understand the material she was dealing with and the dangers that beset it." "Aye," he answered, bitterly, "I dare say that: women are all fools—no, not all: even Aunt Lyddy would have had sense enough not to hinder wiser people, when they would have taken me up—and you, Helen, you always did stand up against my ways; only you might have been more decided!"

"Let me be decided now then," cried Helen, "and tell you that you must not be taken out of this place without seeing your mother once again—poor mother, Jamie! She is not very young now, and if ——"

But her pleas were of no avail then, and she abated them in the fear lest if he yielded against his will, he might only load his mother with reproaches which might be more than she could bear. Helen went home sorrowfully. How would her mother endure this?

She found that Mrs. North endured it by saying that Jem knew how sensitive she was, and only sought to spare her the terrible sight of him in a prison cell. But this was only a weak and false nature's form of accepting the most awful blow it had ever received. She staggered under it all the same. And then there was the daughter's arm and head and heart ready to stay and support. Nay, Helen had far more stay and support to give than her mother needed. There was not much of Mrs. North to be crushed. In her daughter's care she was like a maimed kitten in the keeping of a kindly fairy.

Then there came calmer, clearer days for the North household. People were ashamed not to show sympathy now, and among the mere sympathisers some true friends were found. Probably it was now easier to be friends with them. The worst was over; there was no longer a secret drain on the family funds, or a carking fear as to what would happen next. And Helen had more leisure and went on with her work and prospered, and bore herself bravely and brightly, as they always do who are earning a place for themselves among their fellows.

In due time she and her mother went together to the south to meet Jem at his prison door. She had no fears of their meeting now,

for she had kept up a regular correspondence with her brother, and knew that his feelings had gradually softened. Yet if she had expected any marvellous and complete change to be wrought in the time she would have been grievously disappointed. But both practically and theoretically she had dived deep enough into the secrets of humanity to know that there is cause for thankfulness in every slow step it makes towards right ends. Jem was deeply interested in all the little personal comforts he could take with him for that long voyage to a new land on which he was soon to start, and Mrs. North would occasionally refer to his recent privations and discipline in terms which she might better have used had he not brought them on himself. Still, Jem did renounce some of the luxuries his mother would have pressed upon him, and it touched Helen so deeply to hear him tell her that she must not fret after him while she had Helen, that Helen was obliged to leave them to conceal her emotion, and therefore never knew that her mother answered, wistfully—

"Ah, Jem, I'm afraid I did not do justice to Helen, and now there's nothing at all I can do for her. She does all for me."

And they saw the last of him, as his ship sailed from Southampton, and the two turned and journeyed home, and as, amid her tears, Mrs. North whispered, "Oh, Helen, it has ended well," Helen felt that a life is not wasted which upholds other lives from sinking to their lowest, and haply furthers them a little on the road to the kingdom of God.

Kneeling by Aunt Lydia's couch that night, with her face buried in the pillow, Helen revealed some of the secrets of her heart.

"I could not have borne on if it had not been for your sake, Aunt Lydia. I would not have been quite sure I was right in doing it if you had not been here. Oh, Aunt Lyddy, anybody who lets us love them always binds us to all that is best."

Helen is almost a middle-aged woman now, but she has not long ceased to be Helen North. The good things of life have come to her rather later than to most, perhaps because the harvest is somewhat richer than with many. Her mother and aunt are still living together, and Jem, abroad, has prospered and done honestly and well, though his station is but humble, and perhaps, therefore, the safer for him. He wanted his mother to go out to the home he had made, and Helen thought she would certainly go, but Mrs. North was afraid of the voyage and of the hardships of colonial life, but at any rate she writes to him regularly, and with her that is an act of great self-sacrifice. Once more with quiet dignity Helen occasionally names "my brother" even in the best Radcaster society, for she says that men need not spurn those whom they profess to believe God has forgiven and received among His own. And from Helen North Myddelton Radcaster society would tolerate greater liberties than that simple piece of Christian charity, for she is an admired author now, and Radcaster is sorry that it cannot boast of her as a native, but can only say, "She was really brought up here, you know, and we all appreciated her from the very first."

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.

"I TOOK AIM."

CHAPTER XI.

A LONG WALK.

WINTER was now approaching, the most agreeable season in hot climates for out-door exercise; I therefore determined to leave the perfecting of my castle, since all was done which was necessary for safety, and to make a tour in the country around, for, as yet, I was perfectly ignorant as to the nature of the land upon which I had been thrown. The time must come when the food brought from the ship would fail, and I had not the slightest idea as to whether I should be able to replace it.

I resolved to make my way to the mountain which I had observed in the interior, and as the journey might be prolonged to more than one day, I took as much provision with me as I could conveniently carry, and that was not much, merely biscuits and meat in a bag hung by my side; but I trusted to finding something as I went along which would eke out my slender store. With a couple of pistols in my waistbelt, my bow and arrows slung on my back, and staff in hand, I started at a very early hour one bright morning to ascend the ravine in which my cave was hidden.

It promised to be a long climb, as the stream had it origin in a range of hills at some distance, and of a considerable elevation. The higher I reached the more wooded it became, the bushes which had grown on the sides of the lower ground gave place to trees of a fair growth, till at length I entered a forest of ironwood trees, which appeared to cover the slopes of the higher hills.

As it became rather difficult to proceed farther along the torrent bed, I thought I would try and attain the high ground. Springing from rock to rock, and aiding myself with branches of trees, or tufts of grass, my attention was caught by the brilliant yellow colour of the soil. On looking around, I remarked that it was only in paths this hue prevailed, and judging that I might have met with some useful product, I arrested my course for a closer examination. My knowledge of chemistry and geology soon enabled me to decide that it was sulphur, and I

"A SUITABLE TREE FOR MY NIGHT'S LODGING."

doubted not that at some future time I might turn such a useful article to profit. For the present, however, it only ranked as of secondary importance compared with edible articles; for I strongly desired some variety in my daily *menu*.

On attaining higher ground, I found I was at considerable elevation above the sea, and that before me the land continued to rise. I had no means of calculating the height of this range of hills, but it was sufficient to hide the mountain, which was the chief object of my exploration, completely from my view. I imagined that an hour's good walking would bring me to the summit of this range, and that then the interior of the country would be unrolled before me. Full of curiosity, and refreshed by a short rest, I once more started onwards eager and hopeful.

I forgot that Wolf had not followed me from the ravine, and it was only on hearing a rather furious barking that I became aware of his absence, and also that he must have found prey or an enemy of some kind. I examined my pistols, so as to be ready to protect both of us, if possible, but intended always, unless absolutely imperative, not to employ firearms, in order to husband my stock of ammunition, and to restrict myself to the use of my bow or staff wherever possible.

Retracing my steps to the edge of the ravine, and gazing down, I perceived Wolf in full chase after a small animal, which directed its course towards the part on which I stood; I therefore concealed myself, so as to take it in ambush. The little creature, which I supposed to be a chinchilla, passing at a moderate distance from me, I took aim, but without effect! Being thoroughly out of practice myself, and my arrow of such bad construction, it flew wide of the mark, whilst the chinchilla gained the forest and was lost in the thick undergrowth.

"This will never do," I said, as I called Wolf to follow me; "either I must manage to make better arrows or use my pistols, for, at this rate, I shall be condemned to the same fate all my life."

I met with no farther adventure, nor did I see any kind of game. At length I arrived at the top of the hill range. There, stretched before me, was a wide extent of wooded country, bounded on one side by the mountain I had desired to reach. Here I rested and took some refreshment before starting afresh. The descent on this side was very gradual, in fact, it was more a plateau than a valley that divided me from my goal.

The country I passed through was beautiful, and I carefully observed the vegetation, hoping to find some plants which might be useful to me. The wood was chiefly composed of trees unknown to me, but which I suspected was the teak; but my delight was great on coming to one about the size of our homely apple tree, covered with fruit which I recognised at once as bread-fruit! Here was a substitute for bread, when properly roasted, and I resolved to take home a supply.

Evening was fast approaching when I reached the foot of the mountain, and I deemed it wiser to postpone the ascent to the summit until the following morning, merely extending my journey for to-day some little distance up, as I did not wish to get beyond the boundary of the forest, knowing that the trees would offer a safer protection than I should get at greater altitude.

Looking around to choose a suitable tree for my night's lodging, I saw a venerable one, with a large cavity in the trunk. I first probed with my stick, in order to dislodge any previous occupants; and, when satisfied the apartment was vacant, I crept in, calling Wolf near me, and coiled myself up in the best manner I could.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

S. B. and Snowdrop.—See our article on "Nursing as a Profession," page 454, vol. i. You may enter as a lady pupil or probationer, and pay for board, training as a "sister;" or you may enter as a "nurse," and receive a rising salary, with uniform, etc.

Iris Evelyn.—See page 543, vol. i. Apply at the Civil Service Commissioners' office, Cannon-row, Westminster, and further particulars will be sent to you, with the printed forms which candidates have to fill up. Singing lessons should not be commenced at an earlier age than fifteen. Your writing is too irregular in the respective sizes of the letters and the spaces between the lines. You do not preserve the latter in horizontal order. You seldom make any difference between the "a" and the "d," and you do not cross the "t." We thank you much, however, for your kind wishes, which we cordially return.

A Dorsetshire Maiden may find a cure for the cramp by trying to correct the acidity in her system. She should avoid sweetmeats, take only a moderate quantity of sugar; and when she retires at night, we advise her to take a small dose of bicarbonate of potash or soda, or else of magnesia, to correct it.

Mingo.—To remove inkstains from linen, see page 127, vol. iii. You write fairly well.

Subscriber.—There is no law at present existing in England which precludes anyone from keeping a school or teaching who is not certificated. No one will interfere with your daughter who has any authority so to do.

M. E. A. Jenkins.—We advise you to write to Miss Roberts, Florence Villa, Torquay (author of "Mademoiselle More," etc.). You may learn from her all particulars respecting French as well as other classes. Monthly papers are sent out, and regular work expected. The expenses amount only to ten shillings annually for the first two years, and fifteen for the last, special papers being sent to backward pupils. In making your application, send a stamped envelope.

WORK.

B. B. (South Africa).—The daisy fringe will look very well round your square shawl. It is made by tying together, at intervals, several strands of wool. By means of a shuttle filled with wool or silk, secure these spread strands with a firm buttonhole stitch, taken at distances, which depend on the fulness you wish to give the fringe, and whether the trimming is intended for a shawl or a mat. Do not take too many strands, for the lighter the ball the more delicate the fringe. This style has already been described and illustrated in The Girl's Own Paper, November 21, 1881, page 23. A richer fringe is now made on frames, but as you live so far away you will probably find some difficulty in obtaining the frame, and therefore may well remain satisfied with the hand-made one. In the description of the baby's sock you will find the 88 stitches quite correct. In the 1st round knit and increase for toe by knitting 1 from the back of the *same* stitch, and not of the *seam* stitch, which is a misprint. 3rd Round.—Make 2 for shaping of toe, knit plain to heel increase. Make 1, finish plain, leave 74 stitches. 5th R.—Increase 2 for toe and 1 for heel. Leave 77. 7th R.—Repeat the 3 increasings. Leave 80. 9th R.—Increase 2 at toe only. Leave 82. 11th R.—Repeat. Leave 84. 13th R.—Leave 86. 15th R.—Leave 88. Purl and knit alternately the 18 following rounds. In the 33rd round increase 1 for heel and 1 for toe. Slip on twine 50 of the back stitches as an opening for leg. Divide the remaining 40 on 3 needles, 12 in the centre for instep and 14 on each side. Although not distinctly marked on the illustration, the instep is worked in close moss stitch, for which, however, may be substituted the plain garter stitch. We will now explain the mode of making the slipper of the shoe on 2 needles only. Middle of Sole.—1st half: Cast on 26. Knit 10 rows, increasing 1 on the 2nd stitch of every row, thus making 36. Knit 2 rows plain, then 12 rows, increasing 1 at every other row at toe end only. Leave 42. Instep.—Knit 14. Turn, leaving the other 28 on the needle. Work with an extra needle backwards and forwards on these 14 stitches in close moss stitch for 24 rows so that you find your last stitch at the top of the instep. 2nd half of Sole.—As a continuation of the 14 stitches then on the needle, cast on, with the same strand of wool and on the same needle, 28 stitches. Work back towards toe on the whole 42 stitches. Then decrease in the same proportion as you have increased on the opposite side, viz:—12 rows with 1 decrease at toe end only, leaving 36, then 2 rows plain, and 10 rows with a decrease at both toe and heel end, bringing the number to 26. Cast off. Roll.—Return to the 28 stitches still untouched on the left hand needle. Knit them. Pick up 12 stitches at the top of instep, knitting them meanwhile. With a 3rd needle pick up and knit the 28 stitches of the right hand side. Finish with 3 rows round the three needles. Cast off. Gusset.—Pick up the 12 stitches at the edge of the toe in front of the instep. Knit 2 or 3 plain rows, then decrease 1 at the beginning of every row till only one stitch is left. Cast off. Leg.—Pick up at the back 18 stitches *across the instep* just below the roll, not to interfere with it. Raise these 18 stitches, indispensable for the pattern, in such a way as to extend them over the whole width of the 24. Now purl the 18 stitches, meanwhile raising one stitch from the sides at the beginning and end of row and purling it together with the first and last stitches on the needle. The pattern consists of four rows. 1st Row.—Purl 2 together 3 times, purl 1 and make 1 6 times, purl 2 together 3 times. Leave 18. 2nd R.—Purl 18, catching the side stitches with the 1st and last stitches as before. 3rd R.—Knit 18. 4th R.—Purl, always connecting one stitch on each side. Still 18 stitches remain. Repeat this pattern twice more, the 3 patterns including 12 rows, and raising 6 stitches on each side, which will leave 22 stitches, which, in their turn, will be picked up, not regularly, however, so as to make only 18 of them. At the 4th pattern, work the 1st row, but instead of turning back, pick up with a 3rd needle, 18 side stitches, which must reach the very edge of the band. Then continue as described in the original recipe. In sewing up be careful to give a nice round shape to the toe. We are very pleased that you find these socks so pretty and have managed the other one in fig. 4 so well. Never fear to apply to us when puzzled, we are but too happy to help the industrious ones, and the more queries the better.

HOUSEKEEPING.

Bluebell.—Study the articles on housekeeping under the name "Margaret Trent," and those on the "Duties of Servants," pages 534 and 646. The strongest and cheapest materials for economical dresses, we should think, were "ticking" or "galatea" for summer, and stout "homespun" for winter wear. The supply of linen and furniture devolves on the bridegroom.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Violet.—The loss of voice is consequent on a condition of health. You should consult a medical man and he may place you under a course of treatment which, in strengthening your health, will very probably restore your voice likewise. We are glad that your mother finds our work patterns of service to her, and we thank you for all your kind remarks and good wishes.

A Red Light.—The word "girls" will be found in the prophecies of Joel iii. 3, and in those of Zechariah viii. 5. Your spelling is very incorrect; you ought to know better than to spell mother "moither," and happy, "hapy." But we thank you for your good wishes.

Helen C.—There could be no objection to your accompanying your sister when visiting her neighbours. It would be considered quite natural that when staying in her house she should have the comfort of a companion whom she has the right to chaperone. As her sister, if she be a fit acquaintance, in a social point of view, to call upon her neighbours, so must her sister be regarded. Your not having yet been introduced is of no consequence whatever.

Tirst (or First).—See pages 15, 64, and 111, vol. i. The Girl's Own Paper. 2. No limit is given in the 2nd chapter of the book of The Acts to the number of languages which, through the miraculous teaching of the Holy Ghost, the Apostles and disciples were enabled to speak and understand. Fifteen are named; but, as "Proselytes" are included in the list without any particular description of them, we have no information respecting their numbers or the languages spoken by them.

Zobeide.—You will find an article on the subject in "The Christmas Carillon," the Christmas number of The Girl's Own Paper.

BOY READER OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.—You are quite right as to the authorship of the Enigma in "H," viz., Catherine Fanshawe; but in the book which you quote, the first two lines are incorrectly given.

M. A. P.—The 23rd of January, 1867, was a Wednesday.

IVY.—*Quod vult valde vult* means "What he wishes, he fervently wishes." *Color fidesque perennis*, "Beauty and everlasting faith." *Quo honestior eo tutior*, "By so much the more honest, so much the more safe."

CYMRU.—The sensation is of a neuralgic nature. Use a little alum, which may harden the gums. We are obliged by your offer, but we are already overstocked.

E. A. L. A.—We regret to be obliged to decline your kind offer.

TWO SIMPLE-MINDED GIRLS.—Powdered chalk and a little orris-root constitutes a very good tooth powder. Use a little Castile soap also, each day (at night is best), to cleanse the teeth, using the chalk in the morning.

WILLOW.—There is no need for cutting a fuchsia down in the winter.

IOLANTHE.—Your quotation is from "Locksley Hall," by Tennyson, and is not correctly written—

"Let the great world spin for ever, down the ringing grooves of change."

STARGAZER is recommended to read the two articles on the "Starry Sky," on pages 186 and 252, vol. ii. On page 187 she will find a direction how to find the Polar star, by using the "pointers" in "Ursa Major." The Polar star is at the extremity of the tail of "Ursa Minor," which is nearly of the same form as "Ursa Major," and parallel to it, but reversed.

QUEEN DIDO.—Euripides was an Athenian tragic poet. He was born at Salamis, 480 B.C., and wrote 120 dramas, but only eighteen tragedies and one satiric piece remain. His dramas are remarkable for their oratorical skill. You will find a good account of Euripides in Lemprières "Classical Dictionary."

PELICAN.—We think you must refer to Mrs. Somerville's "Physical Geography," or any other within your reach, for the answer to your question. The realms of electricity and terrestrial magnetism are too extensive for discussion within the small limits of our correspondence columns.

IRENE.—In the Glossary of Shakespeare "civil" is explained as "grave, solemn." Beatrice thus says, "Grave Count, grave as an orange." Yellow is the colour of jaundice and jealousy

UNE HABITANTE DE LA VIEILLE LUTECE.—A "cut and dried speech" would mean one prepared beforehand, not uttered spontaneously. We are much obliged for your kind letter, and also for the recipe you send us.

WHITE RABBIT.—It matters not whether you be the "eldest daughter," or not, with reference to the seat you occupy in the carriage, when visitors accompany you. Place them in the best seat, which is the back one, facing the horses (unless one or both guests be small children), and drive backwards yourself. Even were you and your own sisters alone concerned and you the most antiquated of the collection, you should still consult the comfort of any one of the other fossils who might feel uncomfortable (as some do) when travelling backwards; or, having a headache, might desire more air; or a weak spine, and find the back seat less fatiguing. The only substantial advantage in your "elder sistership" is the greater right of choice, that you may give up to others less privileged.

E. W.—There is a "Bible Learners' Union," and a card is supplied to any one desiring to be a member. Write to the secretary, Miss Brine, Streamlet House, Bromley, Kent, and enclose halfpenny postage stamps to the amount of sixpence, which will constitute your annual subscription. At the same time send her your name and full postal address. A circular will be enclosed with the card, should you ask for it, and doubtless any other information given on inquiry.

HARUM SCARUM writes a nice letter, kind and grateful. Do not feel distressed on our account; we are perfectly indifferent to what you thought would annoy us. In reference to yourself, we are sorry that nature has been a little too lavish in her gift of a very necessary and beautiful commodity. Try the daily use of a smooth piece of pumice-stone, but beware of employing any medicament. 2. Of course, young and old should give themselves what you call "a scrub," not only in the morning, but to a certain extent at night also.

ESPERANCE.—The phrase, "to sit on the woolsack," means to be Lord Chancellor of England, whose seat in the House of Lords is so called. The origin of his sitting on a large square cushion stuffed with wool, and covered with red cloth, is this. An Act of Parliament was passed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth to prevent the exportation of wool; and for the purpose of keeping this source of our national wealth in mind, wool sacks were provided for the seats of the Judges in the Upper House. You must reduce the size of your writing to render it suitable for a clerkship.

TROTTY inquires "What name is full for Trotty?" We can only suggest a choice out of three full names, viz., "Walker," "Trotter" and "Gallop," and are inclined think that "Trotter" must be the right one.

DESOLATE.—We imagine that instead of making your scholars speak, you spend your time in talking yourself. Give them texts and hymns to learn and repeat the following Sunday.

AN INQUIRER.—We advise you to consult a doctor, as there may be some internal growth to occasion so great a swelling of the nose as that which you describe.

KEE-WEE. — "King Cophetua" was a fabulous personage, said to have been an African monarch, who fell in love with a beggar-girl called "Penelophon," or according to Shakespeare, "Zenelophon;" see *Love's Labour Lost*, act iv. scene 1. The story has been given in verse by Tennyson, in his "Beggar Maid." There is an allusion to it in *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 1., and it is found related in Percy's "Reliques," bk. ii. 6. The king "disdained all womankind," but was overcome at last; married the poor maiden, and they lived long and happily together. 2. It is a general rule that all plants used for room-decoration should be removed when the gas is lit if possible, to spare them.

RUBY X. Y. Z.—We regret that we must disappoint you by the reply we have to give. It would not be consistent with our principles to recommend the selection of a vocation so full of temptations and dangers of many kinds. Besides, in this particular case, "doing your best to please" would not be sufficient to secure success, good-will would not qualify you for a profession in which genius is requisite to "make a name." Ask God's grace to aid you in your choice of remunerative work, that your intellect and energies may be so employed as to benefit others as well as support yourself.

L. A. B.—To "accept the Chiltern Hundreds" is equivalent to announcing that you resign your seat in Parliament. The saying is derived from the ancient office that existed in Buckinghamshire of a steward whose business it was to protect the inhabitants from the robbers that infested the Chiltern hills, the acceptance of which appointment precluded a man from holding a seat in Parliament. Thus (the office being now a sinecure), a member who wishes to resign his seat must accept this nominal stewardship, and give it up immediately afterwards, that others may make use of it in their turn. There are other nominal stewardships of which advantage is thus taken.

PHIL. VANDERDECKEN.—Study well every reliable book of reference, prior to writing your essay. Then put them all away, and do not refer to them again until your work be completed.

MINNIE. — We suppose you mean the faint reflection of the rainbow, outside it, known as the "second bow" in common parlance, but more correctly speaking as the secondary bow, the original being the "primary." The latter is produced by the refraction and reflection of the sun's rays in drops of falling rain, and the former (or secondary) by two refractions and two reflections, its colours being arranged in the reverse order of the primary bow.

EGERIA.—You have no business to interfere in the matter, nor to be a "tale-bearer." But you have a perfect right to express your honest opinion if made a confidante, and to give your advice modestly and humbly, and asking to be excused for it, however earnestly expressed. If they act as you know to be wrongly, and your advice be not acted upon, then you should, as gently and kindly, decline to receive any more confidences in the matter from henceforth; and conclude by entreating your sister to confide fully in your mother, if you have one, at once.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.—A bride is not expected to bring any articles of household use with her. Of course she brings a trousseau, more or less extensive. The husband is expected to find plate, linen, and furniture; and it is altogether gratuitous, on the part of the bride's family, to supply her with such articles as these. It is a pity that you spoil a really well-formed hand by writing backwards. Slope the letters the right way.

SCOTCH LASSIE.—All inquiries respecting the publishers of music and other works should be made either to music publishers themselves, or to librarians. We do not give names and addresses. We are sorry not to oblige you; and we reciprocate all your good wishes, with our best thanks.

ANNIE HELPS.—A manor was a demesne or piece of land, belonging to a great personage, or chief, and personally occupied by him and his servants; while the rest of his lands were let to his tenantry. Manors were formerly called baronies, and are still termed lordships; and each lord or baron was empowered to hold a domestic court, called the court baron, for the redressing of wrongs, settling disputes of property amongst the tenantry, treating all cases of misdemeanour, and nuisances within the manor. They are of very ancient institution, and date back to the time of Edward I. There are ladies of manors, as well as lords.

JESSIE L. MONTGOMERIE.—The term "Liberal" was given to the more advanced Whigs (since 1832), acting under the Lords Grey, Melbourne, Russell, Palmerston, and Mr. Gladstone. The designation "Conservative" is also of modern date, and has been accepted by that political party whose chief principle is the preservation of existing national institutions. Sir Robert Peel avowed himself a Conservative, and Lord Salisbury is an admirable representative of that party. You write a beautiful hand, but forget sometimes to stroke your "t's" and dot your "i's." We rejoice that you regard this paper as of so elevating a character

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—We do not think that slight lameness would prove an obstacle to your being a successful candidate for any clerkship. Were your sight defective it would be otherwise. 2. Were you to drink a sufficient quantity of a British wine you would find it capable of intoxicating you; but a less quantity of Spanish wine would suffice for that purpose.

A SAILOR'S WIFE.—We fail to recognise as a fact that any young woman is "an old girl" at the early age of twenty-three years! not being ourselves educated into Chinese ideas. Your writing would be generally considered pretty. For your kind observations and good wishes accept our thanks and best compliments.

MISS TIMOTHY should wear gloves until the trick of biting the nails be permanently cured. Her writing does not appear to be formed; it is very cramped and irregular, and is much lacking in artistic grace of form.

TABITHA PRY.—With reference to "the tides being nearly an hour later every day," you must remember that the variations in times, the springs, the neaps, etc., depend on the curve which the earth is describing, in regard to the fulcrum orbit; and its daily varying position as to that orbit, as near or remote, on the inside or outside, in the plane or out of it, acting causes more or less distant. According as the moon is new, full, in the first quarter, or the last quarter, there is a difference in the tides in the course of the month.

MARGUERITE, N. Z. (Auckland).—It gives us much pleasure to hear that the instructions given on many different subjects have been so useful to you, and others with whom you are acquainted. We regret to say in reference to the offer of a serial story, that we are already overstocked with them; and our staff of writers is a considerable one.

LAURA NICHOL.—We thank you very warmly for your most gratifying letter, written in behalf of your sons and daughters, as well as yourself. With reference to our paper, we are glad that your three years' experience has resulted in such full approval of it. We return your good wishes of the season most cordially.

E. W.—We imagine that you try your eyes with too much reading or fine needlework. It might be prudent to try the effect of rest, occupying yourself otherwise for a week, going to bed early, and doing nothing by candle or gaslight, for that time, that would require as much close scrutiny as either reading or working. You will then be in a position to judge what may be the cause of the redness of which you complain.

LOUIE G.—Four bishops and one archbishop perished during the Marian persecutions. They were Bishops Hooper, Ridley, Latimer, and Ferrars, and Archbishop Cranmer. The bishop who was burnt at Carmarthen was Bishop Ferrars, of St. Davids.

A MUDDLED BRAIN.—Sweyn, King of Denmark, invaded England in the reign of William the Conqueror, and sailed up the Humber, A.D. 1069. He as well as the Scottish King were endeavouring to aid the native population in disputing the advance of William. These northern campaigns are the most sanguinary chapters in the history of the conquest. The towns were destroyed, fields laid waste, and the country, for sixty miles north of York, cut off by fire and the sword. One hundred thousand victims perished, and seventy years later we find William of Malmesbury recording that no ancient inhabitants remained, nor any cultivated land. Green says that the title of "Conqueror" was given to William from this date.

FLYING SCUD.—The "ohm" mentioned in Longfellow's "Golden Legend" is a measure for wine used in Dantzic, Rotterdam, and Hamburgh; it varies from 31·867 Imperial galls. to 33·318, according as you may purchase the wine at Hamburgh or Rotterdam. The Dutch Aum is probably the same measure in reality.

AZILE.—Your very gratifying letter deserves our best thanks. Your writing is good, and you express yourself well.

"ONE OF GOD'S SPARROWS."—You would do well to communicate with Mrs. Walter Browne, 38, Belgrave-road, S.W., Secretary of the Women's Emigration Society. The emigration of educated women is facilitated by this society; advice is given and loans are granted. This is what you require. You should take care that on your arrival you have the house of some friend to go to where there is a lady to receive you. Has your correspondent, the minister, got a wife? He might find a suitable temporary home, or else the society above named might do so. We wish you all success.

ADELB.—The noise is made with the beak; give the bird a little watercress, and feed on summer rape-seed.

FLY.—1. It used to be a matter of course amongst well-bred men to remove the right-hand glove before shaking hands with a lady; but of late years this custom appears to have fallen into disuse, and the majority of persons who observe it are gentlemen of the old school, and advanced in life. This, of course, supposing that both the lady and gentleman wear gloves. If the lady's hand is ungloved, it is much to be desired that the gentleman should remove his right hand glove before the greeting. 2. "Melpomene" was the Tragic Muse of the ancients, and the finest of Odes of Horace were addressed to her, as the patroness of Lyric Poetry. She used to be

represented as having a sad countenance, and was magnificently clad.

AMABEL.—There is an Asylum for Aged Governesses at Chislehurst, designed for the pensioners of the Governesses' Benevolent Society, 47, Harley-street, W. The office is in 32, Sackville-street, W. We advise you to write to the secretary, Charles W. Klugh, or to have an interview with him, and state the case.

'MUCH ADO ABOUT" SOMETHING.—1. It is not within our province to answer inquiries about books published by other firms. You should obtain such information at a librarian's. 2. Whether Turkish Baths would suit you or not, it is quite impossible for us to decide. But we may warn you not to try such powerful treatment without obtaining the opinion of a doctor.

DINAH MORRIS.—We regret that we cannot have the pleasure of inserting your verses. One of the component parts of poetry is originality of thought, or thought, if not very original, expressed in beautiful or very forcible language. If deficient in these respects, it has no claim on the attention of readers, nor has it a "marketable value" with publishers.

ENID.—There is a considerable amount of merit in your verses, as the emphasis usually falls on the right feet. Still, however correct in construction and good in sentiment, and better than the majority of hymns in print, they cannot be classed as poetry in the highest sense of the term. Whether any periodical would accept them and offer remuneration for them we are quite unable to say. "Streak" and "break" do not rhyme together.

LOVER OF ANIMALS.—With reference to the food of the tortoise, see page 367, vol. iii. Your writing promises well. Accept our best wishes for the New Year.

SUBSCRIBER.—The marking of household linen belonging to a bride-elect is optional. We should prefer uniting the first initials respectively of bride and bridegroom, and adding that of their joint surname. For example, "A. and B. C." Arrange the letters with taste.

WHITE ROSE.—There is usually a good biography of Shakespeare in the large editions of his works, and biographies of him have been written recently by *Neill*, *Fullom*, and Kenny. The literature of Shakespeare is enormous in quantity, both English and foreign.

NORA CREINA.—"Betsy and I are out" is written by an American author, we believe. It will probably be found in one of the many "Reciters" or "Selections for Recitation."

PENDLE HILL.—A literal translation of the sentence would not make idiomatic French; the word "Souvenir" would perhaps express your meaning best. The authoress is Miss Florence Montgomery.

PRIMROSE.—The mixture would probably be of some service to you.

POPPY PLUMTREE.—The two lines are a misquotation from one of Dr. Watts' hymns.

ONE OF SEVEN SISTERS.—We do not give addresses; any bookseller would help you in both cases. Your writing requires forming.

PAPA'S PET, ETC.—We should think your rising in the morning would soon become a matter of habit when you are always obliged to be up at the same hour. It is so with most people. An alarum would cease to be useful to you after a few mornings. We should advise your invariably getting to bed early.

S. ANDREAS.—1. The lacquer vases may only be rubbed with a chamois leather, and if the surface be worn and have lost its colours, you will have to send it to a shop to be relacquered. 2. To preserve either plants or cut flowers that are exposed to the influence of gas is difficult, and the length of time they may last simply depends on that of their exposure to it. Remove them to purer air as soon as possible, and shorten their time of suffering. Nothing more can be recommended.

BOLBOKER.—When the period of wearing crape is over, you may then wear satin and jewellery; the latter, however, is not so severely excluded as in former times. See "Mourning Attire," page 398, vol. ii., and "The Habits of Polite Society," page 162, vol. iii. You will find all the information you require in these articles.

GEORGINA.—We commiserate the whole family party so grievously afflicted with weak eyes. If the servants be excluded from this affliction we might be inclined to think that the complaint was constitutional, but if strangers are equally troubled it may be the result of an excessive use of gaslight, of great perpetual draughts in the house; or else it may possibly be a result of blood-poisoning, which, we know, may result in styes in the eyes. Are the cisterns and pipes from which the drinking-water is obtained absolutely clean? The water should be analysed. Is the drainage likewise in good order, and are the sinks well and frequently flushed?

MICHAL.—Write your name on the card of your hostess, if she will permit you so to do, underneath her name. She is, of course, your chaperone while staying under her roof, in the absence of your mother, or any relative older—aunt, or elder married sister.

H. H.—We thank you for sending another prescription for the benefit of those unfortunates who suffer from chilblains. Dilute a small saltspoonful of carbonate of soda in a tablespoonful of water, and dip a soft piece of linen in it, to be applied to the chilblains when burning and irritable, but without using friction. This palliative may not be employed when the chilblains are broken.

MATILDA CONEY.—Presents may be sent to a bride many days before that of the wedding; they may also arrive only the previous day, on the day itself, or within the month following, so that on the return home they may be taken away to the new residence.

IDONEA.—What appears to be so distressing to you seems to us of very small consequence. A little daily friction with pumicestone would probably wear it away in time. Your "m's" and "n's" are like "u's."

ADELA MOORE.—We sympathise with you in the annoyance which good old Master Bunyan's namesakes are causing you, but we doubt the truth of such an assertion. As your "poor feet" are the victims, we fancy they are afflicted with what in the English dictionary are called "bunions." See page 272, vol. i.

LA POTERIE speaks in strong terms of the old-fashioned remedy for sore eyes—the golden ointment. We have known it from childhood, and its praises were sung by our grandmothers, and, we believe, with good reason. 2. Never omit the prefix "miss," on your visiting card. Some Americans omit it, but according to English views, in the highest ranks of society, it is only regarded as a vagary of half-bred girls. You express yourself well for a foreigner.

FILIA, SUNFLOWER, FRENCH GIRL, LUCRECE, W. F. COOPER, NO. 15, USE THEM, and others, who have written to inquire about the index and plates to vol. iii., are informed that they can be obtained, with the title-page, price 1s., from the publisher, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. The cases for binding, price 2s. each, can be obtained of any bookseller. We do not quite understand what "Use Them" means, but we think that we shall do right in assuring her that what she calls "wrappers" and we call "cases for binding," are the same thing. She can use them, if she please, to put her penny numbers in as they arrive. "Lucrece" will find that a list giving the meanings of girls' names is now appearing. "No. 15" is sincerely thanked for her pleasant letter and information.

HYDRANGEA.—You ask five questions, which is three more than your share. The story of Una and the Lion is to be found in Spenser's "Faërie Queen." Una is Truth, and the lion is her attendant and defender. The name "Dives" may be called an explanatory one; it means "rich man," and is used to distinguish him, as he had no name. "*Cir*" stands for "*Circa*," and means "about such a date." We do not know what reason you have for thinking that "Demas" and "the rich young man" are one and the same.

JUSTICE.—You should have an interview with the chemist to whom your son is apprenticed, and in a quiet way remonstrate with him on setting him any work save that belonging essentially to the business; he is bound to him to learn work in the shop and in the laboratory, not private domestic work. We should also remind him of the number of hours in which the lad's attendance is due, and say that you require him at home punctually after that. Should you find any difficulty in settling this matter in a friendly way, obtain advice from a lawyer, as an Act was passed for the protection of apprentices, &c., in 1851, which may have some reference to your son's particular case.

ZOE.—We decline to answer so vulgar and impertinent a letter.

VERBENA.—Never subscribe yourself "yours, &c.," as it is not polite.

POLYCRATES.—We are gratified by your letter, and your warm appreciation of our paper, especially the articles on etiquette and good breeding. We are unable to give you what so many desire to find, a specific that would prevent the turning grey of the hair. See pages 479, 257, 409, and 416, vol. i.

WELL-WISHER OF THE "G. O. P."—We regret that we must remind you that we cannot give addresses, but we advise you to apply to a music publisher, and to any teachers you know, for the information you desire. We thank you for your praise of our paper.

VERNA and ESTELLE.—Make all your studies first, and then put away all your books of reference and write your essay from your own impressions after the investigations you have made.

A VALENTINE

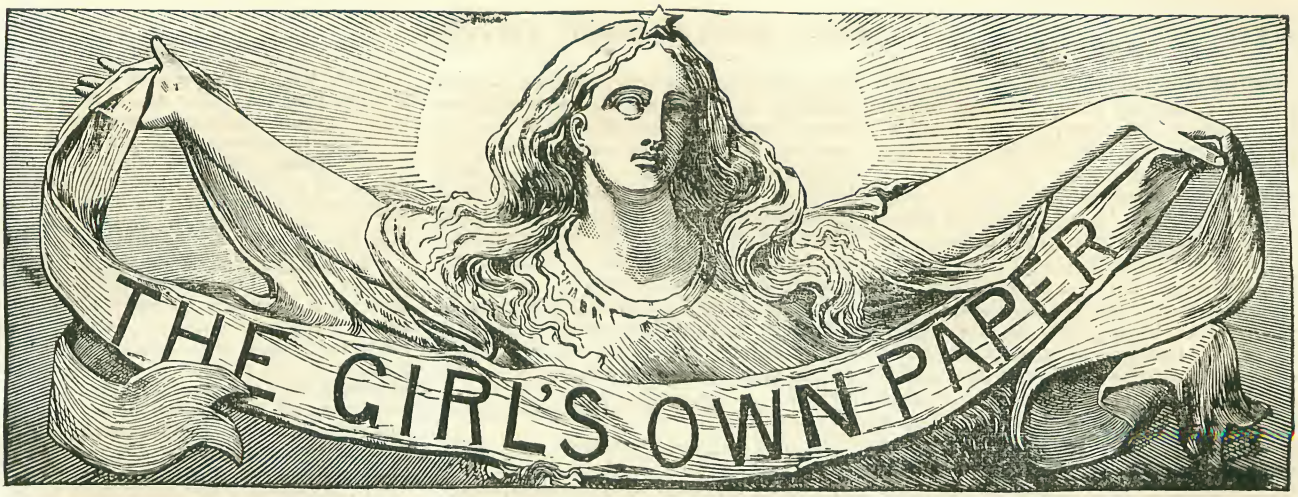
By ANNE BEALE.

DEAR maiden, 'tis no lover gay,
Nor knight of high degree,
But friendship's hand that writes the lay,
And would, in simple rhyming, say
How oft I think of thee.

Since last we met the ocean wide
Has flowed betwixt us twain,
Yet memory bears us side by side,
Since thoughts are bounded not by tide,
But overleap the main.

Full many a day and many a night
May pass before we meet,
And life that now seems gay and bright
May lose a portion of its light,
And hope full half its sweet.

Yet when I roam the distant strand
I'll think of thee and thine,
And praying for thy household band,
And longing for my native land,
Remain thy Valentine.



VOL. IV.—NO. 165. FEBRUARY 24, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.

CHAPTER XII.

I TURN THIEF AND AM PUNISHED.

I AWOKE next morning with a confused idea of a dreadful storm, or of rushing waters—I could not collect my thoughts sufficiently to distinguish whether I was dreaming or not; but, at last thoroughly awakened, I became alarmed at hearing a continual buzzing all around me, and, springing from the tree, I found the air just outside full of bees, flying to and from the upper branches. I then saw that I had passed the night in the neighbourhood of a colony of bees, fortunately without being discovered by the busy insects, who would have made me pay dearly for my intrusion.

What a delicious breakfast close at hand for me, if I only knew how to obtain it! I withdrew from the dangerous vicinity in order to concoct a plan of attack.

"MY POSITION WAS PERILOUS."

I had no wish to destroy the useful little creatures, for whom I have profound respect, nor was I desirous of taking more of their sweet store than would suffice for my breakfast; so, concluding that smoke would, by stupefying them, effectually answer my purpose, I collected a mass of dried leaves, and, filling my late bed-room with them, set them on fire. After waiting a while, seeing that the bees outside had succumbed, I took it for granted that those inside must be as completely subdued, and proceeded cautiously to commit the act of robbery. This I effected by pulling out what remained of the smoking leaves; and, climbing up the inside of the tree, my exertions were rewarded by the discovery of a large quantity of honey. Had I had vessels to hold a supply, I might have been tempted to appropriate more than I had intended; but as it was, I contented myself with making a good meal. I must confess, though, I left with the determination of returning on some future day to make a still more extensive robbery.

"PROCEEDED CAUTIOUSLY TO COMMIT THE ACT OF ROBBERY."

About five o'clock I resumed my journey. As I ascended the mountain and turned from time to time, the view unfolded itself before my eyes; the range of hills I had passed on the previous day dwindled in the distance, until at length, as I advanced higher, I could perceive beyond them the blue line of the sea by Cave Castle. Examining the contour of the coast, I noticed that it seemed to turn gradually on each side, thereby leading to the supposition that I was on an island; but this could only be proved when I reached the highest point. Owing to the rocky nature of the coast, I could not see the shore well; but it appeared to me that on one side the cliffs changed to sand hills, whilst the imagination was at present free to fancy what might exist on the other side of the mountains—

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whether more heights would hide the prospect from my gaze, and urge me on my voyage of discovery. But my meditations were here brought to an end by the increasing steepness of the hill, and I was obliged every now and then to stop and rest myself. It was in one of these moments my attention was drawn to a large bird which flew in circles above me. I judged it to be a species of hawk, and presumed it had its nest somewhere near. Not having any hostile design towards it, I paid no heed to its reiterated cries, but quietly continued my walk; and it was not until I had reached some distance farther, and was in rather a perilous position amongst the crags that I observed the angry movements of the bird, which were evidently directed against me. He flew round and round in gradually decreasing circles, until at every moment I feared he would fly at my head. Being loath to descend after all my fatigue in coming up, I brandished my staff, hoping thus to frighten him away; but this only served to infuriate him more, I was therefore obliged to fire, and he fell dead at my feet.

It was the first life I had taken since killing the snake, and I regretted it, as the bird was not fit for human food. However, the feathers might be useful, and possibly Wolf would not object to eating the remainder.

I lost a good half-hour in this manner, and on once more starting, my vexation was great on discovering that the ascent on this side was impracticable owing to a high precipice, and that therefore my toil was wasted; I resolved, however, before turning back, to search for the nest of the slain bird. Should it contain eggs they might be eatable, should there be young ones it would be kinder to kill them than let them die of starvation. After looking about for some time, I saw a mass of sticks on a ledge of rock about eight feet above me, which I presumed was a nest; and, managing to climb up, I found my surmises were correct. There were some eggs, but their appearance was not at all tempting to the appetite, so I left them and began the descent. I had no sooner placed my foot over the edge when, a shadow being thrown upon the rock, I turned my head to ascertain the cause, and saw the companion bird rushing with outstretched wings to defend her home. My position was perilous, as I held on with both hands, and had no means of defending myself. I tried to regain the ledge, but ere I could do so the bird was upon me and in fear I released my hold, and fell to the ground, a distance of eight feet. Here I lay at the mercy of the enraged bird, who would probably soon have attacked my eyes had it not been for my good dog, who came to the rescue and seized the angry creature, just as she was in the act of pouncing on me. A few struggles and Wolf was victorious, after which he came up to me, and seeing me lying there, he began to whine and lick my face profusely, as though deeply concerned about me.

Fortunately my injuries were not serious—no bones were broken; but I was much shaken and bruised, and had received a warning not to attempt to attack the home of such a bird again. All hope of reaching the mountain top was at an end for the present, it was as much as I could do to crawl down to the shelter of the forest. I stripped both birds of the plumage, and, after Wolf had made a hearty meal, I shouldered what I could of the remainder, making an ignominious retreat as well as my bruised limbs would permit.

I rested that night in the branches of a large tree, Wolf lying at the foot, and, before falling asleep, planned to return on the morrow to Cave Castle.

(To be continued.)

MARGARET'S NEIGHBOURS.

By Dora Hope.

"How miserably pale and wretched the children look to-day, do they not, Miss Baines?" said Margaret during one of her morning visits to the schoolroom. "And they seem out of sorts too; for several days they have been so peevish and troublesome, I cannot tell what ails them."

"I remember your telling me once of Charles Kingsley's theory that children are subject to bad fits, and have naughty days in the same way that there are stormy days in nature sometimes," answered the governess, with a smile; "but I should think that the party they were at last night, and those they have attended during the last few festive weeks, are answerable for their want of health lately. You will excuse my saying so, Mrs. Trent, I know; but I do think the excitement and late hours of modern children's parties are very bad for them."

"Oh, I quite agree with you, Miss Baines; it seems to me that soon there will be no real children left; they are treated more and more as small men and women," answered Margaret. "Why, when I was little, to have on our best things, and go out to tea, play some romping games, and a supper of half oranges and biscuits, was considered the acme of excitement and delight; whilst now, such an entertainment would be considered very slow work, compared with the absurdly elaborate affairs which are prepared. Last week my children were invited to a party, which fortunately I refused, I heard afterwards that it had taken the form of a regular dinner, with four or five courses, and wine, and footmen to wait; whilst no party is ever given without a conjuror or performance of some sort, and dancing, and a great supper of pastry and creams and everything unwholesome."

"It seems to me that it is often the parents merely vieing with each other, forgetting the real good and enjoyment of the little ones," said Miss Baines.

"The thought that I must have a number of children here some night (in return for invitations given to mine) is quite a weight on my mind," sighed Margaret. "I do *not* mean to have an elaborate affair, for I so plainly see the folly and the actual harm of it; but can you suggest any medium course, Miss Baines?"

"I believe a very happy afternoon might be spent, with nothing at all elaborate," the governess answered, after thinking a few minutes. "It would be a good plan to invite Claud's older boy friends on a separate afternoon from the little ones."

"Yes, they might come at three, have a nice but plain tea at four, and as much romping and playing on the gymnasium and swings as they like; and then, after a little refreshment, fruit, lemonade, and plain cake and biscuits, they shall go home at six or half-past, and then no parents can blame me for white faces and upset health next day. But for the little ones and the girls?"

"They might come at the same hour on another day, and the entertainment take the form of a 'dolls' tea party.' Each child should be asked to bring a doll; it is so pretty to see them all, and there is no lack of amusement and play to be had with such a number of them; and the little guests are kept busy from the time the invitation is received, arranging their dolls' best dresses, so that the pleasure lasts much longer than that of an ordinary party."

"I think that is a very good idea. I wonder what sort of invitations we should send out?"

"Those I have seen have been worded something like this: 'Cicely Trent and her doll Dinah, request the company of Miss Nellie Brown and her *doll at a dolls'* tea party on February 3rd, at three o'clock.' At an occasion of this sort I was at not long ago, there was a Christmas tree; and every child received from it something for her doll—a hat, muff, or bead necklace; but perhaps you would not approve of this?"

"Yes, I do; I like Christmas trees, and I think it makes the young hosts and hostesses generous to prepare presents, however small, for their guests. Thank you for the suggestions; I think my 'reformed children's parties' will be a great success."

It must be said that Margaret had been somewhat inconsistent in letting her boys have so much gaiety and excitement, for in other respects their health was her constant care, and she rather prided herself upon the extent to which hygiene was considered in the nursery arrangements. These rooms were light, airy, and well-ventilated, without being draughty; for light and air is as essential to growing children as to young plants. In suitable weather, here and in the schoolroom, the windows were constantly open in the children's absence; and during the night fresh air was admitted by ventilator or window. The furniture was strong and plain, and the floor bare save for a square of warm carpet in the centre. No curtains or valances hindered the free current of air round the little iron beds, but there were screens at hand to prevent possible draughts. At one end of the day nursery was a small gymnasium, for use upon days when bad weather prohibited outdoor exercise. But excessive indulgence on the "giant's stride," horizontal bar, and kindred delights was not permitted till the little bones and muscles of the gymnasts were well matured. When they were a year or two older, the boys were to have lessons from a neighbouring sergeant in fencing, single stick, and other exercises, which, with drilling and gymnastics, are splendid for muscles, chest and lungs, besides giving an easy, graceful carriage; but at present the home drilling and daily use of chest expanders were deemed sufficient.

The two elder boys, Claud and Julius, had a small bedroom to themselves, and they, like every one else in the house, slept upon mattresses, which give more refreshing rest, and are healthier than the more luxurious feather-beds. In connection with these may be mentioned a little device which the housemaids highly appreciated. The mattresses were all bordered with a double piece of ticking, and to this was stitched very strongly loops of webbing, one at the top and one at the bottom on each side. By means of these, the disagreeable task of turning over the beds, so painful to nails and finger tips, and so apt to soil and

tear the edges of the mattresses, was performed both easily and quickly.

The maids were instructed to keep a needle and thread always at hand whilst engaged in bed-making, &c., so that a rip in the pillows, mattress, or other bed-furniture might be repaired on the spot and at once, and thus much subsequent mending was avoided. In the little boys' room, to facilitate the keeping of it tidy, the cretonne dressing-table cover was made with pockets along the front in which the various toilet articles were kept. There was a pocket for brushes and combs, another for nail scissors and button-hooks, and so on; and thus, without unduly taxing their patience and powers, their dressing-table was, as a rule, kept tolerably neat.

Margaret's brother Tom and his wife, who lived at the other side of London, had two little children, whose tall, thin forms, pale, pretty faces, and unnaturally gentle quietness gave the impression of extreme delicacy. But Margaret thought differently, and felt sometimes honestly indignant that strong constitutions such as theirs should be so weakened and spoiled. "Why, if you keep a sturdy daisy in a hothouse and do not let the breath of heaven blow upon it, it will become weak and frail and delicate, as though it were to the manner born," she would say. "And I do believe that is just what Laura is doing for her little ones."

Laura of course considered she was doing the best for her children; having been always rather delicate herself, she took it for granted that they must be frail also, and coddled them accordingly.

On one occasion when she was to bring them over to luncheon with their cousins, the morning was fresh and fair and exhilarating, with a fine breeze and bright gleams of sunshine, the very day to put fresh heart into a sickly child; but the hours passed and they did not come, till, upon the stroke of one, Laura walked in alone. "But where are the little ones? Not ill, I hope?" asked Margaret.

"Oh, they are about as usual, and I was sorry for them to miss the treat of coming; but I really dared not bring them out to-day. The wind is so boisterous, and I fancy there is a t uch of east in it."

"Afraid of this splendid health-giving breeze! I never heard of such a thing in my life," cried Margaret, almost out of patience.

"Why, every breath of it does one good, and I'm certain if you let them have a brisk run every day of this sort, they would soon look very different. You should have seen little Julius before he came to us; he was the most miserable, white-faced little creature you can imagine, for he never went out at all unless the fancy took him. Now, going out every day, in all weathers, he is as different as possible."

"But you surely do not mean *all* weathers?" cried Laura, aghast.

"Oh, if it really rains much and is very foggy, or if there be a bitter east wind, I keep them at home, but not for a trifling amount of either. Of course, they are well wrapped up, and if their clothes seem at all damp when they come home, they are changed, and with Claud, who has a tendency to bronchitis, nurse is very particular about this; but, taking these precautions, the more fresh air and exercise they have the better they are. Nurse is very wise and sensible in preventing their taking any chill; for instance, after their cold bath every morning they always have a few turns or swings on the gymnasium, and come down looking rosy and bonny."

"I always thought your system of training was very heroic, but I do think a cold, daily bath is too severe, even for your strong boys."

"They would not be so strong if it were not for that," returned Margaret. "People are so particular about babies and small children being daily bathed, yet as they grow older and acquire a remarkable capacity for getting 'dirty,' the ablutions are decreased. I think that absurd, and let them have the daily *cold* bath as long as the weather permits, because it is so much more strengthening (with some gymnastics afterwards); when the winter sets in really cold, the water is tepid. But come to the nursery and see them; I'm sure you will approve of my heroics then."

The children had returned from their walk and were hard at work—or rather, hard at play—with a great number of unpainted, wooden bricks, their favourite building implements.

"How happy they seem all by themselves, and they have no toys apparently, either," whispered Laura, after speaking to each.

"I don't allow them to have many toys," said Margaret. "They take no care of them at all if they know that one will be replaced directly it is broken, and they cease to value anything if they have such a number. It is a comfort that they can amuse themselves, for those children who are brought up to require playing *with* and constantly amusing must be a perpetual tax upon one's time and patience."

"What is that wonderful affair on the cupboard-shelf? It looks like an ideal representation of our first parents in the garden of Eden."

"Oh, Laura, the children *would* be offended if they heard you say so," said Margaret, laughing. "That is one of Miss Baines's suggestions. She has a great idea of letting the ch ldren make their own toys, and, as they had been intensely thrilled by the reading of 'Robinson Crusoe,' she proposed their making a model of the desert island. There is a piece of wood for foundation, you see, and the seashore consists of sand and pebbles sprinkled upon a gummed surface round the edge. The forest undergrowth is of dried moss, and these tropical-looking trees, you see, have natural twigs for trunks, fastened into gimlet-holes in the mainland, with brilliant crewel-wool foliage waving on the top. The cardboard 'castle' was rather difficult, as were also Crusoe himself and Friday; but their construction appeared to be intensely interesting, and still the children often spend a wet half-holiday in studying the book and finding fresh objects to be added to the island, and I daresay when that is quite finished, there will be something similar to be done."

Laura could not but admire and almost envy the bonny looks and healthy, happy natures of her nephews and nieces; and she secretly resolved by gentle degrees to make her own little ones more self-reliant and contented, and if possible more robust too.

Claud, Hugh, Julius, and Cicely always had their midday meal with their mother, that she might see for herself that they ate well and contracted no slatternly habits at table. They lived very simply, having porridge, bread and milk, or rice, or sago milk for breakfast; and for dinner a little meat, or fish, with potatoes and gravy, well cut up and mashed, and a plain pudding, of which suitable varieties are abundant. It was always a treat for them to have "a whole pudding each!" as they would rapturously exclaim, and the cook often managed this by beating an egg for each, adding half a tumbler of milk, a little sugar, and the least pinch of salt. Baked in buttered cups for about twenty minutes and served hot, or turned out cold, with a morsel of jam on each, these made fascinating little puddings. At other times she would break stale bread into cups, soak it with egg and milk, and bake it. Then there were corn-flour or sago shapes, eaten with sugar or fruit syrup; or apples, boiled for about ten minutes, which method of cooking them is much preferable to the usual baking, which is apt to dry them up.

Margaret had a vivid remembrance of the discomfort and often squalor of the "nursery teas" of her childhood, and was anxious to save her little ones from a like infliction. It was therefore arranged for them to have it with Miss Baines in the schoolroom, and as it was the last meal of the day, there was generally some little substantial adjunct added to the usual bread-and-butter bill of fare, such as a lightly boiled egg, or a mould of rice with golden syrup or sugar. Oatmeal scones, gingerbread, or plain cakes also formed a wholesome variety to the children's supper-tea.

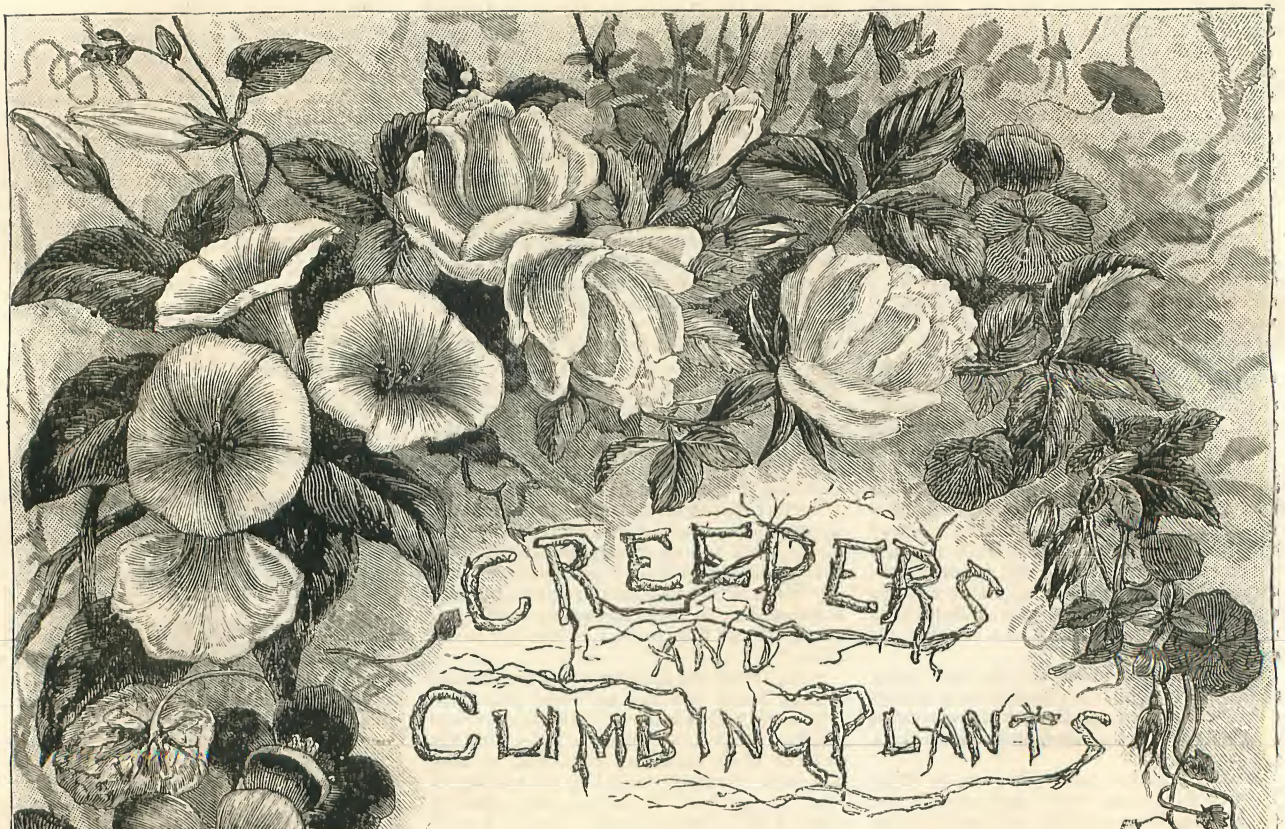
(*To be continued.*)

CHATS ABOUT THE CALENDAR.

To the Romans again must we go for the naming of March, so called in honour of Mars, the god of war. Until January and February were added to the calendar, the Romans made it the first month of the year, and in France it was so reckoned until the year 1564. The Saxons called it Lenet Monat—*i.e.*, length month, in reference to the lengthening of the days at this season, which is also, some affirm, the origin of the term Lent. There are several proverbs relating to the month, based upon its character. Thus it is sometimes said that "a bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom," and "a dry March never begs its bread." Both these sayings signify that a dry March is favourable to the gardener and to the agriculturist; and this is borne out by another wise "saw," which says that "March grass never did good."

The 1st of March is dedicated to St. David, the patron saint of all Welshmen, who are the pure descendants of the ancient Britons. The custom of Welshmen wearing leeks in their hats on St. David's Day is said to owe its origin to their having gained a great victory over the Saxons, from whom they distinguished themselves by wearing leeks during the battle. The tutelary saint of the Irish, St. Patrick, is also commemorated during this month, on the 17th day, and they wear a sprig of shamrock in his honour. The origin of this is related as follows:—When he first endeavoured to plant the seeds of Christianity in Hibernia, he found great difficulty in persuading the people of the truth of the doctrine of the Trinity, and, therefore, holding in his hand a leaf of the shamrock, or trefoil, he thereby represented the divisibility of the divinity into three distinct and equal parts, together with its perfect union in one stem. Truly a beautiful illustration!

The symbol of March is a young man of fierce aspect, with helmet upon his head, intended for Mars, the god of war. He holds in his right hand a ram, typical of the sign of Aries, because the sun enters that constellation on the 20th day of the month, when Spring commences.



CREEPERS AND CLIMBING PLANTS

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

"I sat me down upon a bank
With ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting honeysuckle."

"Resplendent rose! to thee we'll sing,
While we invoke the wreathèd spring."

THIS is a paper on creepers and climbing plants; but as next month, with the Editor's kind permission, I shall have something to tell you about window gardening, both outside and in, I wish to remind every girl who is fond of flowers—and most are—that it is now time to get the window-boxes ready and the mould put in. I daresay, then, I shall not be far out of order if I now give a few preliminary hints about these. They will fit in well with the subject in hand.

Girls who live in the country hardly miss the flowers; but what dweller in the smoky town whose eye has not many times and oft rested fondly and lingeringly on the sight of a beautiful garden in spring or in summer? Now, I do not care where a girl dwells, whether the window of her room is large and ample, and overlooks some lordly park or splendid terrace, or whether it be small, that of a mere attic in fact, amidst the gloom and smoke of a large city, I tell her that she may at a trifling cost beautify that window, so that it may be gay and lovely all the year round. I *was* going to say, so that it shall look more like the entrance to some fairy's bower than that of a humble human being; but that would have been putting too poetic a touch to it.

Well, then, to be practical, the extent of some people's taste in window-gardening is that of sticking a few flower-pots outside the sash, offending the eyes of people with taste, and endangering the heads of passengers whenever the wind blows. It is so much easier and better to have a box with mould in it. If you mean, then, by-and-by to cultivate window-gardening, you must get this box ready at once. Perhaps you can find one about somewhere that is exactly the length or nearly so of the window ledge, and probably only wants a little cutting down to make it just the thing. For, mind, it does not matter so much as to the width; indeed, I myself very much prefer a good wide box, only, of course, it must be most securely fastened. If not so, it might come down in a gale of wind, and thus, if from a top window, the consequences might be lamentable. Suppose your window sill is about five inches wide; well, your box could be ten inches, or nine at least, and really in a box like that there is no end to the pretty things one can grow. Divide ten by two, and you get the depth of your box—five inches. If you have not haply a box that will fit the window, a shilling will get a new one of ample size for ordinary use.

The outside of the box will have to be ornamented in someway; if I were writing for boys I should say this is best done by covering it entirely over with small pieces of peeled and split branchlets, and afterwards varnishing; but I shudder to think of any of my girl readers cutting their shapely fingers, so I say paint the box, but beware of gaudy colours; or the box may be covered with encaustic tiles, though these are more expensive. What is the price? did you ask. Well, if you put me in a corner in that fashion, I can tell you that, too: they are about fivepence per tile of five inches square. If the colours are well chosen, they look very rich and ornamental.

On the other hand, Virginia cork may be used, and very pretty this looks, with tendrils of the canary creeper, or the rich blossom of trailing tropæolum falling over it. Virginia cork has this advantage: it is easily worked; all you want is a strong sharp knife to shape the pieces, and a few French nails to tack it on with. It looks nice on either upstairs or downstairs windows, and it may be

coloured here and there with patches of white, green, and red tinge to represent lichens or moss; but this is a matter I prefer to leave to your own judgment and taste.

Now you have got your box ready and fitted, and I trust you will take good care it is well supported. There is something else to be done, for I am far too jealous of the interests of the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to permit them to be content with a mere show of flowers in a box on the window-sill. No, we must look up as well as look down. Well, listen. At any ironmonger's shop, either in country or town, you will find narrow strips of galvanised iron net-work, and they can be cut to any length, while the price is a mere trifle. I want you to measure your window all round, and cover it from both ends of your box all the way up the sides, against the brick work and over the top. The top may be in the form of an arch, if you like it better. This is for the convenience of charming creepers.

Lastly, buy one of those galvanised hanging flower-pot frames, to depend from the middle of the arch, unless indeed the window is very small.

So now we have all we are likely to want this month. I may mention the soil, however, for it is best you should have the box quite prepared. This, then, you really ought to get from a gardener; but you may take it from the garden, only it must be rich, and mixed if possible with turf and leaf manure; and while it is firm enough to pack well it ought not to be clayey. Remember there is a great deal in the kind and condition of the soil you procure.

Your box has holes for drainage at the bottom, but if you put the soil right on top of this you would quite fill up the holes; there would be no drainage, and therefore your flowers would rot and die. Cover the bottom, then, with a layer of broken flower pots, or sherds of crockery and stones, and afterwards put in your loam or mould and pack it firmly down.

A lady writer would have told you all this much better doubtless than a plain sailor like myself. I have contented myself with throwing out the crude suggestions, knowing well that your own taste will enable you to improve on them.

Well, I have to confess that I have cut rather deeply into the space allowed me for my creepers in thus describing the preparation of the window for flowers; but I do not regret it, and will defer my description of some important trailing plants whose cultivation does not necessitate operations in early spring, for another month.

I suppose the first creeper that would occur to any English mind, as worthy of all attention, would be the rose. Although the latter end of the year is the proper time to plant roses, still I have found them exceedingly tenacious of life, and very willing to please—in fact, the

rose will grow almost anywhere; but, nevertheless, it well repays all care and attention. "Roses from May till November" is a line I remember reading on some advertising board, but if December had been substituted for November it would be equally near the mark.

The rose has been called the Queen of flowers. Scotchman though I be, I will not gainsay it, I will not even put the thistle before it. Stay though, the rose is the Queen of flowers, and the thistle is the King; now I am safe with my readers on both sides of the silvery Tweed.

As I am not writing an essay on rose culture, I must content myself with saying that at this time of the year you must plant the rose-trees you intend as creepers in particularly good, rich soil. Close to the wall the soil is very often inferior, and mixed with lime and rubbish, that make the ground too poor and open. Put the bushes pretty deep in the ground, and several inches from the wall, and pack the earth well down around them. Keep the roots clean while they are growing. As to site, it ought to be a sunshiny one, but they do better when sheltered from high winds.

If they are to be trained against a wall, the branches must be well spread, and as they grow year by year, so train them that they shall cover every part of the wall, fairly and evenly, without any interlacing of branches.

Roses creep beautifully up and over porches, all around windows, where they may be trained to quite encircle it, all about verandahs, and summer-houses of every description, about and around garden aviaries or up iron rods or poles made tripod fashion to form a rose-covered pyramid; wherever they are, they are charming, and if well attended to, and manured in November, they will bloom profusely all the summer and autumn, their last buds succumbing only to the first hard frosts of winter. They may be even grown in pots and trained on window-sides high up above the street.

You can get climbing roses of various shapes and shades. The Dundee Rambler and the Provence rose both look pretty round a porch. The same may be said for single wild roses or dog roses. *The Félicité Perpétuelle* is another nice creeper, and there are some splendid white roses. I must not forget Marechal Niel, nor, last but not least, Gloire de Dijon, or "Glorious John," as an old gardener friend of mine persists in calling it. He is a favourite of mine is this same Glorious John rose, so tall, so handsome, so hardy. And his bonnie yellow tinted buds, how lovely they look in May and June! From one tree last summer I culled over three hundred buds. Glorious John isn't a bit shy; he will creep over porch or fence, or even up a tree, with the greatest pleasure in the world, and will form garlands round the parlour window. So contented and happy a fellow is John, that if you but help him up the gable of a country cottage he will spread over the roof and curl round the chimney of his own accord, and even attempt to peep down and see what is cooking for dinner. For all this, John likes good treatment, but he does not in the least object to another kind of rose growing at his feet, and will even lend it a hand up in quite a brotherly kind of way. The second crop, or autumn bloom, is as rich, though not so numerous, as the first.

Well, the roses I have mentioned are tall climbers, and probably the quickest of all growers is the beautiful White Wells rose, though I do not think it very hardy. But in open parts, at the foot of a wall, you may train any ordinary rose. It is not exactly a creeper, but it grows well when thus spread out.

I have fallen in love with two common hedgerow creepers, and taken them for garden pets; and I now have the greatest pleasure in the world in introducing them to you. One is the common wild convolvulus; the other white bryony.

When I first became the proud possessor of a bit of garden-patch—there are no gardens at sea worth speaking about, though we did use to cover an old sea-boot with flannel and sow mustard and cress thereon—I used to poke my fun at this same wild convolvulus. I find, for instance, the following entry in my note-book: "Of all the weeds that ever invaded a garden, the wild convolvulus is undoubtedly the worst. It will not be reasoned with in any way, and its powers of propagation are on a par with its positive impudence. Other weeds are, as a rule, content to grow from seed, and it is all fair and above board with them. The wild convolvulus knows a plan worth ten of that. It sends its shoots beneath the earth in all directions, makes a sort of underground railway of itself, and pops through the ground with the first warm rain in fifty places all at once, which is confusing. Nor is it particular what it catches hold of. It dearly loves a currant-bush, and delights in raspberry cane. But nothing was ever made that it would not get to the top of. To see it squirm up a telegraph-pole, or a lightning-conductor, would make even a navy midshipman stare, and I do believe that if one were to plant a wild convolvulus at this side of the Atlantic cable it would find its way to the other—in time." Well, this was only my nonsense, but one day—this is figurative—while walking down the garden I came upon a group making the best of their way up one of my favourite red currant bushes.

"Hullo!" I said, "you seem to be enjoying yourselves, and I really can't help admiring your go-ahead spirit and determination. How would you act if I took you and cultivated you, I wonder?" "Oh! just try us," they all cried in a breath. One part of my house facing the south is pretty bare of creepers, having merely some plum trees against it; so I dug and manured the border, all along the foot thereof, and making a trench I laid the long white stringy shoots of my wild weed friends therein. In two or three days their purple heads appeared in hundreds all in a row. So then I got my man to bring the ladder, and we ran a rope right under the eave all along, and to this attached strings and brought their ends down and fastened them to another rope close to the ground. In less than a week—it was early May—my wild friends took the hint to go, and began spinning up those strings against the sun, for that is the way they curl, and, lo! and behold, in a month's time the whole of that wall was a sea of glorious green, not a brick was visible. By-and-by they threw out their charming white cup-like flowers, and the beauty of the wall was the admiration of everyone that saw it. No, they do not destroy the plums, the fruit takes a week longer to ripen, that is all, but every plum is bigger than if entirely exposed to the sun.

Thus cultivated, the wild convolvulus is in leaf and flower treble its original size. Some of the leaves of those that in summer time creep around and beautify my wigwam or garden study, are fully seven inches long by five wide, while the flowers are as large and beautiful as water lilies. Why I specially recommend this creeper is for the exuberant beauty of its foliage, its willingness to grow anywhere almost, and for the quickness of its growth. The common garden convolvulus looks pretty towards the end of summer, but it is but a poor, puny thing compared to its brother of the wilds. The height the latter grows to is marvellous.

Just a word about my wigwam, or rather the creepers around it. The wigwam, then, is a house I had erected a year or two ago, on the top of a green mound at the foot of the orchard. It is a small hermitage, or "sulky" you might term it, because when the proprietor is inside or outside, with book or paper, he is not supposed to be at home. It contains but one room, furnished as a cabin, or rather boudoir, because, although originally intended for the former, fairer fingers than mine have set to work and made it more of the latter. However, it is retired and quiet. There are inside my books of reference, my favourite poets, a guitar, and a violin, so that I have always music when wanted. But I have my favourite poets outside also, in the shape of the wild birds and the flowers, to say nothing of the wild convolvulus, and a weasel, who has made its home underneath the wigwam.

What more could any author desire? Nothing, I should think. But touching the convolvulus. Last spring it found its way inside, at the two corners of the gables of the wigwam, and I rather encouraged it than otherwise, by placing strings handy for it to hold on by. Well, up it came, dividing and dividing, and throwing out tendrils. I cut those tendrils off that were not desirable, and trained the others in festoons over the curtains and door in the front. These, from one stem, threw out branches fourteen feet in length and ten in number, and were the wonder of all beholders. Meanwhile, the convolvulus came up quickly at the other corner, and made for a picture that hung above a small bookcase. This is a framed photograph of two favourite Newfoundlands, now dead and gone. The frame is black and gold. I trained my wild convolvuluses to grow all round it and up each string. For about a month they were all bright green leaves; then, to my joy, out came the flat, papery-looking buds, and by-and-by the glorious flowers of snowy white. You do not now know, reader, how much I loved one of those dogs. He had saved my life, and not mine only, but one dear to me; and for ten years, by sea and land, he had been my constant companion. So that my grief when he died, this time three years ago, may be imagined, and now to see his picture wreathed, as if by nature, in living green and white, raised feelings in my heart that I care not to express—perhaps could not if I tried.

Now what do you think of my wild, pet convolvulus? Once more I recommend them to you. Get the roots and plant them in large pots. Be good to them in the matter of water, plenty of soil and light, and they will grow up all around your room, and form garlands about every picture in it, to your own intense delight, and the marvel of everyone who visits you. They will grow better out of doors. They will cover palisades, old walls, whether wood or brick; and there is this to be said about them, which I cannot say for any other creeper: they come up in April and last till November.

Another wild friend of mine is, as I said, the white bryony. It will only suit for an out-of-door creeper, however, because the root is as big as an old-fashioned eight-day clock. The first one my man and I dug up was from the root of a hedge. We began to dig at twelve o'clock.

"It is one o'clock, sir," said my man, apparently about five minutes afterwards.

"James," I said, "if you don't mind waiting a little for dinner I don't mind luncheon, but if this fellow is as long as the flag pole, out he must come."

So we went to work for another hour, and finally lifted it whole. If we had not been most careful we would have cut the roots. When laid on the garden path the root looked like a small crocodile.

I have these beautiful creepers now in plenty. The leaf is vine-like, the flower a

tiny, yellowish-green one; all the summer they cover arches and walls with a splendid show of light, feathery green foliage. They run up long before any other creeper, save the wild convolvulus, has a notion it is spring, their tendrils spread over a whole tree and quite encanopy a hedge-top. I have measured some of their branches and found them nine yards long. The leaves fade about the end of August, then they are covered with a mass of small bunches of berries, green and crimson, which last in beauty till winter.

One other creeper might be reclaimed from the wilds; I mean the belladonna.

By the time this reaches your eyes it will be time to sow seeds of the charming, fairy-like canary creeper. Sow them in flower-pots in rich soil in the house, or under glass. It makes one of the prettiest of window-garden creepers I know, it will quite cover the iron net-work around your window, and trail along the ledge, or over the handle of a flower-basket, or, indeed, anywhere you wish it. So pray do not neglect it, if you want a show.

Sow now tropæolum. This is the name usually given by gardeners to the trailing nasturtiums, that show so well in pots, in basket-work, in vases, but above all in flower-boxes. The soil they are planted in must not be too rich or they will not be compact. There are all colours, and it is better to get them unmixed. The canary creeper is a species, but in fact the whole genus is charming and most showy for trellis-work of any kind.

Plants of clematis if put in now will grow rapidly. They are exceedingly beautiful.

Ivy, I ought to tell you, grows well indoors. Get the young plants and put them in pots on brackets in the corners of rooms; you may then train them up around the picture-frames, and you will find the effect to be very charming.

The blue and the white periwinkle require a word *en passant*. I like the flower, it is very pretty, with its broad, dark-green, shining leaves. It is one of the earliest spring bloomers we have, and it is not difficult to cultivate; indeed, if once placed in a good situation in a garden it makes its own living in a manner of speaking.

I shall give a few more hints about ivy in my next, also about several other favourite creepers, such as the Passion flower, jasmine, hop, clematis in different varieties, begonia, honeysuckle, Virginia creeper, and Wistaria.

THE GIRL'S OWN HOME.

SECOND SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

Brought forward, £50 15s. 6d.

Miss H. Scott, 1s. 6d.; Miss F. Davies, 1s. 6d.; Readers of G. O. P., 5s.; E. K., 1s.; E. M. S. and Fan, 2s.; Clarice, 1s.; Anonymous, 6d.; Magdalene, 1s.; L. C. R., 3s.; Miss L. E. Gilburt, 2s. 6d.; Miss Katie Cornish, 9s. 6d.; Loving Nell, 2s. 6d.; 29, Anerley-park, S.E., 2s.; Postal Order, 2s. 6d.; A. H. and H. H., 2s.; J. H. D., 2s.; C. M. M., 1s. 6d.; M. A. C. and T. C., 1s.; Molly, 6s.; M. G. A., 2s. 6d.; Miss Agnes Simmons, 8d.; Miss Carpenter, 1s.; Miss Florence R., 6d.; Mrs. Luce's Three Little Girls, 5s.; Betty, 1s.; Mrs. Hamshaw, 2s. 6d.; Miss M. L. Simpson, 1s.; The Misses Acheson, 4s.; Miss Maggie Cove, 1s.; An Irish Reader of the G. O. P., 2s. 6d.; Miss M. A. Southerwood, 1s.; An Orphan, 1s.; Felix, 10s.; Part 34, 1s.; Mary Lea and Josephine, 3s.; Mary, 1s.; Collected by Miss Maberley, £2 4s.; Miss B. R. Ellard, 1s.; Dore, 2s.; Two Working Girls, 1s. 6d.; Two Sisters, 2s.; Miss C. S. Kenny, 2s.; Collected by Miss Ruth Bates, £2; Collected by Miss Annie Norman, £1 1s.; V. S., 7s.; Homebird, 10s.; Miss Florence Newbold, 10s.; Miss E. Grigon, 2s. 6d.; The Misses Fawcett, 2s.; Miss Lizzie Smith, 5s.; Collected by Miss Mary Innes Greig, £2; M. T., 3s. 5d.; The Misses Ford, 3s.; Collected by Miss Agnes B. Greig, £2 6s. 6d.; Miss Emily G. Williams, 2s. 6d.; Oswestry, 2s.; Miss Spittle, 1s.; Eine Schottländerin, 2s. 6d.; A Mite, 1s.; A Farmer's Lassie, 2s.; Collected by Two Readers of the G. O. P., £7; Mrs. S. Barclay Heward, £1 1s.; F. and A., 2s.; A. C., 2s.; Collected by the late Miss Mary E. Craig, £4 14s. 6d.; Collected by Miss E. Potts, £1; Juanita, 2s.; Collected by Miss Harriet Sibley, £2; Jennie, 2s.; Miss Brindley (Collected by), £3; M. T., 2s. 6d.; M. T. S., 2s. 6d; Miss Guilbert, 5s.; Subscriber to the G. O. P., 1s. 7d.; Collected by Miss A. M. Hutchison, £1 15s.; Collected by Miss Jane Hawker, 19s. 3d.; Mrs. Tulloch, 10s.; Miss Gair, 5s.; A Widow's Mite, 6d.; Miss E. Mabel Henley, 1s.; Miss Isabel E. Pearson, 1s.; Miss H. E. Ward, 2s.; M. A. and M., 1s.; One of the Girls, 1s.; J. B., £1 1s.; J. O., 2s.; Miss Rhoda White, 10s.; Reading, 1s.; E. M. W., 5s.; The Brooklet, 8s.; Cardiff, 1s.; Sixpence to Pay for Cash Enclosed in Unregistered Letter which cost Eightpence, 6d.; A. G., 1s.; E. H., 2s. 6d.; Miss A. Morris, 2s.

Total, £94 0s. 11d.

The Editor wishes to remark that, up to the present, only a few girls have applied for collecting cards, hence the small sum here named. Pray, dear readers, come forward with your energies to aid the homeless girls of mighty and wicked London. Write to the Countess of Aberdeen, Haddo House, Aberdeen; or to John Shrimpton, Esq., Hon. Sec., "Homes for Working Girls," 38, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, for collecting cards, and they will be sent to you, bearing your name and our signature.

VARIETIES.

NOTES ON THE SCRIPTURES.

THE following analysis of the Scriptures is by an anonymous writer, who originally published it under the heading of "The Old and New Testaments Dissected." It contains an enumeration of all the books, chapters, verses, words, and letters which occur in the English Bible and Apocrypha. For its accuracy, however, no one will venture to vouch, unless she has followed the steps of the "painfully laborious" author of it, who is said to have spent three years of his life in the calculations necessary for its completion:—

	Old Testament.	New Testament.	Total.
Books	39	27	66
Chapters	939	260	1,109
Verses	23,214	7,959	31,173
Words	592,439	181,253	773,692
Letters	2,728,100	283,380	3,466,480

In the Apocrypha there are, chapters, 183; verses, 6,081; words, 152,185.

The middle chapter and least in the whole Bible is Psalm cxvii.

The middle verse is Psalm cxviii, 8th verse.

The Old Testament.

The middle chapter in the Old Testament is Job xxix.

The middle verse would be Chronicles, 29th chapter, 17th verse, if the Old Testament were a verse more, and 18th if a verse less (query 1st or 2nd Chronicles).

The shortest verse is 1st Chronicles, 1st chapter, 25th verse.

The word Jehovah occurs 6,855 times.

The word *and* occurs 35,543 times.

The 19th chapter of the 2nd Book of Kings and the 37th chapter of Isaiah are alike.

The New Testament.

The middle book in the New Testament is the 2nd of Thessalonians.

The middle chapter would be Romans xiii., if there were a chapter more, and the xiv. if there were a chapter less.

The middle verse is Acts, 17th chapter, 17th verse.

The shortest verse is John, 11th chapter, 35th verse.

The word *and* occurs 10,684 times.

A CODE OF MORALS.

The following list of moral virtues was drawn up by Dr. Franklin for the regulation of his life:—

Temperance.—Eat not to fulness; drink not to elevation.

Silence.—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

Order.—Let all your things have their place; let each part of your business have its time.

Resolution.—Resolve to perform what you ought; perform without fail what you resolve.

Frugality.—Incur no expense but to do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing.

Industry.—Lose no time; be always employed in something useful; avoid all unnecessary action.

Sincerity.—Use no hurtful deceit; think innocently and justly; and if you speak, speak accordingly.

Justice.—Wrong none by doing injuries or omitting benefits that are your duty.

Moderation.—Avoid extremes; forbear resenting injuries.

Cleanliness.—Suffer no uncleanliness in body, clothes, or habitation.

Tranquillity.—Be not disturbed about trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable.

Humility.—Imitate Jesus Christ.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two rival cities in the days of yore;
To find their names, consult your classic lore.

1. The lily palace; its Chaldaic name
   That of the town and province then became;
   And here the girl, by charm of form and face,
   Enthrall'd the king and sav'd her fated race.
2. A city on a village may depend
   For what that village to the town can send;
   Essential aid may from that hamlet come.
   Say, what was Ostia to imperial Rome?
3. An emperor subdu'd his fellow-men,
   And march'd victoriously home again;
   Admiring subjects built this, as his meed,
   Engraving on it each triumphant deed.
4. A range of hills 'mid Thracian valleys rise:
   The ancients thought their summits reach'd the skies.
5. A Spaniard, whose good sword carv'd out the way
   To fame and fortune, in the olden day;
   As conq'ror fam'd; as ruler, even more;
   Kind to his friends; and friendly with the poor;
   Trav'lers may see the column that records
   His valiant deeds without the aid of words.
6. A king, who took in feuds and wars no share:
   He lov'd his gardens, all his thoughts were there.
   Their beauty was renown'd, and they became
   The glory whence the monarch draws his fame.

XIMENA.

CORRECT CLOTHING, AND HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

NOTHING is, perhaps, so difficult to those who are passing from the realms of childhood into girlhood or womanhood as to form their opinions on dress. In reference to other people's apparel, we are all, alas! from early youth, able and only too ready to act as censors and critics, pronouncing judgments which may be illnatured or kindly, as the case may be. But when the mother ceases to think and choose for us, and we must, perforce, consider the subject for ourselves, how helpless we are, how crude our opinions, how little we really know or have thought of the dress at once suitable, simple, and ladylike for ourselves. Indeed, we hardly dream, till middle life is attained, how far dress is, and always must be, the exponent of our true selves, the revelation of our innermost thoughts and feelings.

"Dress," says a famous London doctor, in a recent lecture, "should be to the body what language is to the mind."

"And how," at once some of my readers will inquire, "is this knowledge to be gained?" To this I answer, by the study of two branches of art—*i.e.*, form and colour; form as regards questions of height and breadth in the people you see around you, and colour in reference to complexion and size.

As regards the former, there are a few rules by which you may also be guided. Thus, the very stout should avoid perpendicular stripes in dress, as although they give height, they increase fulness; and horizontal should be avoided by short people and very stout ones. Large patterns should be avoided by short people, and left to the tall ones, who can manage to carry them off gracefully. The former must also beware of wearing double skirts or tunics short and bunchy in shape, and also of lines made across the figure by flounces or trimmings which cut it in the centre. The short and stout must also dress the hair high—at least, as much so as the fashion of the time will allow.

A dress cut high behind, or high on the shoulders, gives the benefit of the whole height of the figure, and a horizontal line of trimming across the neck, bust, or shoulders decreases the apparent height of the wearer. Full and puffed sleeves are an improvement to every figure, except to a very stout one, to which the plain coat-sleeve, not cut too tight, is more suitable. Very light colours should be avoided by those who are stout, as their size is thereby much increased, whereas by wearing black materials it is diminished. Any attempt to increase the height by a very high or large head-dress should be avoided, as such an enlargement of the head dwarfs the figure.

A person with a prominent or large nose should beware of wearing a small bonnet, and no one over thirty years of age can afford to have a shadow thrown on her face from too large a hat or bonnet, as that increases the apparent age.

In making dresses for young girls when they happen to be very thin, great attention should be paid to the fact, and every endeavour made to hide deficiencies by means of extra fulness of trimming in the bodice and skirt. They are often made fun of for this as they are for a little extra stoutness, which is very cruel and foolish, especially if it be family fun. I have known a young girl's mind and character per-

NEW DRESSES.

manently warped by such "chaff," and when the nerves are delicate and the temper consequently irritable, it should be immediately checked by the heads of the family. But to return to my thin girls. One of their great troubles is usually very skeletonlike arms. This defect shows itself in a very painful manner, and both elbows and shoulder-bones are "quite too" visible, even in a thick dress. This was remedied by a wise mother of my acquaintance by placing a little layer of wadding between the lining and the material of the dress, which gave an extra thickness to the sleeve, and hid all deficiencies of contour. In the opposite case, that of over-stoutness, the young girls' dresses should all be made in the "princesse" style, as the long, straight flowing lines downwards reduce the apparent breadth. The back drapery should be full but very narrow, and not too high up. And now

A SPRING CLOAK.

I turn from personal hints on dress to the more general topic.

The present month offers but little real novelty, so far as fashions are concerned. The first signs of spring are always apparent to me, not in the hedgerows nor the fields, as you might perhaps imagine, but in the windows dedicated to bonnets in Regent-street. Here the earliest primroses and cowslips make their appearance, to say nothing of violets, soon after the Christmas holly and mistletoe have vanished from our walls at home. But it is hopeless to try and feel springlike, with cold east winds blowing and a leaden sky overhead; and I do not believe that anyone is taken in by the pretence. However, the hint is good, and many people who do not wish to invest too early in a spring bonnet may alter the appearance of the winter one, if black or brown, by the addition of a bunch of springlike yellow blossoms.

Braiding continues to be the great feature of walking and thick dresses of all kinds, and nothing could be more useful, as well as pretty, than the blue serges with black braiding, which some of the shops have brought out. When woollen skirts are box-pleated, the braiding is placed either on the face of the pleat or else in the spaces. Another method of braiding is shown on the extreme right-hand figure of our month's illustration, where it appears on the plain underskirt and on the bodice, but not on the overskirt, which is very fully draped, but has no ornament. The centre figure wears a dress with two flounces, and a scarf overskirt, the front being a braided piece with a pointed end hanging at each side. The bodice is braided down each seam *à la militaire*. Braided dresses will, I think, preserve their popularity through the coming spring and summer; so any of our readers who like the work may safely begin to prepare a dress for themselves. The ready prepared patterns may be purchased at any fancy shop, and only require a hot iron laid upon them to transfer them to any material. Thick braiding, like that shown on the bodice of the single head in our illustrations, is very much worn, but gives, of course, double trouble to do; on the other hand, less of it is required, as it is too heavy to be lavished on any dress.

BRAIDING.

All kinds of lace collars are much worn, and are copied from the numberless portraits of ancient days. Rubens and Holbein are especially rich in their examples of them, and they are all becoming to someone. The "Anne of Austria collar" is of cambric, edged with lace. The "Abbé collar" of the time of Louis XV. has a band of velvet, covered with plain lace and a long lappet closely pleated falling in front. The "Vandyck collar" is familiar to us in the portraits of Charles I. by that master, and the "Abbess collar" is of simple hem-stitched cambric. Quilled ribbon is much used round the neck, and closely pleated lace ruffs are worn again.

Very fanciful brooches are still the rage, and the most extraordinary combinations of objects, the most unsuitable, apparently, to the position in which they are placed, are often to be seen. Ducks, parrots, spiders, crocodiles, tambourines, "Punch and Judy," bull-dogs, and a host of other things are now brought over from Paris in that light imitation jewellery that suits ephemeral fancies like these.

One of the really useful novelties consists in the plain black velvet bodices, which are made to be worn with either silk or woollen skirts. They are pointed in front, and have rather long swallow-tails at the back, and are suitable for both morning and evening wear. For the latter, they are adorned with white lace cuffs and a large collarette, with a full *jabot* in front, or else with collar, deep cuffs, and lappets, like an officer's, embroidered in gold. These bodices will form an excellent and economical addition to the wardrobes of those who are obliged to think before they purchase anything good, and to make sensible selections, which can be used on various occasions. The material may be a good velveteen, if preferred, and the cordings, if used, should be of silk.

Bodices with tabs are more worn than any others, and in the spring will be worn with fur capes only. They are often made with gathered fronts of brightly-hued Indian or striped Algerian handkerchiefs. An old bodice may be turned into quite a handsome evening bodice for a grown-up girl, or a half-worn day dress for a girl may be made fashionable and pretty by the addition of one of these striped scarfs, or brightly-coloured silks, by adding long looped tabs below the round basque, and threading a scarf of soft striped silk through the loops, draping it under the basques behind. The front of the bodice may have a coloured tablier, also gathered or pleated. Middle-aged grenadines, silks, or even cashmeres, may be treated in this way, and quite revived in appearance.

Ribbons are a great resource to both the

A CHILD'S FROCK.

young and to the girls out of their teens just now, and they seem to be used in very wonderful ways. For instance, a piece of satin ribbon three inches wide is tied just above the elbows, with bows and ends at the back, the colour of the ribbon matching the dress. Long bows and ends on each shoulder are very fashionable, and a bow of ribbon on the left shoulder, at the top, and another at the end of the right elbow, are also much worn. Bows are placed all over bodices in front, and on the skirts of dresses, and fall in long "cascades" at side of the waist, and at the back of the drapery.

The newest and prettiest use of ribbons is to dress the hair of young girls. A ribbon of an inch wide is used to bind round the head, as a fillet to the front, behind the fringe or curls, the hair being then plaited in one long braid of three strands at the back. A ribbon is plaited in with it, and a bow finishes the long end. This style shows a return to a pretty ancient fashion, which I am glad to see revived.

There are several shades of pink in vogue for evening dress, and I have recently seen one dress of bright red for wear by day, while terra-cotta is quite as much used as ever. The colour called "red mullet" is very pretty for children, and so is a colour called "shrimp." "Hydrangea" is a new spring colour, like a greyish-pink, and steel blue will be fashionable. Dark colours will not be so much worn as usual this spring, and, if used, they will be mixed with a brighter hue, such as green with brown and grey, dark red with a sapphire blue; the brighter colours are generally employed in linings to the edges of flounces, tabs, and overskirts. I do not think that red dresses are really pretty, but I should be glad to see brighter hues more in favour for young people's clothes, for remembering the pink ginghams in which many of our girls in former times have looked so bright and cheerful, I feel as if colours were more suited to life's springtime than black and darker shades.

The cloak illustrated is one of the simplest forms of winter clothing, and will be suitable for wear in the early spring. It is made of cloth, and is trimmed round with plush or velvet, the edges finished with a rolled cord; the bows on the back and sleeves add style and prettiness to this somewhat plain garment; and perhaps some of our readers will see their way to modernizing some mantle already in their wardrobes by this small additional ornament. The ribbon may be plain, satin, or watered.

The little child's frock is made of French merino and velveteen trimmings, which are edged with white Swiss embroidery, which can be taken off and washed when soiled. This dress is peculiarly pretty in dark blue or red, the merino being of a lighter shade than the velvet. The velvet trimmings are movable, and may be arranged to suit two frocks if desired.

The clothing which our Divine Father gives His creatures is sometimes so lovely, so bright, and to our view so gorgeous in hue, that we can but wonder at its beauty; and one longs to see His young creatures, to whom he has given souls, and minds to worship, praise Him too, like the feathered creation, in "glorious apparel." Perhaps it will remind them to endeavour to be in His sight like the queen of old, "all glorious within," pure and sweet in all holiness and beauty.

SERVANTS AND SERVICE.

By Ruth Lamb.

CHAPTER III.

"HAIR-SPLITTERS."

I HAVE alluded to the fact, that the word "family" includes the servants of a household; but I am inclined to think that they are more slow to realize their position as such than even their employers are.

When inquiring about the work pertaining to a situation, they are often so very particular to have the duties of the place defined with the utmost exactness. "Shall I be expected to do this?" or "In my last place, I was never asked to do that;" "I like to know what my work is to be, and then I've no doubt I shall do it to the satisfaction of all parties," are expressions common enough when mistress and maid are arranging terms.

It is no doubt advisable so to plan the work of a house, that each servant, where there are two or more, may know what is her share and do it. The wheels of the domestic chariot would soon stick fast, and confusion reign instead of order, if things were left to arrange themselves.

There is, however, a vast difference between taking and doing the work allotted to us in a narrow, selfish spirit, or with the large-hearted kindness which should distinguish the servants of Christ. In the one case there is a continual hair-splitting going on, and when the smallest service which was not actually bargained for is required, we hear that hateful expression, "*It's not my place.*" "I came here to be housemaid, not to do cook's work." Or, "If you had mentioned that, when Sarah has her day out, you would expect me to look after the children, I should have known what to do," is said to the mistress in an injured tone, or, worse still, *at her* as the damsel goes grumbling about the house.

These "hair-splitting servants," as I cannot help calling them, who are always stickling for "rights" and going more than half-way to meet wrongs and grievances, know nothing of the true family feeling, and are equally unpleasant people for mistresses and fellow-servants to deal with. The former are wearied with perpetual complaints, the latter are often rendered so uncomfortable by the nagging, exacting and self-asserting spirit of the individual who is always on the bristle in defence of her *place* and her *right*, that they will leave a good home rather than endure her companionship.

I will try to make my meaning plainer still. The "hair-splitter" has perhaps been called into the sitting-room to speak to her mistress. She leaves it again whilst the parlour-maid is clearing the table. She *could* save the latter a journey by carrying out one or two of the heavier articles, and would cause herself no extra trouble by so doing. But, "No thank you," our "hair-splitter" knows her place. Let the waitress mind her own business, she will not be asked to do any part of hers.

And so she marches out of the room empty-handed and satisfied that in so doing she is keeping her place.

Perhaps someone in the house is an invalid and requires to be waited on in her own apartment.

All who know anything of sick nursing, can tell how many journeys up and down stairs are necessarily made, how many weary steps must be taken by those who minister to a sufferer's comfort.

Usually, I believe, the servants are found willing to take a full share of the extra work entailed by illness, and manifest their sympathy in the most practical way, by doing it ungrudgingly and uncomplainingly. Often they will voluntarily give up all the little privileges so precious to those whose work lies wholly indoors, and "stay in when it is their turn to go out;" rather than cause inconvenience—all but the "hair-splitter."

She has bargained for certain things and she will have them. She never came to be a sick nurse, but to do regular work in her own place. She will go up and down stairs with empty hands, though it would be no effort for her to carry up the box of coal which she knows to be wanted, or to bring down little articles which the attendant in the sick room has put outside on the landing, until she can leave the invalid for a few minutes to carry them down herself.

Our "hair-splitter" disdains to lend a hand outside her own circle, and, let who may give up the day out, she will exact hers and every other privilege that she can claim, no matter who may suffer inconvenience.

"I keep to my bargain; let other people keep to theirs. I do my work that I engaged for, that is enough for me. I keep my place; let the rest keep theirs," says the "hair-splitter" and she holds up her head and defies anybody to say a word to the contrary.

Perhaps she speaks the literal truth, and she may be a thorough servant in her own department. But she is only a hireling, and has no part or lot in or with the family in that higher sense to which I have alluded. And oh! how little does such a one realise the yet deeper, holier union and sympathy which must subsist between those who are members of the family of God, who, like the Divine Head, Christ Jesus, find it their joy to help the helpless, comfort the sorrowing, to strive, in ever so humble a way, to bear one another's burdens, and so to fulfil the law of Christ.

If a member of the family, she will "rejoice with those who do rejoice, and weep with those who weep."

There will be no "hair-splitting," no talk about rights, but the true-hearted servant, who in all her dealings with earthly employers acknowledges her Divine Master, will above all things strive to follow His example. It will not be a question, "How little can I do?" but "How can I best contribute to the happiness of each and all under the roof? How can I lighten the load of, or make the work easier for, my fellow-servant?"

In numberless ways the willing mind and kindly heart will find that this can be done without any additional effort or weariness to the thoughtful helper. But even if it do cost an extra effort or a few more steps to save still more of both to a tired fellow-servant, never mind. They will be well bestowed. And if done for the Heavenly Master's sake, the reward will come in the present happiness which a consciousness of doing right always brings with it. Those who practise self-devoting kindness in their intercourse with others, experience a joy unknown to the "hair-splitter," who triumphs in having successfully claimed her "rights" and in keeping her place.

Now for a few words on the subject of good manners.

I have said that a servant may be as truly a gentlewoman in manners as the mistress she serves, but in order to merit the name she must never forget the respect and obedience she owes to those who employ her. The

"I'm as good as you" sort of spirit is always a mark of—I was going to say—a vulgarmind. I will take higher ground. It is unworthy of the disciple of Him who said, "Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

The injunctions in God's Word with regard to the manners and conduct of servants towards their employers are particularly plain and unmistakable. Fidelity, honesty, hearty service, and obedience are enjoined again and again. Equally so good manners, though not in these exact words.

It is no doubt very trying for a grown-up girl or woman to be reproved in sharp, unmeasured terms, and more especially in the presence of others. But if (by God's grace) she is enabled to conquer the inclination to reply rudely and to give, instead, the soft answer which turns away wrath, even when she feels that she has been unreasonably dealt with, she gains a double conquest. She vanquishes the rising of sinful passion, preserves her own self-respect, and probably wins the goodwill of her mistress also, besides knowing that she has remembered the Divine rule. "Servan's, be subject to your masters with all fear, not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward. If when ye do well and suffer for it ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God."

You see, then, dear girls, that you are not to forget, even under difficult and trying circumstances, the respect due from those who serve to those who rule in the house.

The tossing of the head, the heavy or bouncing step, the loud or pert answer, the slamming of doors, the throwing things violently down, and the going grumbling about the house, saying things *at* the mistress which you would be afraid or ashamed to say *to* her, are all marks of vulgarity and little-mindedness, which every girl who has any self-respect will avoid. And, whilst rather calculated to inspire contempt for the childishness of those who act in this unreasoning, foolish fashion, than to produce any effect on those whom they are intended to annoy, they are also utterly unworthy of every girl or woman who professes to be a servant of Christ.

The commands, "Be kind, be pitiful, be courteous," were not meant for mistresses only, or for the rich and those who fill high places in this world, but for people of all ages and of every position.

It is not the possession of riches, which perhaps those who own them have done nothing to win; or the bearing of an old name, ennobled by the grand lives of those who bore it in bygone ages; not the high position occupied in this world, or even all three combined, which can entitle any human being to the name of gentleman or gentlewoman.

Thank God! Those who occupy the humblest positions can *merit* the names, though they may not claim them. If, in fulfilling our various duties, we yield ourselves to the guidance and teaching of God's Holy Spirit, and strive by our lives to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things, living soberly, righteously, and godly, showing ourselves kind, forbearing, tender-hearted, forgiving, observing the golden rule, spreading as much happiness and saving as much pain as we can, we shall reap a glorious harvest of peace within and goodwill from all around us.

Believe me, dear girls, none so well deserve the names of gentleman and gentlewoman as do those whose lives best reflect that of their great pattern, Christ Jesus. And better by far than all the other books in the world is the Bible itself for teaching good manners.

Before concluding this chapter, I will briefly suggest a few of the

ADVANTAGES OF DOMESTIC SERVICE.

Some girls think that the privileges are all on the side of the outdoor workers, that the mill-hand, machinist, the dressmaker and the young shopwoman have an amount of freedom from personal restraint which those in service cannot enjoy. Let us look more closely into this, as also into the matter of wages.

Really the outdoor worker has in many cases less time at her disposal than the domestic servant, and her average gains are less also. A servant with good health and character need never be unemployed, as the demand for such is generally in excess of the supply. She has no slack times, like nearly all other workers, employment and wages being regular the year round in her case.

Her situation is not affected by a sudden change of fashion, which will often throw nearly all the workers in a particular branch out of situations, and compel them to learn some new business by which they may earn their bread.

The domestic servant has in many cases the advantage of living in a far more comfortable home, and of being better fed and cared for. She has less anxiety about ways and means than the outdoor worker. For the latter a slack time indicates the loss of wages, perhaps for weeks together; and unless girls have been very prudent and careful it means also a season of privation to themselves, if they cannot turn their hands to something else in the meanwhile.

The wages may seem less. Are they really so?

Supposing an outdoor worker has sixteen shillings a week, and this is a very high average, and that she does not lose a day's pay in twelve months, she is certainly no better off than the domestic servant with six shillings.

Out of the sixteen the outdoor worker has to pay for lodgings, food, and fire. Could she for ten shillings a week live in the same comfort as does a domestic servant in a well-ordered home?

Then the latter has no coming through the streets unprotected, and in all weathers; and, in the quiet round of household duties, she is exposed to far fewer temptations than the outdoor worker. (The exceptions are in the cases of girls who live under their parents' roof, and are cared for by a watchful, loving, and judicious mother.)

Moreover, the employment of the domestic servant is not nearly so monotonous as that of the factory hand, or so wearying as that of the young shopwoman who stands behind the counter for many hours at a time. She has less anxiety than even those under whose roof she lives, knowing nothing of consultations about making ends meet, or of fears when quarter-day comes round.

Lastly, the domestic servant is not the "hand" of whom often the employer knows less than he does of the machine she tends, but one who is in constant communication with father, mother, and children under the roof—in short, as I have already asserted, she is one of the family and necessarily trusted as such.

I may add that the law affords the latter very special protection in the matter of wages, domestic servants being paid in full when other creditors often have to accept only a portion of what is due to them, or what is called a composition.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

A SKETCH OF SCOTCH LIFE.

CHAPTER II.

"Mrs. Hardy," asked Margaret, "will it soon be morning? It it so dark and cold, and I am frightened."

"Yes, Margaret," said Katie. "It will be morning very soon, I think. Would you be glad, darling, if you were to wake up and find yourself with the good Jesus in heaven?"

"And would you be there too, ma'am?"

"Yes, dear, I should be there too, I think. But now let me wrap this fur cloak round you and try to go to sleep."

"I must say my prayers first," said the child. "Will you hear them from me?" So there in the snow she knelt and repeated her simple petitions, just the Lord's Prayer and a little request for a blessing on "father and mother and myself, and make me a good child for Jesus Christ's sake, and oh! Lord, say something good to Mrs. Hardy for being so kind to me." Then Katie kissed her and made her put her head upon her lap, and despite of the cold the child was soon asleep.

But the minister's wife could not sleep; she was too anxious for that. She had given Margaret all her own warm wrappers, and every blast of wind seemed to go through her like a keen blade. Was this to be the end of all? she thought—the end of that life she had hoped to spend happily with Hugh in their Master's service? And what would he do without her? He who loved her with all the depth of his strong nature—could he bear to be separated from her? It was very hard to die, very hard to leave him! And, as she thought, she felt a drowsiness stealing over her by degrees, a drowsiness she could not strive against. She heard, as in a dream, far off shouts and calls, but she could not answer. Slowly consciousness left her, and the last thought that crossed her mind was an old verse that the minister had preached on the Sunday before, "He giveth his beloved sleep." The child, waking for a moment, heard her murmur the words to herself. Years after, when she looked back on that sorrowful night, Margaret knew that her prayer had been granted, and that God had indeed said something good to Mrs. Hardy!

Had it been any person of less note in the village who had been lost, no doubt a well-organised scheme of search would have been arranged. But when Mr. Hardy burst into each cottage in turn without hat or overcoat, and told the dreadful news that his wife was lost on the moor, everyone turned out at once with whatever light they could procure, and took the road to Acklyne. It was not until near morning, when the fall of snow had ceased, and the clear stars shone out overhead, that the minister and one or two others approached the old bush, miles away from the high road to Dairly. There they found them at last, the child and the woman, both apparently sleeping quietly, but the child was sleeping the sleep of life, and the woman, who had given her life for another, was cold in death!

The minister sank on his knees in the snow and kissed the pale face again and again, till those who knew the truth drew him away quietly and tenderly. They carried back to the manse in the grey dawn of morning all that remained of the minister's lady, and he walked beside them quietly, with a fixed, dreamy look on his face. Only when they had laid the body gently down on the bed in the room upstairs, Mr. Hardy motioned them out and locked the door. What passed in

that lonely vigil of his I cannot tell; doubtless there were strong wrestlings of spirit against the weak nature of man, wrestlings of the soul against God. When the minister came out again, after many hours, his face was stern and hard, as no man's face should be who has been alone with God.

She was buried on Friday. Mr. Hardy performed the service over the grave without breaking down or even a sob. A deputation of elders waited upon him afterwards to entreat that they might be allowed to secure the services of a clergyman from Acklyne, and that he would not trouble himself to preach on the coming Sabbath. But the minister refused utterly: "Who am I," he said, "that I should refrain from preaching the Lord's will because it has pleased Him to afflict me? Nay, I will rather speak of His affliction." And the stern Presbyterian elders would not gainsay a man who had, as they believed, so manifest a call from the Almighty.

The minister's housemaid told afterwards that, coming into the study late on Saturday evening, she had found her master sitting with his head bowed on his hands, and praying with exceeding anguish of spirit the prayer that our Saviour uttered in the garden of Gethsemane: "Lord, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me, nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt!" There was an open Bible on the table, but she did not dare to stay.

There was a large congregation in Mr. Hardy's church on the Sabbath morning. Many had come out of curiosity, and many more out of love for their minister, who had entwined himself round their hearts by many a deed of kindness and pity. Divers were the conjectures as to what the sermon would be on that occasion, only, as often happens in such cases, none of them were correct. At the usual time the minister took his stand in the old place and began the service. It was conducted just as ordinarily, and, after the last prayer, Mr. Hardy mounted the pulpit and gave out as his text the verse from the Psalms, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee?" There was a dead silence in the church as he began to speak.

"Brethren," he said, "you know well what an affliction it hath pleased the Lord to lay upon me. He hath taken from me her that I loved, even as in olden time He did with the prophet Ezekiel. I have wrestled sore with Him in prayer, that He would tell me wherefore He did so, and at length He gave me an answer. Shall I then keep His answer to myself? Nay, my brethren, ye shall hear it also!

"'Seemeth it to you a small thing,' saith the Lord, 'that ye set up for yourselves idols in my place, idols on earth and idols in heaven? Think ye that I will take part only of your hearts, and that the smaller part? Nay, my people, I will take from ye that ye hold dearest, that ye may love Me with your heart and your mind, your soul and your strength!'

* * * * *

"Think you, brethren, that I hope to meet my wife again in heaven? I tell you nay! Our Lord will have no idols in heaven even as He will have none on earth. Think you that if we shall meet our beloved in heaven our blessed Lord would not have comforted us with that saying? Nay, my friends! I find no assurance in the Book that we shall meet those whom we love in glory!

* * * * *

"And ye will say, 'What then is heaven to us?' My people, heaven is Christ! It is no place for renewal of earthly loves and friendships. It is a home where we shall meet our Lord Himself, and know Him as He is. There will be no room for other friendships there."

* * * * *

The minister's voice had sunk lower and lower, till only those next the pulpit could hear. But it swelled again as he pronounced the grand old benediction, "The Lord bless you and keep you; the Lord make His face to shine upon you and be gracious to you; the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon you, and give you peace now and evermore. Amen."

The congregation remained reverently on their knees for a short space before leaving the church. Suddenly the silence was broken by a strange voice. A man had advanced up the aisle and was standing beneath the pulpit. Many had remarked his presence in the church during the service, but no one knew whence he came. None ventured to hinder him now, for there was no sign from the minister, and they were accustomed to obey him. For the rest it was not the first time that a layman moved of the Spirit had been allowed to rise in that church and address the congregation, and though the occasion was unusual, the people were anxious to hear what he had to say.

"Friends," he began, "I am a stranger here, as all of you know, and I have no right to address you save as a fellow soldier of Christ who has done what in him lay for His service. Fourteen years I have laboured as a missionary in far off lands, and now I stand here in a church where my own fellow Christians are gathered together to proclaim the message that God has given me for you. I came here to-day to hear the gospel of life preached, and instead I have heard the law of death. Oh! my friends, I beseech you to hear me. God is not as you think Him, a jealous God, hating earthly affections, putting love for his fellow-creatures into the heart of man, and then crushing it out relentlessly. Think you the Holy City, New Jerusalem, would ever have been likened to a bride adorned for her husband, if love of husband and wife were to cease at the grave? It is *not* so! Love is the one spark of Heaven's light left by God's mercy in the fallen nature of man, to grow brighter and brighter till it illumine all the dark places therein, and therefore hath Christ said, 'A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another.' Shall we love Him less if we love our fellow creatures more, or shall love itself draw us away from Him who is its very perfection in Himself? Nay, my brethren, God forbid! Hear what the wise King saith: 'Love is strong as death—many waters cannot quench it, neither can the floods drown it!' Be not deceived, then, oh my friends, nor deem that God shall ever quench the spark that the waters of death cannot extinguish!"

Here the speaker was interrupted by a cry. One of the elders had stolen up to the pulpit, to ask leave of the minister to stop the unauthorized preacher. Mr. Hardy's head was still bowed as though in prayer, but he did not raise it when his follower touched him. He had gone through his cruel task that day with iron will, but the effort had been too much for him. He had said his last words in the church of Dairly.

There were bitter tears shed as his congregation gathered round him. The missionary raised his head; there was a smile of peace on the dead lips.

"See!" said the preacher; "he hath solved the problem himself. He knows it all now. Thanks be to God for His great mercy."

One of the elders would have interfered, but he put him aside with a quiet gesture.

"He was my brother, sir," he said, "and this is how we meet after fifteen years. Nevertheless, I had rather see him dead with that smile on his face, than living to speak the words he uttered here just half an hour ago. Brethren, we have all lost a friend, but, before we leave this church, let us kneel down and say to the Father, 'Thy will be done.'"

With one voice the awed worshippers repeated the Lord's Prayer, the brother of the dead man leading them with clear voice. Then they bore their minister home.

He was buried beside his wife in the quiet kirkyard. The parishioners subscribed to buy a headstone of white marble for the grave. With delicate feeling they asked the missionary for a text to be engraved thereon. He gave them only one line from the Song of Solomon:

"I found him whom my soul loveth."

OUR TRACTARIAN MOVEMENT.

By Anne Beale.

Thanks to the generosity of the Religious Tract Society, a grant of tracts was made to us, in return for which we are asked to give some account of our distribution of them. This is, *literally*, "bringing us to book;" and although we are quite willing to comply, in the hope that our weak efforts may encourage others to do better, we can but feel our shortcomings. We can only write of one little corner of mighty London; but, as the French say, "By the specimen, we judge of the piece."

The cabmen first attracted us, and we confess to a slight nervous tremour when we accosted them. But we need not have been afraid, for an enticing picture on *Friendly Greetings* seconded our humble question of "Would you like something to read?" and we received a most amiable assent. So, henceforth, we visited, pretty regularly, the two cabstands in our neighbourhood, and, on Sunday particularly, have had much success.

The Illustrated Messenger, with its pictorial frontispiece, is well received. "The children are sure to turn my pockets inside out when I get home," said one cabman. "Have you a picture for the children?" another. "My missus and the little ones will certainly read it," a third. But independently of the children, the men often stretch out their hands from behind their hansoms, unsolicited, and say they are thankful for something to read. One even drove across the road to ask for our literature, by which we were much encouraged.

So, doubtless, will be a fellow labourer if she chance to read these lines. A respectable woman accosted us with, "Have you one to spare, please, ma'am? A lady gives my husband a *British Workman* every month at the Circus. He is an omnibus driver, and we all like the paper so much."

Similar testimony was given by a policeman, who said a lady distributed religious papers to the force in her locality.

"I like to read those sort of things when I get home of an evening. It does one good," he added.

The *Cottager and Artisan* is a great favourite with the police. They all say that they read it when off duty, and evidently appreciate the gift. "If you have a few more to spare of any kind, I can dispose of them," said one. "I have several young men in my house, and many more that I have to do with, and they all like tracts." This voluntary information was satisfactory, because people fancy that tracts are not valued. There is no doubt that such works as the *Cottager* or *Friendly Greetings* are preferred to the actual tract; but even that, especially when accompanied by an illustration, is gladly taken and read. It would need a small fortune to supply all with the larger and more important works, but the police, firemen, and railway officials demand our grateful consideration; and should have a worthier offer than a mere

two-leaved tract or leaflet. The latter, whose lives are spent for the public, are frequently very grateful for "something to read." A ticket-collector said the other day, "I am sure the Inspector would be glad to distribute any number of papers. I had this last Sunday. I enjoyed it very much." "We have more time on Sunday, and I like to read about the Truth," said another. We quote verbatim.

The flower-girls and shoeblacks who frequent the stations are not indifferent to literature, and a healthy tract, especially when it contains a story, counteracts much evil reading. Our particular flower-girl always greets us warmly as she sits behind her basket of fragrant blossoms within the station door. As to the boys, they are ever ready of speech, and "I al'ays reads 'em and likes 'em," was the decisive assurance of a juvenile shoeblack. And the introduction thus made often leads to further acquaintance and a knowledge of the hard lives and privations of those whose souls we would benefit. It is pleasant to see them poring over our letterpress as soon as our back is turned, and to know that we have left good seed behind us.

"It can't do us no harm if it don't do us no good," said one of a batch of labourers at work on the road. This class always welcomes the illustrated leaflets, particularly when the pictures are coloured. Many are old and solitary, and are glad to carry back something bright to cheer a lonely hour. They often volunteer the hope that it may benefit them, and stand looking at and comparing them before placing them in their pockets. One seldom meets with a rebuff, but on one occasion a shrewd-looking man declined our offer, "because he hated cant;" and occasionally we are met with, "I hain't got no time for reading." More frequently, however, it is, "Have you got something to eat, missus?" which is a question not to be recklessly ignored, for the asker is often hungry. More than once it has been put not far from our coffee-stall, and satisfactorily answered by a cup of coffee and slice of bread-and-butter, which doubtless digested the good advice on the printed sheet. A poor fellow stood gazing into a butcher's shop, to whom we gave a leaflet. Looking back, we saw him reading eagerly by the gas over the said shop, and were impelled to return and present him with a supper. He had not tasted food that day, and was very thankful, saying he "could cook it in his lodging-house, where he hoped to get a bed for the night for fourpence." He, like hundreds of others, was out of work, but was evidently no beggar, and craved no alms. There are thousands of such in this great city, and the presentation of a tract with a kindly word may open out untold misery.

Our crossing sweepers are not indifferent to them, though they like them best when accompanied by a penny! One old man looks for his Sunday reading regularly, and a young one says that he lends his, as soon as perused, to his brother. These poor souls are grateful for warm cuffs and scarfs as well as literature. But by no class is wholesome printed matter more heartily welcomed than by the artisan. If you present a book, or even an illustrated leaflet, to one of a set engaged in building a house, the chances are that the others will ask for one.

"Serve us all alike," said an elderly man. "We're a bad lot, I can tell 'ee, but that one is the worst," with a twinkle in his eye, pointing to a member of the group.

"Then he shall have two," we replied, and there was a general laugh.

"Now we shall know what's meant by 'Ungodly Children,'" mused another. "Mine is 'The Triumph of Faith,'" and "mine 'The Danger of Infidelity,'" a third and fourth.

"Give me the one with the coloured picture, for I can't read, worse my luck, and pictures teach me," said a respectable-looking, oldish workman. Happily, those who cannot read are now the exceptions.

It is very satisfactory to be addressed by young men who are, maybe, labouring in gangs at railway work, with, "I have a lot of mates up there, ma'am. If you have a few more to spare, I'll distribute them," or "There's a score of us down in that hole, and we should all be glad of 'em." Indeed, these "gangs" of workmen generally press forward for any sort of book. How incumbent is it, then, to provide them with good ones.

Once we were greeted with the words, spoken by a workman, "I distribute tracts myself. I've got a lot. I'm due at a mission this evening. I know that God is my Father, and Christ my elder brother: and I hope we shall get to heaven at last, for the work's hard enough here. Well, I haven't seen no coloured ones before. Thank'ee, I'll give 'em to my children as goes to Sunday-school."

We have no more appreciative recipients of such larger works as *The Cottager and Artisan* than the members of our contingent of the fire brigade. They can always tell if they have had the number before, and one fine young fellow generally remarks upon "the way they get up the engravings," as well as on the subjects of them. A learned looking jackdaw sits perched on the beautifully clean engine, and evidently understands the conversation; while at the corner hard by our pet crossing-sweeper has a jet-black retriever seated gravely before him. This fine animal forsakes a grand neighbouring house as soon as the old man appears, and keeps him company so long as he remains at his post. Truly the ways of animals are mysterious; so are those of children, for a small offspring of one of the firemen, clad in sailor's costume, comes forward with "Please have you got a *Friendly Greeting* for me?"

Sometimes our humble offerings are very condescendingly received. "Well! I don't care if I do take one or two;" or "Thanks!" with a sort of supercilious smile. But the boys who crowd round one are very funny. "Law! there's a picture! Give me one like that, please. Jim, you got a coloured one. I want a coloured one, too! Oh, yes, to be sure! I always reads 'em." One day we presented an illustrated leaflet to a lad seated on a barrow, and returning by the same way found him zealously perusing it; so we rewarded him by a second. Another youth, standing by a cart outside the coffee-stall, read aloud the title of a tract, "It is a solemn thing to live." "I've known this for ever so long," he added. "I wish they all knew it. I shall read it and give it to someone else." The tradesmen's *employés* seem to like this religious literature, as they pursue their week-day rounds with cart or basket; but the Sunday traders are shy of it, knowing full well that they are breaking the Sabbath by selling at all.

An interesting series of incidents grew out of the presentation of a tract to a woman who sits, Sunday after Sunday, behind a basket of fruit, with a little boy at her side. She could not read, she said; but we suggested that perhaps her child might like the pictures, so it was ungraciously retained. She was a respectable-looking, well-spoken, tidy woman; and we persevered in our "Tractarian" efforts every week, with little success. One Sunday her place was filled by a boy of sixteen, who told us his mother was ill at home. He could read, he said, and took the tract. He, too, was neat and well-spoken. The following Sunday the woman reappeared. She replied to our inquiries after her health in a more friendly spirit, and a gift of warm cuffs, made by a friend for her and her boy, somewhat thawed the ice. This state of things went on for some months. She was always at her post, rain or shine, from midday till nine or ten o'clock at night, seated on one basket and presiding over another, with sometimes a boy, at others a girl as her companion; but usually with her weak-eyed youngest born close beside her.

We went away for our summer holiday, and when we returned after two months' absence, there she was still, with what seemed a touch of black about her. She rose, for the first time, and volunteered to speak. "I have lost my husband since I saw you last, and am left with five children," she said.

Then we learnt that she lived near the Strand, at least four miles away, and that she trudged, with that great basket on her head, all that distance to earn a few shillings. Subsequently she acknowledged that she knew it was wrong to sell on Sunday, but she could not live without it. Her eldest boy was the only member of her family who could earn anything to help them. Being the fortunate possessor of some family tickets for the celebrated Leicester Square soup kitchen, where soup is given daily throughout the year, we presented her with one, and she told us the following Sunday that she had secured a good meal for herself and children. This happened more than once, until Christmas drew near, and therewith the great distribution of food. Previously to this, a young friend, engaged in the Theatrical Mission in King-street, Covent Garden, called upon her at our request, and found that she was a very respectable woman, that one of her girls was a cripple, and that her eldest boy was out of work. We therefore gladly gave this Spartan mother our ticket for Christmas Eve at Ham-yard, Great Windmill-street, Leicester-square, at no great distance from which she resided. As we were there, we knew that her daughter was one of the first of the thousand respectable poor who received each four pounds of beef, three of pudding, biscuits, bread, tea, and sugar. She afterwards said that she knew not how she would have got through Christmas but for this good cheer.

And here it may not be out of place to state that this, the oldest soup-kitchen and refuge in London, is falling to decay; and, unless the benevolent public comes forward to rebuild it at once, there will be a sorry look-out for the tens of thousands of poor yearly relieved, and frequently sheltered, within its now crumbling walls. We once presented leaflets to a considerable number, as they were waiting shivering outside the kitchen, till their turn came—and many appeared to read them eagerly and with interest. Food for body and soul seems to go well together.

But to return to our friend, the fruit-seller. We learnt that her eldest boy had been in a printer's office, earning ten shillings a week, but that, owing to slackness of work, he was there no longer. The editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER came to the rescue, and kindly wrote a letter to a firm of printers, which the lad was to present in person. This happened quite lately, and the result is still unknown. We will hope that the good deed may be rewarded and the poor family effectually aided.

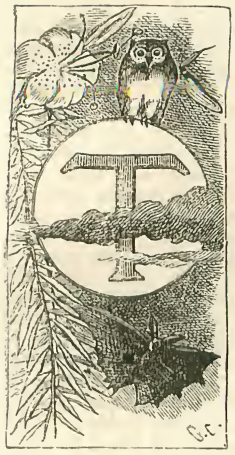
Our girls will understand why we close this sketch with this brief history. It shows how life is made up of "small things," and how that the gift of a picture, a leaflet, a coin, accompanied by a few kind words, may be followed by momentous consequences, and that "The bread cast upon the waters may return after many days."

LAURA LEIGH.

A TALE OF HIGHBRIDGE PAPER MILLS.

By the Author of "Cora; or, Three Years of a Girl's Life," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.



THAT evening Mrs. Herbert was to give a stylish dinner party, and many of the influential people who were to grace the *déjeuner* were expected. They were invited to meet the hero of the day, Vincent Ashton.

Laura was, as usual, requested to bring her two pupils into the drawing-room when the ladies came up from dessert.

Was it a coincidence, or merely by accident Miss Leigh was on this occasion dressed in white, her only ornament a bunch of scarlet geraniums, which she wore in her belt?

At any rate — not to inquire too minutely into the matter—Laura, as she sat near the picture of that well-remembered scene in Chorley Woods, looked not so very much altered from what she was on the day she painted that brawling river, the steep, fern-clad banks, and the old grey bridge wreathed with ivy.

Like, and yet how unlike! The brilliant colouring was gone from her cheeks, the restless seeming light from her eye, and her gay, careless manner was a thing of the past.

She had learned to take life in earnest, to make the best of it, to seek to mould it as a gift from God, hereafter to be accounted for, and purified and glorified.

Yet her face was really more touchingly beautiful than it had ever been before. Its thoughtful expression, its quiet gravity when in repose, were a sure index of the better, higher nature of the mind; and her smile, when she *did* smile, was sweeter than it had ever been in the days of "long ago."

Miss Leigh went through the usual *rôle* for the entertainment of Mrs. Herbert's lady friends. She played duets with Ethel, turned the leaves while the child went through a solo five pages long, and then looked round for Gerty to take her part in "Weber's Prayer."

But the child pulled at her white sleeve, and, putting her lips into a plaintive little pout, whispered—

"Please don't ask me to play, Miss Leigh. My head aches dreadfully, indeed it does; I am not pretending one bit."

"I am sure you are not, Gerty, and I will ask your mamma to excuse you this evening."

Mrs. Herbert was in a tumult of anxiety when she looked at the flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes of her child.

"You are feverish and excited, my pet; and I am sure it is caused by your having stayed so long in the hot sun this afternoon. I asked you to come indoors, remember."

"Yes, mamma; but I wanted so much to finish that game of lawn tennis, and lots of other little girls beside me were playing."

"Keep yourself quiet, Gerty, and your head will soon be better."

Gerty nestled into a corner of the sofa beside Miss Leigh, and just at the moment the gentlemen of the party presented themselves in the drawing-rooms, bringing up with them an air of liveliness and cheeriness as, with a kind of little tumult of conversation, they came forward in groups.

Vincent Ashton was talking with his cousin, Vincent Herbert, and Laura, from her seat on the low sofa near the window, half hidden as she was by the flower-stand and table, could, almost unseen herself, take a full view of her old, well-remembered friend.

Mr. Ashton was not altered much—the same keen eyes, the same fairly-regular features, the white teeth, and the kind, clever look. But he had gained a more manly, more distinguished bearing, had acquired the ease of manner, the self-possession that comes from contact with the world, and from a career at once active and successful.

Laura noted all this, at first with glowing cheeks and a throbbing heart, that, despite herself, would beat with intense agitation.

Was this her intended indifference and calmness? Even a glance at him had power to cause emotion.

She bent down towards Gerty, and began talking in a low voice to the child, determined not to allow her glances to wander again.

Just then Mr. Ashton crossed the room to talk to the vicar, and then he saw Laura.

She met his eyes for a moment, saw his quick start, the hot flush that mounted to his brow and cheeks, and she turned away with a gesture that in its abruptness had the appearance of annoyance.

Vincent knew her at once, and from her manner he thought she was vexed at meeting him, and did not wish him to recognise her. Much puzzled, he stood looking at her without advancing a step nearer; for he was too noble, too truly the gentleman to thrust himself on her notice against her will.

He had heard nothing of Laura Leigh since Marion Haywood had left Highbridge, and presumed she was married long ere then.

But he knew quite enough of the ways of his cousin's house to suspect it must be their governess sitting with the children. He had been accustomed to seeing various young persons sitting in that retired corner with them—persons who were never seen at the dinner-table, and who were never introduced to any one, unobtrusive, sad, young persons, to whom nobody talked. Some of them, he remembered, had been tall and fair, and ladylike; others had been short, dumpy, and quite the reverse.

Then he began to think his eyes were deceiving him, and yet, surely that *was* Laura Leigh, and she did not wish him to recognise her. He forgot all about the subject he was going to discuss with the vicar, and went direct to Mrs. Herbert.

"Louisa, who is that sitting on the sofa between Ethel and Gerty—the young lady in white, I mean?" asked he, in a voice intended to be calm, but that sounded strangely eager to his cousin's ears.

"Miss Leigh, their governess; quite the best they have ever had. I was obliged to send little Miss Ross away; she was so careless, and had such unpolished manners."

Mrs. Herbert noticed Cousin Con's eyes were still earnestly turned towards the governess, that he hardly heeded what she was telling him about Miss Ross, and a timely thought struck her.

"By the bye, I must speak to Miss Leigh about Gerty; the child has taken a chill, I am afraid." Without another word Mrs. Herbert swept across the room and, bending down towards Gerty, pressed a good-night kiss on her hot cheeks.

"She had better go to bed at once. Perhaps, Miss Leigh, you will take her to Hannah, and when she is in bed will you kindly sit beside her until she falls asleep? I think she only needs rest and quietness. I will say 'good night' to you also," added the lady, with one of her prompt, icy smiles.

Thus dismissed, there was nothing for Laura but to go at once.

Vincent Ashton had been watching this little scene. He could not, of course, hear the words, but he noted Louisa Herbert's rapid speech, and while he was wondering what she was saying, hesitating whether to attempt the bold step of joining them, he saw Laura take little Gerty by the hand and disappear with her through a door at the further end of the room.

Vincent knew of old his cousin's various plans and manœuvres with regard to her governesses, and he was fully conscious that, having drawn Mrs. Herbert's attention to the fact that he had noticed Miss Leigh, even inquired her name, had been quite reason sufficient for her being banished from the room.

There was no further chance of her reappearance that night, and he went through the rest of the time in a bewildered sort of maze, trying hard to do the proper thing, speak the right word, listen with apparent attention, while all the time his mind was busy with conjectures about Laura.

She had not married, then, as he supposed. But what had happened to her that she was governess to Mrs. Herbert's children?

Often and often he had pictured her as a happy wife adorning some bright, happy home, the centre of fond loving hearts, always the best, the first, the dearest, everywhere.

True, in days past his mother had said hard things of Laura; but he had always been loyal, and had never cast word of reproach on her. She had made him suffer at one time, but then she had taught him lessons also, raised his ideal of woman, until he had never found another that he considered worthy of taking her place in his heart and life.

And he ever looked back on that happy summer he had spent so constantly in her society as the brightest and best he had known.

Once or twice during the evening he half made up his mind to take Mrs. Herbert into his confidence, but then Laura had evidently shrunk from his notice, had not seemed to wish him to recognise her.

So he must wait patiently until the mystery was solved, for that there *was* some mystery he felt convinced.

How else could Laura Leigh, the fair patrician belle, be thus placed in what he considered a false position for her?

(*To be concluded.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPING.

Bright Eyes.—If the stains on the hair-cloth were produced by an acid of any kind, it will be impossible for you to remove them. Consult an upholsterer. Your handwriting is scarcely yet formed, and your grammar and composition need a good deal of improvement. We thank you for your kind wishes and favourable opinion.

Robin's Wife.—Keep the block-tin kettle well greased when laid by. This will preserve it from rust. We thank you for the collection you have sent us of "Buried Cities."

Isabeth.—Rub the knives with very fine emery, made into a paste with sweet oil. If this be not successful, we advise you to take them to an ironmonger's and show them to him. Polishers' putty-powder, mixed with a very little oxalic acid, may be applied with water. Great care must, however, be exercised in its use; and the steel should be well washed, and polished afterwards, to remove every trace of the acid.

X. Y. Z.—To clean silver filagree ornaments, see page 79, vol. iv.

Mabis.—Ivory knife-handles may be cleaned by rubbing them with some whiting a little wet with water and a flannel. Use rotten-stone and sweet oil for the other, or else a little dry magnesia.

ART.

D. J.—We should think the fault was in the photographic paper. You had better try another picture.

C. H. K.—An article on the subject is promised to appear in this present volume.

Allie.—We should advise you to put a background to the flowers and frame the plaques in plush frames. Your "w's" are just like "n's," and all your small letters are too big and clumsy.

E. R.—You will find an excellent article on "Crystoleum Painting" on page 38 of *Silver Sails*, the holiday number of The Girl's Own Paper for the summer of 1882.

Ivy.—Fine copal varnish is used for oil-paintings, and also by coach builders, and for metal and other purposes, not for water-colour paintings. Choose some handwriting which you admire, and endeavour to form your own upon it.

Earnest.—We regret that we cannot oblige you, as we do not give addresses.

Violet.—Try a little glycerine. We are giving various articles on painting on materials. We should think that oil colours would be far preferable.

Judith A.—To clean oil-paintings cut a raw potato in two, and with smooth, flat surface of the inside rub the paint gently round and round, washing off the dirt with a sponge and soft water from time to time.

Faithful Friend.—We think that your painted card shows sufficient taste on your part to make it worth your learning the art of illumination. If you cannot obtain lessons you might get a small shilling manual to assist you. You should learn to spell likewise, and do not confound the words "whether" and "weather." "Speccal" and "opion" are not English words.

Panjandrum.—"Body-colour" is colour that has consistency or thickness, otherwise "body," as distinguished from a mere tint or wash.

Gwendoline.—There is none that we know of. Perhaps the meaning of the word may help you. "Bric à brac" means odds and ends. "Marchand de bric à brac"—a dealer in old stores, old iron, old pictures, old china, and furniture. A group of such things would constitute a subject for a picture under the name.

A Scotch Lassie.—Send the questions you wish to ask to the Editor. The first volume of The Girl's Own Paper may be obtained from the publishers, 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C., price 6s.; vol. ii., 7s. 6d.

Marguerite Daisy.—We think your first attempt at sketching flowers in water-colours is creditable. But the flowers are all on one level as if pressed flat. You should learn to paint them in relief, and afterwards put in a transparent background.

Box.—1. The gelatine cards have, we should imagine, been exposed to the action of heat, which would have the effect you describe. 2. It is probable that an article will appear on the subject in this paper. It is against our rules to give names and addresses, but you can make inquiries at an artists' colourman's for such a manual.

Marie Sophia W.—Clear gum arabic is used as a ground for gold leaf, and should be laid on with an ordinary paint-brush. When this is nearly dry, or "tacky," lay the gold leaf on it, pressing a piece of slightly-greased paper over it with the fingers very gently. In a few minutes take up the paper rather quickly from the work, and it should bring away all superfluous gold. What is called "gilding size" may also be used instead of the gum arabic.

Amy Blanche.—You should procure some crow-quills at an artists' colourman's for etching.

MUSIC.

L'May.—We should advise you to go to a good music publisher's with your music. As you have no name as composer as yet, you will probably have to pay; but all such arrangements are between you and them.

Evolym.—We do not give addresses. We have no doubt you could order the song at a music shop, especially as you know the composer's name.

Miltiades.—We are much obliged by your kind offer but our hands are already full of all kinds of original compositions. There is no exhibition of Christmas cards being held or advertised at present, so far as we know.

Daisy Dymond.—1. You had better wait for the opening of the new musical college, which will take place in about two months. If not we should advise your entering the Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, W., as a pupil; the entrance-fee is £5, and the fees for instruction £10 per term. Apply to the secretary at the Academy. 2. It is said that rubbing ivory with a very little whiting put on a damp flannel will restore the colour and take off yellow and stains. You might try this to your pianoforte keys, using the flannel on your finger, and very delicately applying the whiting.

Frederica.—To play without notes is a very desirable and charming gift. People are tired of hearing girls excuse themselves for declining to play, on the ground that "they cannot play without their music." But few can play by memory, and it is an accomplishment to be cultivated. Persevere in the attempt, and by steady painstaking you may acquire the art. Learn two or three bars at a time, and when they can be played without book learn two or three more of some piece quite within your powers of performance; and never risk the playing for your friends' pleasure any piece in which your breaking-down is possible. This risk is often run, and it makes many of the audience exceedingly nervous and uncomfortable.

Ludwig the Pious.—1. We see by the papers that premises have been secured in South Kensington for the new School of Music, and that it will probably be opened in about two months. You will see all the particulars in due time in the papers. 2. We should think any good insect powder would destroy them, as well as other pests of the kind.

A. A.—How to play Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" will be found at pages 537 and 548, vol. ii.

COOKERY.

F. D.—Refer to the index of vol. ii., and you will find that the second word under "M" is "Macaroons." We do not undertake to give answers "in the next number."

A. L. T.—We gave a recipe for making a "Madeira cake" at page 352, vol. i., but as yours is quite unlike it we are glad to give our readers another, and thank you and your mother for supplying us with it. "Into eight ounces of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder rub four ounces of butter, and afterwards six ounces of sugar, two eggs, well beaten, and half a cupful of milk. Flavour to taste, and bake in a hot oven for three-quarters of an hour."

Gipsy.—1. For a plain, wholesome cake, suitable for use at afternoon tea, see pages 14, 303, and 669, vol. ii. 2. You might make raspberry sandwiches with slices of sponge-cake.

Housekeeper.—Much depends on the selection of the meat, in reference to its proving tender or otherwise. The beef-steak should be cut evenly, about an inch and a half in thickness; and if its tenderness be a doubtful question, brush it lightly over with vinegar before dressing it. Most cooks beat it all over with a rolling-pin to make it tender. If the weather be frosty the meat should be kept in the kitchen for two hours before being cooked. Sprinkle it with pepper and salt, lay it on a gridiron, and turn it every two minutes, inserting the fork into the fat only. If the fire be good it will be done in twelve minutes; let the fat drain from it, place a good piece of butter under and one on it, when placed on a hot dish, and pour a tablespoonful of Worcester sauce over it, previously heated in the oven. Garnish the dish with slices or strips of fried onions.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Raven Locks.—Your two verses will do very well for the album, although not poetry, and needing correction in any case. The two verses should be made alike in the length of the lines and the fall of emphasis. You might correct the last three lines thus—

"The gift I have chosen for you;
But know you will prize more deeply
The love that is tender and true."

In the first line of first verse, write "send," not "sent." We doubt not that your mother will feel gratified.

Marie Francis.—From the Women's Emigration Society—which facilitates, by advice, and by granting loans, the emigration of educated women to the Colonies—you would obtain all the information you require. Write to Mrs. Walter Browne, or have an interview with her, at 38, Belgrave-road, S.W. The cost of the passage must depend on the sort of ship, the class by which you travel, and the route you take.

May.—Let there be water-plants in the globe in which you keep gold and silver fish. They may be given bread-crumbs, flies, and the yolks of eggs dried and powdered. It is not necessary to change the water very frequently.

Ellen J.—All that we know of the native poetry of this country dates back no further than to the Norman invasion, although Anglo-Saxon poems had existed. Chaucer was the father of our English poetry; born 1328, and died 1400. Orpheus of Thrace is supposed to have been the inventor of the art (in the western part of the world), about 1397 B.C. The Song of Moses on the deliverance of the Israelites (Exodus xv.) is, we believe, the most ancient extant.

Paganel.—Radama I. was king of Madagascar in 1810; who favoured Europeans, gave up the slave trade, and encouraged Christianity. He died in the year 1828. Your writing is very good, although sloped backwards.

An Oldish Girl.—We do not think that you need trouble yourself any further on the question of which you write. No explanation need be given, nor is it at all necessary that you should claim the authorship of what was published without your knowledge, and to your regret and annoyance. Acknowledge the kindly recognition of the lady you name. It would be very rude to do otherwise.

Bookworm.—Neither boys nor girls become legally "of age" until they have reached their twenty-first birthday. By Act of Parliament, H.M. the Queen was pronounced "of age" at eighteen; but that was for the sake of avoiding the necessity for establishing a regency during a period of three years longer. Of course, a parent, or anyone who leaves property to a child, has the right of making an arrangement that they shall be independent in the free use of that property at an earlier age, or that they shall not have command over it until the age of twenty-five or thirty, and so making them, so to say, "of age" earlier or later than that period when the law ceases to term them "infants"—*i.e.*, twenty-one. We are much gratified to hear what an elevating influence our magazine has had amongst its readers.

Iolanthe.—The final "e" is sounded when you say, "Hesse Darmstadt;" it is mute when you say, "Prince Louis of Hesse." All depends on the sentence in which the name "Hesse" is employed, and the relative position of the words. The absurd announcement, over a shop in a neighbouring suburb, respecting "equilateral dressmaking," we suppose is designed to denote that the work is so executed that there is no "wrong side"—both sides being alike.

PRUNE.—Try the application of turpentine on a piece of ribbon of the same colour on which you have dropped some paint. If successful, use it; if not, rearrange the folds or bows of the ribbon, so as to conceal the stains. We thank you for your kind offer of a recipe for a cheap sponge cake, and should like to have it.

AG. must accept our thanks for her kind and very polite letter.

"RIDICULOUS LUCY."—Slope all your letters the same way; leave an equal space between each, as well as between every word, respectively, and practise making the small "b" more correctly. We thank you for the pretty card and your kind letter.

MINNIE M. A.—"England expects every man to do his duty," was Lord Nelson's last signal to the fleet, but it was not "telegraphic." His last words were "Kiss me, Hardy." You write fairly well.

ROSA.—Such addresses as you require are generally found in the correspondence columns of the *Queen* newspaper; we do not give them, and regret that we cannot oblige you.

A. G. K.—Perhaps your sister might be regarded as sufficiently weak in intellect for admission into an idiot asylum. Apply for information to the secretary of that at Earlswood. A doctor, if married, might receive her into his private house for a certain salary.

EDINBURGH.—The composition of your two scraps of a story is good; but we must say, as Sambo did of his two dogs, Cæsar and Pompey, "both berry much alike—pechally Pompey." You change your idea unconsciously at times, and also the person in question. But what was it all about? It is a beginning without an end!

C. B. M.—The family of Radcliffe derive their name from the village of Radcliffe in Lancashire, and their ancestor was Sheriff of Lancashire in 1194. From this family all the branches of the name appear to be descended. Ratcliff is the name of several villages and places in England, a name probably derived from the colour of the earth in the vicinity.

DISTRESSED VANITY.—Steaming the velvet over boiling water may take out the marks; when quite dry, rub lightly with a velvet brush or a piece of crape.

THE GIRL'S OWN BOY.—We have found that the best soil for all wild transplanted flowers and plants is their own, and so you had better take yours up with all the soil possible round them, and take some more away in a basket.

JUMBO.—There are homes for consumptive patients at the Royal National Hospital, Ventnor; National Sanatorium, Bournemouth; Erith House, Western Hospital, and South House, Torquay. Write to each address for terms, etc.

PERPLEXED ONE.—Were your family acquainted with your clergyman, it would be well to consult him on such a question. He might recommend you to some friends or parishioners needing a nursery governess or "mother's help." Failing to obtain such a situation, your family might apply to some respectable tradesmen, or women, with whom they are acquainted, and procure you a situation as book-keeper, or assistant in the shop or show-rooms. You write fairly well, but might shorten the tops and tails of your letters with advantage.

SALLIE and MOLLIE.—The degree indicated by the initials "M.A." is that of a "Master of Arts;" that of "B.D.," or "Bachelor of Divinity," is a still higher one, taken after that of "Master of Arts."

ELSIE.—The very high opinion which you and all your family entertain of our paper is very gratifying. We are glad to have it in our power to help and to please so many. The "rights," to which reference is sometimes made at the foot of the title-page of a book, mean the right of republishing, of selling or giving away the copyright, or of translation into a foreign language.

WILLUGIA.—Try the use of a sheet of blotting-paper and a hot smoothing-iron.

LACHINE ALICE B.—We are obliged to you for your letter, and the trouble you have taken in correcting us. Mr. Linley's claim is disposed of in a later number of *Notes and Queries*, we believe, by a correspondent, who states that he has had a seal in his own possession for nearly forty years with the motto, "Though lost to sight, to memory dear." A similar seal has also been shown to us, which has been in the possession of its owner since 1830. There seems little reason for believing that the author was Sir Walter Raleigh.

DAYLIGHT.—Consult the general catalogue of the Religious Tract Society, to be obtained at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

PEARL.—The soup-kitchen in Euston-road, next to Southampton-street, would be a very good object of charity.

DORA.—The City of Jerusalem was besieged by Titus and taken on September 8th, 70. The word "album" is from the Latin word *albus*—"white," and meant in ancient times a white table or register, on which anything was inscribed.

RES NON VERBA.—"Words are no deeds" is a phrase from Shakespeare's *Henry VIII.* There are many similar sayings in literature which have become proverbial.

AMY PORTER.—See Daniel xii. 2; Job xix. 25-6; Ecclesiastes xii. 7-14; 1 Samuel xxviii. 15; Psalms lxxxix. 48; also Isaiah xiv. 9. See also a sermon on immortality, by Liddon, preached before the University.

LEGAL.—We think that all the sons would be pronounced liable for the support of their father if the case were brought before the magistrates, and they would probably settle the proportion of each. But, in the present case, we should advise that it should be made a matter of family arrangement. If the son in India be in the Civil Service, something might be done through the authorities. But it would be more wise to "keep the peace" in every way.

WELLINGTON.—The Freedom of the City of London may be obtained 1st, by servitude—*i.e.*, having been bound to a freeman, according to the custom of the City, for seven years; 2nd, by patrimony—*i.e.*, being the son or daughter (married or a widow) of a freeman, born after the admission of the father, and twenty-one years of age; 3rd, by gift of the City or honorary freedom; 4th, by redemption or purchase. The livery of London are freemen who are members of companies, on taking an oath, paying fees, and being invested with a livery gown of purple silk and fur. The purchase of the freedom costs about £30, and the livery from £35 up to £200 or £300. You will find an excellent account of the English boroughs and their aid in the fight for English freedom in Green's History of England.

KATE L. L.—Before making a present to anyone, it is well to consider what they most require. As your protégée is an invalid, read the articles on "Occupations for Invalids," at pages 75, 202, 364, and 715, vol. ii., and see whether you cannot find out some fresh source of amusement and instruction combined. Your writing is pretty good for your age, but your spelling requires attention and care.

HOLMWOOD.—You must leave your husband's card if he do not accompany you to pay the visit; but not your own, if you were admitted.

GENTIANELLA.—We regret we cannot help you about the quotation; the description is too vague. The "Icon," or "Eikon Basilike," is a book of private devotion, the authorship of which was at first attributed to King Charles I.; but it is now understood to have been written, either wholly or in part, by Bishop Gauden, of Exeter. It was possibly approved of by the king, and it was published in 1648. John Milton wrote an answer to it called "Eikonoclastes," or the "Image Breaker."

EVA.—"*I. H. S.*" stands for "Jesus Hominum Salvater," in Latin. "Jesus, Men's Saviour," or the English equivalent may be written as "Jesus, Heavenly Saviour." "Feline" means pertaining to cats; "bovine," pertaining to oxen and cows.

ELPIS.—Write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for a book called "The Cottagers' Family Prayers." It is published at fourpence, in limp cloth binding. We thank you for your good wishes, which we cordially return.

SUNFLOWER'S writing would be good and characteristic were it much reduced in size. It is coarse-looking at present, and is not what in common parlance is understood by the word "ladylike." We cannot promise to give any more specimens of handwriting.

LAURIE.—Your nice, grateful letter and your pretty lines on "music" do you credit. We shall always receive your letters with pleasure, although they may have to wait rather longer for an answer than we should wish. See pages 144 and 400, vol. ii., in reference to the hair. Friction by means of a moderately hard brush, and cleansing with a good wash, are essential for its growth and preservation. See also pages 15 and 238, vol. iii., and consult the index of vol. i., under the same heading ("Hair"), where many references are given.

MURIEL.—Strip all the down from the stalks of the fowls' feathers; place them in bags, and bake them slowly until thoroughly dry.

GRATEFUL.—"Sardanapalus" was a king of Assyria. There is a poem so called by Lord Byron. We do not know of any locality of that name, nor does the name occur in the Bible.

LADYE OF BRANKSOME.—A lady's signature to attest the genuine character of your competition work will be quite as satisfactory as that of a gentleman. You might clean the doll's face to some extent by applying a little grease to it, and rubbing the dirty places with it.

TODDIE.—Look for the word "Grease" in the index of vol. i. and you will find references made to four places where directions for its removal are given.

MAYPOLE.—We have already given advice respecting stammering. Speak very slowly, beat time for each syllable, having first well filled your lungs with air. Never attempt to speak otherwise. Last, but not least, collect your thoughts and consider exactly what you mean to say, and say it in the fewest words in which you can express it. Your writing is pretty.

LILY M. tells us that the word "light" does not once occur in the Holy Gospel according to St. Mark, although of frequent recurrence in the other three. Our young friends, "Ruby Z.," "Ismere," and "Antigone" are invited to test the truth of this assertion, as the search will be a profitable one. "Lily M." is thanked for her letter.

H. TOMPKINS.—There is a society already existing for "learning Scripture," address Miss G. Jukes, 14, Paul-street, Tiverton, Devon; and another called the Bible Learners' Union, address Miss Brine, Streamlet House, Bromley, Kent. We direct your attention to these, as there is no good reason for multiplying them, and so incurring extra and unnecessary expenditure of money.

EDIE K.—There are "mud baths" in several places abroad, much recommended for rheumatism; but, without leaving your own country, you may find relief, if not a cure, by use of the bath waters and the baths. The complaint may be induced by climate, a damp house, or a condition of the constitution, the diet needing attention, and internal remedies being as essential as external ones. It may also be an hereditary disease. Wear under-garments of woollen stuff, good new flannel, or, still better, of Norwegian wool, and use daily friction.

I. OAKLEY.—You had better get as many copies of the weekly number containing "Our Daily Duty for 1883" as you require; then you could cut the page out and have it mounted and framed. We are glad that you and many others from whom we have heard appreciate the suggestions.

A WOULD-BE NURSE.—We think you are too young, but advise you to address the matron at the hospital, either personally or by letter. An article on "Nursing as a Profession" has been given at page 454, vol. i. Your writing and spelling would both require much attention before you became a nurse.

ALITHEA (Leeds).—Certainly, both letters of congratulation and of condolence should be acknowledged; but a little delay in replying to the latter would be willingly excused. Mourning is never worn until the day of the funeral, but it is usual to put on a black dress (when such is possessed) by those staying in the house of death. We feel obliged by your kind words.

HERO.—The use of soap spoils sponges. Rinse them well in cold water; and if that be not sufficient, procure the proper powder, sold at all chemists', for removing the sort of soapy sliminess of which you complain. Your writing would be good if a little less spider-like.

MARY MACDONALD.—1. Try rubbing your soiled white kid shoes with bread or flour. We do not know of any other method of cleaning them. 2. A birthday gift is not exactly a thing that a stranger could judiciously suggest. It must depend both on the habits and tastes of the recipient, and equally on what she has got, or otherwise. If her allowance be small, an article of dress might be acceptable; if studious, a book; if fond of any special art, the appliances for it; if she have no trinkets, she might like to have some. A piece of china, a picture, a small chair, a fan, or a binocular glass might be preferred. We rather like your small hand; but try to form each letter more carefully.

E. JAMES.—We thank you for your nice, grateful, and well-expressed letter. It is certainly usual to present those confirmed with a card bearing the date of their confirmation, and other particulars; but as it seems that it is the custom in that particular church to take them away again, you might write to the clergyman who prepared you, and request the favour of a certificate of the fact, together with the date, and signed by him. A letter would be as serviceable to you as a card, were you to emigrate; or otherwise on certain occasions. Read "Food for Invalids," page 612, vol. i. As a nurse, the little book there named would be of much service to you, and should be carefully studied. It contains useful recipes.

AMY WALTON.—John Bunyan's "Temple Spiritualised" would, we imagine, exactly give you what you require in reference to the "types" which that Temple and its contents supplied. It would be a great mistake to suppose that THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER was only written for children, or even for women only. It is read by persons of all ages, and of both sexes; by not only by the English, but foreigners of all nations; by those of the highest rank, and by domestic servants; by the deeply learned, and those whose letters can scarcely be deciphered; as well as by persons of respectively differing religious belief.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.—The Stuart crest is not the same for each family of that name. Lord Stuart de Decies has first a demi-lion, rampant gu.; and secondly, a lion-rampant arg., ducally crowned, as are the crests. Sir James Stuart, of Allanbank, has a hand holding a scimitar, all ppr. Sir Simeon Henry Stuart, of Harteley Manduit, has a roebuck statant ppr., attired and hoofed arg., ducally gorged gu. The Marquess of Bute (Stuart)—uniting the earldom of Dumfries—has two crests; first a demi-lion, rampant gu., and over it the motto, *Nobilis est ira leonis*, for Stuart; secondly, a wyvern, fire issuant from the mouth, all ppr. (for Crichton). You will find a notice of the Holden family in the "County Families." We are glad that you so much value our paper.

MIGNONETTE.—You do not mention of what material the dress is made on which there are spots of grease, and everything depends on that. To extract grease from silk, see page 14, vol. ii. From woollen stuffs you may do so by laying a piece of blotting-paper on them and passing a hot smoothing-iron over them, or holding a red-hot poker as near as it may be safe to do so. To embroider in crewels, see pages 139, 189, and 264, vol. i.

RED-HAIRED LITTLE WOMAN.—We are not prepared to say that a bad temper is indicated by the disgusting and unlady-like trick of biting the nails. But we hope you never bite yours? You write very well for a little girl of nine years old.

INEXPERIENCE.—Try an application of turpentine with a piece of flannel. But velvet and velveteen cannot be safely so treated, and we make the suggestion only because we have not any better advice to offer. Your handwriting is not formed, but promises well.

(Drawn by Marcella Walker.)

MARCH.

VOL IV.—No. 166.] MARCH 3, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ASPIRATIONS.

BY E. IRWIN.

A CURSE and blessing, grief and joy combined,
Attend the man of a poetic mind.
Life is for him with forms of beauty fraught;
His path is carpeted with flowers of thought;
Each dewdrop, sunbeam, birdnote, has its own
Sweet charm for him, to grosser minds unknown;
But then—his timid nature is unfit
To meet the sallies of sarcastic wit,

And words the thoughtless speak without intent
He takes and feels as tho' unkindly meant.
Too kind to wound, he feels a wound the more,
And shrinks within, to brood his grievance o'er.
A man like this small social pleasure knows,
The world for him contains a host of foes,
From Friendship's self a hidden bane he draws,
And seeks for fancied slights a fancied cause.
Three consolations for his choice remain,—
Religion—Love—or all-absorbing Gain:
Whiche'er he chooses, that for life will be
His friend, his crutch, his world's indemnity.

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The last for me would be a sorry crutch ;
Desire of gain—I do dislike it much :
I hate the world, but could I worship pelf
I'd borrow someone's spite and hate myself !
And as for Love—I've sounded woman's heart,
And like my own, 'tis good and bad in part.

I long for something greater still than this,
With woman's love, there's something still I miss.
O, God ! 'tis Thou hast given this heart to me,
And now I know its wishes tend to Thee :
Oh, let me cease to be an alien son
And make me all Thy own—Eternal One !

From *Modern Metre.*

BOUND TO EARTH.

By the Author of "Phil's Fortune," &c.

CHAPTER XX.

OF course, Fanny rebelled. The thought of being recalled home was the last one that had occurred to her, for having remained at Morecombe Cottage unmolested for so long, she had quite concluded that she was to remain there always.

But Mrs. Leslie was firm. It was in vain Fanny remonstrated and declared it impossible. Mrs. Leslie had, as we know, never intended her to stay, and the moment had come when she wished her to return.

"Of course, you must go," Mrs. Dalrymple said, dolefully. "I dare not allow you to stay against your mother's consent," for Fanny had declared she would not go until she was forcibly dragged away.

"Then that puts an end to it," Fanny replied, resentfully. Filial duty was not one of her virtues. "If you won't have me I must go. Everyone is very unkind."

"It is worse for us to lose you, than for you to go," Helen said, reproachfully. She was indeed wondering what would become of them without Fanny's brisk, cheerful activity and many-sided helpfulness, though she would not add to Fanny's distress by presenting this side of the question to her.

So Fanny took her departure, reluctantly, even angrily. She found an unexpected state of affairs at home.

"With all your wilfulness, you would never have acted as Julia has done," was her mother's greeting. "I think this family will drive me mad."

"What has Julia done?" was Fanny's most natural query.

A miserable story, told with many an indignant outburst and bitter invective against the delinquent. You will remember how much time Julia had spent with her friends in town, and how delighted her parents had been with the prospect they thought lay before her of marrying rich Gerald Willoughby. They had made up a house party for the Christmas holidays in order to include this young man and his sister among the guests. They had spent much money in providing all sorts of entertainments for these fastidious, idle young people. Mrs. Leslie had used superhuman efforts and ingenuity to keep Mr. Leslie in an equable frame of mind while they were in the house, and all had seemed to go swimmingly. Julia was gracious and perfectly charming in the elaborate costumes which her mother had ordered from the most fashionable London dressmaker's, and there was no Fanny in the way to mar matters by her unpalatable brusquerie. Gerald himself, although his manner was not exactly so diffident or so deferential as under the circumstances it might have been, nevertheless displayed a very open admiration for Julia, and all promised well.

At last the party broke up, Nelly Willoughby insisting on taking Julia back to town with her. In a week came a letter from Julia. She had *married* a young officer, a cousin of the Willoughbys, whom she had known for several years, meeting him whenever she was in town. "I should have told you of our engagement," she had had the audacity to write, "but you will remember that when I only mentioned his name once you laughed him to scorn, and said things I did not care to hear.

"I knew you would never consent to our marriage, so there was no other course open to me. I hope you and my father will forgive us. We should not have done this if I had thought there was any chance of bringing you round, but you were set on my marrying Gerald Willoughby, who cared nothing for me, nor I for him, so there was nothing else to be done. Tell Fanny she was quite right about Mr. Willoughby, and did not hurt my feelings in the least by the pretty compliments she paid him. The dresses you bought me new this Christmas afford me an excellent trousseau, so it is not so scandalous an affair as it might have been. I enclose my marriage certificate."

"Yes, witnessed by Gerald and Nelly Willoughby," Mrs. Leslie exclaimed; "bad deceitful creatures that they are, joining with my own child to dupe me in this shameful way. Did you ever read such a flippant, heartless letter? She little knows what she has done for herself by marrying this poverty-stricken lieutenant, with nothing a year to live upon. She will be glad to come and beg of me by-and-by, but I will never, never forgive her. Let her go to her husband's rich relations. She shall never have any help from us. Why have I such wicked, ungrateful children?" Mrs. Leslie cried, in bitterest anger.

Fanny would not add to her mother's mortification by saying what she thought. In her own heart she had less contempt for Julia, bad as her conduct had been, than as if she had married young Willoughby with his empty head and full pockets.

"And, indeed, what else need they expect?" she asked herself; "they only planned the other marriage to please themselves, and Julia thought she would please herself instead. The Willoughbys are the most to blame, and the horribly selfish man who persuaded her to act so. We are a nice set, I must own! 'Each one for himself' our motto, wealth and luxury our chief good, deceit and intrigue our practice. Ah, well, and here I am again in the midst of it all. What will become of me?

"Thinking of myself, as usual. How very selfish I am!" she exclaimed the next moment. "I might rather wonder what will become of Helen," and then her busy thoughts flew along that troubled route with much bitterness. "There is that poor child," she reflected, "naturally good, honest, true-hearted, striving to help her parents; bearing the keenest misfortunes silently, unreproachfully; bearing no one any ill-will for the ruin they have made of her life, and yet she gets no reward, no relief even.

"The very sensitiveness and truthfulness of her nature increases her sorrow. A lighter, coarser temperament would have felt less keenly. She will never recover it. Why should it be so? Then there is myself. My best feelings are my worst enemies. If I could feel like those around me I might be happy; yet, because I know and see the hollowness, the wickedness of such lives and cannot be the same, I am doomed to perpetual soreness of spirit, misery, unhappiness. Is it just, is it right?"

Then Fanny's troubled thoughts flew to Grace, as she had often recalled her image, moving about quietly and briskly in her orderly home, looking so serene and happy, shedding a graceful light of love over the atmosphere in which she dwelt, and receiving such a wealth of devoted love in return.

"She only does her duty, and both Helen and I have striven to do the same under far harder circumstances. Why is she so much happier than we? I know very well there is something about her that we have not got," Fanny added,

meditatively, "and it is our misfortune, not our fault. How I wished Helen had it, when I saw that she could find no consolation in her own goodness; something to take her out of herself, some higher aim than doing good from mere kindliness of heart, and I could not direct her to it, for I cannot find it myself, and yet I know so well what I want and what she wants. Helen and I are earth-bound. There is nothing higher for us than the good of this life, which we are not allowed to taste; not as we reckon 'good.' Why does not this Divine Presence come to our aid? Is it our faults that we cannot find it—we, who have never been shown the light?"

Fanny could not yet see that the first glimmering of light had dawned upon her. It had come through Grace, whose life, from her cradle upwards, had been, so to speak, so submerged in the sweet influence of true religion, that she could not go on her way without diffusing something of it around her. Her parents had found in her a gracious soil, in which to plant the seeds of faith and hope and love, and their fostering care had been well rewarded. Her loving trustfulness towards her Heavenly Father was as real as that for her earthly parents, who embodied in her eyes all that was good and tender in human beings. The omnipresence of God was no mere article of religion, but a real fact in her mind, nor yet a terrible one. In childhood it had made her afraid to tell a lie or do a wrong action, but as she grew older it became a source of happiness. God was not only the punisher of wicked deeds, but the beholder of every small act of self-denial, the ever-patient, strong helper in moments of temptation, the Guide, the Rewarder, the ever-loving Father.

No wonder then that Fanny, wearied and disgusted with the low aims and falseness of her own life, had unconsciously felt some of her influence. All Grace's actions were guided by the realisation of that Divine Presence ever near. The habit of thought could not be hidden, though Grace seldom spoke openly of her religion. In the old days Fanny had told her she believed she learnt her lessons to please God, and had been somewhat taken aback by Grace's serious answer, that she should certainly displease Him if she neglected them.

In the many troubled events of the last few months Fanny often thought of Grace and wished for her secret of happiness.

"But it can never be for us," she said, rising impatiently from her chair. "Such faith as hers must grow up from childhood. We cannot compel ourselves to feel it. If He is so just and loving, why has He given so much to Grace and nothing to poor Helen and me. It is not our faults that we cannot see, as Grace would, only a kind meaning in all this misery."

It was generally to this point that Fanny's meditations led her, when she would turn away from them in disgust. The light was but a glimmering, not enough to illumine her path, but only to make it seem darker than before.

Helen, too, was at the same time thinking very much the same thing. Grace had often spoken to her of the help of God, and she, with her natural docility, had tried to believe that He would help her, yet here was she utterly forsaken. She had tried to bear her sorrows without rebelling; it had not been possible to be brave over them, the wounds were too deep, crushing her down to the ground. Why should she be so tried? She had been guilty of no great wickedness, no base, unworthy motives.

When she had thought herself so happy, she had taken her happiness humbly and thankfully, with plentiful resolves to be worthy of it. She would have striven so hard to have been a good wife, studying her husband's best interests, and not caring what hardships she endured for him if only she might keep his love, and it had been torn from her in the most humiliating, cruel way. People told her that her love was unworthy, and ought to have changed to contempt. But for these dreadful circumstances they would never have had cause to say so, and how bitterly she longed that the revelation might have been spared her. Then, when she had striven to do her duty by her parents, how cruelly had difficulties risen in her path; beyond and above all, this last one of losing Fanny.

"I have tried and I have failed," she cried, in utter despondency. "It is no good to try any more. I must write and tell Grace. I wish she could come and see us, but I dare not ask her. It would be such a thing for them to know how badly we are getting on after all their kindness."

"Helen," cried her father's voice, fretfully, "why don't you let me have my tea? You don't care for my comfort a bit, always moping about."

"Minnie is out," Helen replied. "She ought to have been in long ago."

"And can't you get some tea?" her father said, sharply. "Fanny would have done it. Are you too proud?"

Mr. Dalrymple did not mean to be harsh, but he had developed this irritable fault-finding way—a strange alteration from former days—which was one of Helen's greatest troubles. In her present state of mind she could not bear it, and went away to the kitchen with streaming eyes and an aching heart.

"There is someone knocking," he called again, "and that girl is out. Do you hear, Helen? She's always out! What you and your mother mean by letting her go, I can't understand."

Helen stood still in dismay. Her mother was upstairs and had not heard, nor could Helen go and bring her without being seen through the glass door. Hastily wiping her eyes, she did the only thing left to be done—went and opened the door herself.

"Helen!" exclaimed a voice that she knew, and whose kindly tones seemed to bring comfort in spite of everything. "A letter was such a poor thing to tell you what I wanted to say. I hope you will forgive me for coming myself."

(*To be continued.*)

NEW MUSIC.

Robert Cocks and Co.

Faust. (Gounod.) Fantaisie brillante. By George F. West.—Mr. West has selected five well-known favourites from Gounod's *Faust*, and has beautifully illustrated each melody in a most artistic style. The introduction is very effective, and prepares the ear for the charming ballad which follows. The piece ends with the Soldiers' Chorus, given in a most stirring style. We strongly recommend this composition to our girls as one likely to please, and not difficult.

S. Sprague and Co.

Osmunda. Waltz. By Rhys.—A set of waltzes in the key of F flat, with short introduction and four waltzes ending with coda.

W. Morley and Co.

Bourrée. For the pianoforte. By A. W. Sebastian Hoare.—A sparkling and fresh composition with a tuneful leading theme which is repeated in octaves; reflects considerable credit on the composer.

Weekes and Co.

Blossoms of Springtide. Words by T. Mozer. Music by Hector R. Maclean.—It is quite refreshing to meet with a song free from the morbid feeling which has characterised recent compositions. Mr. Maclean has been very happy in the setting of these words to a flowing and pleasing melody. The accompaniment is also well considered, and the conclusion—

"Reft of the sunshine we die in the shower,"

is quite artistic. The song well sung deserves popularity.

We have received four of a series of glees or part songs set to music by W. E. Bendall.

The Voice of Spring. Words by Mrs. Hemans.

I'll never love thee more. By Marquis of Montrose.

Sundown. From the German of Uhland.

The Curfew. By Longfellow.

They are all good and harmonious. We, however, give a preference to "The Voice of Spring," which we think especially pretty.

Giocoso. Caprice for the pianoforte by Hector R. Maclean.—A joyous and spirited composition. In the hands of a moderately good performer this piece would be very effective, as it requires a light and brilliant touch. We recommend it to some of our young friends.

Moments Délicieux. Valse par Walter E. Allen.—A set of four waltzes with introduction, coda, and brilliant finale. They are pretty and have the advantage of being well marked throughout, which will render them favourites.

Thirteen Original Organ Pieces. By Charles Joseph Frost, Mus. Doc. Cantab.—We are of opinion that these thirteen organ pieces will be warmly welcomed by students. They are original, not difficult, and very pleasing.

Novello, Ewer and Co.

Bird of the Wilderness. Part song. Words by James Hogg. Composed by Edward Simmons.—This is a composition of great merit, and deserves great praise as coming from a student of the Guildhall School of Music. We sincerely wish him success, and hope he will go on and prosper.

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.

THE BREAD TREES.

CHAPTER XIII.

FRESH DISCOVERIES.

THE next morning I looked with disappointed gaze at the heights I had failed to gain, longing to know what kind of country there was on the other side. Any second attempt I saw must be made from some other place, as these precipices presented an insurmountable barrier; in the meantime, until I had quite recovered the effects of my fall, which happily were much slighter than I had at first thought, should the weather remain favourable, I might make the contour of the shore in my boat.

On arriving at the bread trees, I gathered a quantity of the fruit and was engaged in filling my bag, when I suddenly saw Wolf begin to sniff the ground and run in various directions. I saw at once he was on the scent of some animal, so left my bag to watch; he soon started what seemed to me to be a hare, and was quickly in hot chase after it. It was quite impossible for me to keep up with him, but I was neither willing to lose such a valuable addition to my larder, nor to be long separated from my faithful companion, therefore I followed as quickly as I could, and after a rather tiring scramble I came up to him, resting himself by the side of the dead hare. He had had so good a breakfast off some of the prey taken the day before, that he was not tempted to appropriate any of this game, but as I patted him and praised him, he wagged his tail as though highly satisfied with his performance.

But we were terribly out of our course, if not lost altogether, so, taking the hare, I proceeded to inspect the surroundings, hoping to find my whereabouts. I had pretty well learnt the various landmarks, but here I was in the midst of overhanging trees and had not the slightest idea in which direction to go. Setting off at a venture, after some time I worked my way to a clearing on a slight elevation from which I got a view of the central mountain, to which I now gave the name of Mount Desire. The chase had led very far, but had brought me to a side which offered an easier ascent. Between the spot on which I stood and the part of the mountain facing me a wooded valley ran, at the bottom of which I could distinguish at intervals a winding stream. Continuing a short distance onward to trace the course of the stream, I was rewarded by the sight of a lake, lying peacefully nestled at the foot of Mount Desire.

The country around seemed very luxuriant, gradually sloping away to the ocean, the blue line of which I could dimly perceive, and the manner in which it appeared to turn confirmed me in the opinion that I was on an island.

The calm surface of the lake was enlivened by two small islands, each a little forest in itself; whilst at the end nearest to me I thought I could make out the *embouchure* of the river, which had its source in the flanks of Mount Desire, and whose soft murmurs I could now hear.

"A VIEW OF THE CENTRAL MOUNTAIN."

"And what a scene were here," I cried, quoting the words of Scotland's king,

"For princely pomp or Churchman's pride.
On this bold brow a lordly tower,
In that soft vale a lady's bower,
In yonder meadow far away
The turrets of a cloister gray."

But neither cloister nor tower added their picturesque charms to the landscape before me; in this El Dorado nature was seen in her wildest mood, unsubdued and glorious; nor was I likely to meet, as the royal James did, with a guide to lead me to shelter and repose.

Much as I desired to explore yet more, I felt I had been long enough away from home, and also that I ought not to extend my exploration without being better prepared for the exigencies of a lengthened journey. But I promised myself some rich discoveries, when I should be able to investigate this part of the island, which was evidently much more luxuriant and fertile than the side on which I had been cast. The northern aspect, and being also sheltered from the cooler southern blasts, would account for this. It will be remembered that when the vessel was wrecked we had not yet crossed the line.

I turned homeward full of joy, already in imagination constructing a winter home for myself in this fair land. I did not however forget the practical whilst indulging in my day-dreams, but occupied my time on the march by gathering ears of maize or Indian corn, which grew somewhat abundantly, and was now ripe.

Having learnt something of my latitude, I was able to retrace my way to the bread trees where I had left my stock of fruit. Picture my astonishment on approaching the spot, to find a party of monkeys devouring the contents of my bag, actually passing it from one to another in a most civilized style. Wolf ran to them in a moment, to my horror, I was so afraid the dear fellow might get hurt; but the monkeys, quite unaware of their power, took fright, and throwing away the remainder of their spoil, very quickly gained a safe elevation in some high trees in the vicinity of them, and in their usual polite manner responded to Wolf's barking with frightful grimaces.

I was too much laden with Indian corn to regret the loss of the bread fruit very much. I took a little of it, as it really was an excellent substitute

for the staff of life, and I thought the lazy, mischievous thieves might as well have gathered for themselves instead of pilfering from my store. As I carried

"I COOKED THE HARE."

my load, and felt the weight of it rather excessive, I amused myself with wondering whether, if I could catch a young monkey, I could train him to be my porter; but I considered, though more arduous, it was less hazardous for me to bear my own burdens.

I was fearfully tired when I reached home, but very thankful to find all as I had left it; for I had once or twice had misgivings as to whether some undesirable animal might not have intruded itself into my castle during my absence. Of man I had ceased to fear, as it was scarcely likely, had the country been inhabited, I should have failed all this time to meet with any traces of its being so.

CHAPTER XIV.

A VOYAGE.

THE next day being Sunday, I was glad of a thorough rest, very welcome after my six days' hard work, which had prepared me for a due appreciation of the blessing of a well-earned repose. As usual, I ascended the cliff, there to engage in the religious worship with which I hoped ever to keep "holy the Sabbath day" in my solitary island home.

In the evening I cooked the hare and boiled some ears of maize. I found the great deficiency in my castle was the want of a fireplace. Having made a fire as near as possible to one of the openings boasting the name of windows, I hoped the smoke would find ready exit; but it proved most obstinate and declined altogether to vanish in this way, filling the cave until I felt most unpleasantly stifled. Hence, standing my two pots on the embers and a bread-fruit close by to roast, I went outside to enjoy the purer air and to plan a fireplace.

In spite of the smoke, which, however, cleared off as the flames got the upper hand, I enjoyed my dinner—indeed, I was in a happy mood that day, feeling in some measure reconciled to my lot; though as I glanced around I saw that there were many days' work yet needed to make my residence really comfortable, but this it would be better to postpone until the rainy reason, common to tropical regions, set in, for I knew I should then be obliged to remain almost constantly indoors. My present occupation must be that of getting in some stores for future use, for I should not be able always to live from "hand to mouth." I therefore employed several days in carrying home supplies of maize and bread-fruit, which I stowed away in casks. I also began to enlarge and widen a little some natural ledges and fissures in the walls of my cave, and thus succeeded in forming shelves, upon which I arranged a few utensils I had rescued from the wreck. At length a day arrived which I considered a favourable one for commencing the sea voyage I had planned to take, so I descended to the water cave where my boat lay, and commenced lading it with necessaries for an absence of several days.

I took with me a small cask of water and one or two bottles of wine, from which, although minus a corkscrew, I managed with some little exercise of patience to extract the corks without breaking the bottles, as I looked upon these as possibly becoming useful in some way or another. I also provided myself with a store of roasted bread-fruits and boiled maize. I limited myself to one spoon and plate, and the hunting knife which I carried in my belt, my object being to keep my boat as light as possible, so as to leave room for the great number of things I hoped to return with. To the articles already mentioned I added two guns, a supply of ammunition, and a blanket for the night.

All being prepared, I pushed the boat out from its hiding-place, rowed out of the rock-bound bay, and, when on the sea, hoisted the sail, thus proceeding safely in the direction of Cliff Nest, opposite which the wreck was lying. The ill-fated vessel had heeled over, and had been so broken and washed away by the pitiless sea that little remained save the mere shell. Seeing that nothing was to be gained by remaining here, and the wind being favourable for carrying me forward, I determined to profit by it, knowing its proverbial fickleness. I therefore merely walked round the islet to see if anything had been cast up by the waves, but I found only an anchor, which I placed in the boat and then started afresh.

The coast, as far as the eye could reach, was bound by the same kind of cliff as that near which I landed. It was not until a late hour, when the sun was sinking, that I observed I had reached the farthest extremity of the island in the direction I was taking, and that the shore then turned and the cliffs gradually diminished in height, giving place to a low pebbly beach. Here I, running the boat near shore, cast anchor, having resolved to pass the night in her.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WRECK.

EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE.

By MEDICUS.

"BE kind and considerate," whispered my good angel to me as I drew my chair towards my writing-table to commence this paper. "Be kind and considerate; do not give any advice that may seem hard or difficult for your readers to follow."

This made me pause and think for a short time, and nibble the end of my quill in a meditative sort of a manner. I repeated to myself ten times at least, the words of my title—

"Early to bed and early to rise."
"Early to bed and early to rise."

"Early to bed"—yes—"and early to rise"—certainly—"makes a man——" Oh! bother men! I'm not writing for men. Well, but "early to bed and early to rise is good for anybody." Granted, but not too much of it, not too much early either way. It is not nice at all to have to go off to bed while the evening is still young, and everybody just getting pleasant, with music and merriment inside perhaps, and moonshine out of doors. Nor is it particularly agreeable to have to turn out of bed over early in the morning. I myself once made up my mind to become an early riser, and I mentally tabulated a resolution to that effect, and carried it out too, right bravely, for—three mornings.

Very early rising did not seem to suit me somehow. Dressing was a task to be hurried through, for the room felt chilly, or I was, which is much the same thing. I did everything awkwardly, as if my fingers had all been changed into thumbs. However, I should be all right I thought when I got down stairs, but even then I did not know what to do with myself. The servants were up, that was a blessing, so I resolved to go into the breakfast-room and sit by the fire. I found that the fire was not quite awake yet. It had probably only been lighted about five minutes before, and if there be anything more cheerless than a newly lighted fire in a cold grate, I do not know what it is. The wavering flames were struggling with the damp wood, and the coals on top had no more life in them than as many pieces of broken brick.

Well, I would go into the study and read one of my favourite poets. But lo! there was a party there before me, who was by no means a poet, judging from the little I could see of her, for dust. She wore—no, not a wreath of roses, but a towel of some kind over her head, the ends of which she grasped in her teeth. She also wore a tall-handled broom in her hand, and I do not know what else. I fled. Out of doors, things did not improve with me. Everything was damp and dewy; it seemed to me that the world had not been properly aired, the tall hills in the west had not taken off their night-caps of mist, and the sea itself was asleep with the grey clouds all lying along flat on top of it. To be sure there was the sunrise, but there was small comfort even in that.

By-and-by I began to feel most unromantically hungry; I thought the breakfast hour would never, never arrive. The whole day indeed seemed interminably long, but the worst of it was that when evening passed away, and bed-time came at last, I was not a bit sleepy. It was surely no more than reasonable to expect that, having been astir so early, slumber would seal my eyelids as soon as my head was on the pillow, that, lulled in the lap of Morpheus, I should sleep, I should dream. Not a wink, never a dream, till long past twelve o'clock.

Next day was an improvement on the first, and the day after an improvement on that, and perhaps if I had stuck to my resolution I should be healthier, wealthier, and a deal wiser than I am to-day.

So, all things considered, it is very unlikely that I shall give the reader any exaggerated notion of the benefits that accrue from early rising. I do not forget either that some of our older poets used to write odes "On Sunrise." They used, as a rule, to write these odes, not on the mountain tops at dawn of morn, but in cosy rooms at midnight, the usual accessories being dressing-gowns and slippers, bright lamps and blazing coals.

But do not imagine from this prelude to my present article that I wish to undervalue the advantages of keeping seasonable hours. What I want to state is, that a habit of getting up at unreasonably early hours should not be forced upon our young folks, for they require longer rest and more sleep than their elders do.

On the other hand, over indulgence in bed in the mornings is enervating, and late hours of retiring have caused ruin to many a promising youthful constitution.

Let us see now how this may be.

Sleep is quite as necessary for all of us, no matter what our age may be, as food and drink, if we would have healthy bodies and happy minds, with some expectation of long life. For by the tear and toil of the day's work, or even from the excitement that is inseparable from a day's pleasure, both brain and nerves get for the time being worn out, and nothing on earth except sound refreshing sleep will enable them to renew their life and vigour.

I cannot quite explain to you how sleep does this, physiologists are hardly agreed upon the point. We know, however, that during the activity of our working moments the brain is copiously supplied with blood, and that during sleep this to a great extent deserts it, thus giving it time to rest. This rest is sleep, and the more complete it is the more it refreshes us, and the better and more comfortable will be our feelings next day.

If the blood does not leave the brain, sleep becomes an impossibility, if not enough blood leaves the brain, the sleep is only partial and dreams are the result. The character of these dreams will depend upon the state of the blood itself. If that be pure and fresh our dreams will be pleasant, if it be poor and watery they will be wearying, harassing, worrying dreams, probably continuing throughout all the live-long night, till we awake in the morning, feeling chilly and uncomfortable, feeling as if we might as well have stayed up all night. If, again, our blood is poisoned for the time being by something that we have partaken of, and that has caused acidity, or if we have indulged too much in the pleasures of the table, our dreams will approach the terrible in character, nightmares may be the result, and visions of a very unpleasant kind.

But the blood may be impure from other causes. There are in the blood what I may term natural impurities and poisons generated from the effete matters of the tissues themselves, which, be it remembered, are continually undergoing change. This is physiology, I know, and girls do not like "ologies." Well, pray forgive me, and I will use no more big words. Read on. To get rid of these self-developed poisons, nature has placed in our bodies many great glands and organs, whose duty it is to purify and sweeten the blood; the liver is one of these, the lungs are two others. In addition to these there is the outward covering of the body—the skin. Well then, I wish to ask you this question, and I'll say little more about sleep at present: If during the day you have taken no exercise to encourage liver and skin to act, and very little fresh air to enable the lungs to burn off—that is precisely what they do—the impurities of the blood, can you expect that your sleep will be very soothing, or that it will be otherwise than disturbed by disagreeable dreams? Think of it, please.

Now, I maintain that no girl who does not make a habit of retiring early at night, no matter whether she stays up for pleasure or for hard work, can hope to enjoy perfect health for any length of time. And if she has not health, if she loses that blessing, she will most assuredly get old long before her time.

Thousands or thousands of old young girls, if you will pardon the expression, crowd our busy streets every day. Aye, and they do not all walk on the side path either; numbers of them ride in carriages; the former you meet morning, noon, and at eventide, the latter you never see in the morning; the former must get up and go about their duties, the latter are by no means early-to-bed-and-early-to-rise birds. How could they be? They are the devotees of pleasure, they are "fashionable," it might not be the correct thing to be seen abroad too early. Much better lose health, lose looks, lose life itself, than offend against the rules of "good" society!

But let me now tell you one or two of the commoner evils that result from keeping late hours. By so doing one turns night into day to begin with; this is a sin against nature. Why, the very birds and beasts of the field know better than to do any such thing. Again, one seldom sits up late without eating and drinking more or less. This is undoubtedly wrong, the stomach needs rest as much as any other part of the body, and to make a constant habit of going to bed with a loaded stomach is to court indigestion and chronic dyspepsia, which must come sooner or later, and terrible and seemingly innumerable are the evils that may follow in the train of that insidious complaint. Your heavy supper-eater seldom enjoys a breakfast. Her sleep has not been refreshing, first and foremost—how could it have been?—and the stomach has been at work all night and now craves a rest. It has lost all tone, and if its owner can trifle for a few minutes with a morsel of toast and butter it is about all she can do, with the exception of swallowing a mouthful of tea.

What is the result? Why this, that she begins the day with weakened nerves, and nothing to fall back upon in the shape of food to stay and support the system. Is it any wonder that things do not go well with her all the forenoon, that she is nervous and impatient, easily excited, probably even quick or cross-tempered, or at all events peevish? She will probably put all this down to anything rather than the true cause—sitting up too long.

But it may be that a girl sits up late and neither eats nor drinks anything to speak of. Notwithstanding, I say that her sleep will not be so refreshing as if she had retired early. The little tiny bloodvessels of the brain are supplied by nerves far tinier than themselves, which assist them to contract and expel the blood from the brain, when we lay our heads on the pillow; but if these tiny bloodvessels are kept too long on the stretch, they lose their elasticity or power to contract, and their tiny nervelets get tired and so sleep is banished. This state of the brain is well known to those who are kept for a long time together at work or on the watch, and is generally called "being past sleep." Beware of such a state: it is dangerous.

Late hours very often bring on the ailment which goes by the name of nervousness. But in this case it is not the nerves only that are at fault, indeed I hardly know an organ or tissue of the body that is not weakened; therefore, it might as well be called general debility at once. Even the heart is weakened, and the results of a weak heart, apart from all disease, are too painful to think about. I have before written on the subject of nervousness, so must refer anyone who suffers therefrom back to that article.

I do not want to draw a very dark picture, but when I speak of indigestion, I fail to see how I can sketch a bright one. To have little or no appetite in the morning, is usually a symptom that something is radically wrong, and a girl who can eat no breakfast had better ask herself a few questions as soon as possible. These would be: Am I living aright? Am I obeying the common laws of health—laws, by the way, that the merest schoolgirl knows all about now-a-days? Do I go to bed at the proper time? Do I secure refreshing sleep? Do I take exercise, breathe fresh air, and eat what is proper with regularity, and at the right time? Unless she can answer all these questions in the affirmative she had better at once set about altering her mode of life so that she can do so, for in a case of incipient indigestion, medicine without a proper and judicious system of living is of no avail at all.

Want of good rest, which can only be procured by retiring at a seasonable hour, enervates the system, and one of the evils resulting from this lies in the fact that colds, coughs, chest complaints, and sore throats, to say nothing of fevers of any kind, are more easily caught by people whose nerves are out of tone. I have heard it expressed in times of epidemics, whether of small-pox, scarlet-fever, or cholera itself, that the medical men who were constantly in attendance on such cases, and breathing the infected air, must "take something," as people phrase it, "to keep

away the contagion." Verily, they do nothing of the sort. They simply live well and regularly, and keep their systems well up to the health mark, and lo! they can walk through pestilential wards and not be affected.

Among the minor troubles that have their origin in the habit of keeping late hours, is the loss of that clearness of complexion which every girl ought to possess. It is well if this be not simply a kind of general sallowness of skin, but there is too often evidence of a deranged state of the blood, as testified by pimples coming out here and there on the face, and these are sometimes very painful, or they may be simply disfiguring. Want of good and sufficient rest makes one's life a life of worry, it dims the once bright eye and induces wrinkles and grey hairs long, long before they ought to have appeared.

It is not pleasant to me to have to speak about these things, only it is a duty. Let me change the subject, however, and say a word or two about early rising. I have already said that young folks should not be made get up of a morning too soon. They require from eight to ten hours' good sleep to keep them in health, very young children requiring the most. But seven o'clock in summer and eight in winter are hours at which every young girl who values her health and looks should find herself out of doors. I should want more space than our Editor can afford were I to enumerate even one-half of the advantages of getting up at a proper hour in the morning.

Too much rest in bed weakens the solid portions of the body, as well as the nerves. At the same time it renders the mind dull and inactive. Presuming that one has retired pretty early, and has had a reasonably good night's sleep, to get up betimes gives her an advantage for the whole of the day that she would not otherwise have possessed. If she be her own friend she will endeavour to set to work on the duties of the day as soon as possible, she will thus be enabled to secure for herself some hours of the afternoon even in winter for healthful out-door exercise, and this will insure her a good night's sleep to follow. A good habit is easily acquired, it soon becomes a second nature, and the blessings attendant on it are innumerable.

It is a capital plan to begin the day by taking a bath. I have said so before, I know; I may say so again and not repent it. The cold bath is *so* bracing. Every girl cannot take it cold and ought not to, but a dash of hot water is not, as a rule, difficult to obtain even at seven in the morning. It is worth trying for at all events.

A handful of the ordinary sea-salt obtainable at any grocer's makes the bath far more bracing, and early rising followed by a bath of this kind is really delightful. A walk before breakfast should follow. The strong cannot do better than drink a glass of pure spring water before the walk, but the weakly should not indulge in much exercise in the morning, on an empty stomach. A little milk and a tiny milk biscuit should, therefore, be taken before setting out for the walk.

I am writing in January, early in the month; before these lines are perused by the readers of The Girl's Own Paper, spring will have come, or nearly so. Of all seasons of the year it is the most hopeful, and it is the best in which to begin to acquire any new habit. What say you to testing the truth of the old adage, and taking as your health motto:—

"Early to bed and early to rise."

A FEW WORDS ON MONEY MATTERS.

On the right use of our money depends in a large measure the happiness of ourselves and those belonging to us. On the other hand, the misuse of money is the cause of a fearful amount of the misery we see around us. This, then, is sufficient apology for daring to write on what is confessedly a touchy subject with many of us—the vast importance of beginning life with some fixed ideas, plans, and principles, without which we are almost sure to come to grief, or live haphazard, miserable, muddled, and wasteful lives, instead of wise and useful ones.

What we want at starting is to get a firm hold of the fact that our money is not ours but God's. If we believed this—not as an abstract general truth, a grand way of viewing things, something only said in sermons, but as a simple everyday reality—we should not, could not, spend our money without thought or care, as so many do. A little thought will show us that money is but lent us by God. Even if we earn it, He gives us the strength to do so, and can withhold it at His will. Yet, how many do thus think of money? "After all, my money is my own; I can do what I like with it; it matters to no one," is a common thought and expression. Many act up to the words, without a thought of their selfish untruthfulness. All who have any regard for duty or principle cannot so live, and to such it is that the following advice is addressed.

First, then, as our money belongs to God, it is but our plain duty to spend some in His service. We are too prone to look upon giving money for charity as a proof of goodness, instead of a clear duty like truthfulness; not as something we ought to do, but as resting entirely with our own inclination. Charity should not owe its source to impulses of the moment only. A certain portion of our income should be mentally set aside for the purpose. What this portion should be, each must decide for himself. A tenth many have given from ancient times downwards; but there might be cases where this would be too much, and some where it would be too small; only let it bear a fixed proportion to our income. If our income increase let that increase. Do not leave almsgiving to chance. Once the sum is decided upon, let us look upon it as spent. If it be a tenth, then instead of one hundred pounds per year, we have ninety pounds, and can regulate our expenditure accordingly. Once we have decided, let us rigidly adhere to our decision, never giving less than the money thus set apart. How to lay out this sum, to do the most amount of good, is a question we shall not grudge thought and care to solve. Ascertain first those things that have the most claim on one. Use common sense, so that the money may not do harm instead of good. To give to beggars is to perpetuate a growing evil. Be assured the risk of refusing one in real need is a thousand to one. Hundreds of lazy scamps live in luxury, on the foolish liberality of the poorer classes, who give to these social sharks (who are far better off than themselves) what they stand in need of. Above all, as far as possible, let not the left hand know what the right hand doeth.

Another portion of our money should be laid aside for illness and old age. This is as plain a duty as the other, at least to those who are not provided for. To look forward, as so many do, to chance, or to being a burden on others, is both mean and selfish, and should be considered a disgrace. Would that there were more noble independence amongst us! Yet how many never give a thought to the time when they can no longer maintain themselves. It has been said that workhouses are the curse of England, and when we see so many of our artisan population and others calmly looking forward with the thought that there is always a workhouse to go to, and so never troubling about the future, and spending money so thriftlessly, we are tempted almost to think so. Surely *one moment's thought* must show us the need, as well as the duty, of providing against illness and old age. We gain instead of lose by saving. It is notable that it is those who save who are the best off and most comfortable, even before the time comes when they need their savings, and not those who lay by nothing at all. Why, then, are so many of us utterly blind and regardless of the future?

In order, however, to save or give money in alms, we must have some method in our general spending. A strict account of all we spend should be kept by all. If this were more generally done much of the world's misery would be prevented. If people could but see how small things mount up, what such and such a luxury costs, they could not spend money so recklessly. It is the not knowing where the evil lies. Unless we keep account of what we spend we are almost certain to outrun our income, to buy what we cannot afford, or at the best live hand to mouth, shiftless existences, never knowing at any time how we stand. It is useless, however, to think that just putting down what we earn and spend is of any use. This alone would be rather a witness of our extravagance should we go wrong. No, we must regularly balance and see what this and that item costs, and take averages, and compare expenses from one season to another. Only by so doing can we tell whether we can afford this, or must curtail that; only by so doing can we tell how to act in the future or gain experience from the past; only by so doing can we be sure whether we are living within our income or beyond it.

At the beginning of the year it is a good plan, as far as we can, to portion or plan out our money. We can roughly tell those things we need and will have to buy—clothes so much, board and lodging so much—and can so tell the money we really have over for smaller expenses, from what we fancied we should have. By this means we get a truer idea of how much or how little we actually have to spend on ourselves or on little things. People often buy what they cannot afford, simply because, having the money in hand, they imagine they can afford it; whereas had they planned it out, they would have known how little but was not disposed of or would be needed for other things. This habit of looking forward and of mentally setting aside the various items of expense is an invaluable one. We should endeavour to forecast expenses, so as always to know the vast difference from the money in hand and the amount we are at liberty to spend on what could be done without. It is not doing this that causes unnecessary luxuries to be bought and needful necessaries to be gone without.

As a talent given to us by God, and of which we shall have to give account, it is our duty to endeavour to spend our money wisely and well—to make the best of it. To do this requires thought. It is the not thinking that causes so much misery. Management also is needed. How is it that some seem to make money go so much farther than others—

to have double the comfort, with half the means? How is it that some get on in spite of difficulty, while others with every advantage do no good to themselves or anyone else, who, never mind what they earn or have, are always hard up—who want this or that, and cannot afford it, and are always in an unsettled, miserable state? Thought and management is the answer to the former; want of these, the answer to the latter. Those who will not learn the art must pay the penalty in a useless life, if not a wrecked and ruined one. Not to think, is to cause, at the last, heartless cruelty to others. Relations and friends have to think for those who are too careless and lazy to think for themselves; to discharge obligations their thoughtlessness has caused. Never was a falser saying than, "I hurt no one but myself." If we shirk our duty we shift it to other shoulders, and others have to suffer and bear the burden.

Economy must enter into the lives of most of us, to none more than those who will have the management of household matters. So long as there is poverty in the world, so long will waste be a sin. Dislike of economy, calling it meanness or stinginess, is but saying we hate trouble and thought. What would not the money that is wasted do if wisely spent?

Many seem ashamed of saying they cannot afford a thing—foolishly feeling that it is lowering oneself so to do. Surely it is much nobler not to be above telling the truth. One hardly knows which to condemn the most—those whining persons who are always pleading poverty, making themselves worse off than they are, or those who go to the other extreme, and make themselves out better off than they know themselves to be, who endeavour to give everyone the impression of being grander or richer than they are. To spend money simply to appear grand or liberal or generous is the cause of much extravagance. Yet how much meanness and littleness of mind there is in such mere show? Surely we should be above such ignoble falsehoods, and falsehood it is to create impressions we know to be untrue. Persons who in this way are so-called generous and liberal to strangers, are usually the opposite where their duty lies. Let us not be ashamed of our true positions, neither making ourselves richer or poorer than we are, doing our duty, caring not what people may say of us, being faithful over few things, so that we may be made rulers over many things, and at last may enter into the joy of our Lord. W. L.

CARINA.

A ROMAN STORY.

By LOUISA EMILY DOBREE, Author of "Dreams and Deeds," "Turned to Gold," &c.

CHAPTER I.

PSYCHE.

ONE November afternoon, Carina Servi stood on the small terrace which is nearly at the top of the Coliseum. She was a tall, slight girl, of about twenty, with a face that, in its paleness and clear-cut features bore no slight resemblance to a beautiful Psyche which all who have been at Naples know as being in the Museo Nazionale. The likeness was great, but in Carina the marble-like whiteness was relieved by lips red as the berries of the mountain ash, eyes that were blue as the skies of her own sunny Italy, and masses of soft, fine, brown hair, out of which the sunset glow was bringing many golden lights. It was wavy, too; and under her hat, which was slightly pushed off her face, were little, short, fluffy bits that no brushing would keep in their place, and which anyone loving a "fringe," as Carina did not, would have given much for.

Carina leant over the old grey parapet, part of the walls, which ages ago witnessed such terrible scenes, and which now, in their ruin, circle one of the most sacred spots on God's earth. The wall was warm, though it was November, for a strong sun had beat upon it all that glorious day; and now as Carina looked out she saw the whole of the surroundings bathed in its dying splendour. She was enjoying it all thoroughly, her real artist's soul revelling in the marvellous lights, the distinctness with which each detail of church and ruin and amethyst-coloured mountains was told out. Beneath, in the arena, were some tourists—English and American—three students in black and blue, and a long line of red-robed men from the German college, who were talking, gesticulating, and criticising.

"Signorina."

Carina turned away, as it seemed to her, from a paradise of loveliness to earth, in the shape of Lucia, an old servant, who was sitting on the top of the steps leading up to the terrace. Her face and hands were brown, she had large dark eyes, and a very sweet mouth, the only touch of colour about her being an orange handkerchief tied round her throat, and fastened with a little mosaic brooch Carina had given her on her last "festa." She accompanied Carina in all her wanderings, and these were not few; and the latter found her a pleasant companion, inasmuch as she knew when to speak and when to keep silence.

The two were well known in Rome, and old Signor Servi, who was paralysed and never left the house, knew his one motherless child was in safe keeping. He had married an English girl, who had died at Carina's birth, and he went on with his painting till paralysis laid him low. They were not rich, but they had enough to live upon; for Signor Servi had laid by in his prosperous days, and a nice little sum was gathered in the ——— Bank.

"Well, Lucia," questioned Carina, smiling, "are you very tired of waiting?"

The voice was gentle and low, that "excellent thing in woman;" and sweeter than ever did it sound as Carina spoke her father's Roman language.

"Tired! not if the signorina wishes to stay. But the master's supper will be ready, and that girl, that Cecilia, never does his tomatoes to his liking."

"And you would like to go and give an eye to them. Very well, Lucia, let us come."

Carina lingered yet one moment, giving a last loving glance at the beautiful mountains, at the sweep of land which Mrs. Browning has described so aptly as the "dumb campagna sea." The rooks were flying home noisily to their homes in the nooks and crevices of the old stones; in the distance sounded angelus bells.

Then they went down and found themselves at the great gate, which the custode solemnly opened for them; and a young Englishman who was standing near watched the two come out, the old woman forming such a contrast to Carina in her grey dress, which she was gathering up with her long, well-gloved hands.

Three English girls were airing execrable Italian, and trying to bargain for some of the photographs which were in a glass case near the steps, whilst a young man, evidently their brother, read "Bædeker" aloud to them. He was tall and thin, and had gold-rimmed spectacles, and sandy hair. "Originally called the Amphitheatrum Flavium, the largest theatre, and one of the most——"

"Oh, Ted! we must have this photograph; it's capital—the whole exterior," exclaimed the youngest. "*Quanto, quanto?*" she asked, but her brother went on—

"Five thousand wild animals were killed, and——"

The young Englishman, whose attention had been divided between watching this set and looking at Carina and Lucia, suddenly turned, for Carina was saying, in a very distressed voice—

"Oh, Lucia, my locket. I have dropped it. It must have been on the terrace."

Lucia looked grave. To toil all the way through the endless corridors, and up those steps, and she could not let Carina go up alone.

"I must go and look for it," said Carina; but before she could ask the custode, the young Englishman addressed her in excellent Italian, and asked permission to go in search of it.

A faint flush spread over Carina's face, as much at the pleasure it gave her to hear an "Inglese" speaking her language so well as anything else. Glancing timidly up, she met the honest gaze of dark grey eyes, and saw that their owner was a tall, handsome man of about thirty, with a brown beard, and hair of the same colour swept off a high, musical forehead.

Lucia answered for her, rather to Max Hamilton's disgust. Lucia informed him he was a good angel to offer, he would be a better one if he went. If she sent an Italian, ten to one he would steal it, and an Inglese could be trusted?

The latter part of the sentence being decidedly interrogative, Max remarked in English—

"Does the woman think I shall take it to the Monte di Pietà."

And he laughed. A laugh which Carina echoed, and betrayed the fact of her knowing his language.

Lucia had not caught any of this, and so Max went up, disappeared, and returned after about twenty minutes empty-handed.

"A fruitless search," said Mr. Hamilton, in Italian. "I expended all the wax vestas in my possession looking. I must get a torch now and go up again."

"SHE WAS ENJOYING IT THOROUGHLY."

"Oh, but indeed you must not," said Carina.

But her objections were cut short by a hasty explanation to the custode, in Italian, by the Englishman; and, after an exchange of some paper money and smiles and grazies, the torch was forthcoming.

"But you must not wait here," said the stranger. "Go home, and I will bring you the locket if am fortunate enough to find it. If not——" and he looked doubtful.

He wanted to ask if he might call all the same, but he dared not. How could he, an utter stranger, intrude in this way on a noble Italian family, to which he was sure Carina belonged? Gentle birth, culture, and the inexplicable charm of perfect breeding were expressed in every look and word of Carina's. Perhaps she was a Principessa di something or other and would resent the intrusion.

Here, however, Lucia came to the rescue.

"Come, Signor Inglese, come, and welcome. It is a dull house and a dull time for the signorina, and the signor would be glad to see you. Via Frattina, 404, *l'ultimo piano*. Come along, signorina, we must be going."

Carina was used to submitting pretty much to old Lucia, but this sudden invitation to the stranger rather surprised her, and as they walked on, passing the Forum and turning up a back street, Lucia was questioned as to the reason of it.

"I have done well," said Lucia, sententiously. "He is a good young man; goodness lies in his eyes as surely as it does in yours, and the signor will thank me for bringing him a fresh acquaintance."

"But we know nothing of him, Lucia, and papa lives so recluse a life," demurred Carina, who yet, strangely enough, felt a kind of pleasure at thinking she should see the Englishman again.

Lucia proved right, for when Signor Servi, who was a gentle, whitehaired old man, with dark eyes and an olive-complexion, heard the story he was quite pleased. Recluse indeed the life led in that apartment was, and it affected Carina as well.

The apartment they lived in was at the very top of a large house, which was in a street one end of which was in the Corso, the other near the Propaganda. As you entered the stone passage off the street through the gates of the courtyard, you could see a queer-shaped griffin's head against a background of blue on the wall, from which water ever flowed into a basin formed of rockwork. Many lines of ropes criscrossed it from the different windows of the house, which ran round three sides of the little square courtyard, and buckets of water, drawn up by pulleys, were being worked up and down all day long. If you stood in the court and looked up, the variety of life seen from the windows was striking. In the yard itself was often a horse, quietly munching hay; a cart, buckets, and various things. On the little balconies of the windows were flowers; articles of clothing hanging to dry on the railing or strung across on rope; here and there piles of old pots, flasks, chairs. All kinds of things seemed to find their way to these balconies, and at the very top carpets were hanging to air, and you could see the loggia of the Servis' apartment, where Cecilia, a handsome Sicilian girl, with exquisite features and gleaming white teeth, was hanging over the balustrade, screaming down to the porter's wife instead of minding the dinner. A sad-faced little German governess was peeping slyly out of her schoolroom window in the intervals of correcting some exercises and watching her charges, three little English children, who were playing about near her in the dismal schoolroom.

Carina left Lucia to go and scold Cecilia and see after the tomatoes, while she went and talked to her father, to whom the little adventure and invitation was quite a pleasant change. Carina thought of the young Englishman a good deal, almost unconsciously, and she hardly knew why she felt so very happy as she went about the rooms the next day, performing all her wonted tasks.

The day passed and he did not come. Another and another, and after ten days Carina thought all hope of her locket and seeing the stranger had gone, and she tried not to feel it was a blank—but it was.

(*To be continued.*)

AN UNDERGROUND EXCURSION.

By Ruth Lamb.

WOULD you like to go down into a coal pit? If so, I can easily arrange it for you."

This question was addressed to my husband, during a recent visit in one of the midland counties, by our friend and host, whose mind seemed to be always occupied in finding new objects of interest for us to examine during our stay.

My gudeman looked properly grateful for the offer, but somewhat dubious about accepting it, he having a not unnatural prejudice in favour of daylight and the outer crust of mother earth. So he turned to me and asked what I thought about an underground excursion, and whether, in case of his going, I would accompany him?

I responded with sufficient promptitude, "If you go I shall certainly go too, and afterwards I will tell the dear girls all about it, for I fancy there are not so many of them who have taken a similar journey."

It was accordingly settled that we should descend, a quarter of a mile into the bowels of the earth, on the following morning. Our kind hostess, who has never been further than the mouth of a shaft, announces her intention of descending with us; this is pleasant hearing, because otherwise I should be the only lady of the party.

But I have a little anxiety as to suitable garments, having only my ordinary wearing apparel, and not knowing what attire will befit the occasion.

This difficulty is easily overcome by our hostess, who places a long waterproof cloak at my disposal, and the gentlemen will take their macintoshes, just to keep off the fine coal dust, all we have to guard against.

Another lady guest is urged to accompany us, but she stoutly declines, and expresses her satisfaction that her husband happens to be away for the day. "If he were here," she said, "he would be certain to go down, and equally sure to want me to join him. I would not go for the world, and I should be miserable if he went without me. I am so glad he is away."

She, however, goes to the pit mouth *to see the last of us*, as we descend, and to wish us a safe return.

We have a lovely field walk of nearly a mile, and can hardly persuade ourselves that there can be collieries so near with all around bright and pure-looking, in the glow of a summer morning's sun.

But this is a comparatively new pit, and all the arrangements and appliances for working it are of the most advanced description, so that the minimum of smoke and dirt is to be found in connection with it. The offices are handsome, spacious, and well furnished. All around are flourishing potato grounds, allotted to the pitmen and cultivated by them in their leisure hours.

The mining engineer comes forward with a cheery smile and gives each of us a hearty shake of the hand, which says much for the strength of his muscles and our feminine endurance, for we make no sound—though we remember the grip for some little time to come. But we shall remember much longer the hearty kindness and consideration he showed us during our underground trip; for he is a model guide, and thinks and speaks of everything that can inform our minds or tend to the comfort of our bodies.

The engineer—Mr. Hughes we will call him—takes a rapid survey of our party. "Ah, Mrs. Helmhurst, you are not going, I see," he said, addressing our friend who had declined to go down the pit with us.

"How do you know that, Mr. Hughes?"

"By your dress," he answered, glancing again at her handsome, matronly costume. "You look fitter for a flower-garden than a coal pit."

Our friend laughingly confessed that she preferred the flower-garden as a recreation ground, and said she would spend the interval during our absence in making a call or two.

From the office window we get our first lesson in connection with the coal business. A railway runs up close to the window. It is a slight incline, sufficient to allow the coal trucks to run down unassisted. There is a weighing machine at the bottom, and two men stand by it. As each truck comes within reach, it is seized, pushed on to the machine, and the weight is shown on a sort of dial-plate inside the office. This is instantaneously registered by the clerk who sits there for the purpose. A chalked number on the truck tells him from which stall in the pit the coal has been brought, and the weight is entered to the credit of the "*butty*" who works it.

Now we go to the neighbourhood of the shaft itself, and see the coal brought up on a framework called a cage. This is a two-decker, and brings up four loaded trucks at once, two on each floor. On the floors are iron rails corresponding in width with those above and below ground, so that when the stage is on a level with the incline named, the trucks are sent down it to be weighed. Then those on the lower stage of the cage are raised and sent off, the empty trucks in each case being put on the stage to replace the full ones, and away the machine goes down that great circular abyss, built of stone and sheathed with iron, which is constantly swallowing and returning its freight.

The rapidity with which all this is done is almost bewildering. You see the cage shoot down with empty trucks, and almost before you have had time to think about it, up it comes again to the surface with a new load. The force which moves it is invisible at present; but it is highly suggestive of the magician's finger, only one knows that steam is the mighty wizard of modern days, chained and kept labouring, an untiring slave, at the will of his conqueror—man.

I do not know what my companions thought about it as they looked at the yawning shaft, but I acknowledge I felt a little bit queer. In a wonderfully short time I succeeded in recalling to mind all the pit accidents I had ever heard about, whether caused by explosion, inundation, fire, or the hundred and one causes that contribute to those tragedies of which we read from time to time—read at our quiet family breakfast tables, where we linger, newspaper in hand, warmed by the glow of those cheerful fires, the materials for which have been wrested from earth's treasure-houses for our comfort, often at a cost of life to the worker and of a desolated home to those he loves.

But there is no time for thinking of these things. We are to go down on the cage this time. The scattered coal is being cleared off its upper floor. The ladies are placed in the middle, advised to tuck in their flowing garments as snugly as possible, and firmly grasp the iron rail in front of them. Our thoughtful friend, the engineer, takes one end place, another gentleman the opposite end, and away we go down into the darkness.

There is plenty of fresh air about us, and, short as is the time occupied by the descent, we have leisure to think about our sensations. We cannot in the least tell from these whether we are going up or down. At one part of the descent there is a sort of undulating motion, suggestive of a wave-tossed vessel, and we feel almost certain that, for some unknown reason, those who guide the movements of our vehicle have determined to take us back again to the top.

Nothing of the kind. We are going straight down, though in consideration for our feelings we are not shot into the mine with such rapidity as the trucks are. We catch a glimpse of lights, and in less time than it takes to tell, we are landed in the pit and taken into a comfortable, well lighted office, where we sit down to collect our thoughts and chat a little with its occupants.

There is actually a "Visitors' Book" on the table, at which—proud of having made the descent—we feel inclined to rush, that we may inscribe our names therein. But we are laughingly informed that the miners will take care we do not neglect that duty when we have made the tour of the mine. We leave our bonnets and hats in the office, just tying handkerchiefs round our heads instead, kilt up our dresses so that they will keep clear of the ground, and announce that we are ready. Then a little safety lamp and a stick spiked at the end, an alpenstock in miniature are given to each, and we are led outside the office. The engineer takes special charge of our hostess,

and general charge of us all. I have a grey-headed veteran of the pit allotted as my guide, and suppose we are going to start immediately. Not a bit of it; we are bidden to stand quietly for a short time, until our eyes become so accustomed to the dim light that we can discern objects quite clearly.

Off we go at last along the main street of the mine, which is laid with a double row of rails. On these underground tramways the trucks are continually travelling to and from the bottom of the shaft.

Sixty horses and stout ponies are employed to do this work—principally the latter—as they are from their size "handier" where space is limited. We were constantly passing these little steeds following one another in a long line on the rails to the left, and a boy driver guided each pony.

We paused to pat their sleek sides and admire their fine condition, a proceeding which evidently gratified the young drivers, who are proud of their well-kept ponies. Our hostess recognised the faces of some of the lads, amongst whom she labours lovingly as a devoted Sunday-school teacher, and it was pleasant to see young faces light up at her kindly greetings or inquiries after their still younger brothers at home.

But the boys are to be seen aboveground, and we must listen to what the engineer is telling us about the coal. He bids us notice that there are three layers of it. The top one is soft and much less valuable than the next in order, which is excellent house coal. Below it again is a compact bed of hard cannel, from a foot to 18 inches thick. This is the most valuable of all on account of the great quantity of gas which it contains, and here we get a lesson not to judge by appearances. If we did, we should say that bright, glimmering stuff which forms the top layer *must* give more light than the stony, uncompromising cannel, which looks like masses of slate, only not so capable of being cleft into slices in the same way. But it is this stony cannel which is bought by gasmakers, and yields an abundant return of light for their outlay.

We are surprised to find that for a long distance neither coal nor cannel has been taken from the walls which bound our underground street. But the engineer tells us that for an area of twenty acres all is left intact, as the engine houses and the heavy working machinery are overhead within that space, and abundant room is allowed for their possible extension in the future.

Every forty yards is a recess or refuge, into which the men can go out of the way of loaded trucks, &c., and there are iron breaks—of each of which my guide warns me lest I should trip—by which trucks that had by any chance broken loose would be quickly arrested, and damage prevented.

Walking on a coal-dust path between the rails to the right, we soon come to the portion of the road whence the coal and cannel have been taken. The gaps thus made have been filled up with the stone and *débris* taken out in forming the various passages in the mine, and Mr. Hughes tells us that gradually the pressure from above will form them into a solid mass again. We understand now how it is that the hard cannel forms the bottom part of this coal stratum.

Now there is a rise in the road, and we find it is in consequence of what is called a "fault" in the seam of coal. By some convulsion of nature it has been upheaved, lifted out of its original level and placed a step higher up, so to speak, than it was before; just as if a piece of plank had been sawn in two, and the bottom edge of one portion placed on a level with the top of the other.

My geological knowledge is extremely slight, but I happen to understand what a "fault" means, and this fact touches a sympathetic chord in the breast of our kind guide.

"You are the first lady visitor who has known the meaning of a 'fault,'" he says, "without having a long explanation!" Whereat I am properly gratified, and realise the expressiveness of that old proverb which says, "*Among the blind the one-eyed is a king.*"

"Now," says Mr. Hughes, "we are getting under the church."

He is immediately pounced upon by our jocular host, who asks him how he can reconcile it to his conscience as a churchman to undermine his own church.

There is a good deal of laughing as we wend our way onward, long since so accustomed to the dim light furnished by our lamps, that we can discern the smallest objects. Having gone on for a good half mile we are taken into what is called a "stall," to see the actual coal-getting process.

A stall is a cross-cutting about twenty-five yards long—a little bye-path off the main street, in which the work is going on. There are a hundred stalls in this pit, each of which is undertaken by two "butties," as the head workmen are called, who work it assisted by two men. The "butties" pay their assistants by the day, themselves being paid according to the weight of coal sent out of their stall. They do not strike at the coal itself with their picks, but at the stony bed on which it rests, or the coal would be broken into small fragments. As this bed is gradually removed, strong wooden props are inserted below the cannel at the bottom, and, when a sufficient length has been made ready, the props are knocked from under, beginning at the innermost, the workman retreating towards the entrance of his stall.

In a short time, down falls the stratum of coal, when the cannel is cut into blocks, the coal separated according to quality and sent aboveground, as we have already seen, to be weighed, screened, and despatched in various directions. The best house quality is mostly consumed in London.

But we have not returned to the pit-mouth yet. We, ladies, are expected to take pick in hand and hew down a lump of coal for ourselves, to carry away with us as a sample of our skill. This done, our husbands each hand a coin to the owner of the picks, by way of "paying footing" on our behalf.

"It would be of no use to pass to other stalls, as similar work goes on in each," says Mr. Hughes; "but before we return, Jim, can't you let us have a hymn?"

The "butty" paused a moment, and then, in a fine, deep voice, started "Jesus, lover of my soul," which we all joined in with hearts, I trust, as well as lips. We were told that a number of persons had been down amongst the pitmen, and proved instrumental in awakening many to serious thought about eternal things. The ministers of all denominations, instead of holding themselves aloof because they had not initiated the movement, had striven to encourage those whose hearts had thus been touched. By so doing, they had induced many to become regular attendants in the House of God, instead of spending their Sabbaths in lounging about the lanes, with their pipes in their mouths through the day of rest. Above six hundred hands are employed, but, thank God, no women or girls in connection with this colliery.

We retrace our steps towards the office, and on the road thither meet the nephew of Mr. Hughes, a clever young draughtsman, and his uncle's engineering lieutenant.

"Well, Master Harry," says our host, "do you like down below, here, or Old England best?"

"Down below I think, sir," replied the youth. "It is cooler, and we are not subjected to sudden variations of temperature as we are up above, to say nothing of the trouble we are saved in the matter of sunshades and umbrellas."

I should have said that a delicious sense of freshness pervades the whole mine. This is produced by the labours of a mighty fan which is kept continually at work—night and day—sending fresh air into every part of the mine. One of the pitmen, a little time before, had jestingly pointed to his pate where the hair was becoming thin, and expressed a wish that "they would stop that fan, which was blowing all the hair off his head."

We next have a look at the long range of stables, all beautifully clean and well lighted, the whitewashed walls forming a strong contrast to the dark street we have just left.

Each stall has its ventilator, so that the poor horses breathe air as pure as could be desired. It seems a strange life for them to lead; for they remain wholly below ground except in case of illness, when the patient is sent aloft for change of scene and air. Their plump sides, however, abundantly evidence the care that is taken of them.

There is a stable cat, too, which comes purring round us as if glad to see visitors in her domains.

Now we return to the office where, in the full light, we have a hearty laugh at each other's black faces. We sign our names in the visitors' book, and bid our pit-friends farewell, after our gentlemen have given a little remembrance to the colliers in attendance, and handed to them our lamps and sticks.

Then we mount the cage again, and, in even less time than was occupied in the descent, we find ourselves once more under the summer sky. I doubt not there was a prayer in the heart of each as we went down the pit. I feel equally sure there was a thanksgiving, when we were safely landed at the top again.

We go to peep into the engine houses where the motive power is to be found. They are as clean as a lady's drawing-room; the machinery is quite a picture of polish, and the floors are beautifully white. We rub our shoes respectfully before we venture on them, and stand for a few moments noticing the pulsations of the metal monsters.

In one place we see a man sitting with his gaze constantly fixed on a dial plate before him. His foot is on a break and his hand on a lever, and it is by his movements of these, as the dial directs, that the engine works and the cage goes up and down the shaft. A few moments ago all our lives were in the hands of that silent sentinel.

We see the "screening" process—that is, the separating of the coal according to quality and size. This is all done with great rapidity, the coal being run up to a higher stage, passed through the machine, and distributed into trucks, all ready for sending off by rail, as fast as the eye can follow it.

We have now seen all, and we return to the offices, where Mrs. Helmhurst awaits us. How she laughs at our coal-grimed visages, especially my husband's, and asks me if I should ever have fallen in love with him in that condition!

Our hostess and I do what we can to improve our appearance by a vigorous application of soap and water in the office lavatory, but the gentlemen disdain half-measures, and march home across the fields with their faces untouched; *we* say in order that it may be known unto all men that they have been down the pit.

I say "good-bye" to Mr. Hughes, and tell him we shall not soon forgot his great kindness to us; and he laughingly shouts after us—

"Neither shall I forget that you are our only lady visitor who has known what a 'fault' meant."

We part with another hearty hand shake.

When we reach home we find that the fine coal dust has crept into our clothing and about our persons in such an insinuating fashion, that very thorough ablutions and a vast amount of brushing and shaking of garments are needed. Even after all our scrubbing we cannot soon get rid of the dark rings which have formed under our eyelids, and persistently remain, an evidence of our recent underground journey.

In spite of reading, I had very little idea of what a coal mine really is until I visited this one. Probably many of you, dear girl readers, may be like me in this respect; but I hope you may realise the doings in the pit more readily from this description. If your hearts and mine are more stirred to feelings of sympathy and goodwill towards those who labour in the recesses of mother earth, that we may have cheery light and warm firesides, I shall be still more glad that I descended that grim-looking abyss. And you, dear girls, will not be sorry that, in imagination, you have accompanied me in my "Underground Excursion."

WINTER ENTERTAINMENTS IN VILLAGES.

THERE are various kinds of entertainments suitable for a village; but in this paper I will confine myself strictly to the "village concert," as being easier for girls to manage—more within the resources which are likely to be at their command, and more sure of the success which is desirable at all times, but especially so in a first attempt.

It is very much the fashion to suppose that in the country the clergyman has nothing to do, and that he is the only person to organise "entertainments." He generally does it, because no one else will take the trouble; but if we consult him, as we should naturally do, we shall find him very thankful for our offers of assistance—quite ready to give us his countenance and help; but still more grateful if we will organise the whole thing ourselves, leaving him free for those weighty concerns of the parish which really belong to him.

In country places there is always difficulty as to where our entertainment shall take place. The school is generally fixed upon, because there is seldom any other available building sufficiently large; so we obtain the necessary permission to use it, and we fix the date of our entertainment in consultation with the managers. I know a village in Kent where a hop-barn has been utilised for several winters as a concert room with the utmost success; indeed, so suitable is it, that now all entertainments are held there as a matter of course; and by degrees the various properties, lamps, carpet, platform, &c., have been bought, to be kept expressly for use on these occasions. All this presupposes a ready—I had almost said an eager—co-operation on the part of the owner of the oast. Indeed, practical help in the matter of lighting and seating from some capable person who is on the spot is inestimable. As a rule, all these matters must be arranged by those who are getting up the entertainment, and they are a great additional trouble.

Before our girls decide to organise a village concert, they should consider well whether they can cope with these difficulties. If all the appliances be already at hand, they need not hesitate; it is only when giving an entertainment for the first time in a village, where nothing of the sort has been attempted before, that I would bid them consider it well. I do not think young people should run away from difficulties, nor ignore them; they should look them steadily in the face, and thus be able to judge whether they can reasonably hope to carry the matter through to a successful issue.

When you have quite decided to give a village concert, the first thing is to fix the date; and here I would remark that in the country the moon is a very important consideration; muddy lanes on a dark night are quite sufficient to keep large numbers at home.

Then as to hours. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30, is very usual; but we must have regard to extraneous circumstances; if we have a railway-station within reach, we shall do well to fix our hours as much as possible in accordance with trains, in the hope that our neighbours in the adjacent villages may be tempted to come; if the trains are suitable, the fact must be mentioned in the programmes. The date and hour and price of admission having been fixed, the young people should prepare some large posters, which they can do themselves quite easily, saving expense and improving at the same time, somewhat as follows:—

AN ENTERTAINMENT
Will take Place
IN THE NATIONAL SCHOOLS, SEDGELEY,
ON WEDNESDAY, 30th JANUARY,
Consisting of
Music—Vocal and Instrumental.
Readings and Recitals.

Doors open at 7. Commence at 7.30.
To conclude at 9.30.
Admission 1s., 6d., and 3d.
Further particulars shortly.

For these bills, use large white paper, cartridge or cheap drawing paper; prepare a rough copy, see how many lines will be required, place them to come in the middle of the paper; rule them double of various widths, and draw a line down the centre. Now pencil your letters, commencing with the middle letter, which should be on the middle line, and work from it on each side. This will ensure that neatness and precision which are essential in such matters. One bill done in this manner is sufficient; the remainder can be copied from it. Having pencilled all your letters, which should be large and perfectly legible, paint them in colours according to taste. This last may be entrusted to the younger ones, who will take the greatest delight in the work, and bring out their paint-boxes with much eagerness.

From six to twelve of these large bills will suffice. Let them be finished and sent about in all directions as soon as possible.

Now we come to the programme for the evening. That also must be arranged in good time, and cannot be done in a hurry. Indeed, those friends whom we intend to ask should have been written to, and their answers received before we decide whether we can undertake the entertainment. If our concert is the first which has been held in our village, an infusion of native talent is very desirable. But if ours is one of a series, then I think we should strain every nerve to import "new blood"; indeed, it is not much use to get up a concert with only the same performers, with whom the audience is already too familiar; there are some amateurs who are always favourites, always welcome, but they, alas! are few. We may do a great deal by judicious arrangement of the programme, and I venture to give one, as some sort of guide—

PART I.	PART II.
1. Duet (Piano and Harmonium).	10. Duet (Piano and Violin).
2. Song (Soprano).	11. Song (Bass).
3. Glee.	12. Duet (Soprano and Contralto).
4. Song (Tenor).	13. Catch or Round.
5. Reading.	14. Song (Tenor).
6. Trio (Vocal).	15. Reading.
7. Song (Contralto).	16. Song (Soprano).
8. Recitation.	17. Glee.
9. Humorous Song.	18. Humorous Song.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

The songs should not be of too ambitious a character. The people like simple songs that they can understand, and a few old favourites are always welcome. I have frequently heard such songs as "Robin Gray," "Jeannette and Jeannot," &c., rapturously applauded; while others which the singer prefers fall flat, because the audience hearing them for the first time does not grasp either the melody or the words. I need scarcely say that every word should be articulated with the utmost distinctness. In arranging the programme it is very necessary to insert the names of the artists, as well as of the songs and pieces, to prevent the same song being chosen twice over, to make the programme more complete, and to give the promoters powers of supervision.

These programmes must be printed—50 to send about beforehand, 100 to be sold in the room, at one penny each; but whether sold or given, I consider them quite essential. They should be ready in good time, should contain full particulars as to hours and admission, and exact information as to trains.

The piano is a very important item, and, alas! generally very indifferent; few people care to lend one, so it must be hired, and it is seldom that we can obtain an instrument worth playing upon, for which reason a pianoforte solo is to be avoided. We can more easily procure a harmonium, and a duet with those two instruments is very effective, but of course they must be exactly in tune with each other. The piano should be rather below concert pitch, as easier for the vocalists; and the harmonium must be brought to the same level.

The accompaniments are also extremely important. Singers in public cannot play for themselves, as they must stand and face the audience, and a good accompanist is to the last degree essential, especially if the singer be at all nervous, on which point I shall have something to say presently. Accompaniments are too often left to take care of themselves, it being thought that anybody can play well enough for that; but it is not so, and I would urge our girls to be very particular about this. If a really good musician can be secured for this thankless and subordinate post, we have accomplished much towards success.

The length of the entertainment is another important consideration. It is a fatal mistake to have it too long. Two hours are plenty, and it is much wiser to leave off with the people

wishing for more, than that they should be tired out and longing for it to be over! I lay great stress upon this point, because it is such a common fault, and it militates largely against success, to say nothing of using talent which might be reserved for another occasion. Encores should be encouraged, or declined strictly with reference to time.

One word as to nervousness. Some performers suffer painfully from this, and it certainly is a very trying ordeal to sing before a large audience; either one suddenly seems to have no breath, or the melody has entirely departed, &c. There is no cure but practice, and some singers never overcome it entirely. I have found it a great benefit in such cases for the singer to sing the song two or three times over with the accompanist in the concert-room before the doors open. This plan enables her to pitch her voice better; she is accustomed to the sound of it, and less likely to lose her presence of mind when the time comes. Also a singer who is known to be nervous should be placed as early as possible on the programme; the longer she waits the more nervous she becomes, and at last is quite unfit to sing; whereas at the beginning of the evening she would have performed her part with comparative ease. A word also as to dress. When I first had to do with village entertainments, I fancied that thick winter morning dresses were the more suitable; but I have come to the very decided conclusion that evening dress for ladies and gentlemen is the right thing. It is much pleasanter for a lady to sing in a garment that is loose about the throat—much more becoming; and I am convinced that a village audience thinks much more of those performers who wear something different from the everyday costume to which their eyes are accustomed.

I must not close this paper without reference to expense. Entertainments are generally given with an idea of benefiting some charity; but it seems to me that our primary object should be "winter amusements for the people." If we can combine the two, well and good, but on no account sacrifice the latter for the former. If we are starting entertainments, expenses will meet us at every turn, and it will be as much as we can do to make both ends meet; but if we have most of the appliances at hand, and the room rent free, we ought to have a balance. On these occasions people are very kind, and ready to lend lamps, &c., and we can often save expense in this way. The borrowed articles must be taken care of, and returned immediately, a matter in which young people are apt to be neglectful. The strictest accounts must be kept of all expenditure and receipts and entered in a book, which will be found very useful for reference on future occasions. In the same book make a note of any circumstance which has not been quite successful, that it may be improved next time.

As amusement for the village is our chief aim, the admission should not be too high—1s., 6d., and 3d. is ample for an entertainment of this kind. We *want* the people to come, and it would even be better to admit them free than have an empty house. There is, however, no necessity for free admission, so that we adapt our scale of prices to the purses of our audience, and experience has shown me that 1s., 6d., and 3d. will suit all classes.

Some supervision is needed in seating the people. On the whole, I think, it is better to have tickets of three colours, to represent the three kinds of seats; the tickets to be purchased at the entrance and given up to the gentleman in charge of that particular block of seats to which the ticket belongs.

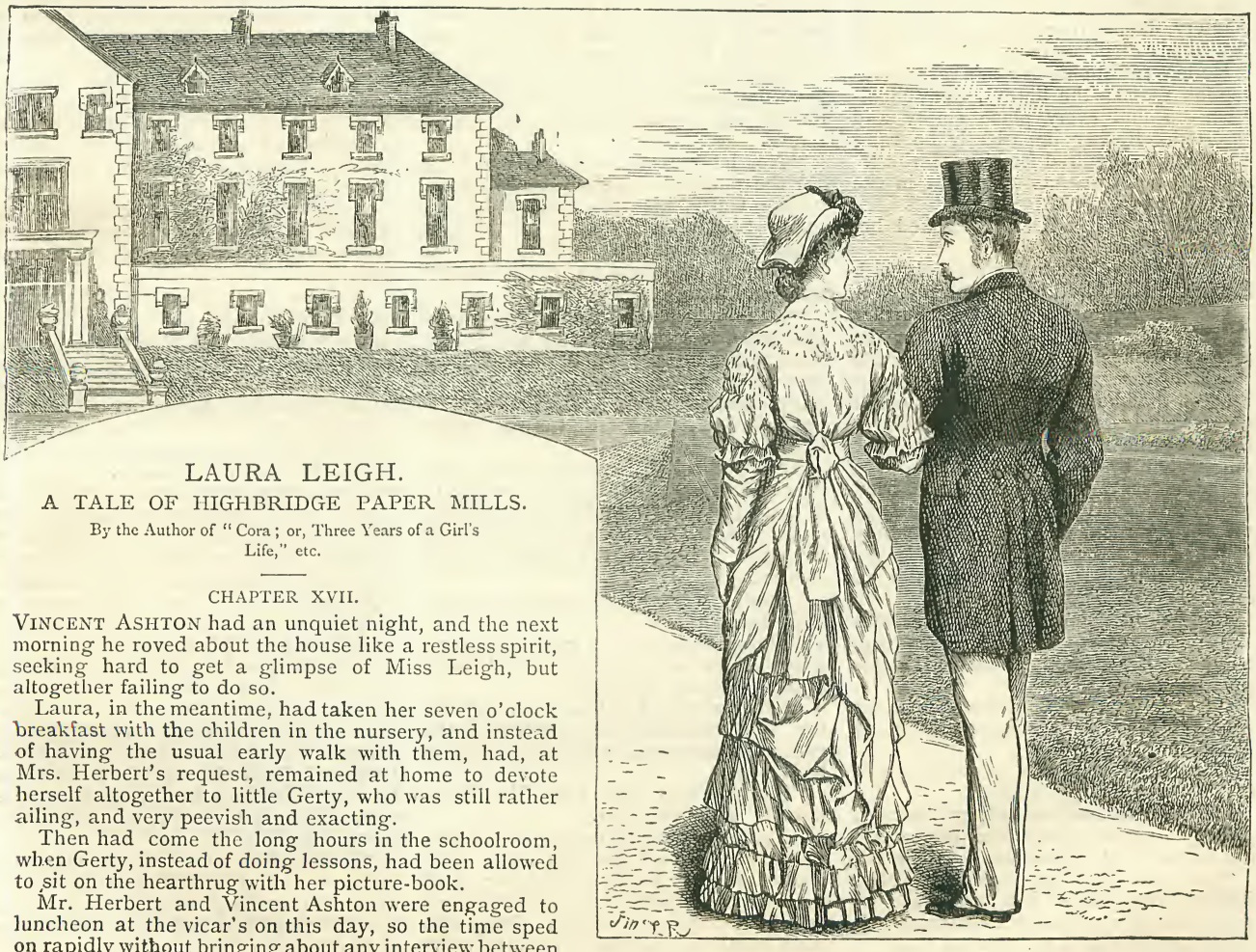
If the audience pays at the door indiscriminately, it is seated indiscriminately, and it becomes a case of "first come, first served." The pushing, noisy lad who has paid threepence is in the shilling seats, to the great disturbance of his neighbours; and the modest, quiet girl, who has paid a shilling for a front seat, finds herself among the turbulent spirits at the back. The matter of seating is really very important, and should be managed by men who are very reliable.

I have said nothing about decorations and other small matters, for I have, I fear, already exceeded the limits assigned to me.

In conclusion let me commend this work to our girls and their brothers; they will find in it a large field for usefulness, an encouragement (too often needed) to keep up their accomplishments, an unfailing interest for winter evenings, and above all the happiness of doing good.

These hints are the result of a long and varied experience in village entertainments, and I trust they may be useful.

GENTIANELLA.



LAURA LEIGH.

A TALE OF HIGHBRIDGE PAPER MILLS.

By the Author of "Cora; or, Three Years of a Girl's Life," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

VINCENT ASHTON had an unquiet night, and the next morning he roved about the house like a restless spirit, seeking hard to get a glimpse of Miss Leigh, but altogether failing to do so.

Laura, in the meantime, had taken her seven o'clock breakfast with the children in the nursery, and instead of having the usual early walk with them, had, at Mrs. Herbert's request, remained at home to devote herself altogether to little Gerty, who was still rather ailing, and very peevish and exacting.

Then had come the long hours in the schoolroom, when Gerty, instead of doing lessons, had been allowed to sit on the hearthrug with her picture-book.

Mr. Herbert and Vincent Ashton were engaged to luncheon at the vicar's on this day, so the time sped on rapidly without bringing about any interview between him and Miss Leigh.

"THERE WAS MUCH TO BE SAID ON BOTH SIDES."

After the schoolroom dinner was over, Mrs. Herbert took Ethel out in the carriage with her to call on Mrs. Lester, and, before she went, gave Laura directions how she was to pass the time.

"You can take Gerty out on the grounds with you, but remember, only for a short ramble. Don't let the child get cold, or be over-fatigued or overheated," had been her parting injunction.

A lazy ramble in the pretty grounds on that splendid June afternoon was the very thing Laura most liked, and she and Gerty set out, hand in hand, the latter in high spirits at having the favourite governess all to herself.

The golden sunlight fell on the full-leaved trees, but there was plenty of shade under the broad boughs. Laura led the way down the lime-tree walk across the smooth grass, until they reached the rose-garden, that was now in the full pride of its summer glory.

And it was there that Vincent Ashton at last found her.

After luncheon was over, he had hurried away from the vicarage, had excused himself from riding to Haughton with Mr. Herbert, had declined to take a walk with the vicar, had, in fact, restless and perplexed as he felt, done nothing but finish his repast and then hurry back to Mr. Herbert's house as fast as possible. He had a vague intention of finding Laura, of solving her mystery, of speaking to her, even at the risk of her displeasure.

He looked into his cousin's various reception rooms—the library, the schoolroom—to find every place empty and deserted. Rather impatiently he rang the bell, and inquired for Mrs. Herbert.

"The mistress has gone out in the carriage, sir, with Miss Ethel."

"Where is Miss Gerty?" asked he, in desperation.

"Out somewhere in the grounds with her governess," had been the reply.

Vincent Ashton required no further tidings. He was soon pacing over the pretty grounds that surrounded his cousin's house with rapid strides, never heeding that he almost trod on some of the garden-beds, never noting the loveliness of the flowers that appealed for admiration by scent and colour. He dashed down the lime-tree walk, hurried past the conservatories, and, at last, in the rose garden, he saw Laura calmly standing on the pathway watching her pupil, who was drawing a huge doll up and down in a perambulator.

He saw the quick blush rise in Miss Leigh's cheeks as she saw him advance, and he rather abruptly exclaimed, eager with intense emotion—

"I have been looking everywhere for you. Why have you been avoiding me all the morning?"

"Indeed I have not been avoiding you—not intentionally, I mean."

Laura did not turn away from him now. A bright smile of welcome parted her lips as she held out her hand to him.

"Tell me what has happened, Miss Leigh. Why do I find you here as governess to my cousin's children? It is altogether a false position for you."

"It is no false position, I assure you, Mr. Ashton. I am very glad of the situation, and am satisfied with it."

"But are you not married? Must I not recognise you as Mrs. Montague?" he inquired, as his brow grew crimson.

"No, no, that is all over;" and she turned away quickly to watch little Gerty.

It was marvellous how utterly Vincent's impetuosity and curiosity were appeased by this reply. He asked no further questions; never sought to find out what had caused her change of fortune, nor brought about those strange reverses in her position. All he did was to draw nearer to her, to look down into her eyes, as he exclaimed—

"Laura! have I found you at last?"

But we will not reveal the sweet confidences of that interview, nor tell how Vincent repeated the question he had asked years ago—how he told her he had never forgotten her—how, though he had given up all hope, she was still the only woman in the world for him.

Nor will we tell how Laura listened, and looked up at him with tearful eyes that had not a shadow of reproach or refusal in them.

Half an hour afterwards they were still in earnest conversation, Laura leaning on his arm, as they paced to and fro amongst the roses.

There was much to talk about; the conversation might have run on into illimitable space, had not Gerty grown weary of playing with her doll, and urged that it was time to go indoors.

"Come, then, Gerty; we have tried your patience too long I am afraid, so let me carry your doll for you," said Laura.

"No, let me bear the burden, for I am the culprit," laughed Cousin Con. "Here, Gerty, kiss Miss Leigh for my sake. She, also, is going to be your cousin very soon."

"Vincent! how you puzzle the child," retorted Laura, quickly.

"It is all quite true, Gerty. Your governess is going to be my wife before the summer roses fade, and you are the first to know the secret," added he gaily, much amused by the look of surprise on Gerty's face—that of reproof on Laura's.

At last the light seemed to dawn on the child. She held up her rosebud lips to be kissed, and clung round Laura's neck, much to the disarrangement of her lace frill, and greatly to the delight of Mr. Ashton.

"Shall you be our governess any more, Miss Leigh?"

"Never, indeed! she must teach me now. I have several lessons to learn," replied Vincent, laughing.

As they returned to the house through the lime-tree walk they talked of the past, and there was much to be said on both sides.

"Do you ever hear from Mrs. Hayward?" asked Vincent.

"Yes, she writes to me when she can spare time out of her busy life. Her letters are very bright and cheery, and fresh as the breath of the woodland air in which they are written. They like their home in Australia. Mr. Hayward has plenty to do in his immense district, and rides I hardly remember how many miles in a week. But the work agrees with him, and he is quite strong and hopeful. Only think, little Mysie is engaged to be married."

"What changes a few years bring! When I saw Mysie Hayward last she was a mere child. I recollect she was always my poor mother's favourite of the two girls. How glad my mother would have been to welcome you back to Highbridge!" he added.

"You must have felt your mother's loss very much."

"Yes, you can easily imagine how lonely the great house seemed after her death. Sometimes I dreaded to return there, the dreariness was so intense. You can fancy those large rooms with not a creature but myself to rove about in them half the time. But that is all over now. I trust we shall find a happy home there, Laura, my own! now that I have found you again."

"I have often thought of those workgirls," said Miss Leigh, presently. "What became of Norah?"

"She died a few days after you went away from Highbridge, and they told me she was perpetually calling out for you, and said you had promised to go and see her again."

"So I did, I remember; but I was not able to do so."

"I can assure you the workgirls often talked of you—they were not likely to forget so bright a visitor; and it was not the least of my trials after you went away to have to answer their inquiries about you. They had quite made up their minds you were coming back to be mistress there. And so you are, but you have kept us all a long time waiting for you."

"Poor Vincent!" said Miss Leigh, smiling up at him. "There have been many trials added to your life through poor me."

"I can think only of the happiness you have brought me now. Discipline was good for me; and I must tell you I have not been altogether idle since we parted; you will find many changes down at Highbridge. My father's plans are nearly all carried out. The new chapel is built, and we have a chaplain living half a mile from the works. There are whole rows of new houses, bright and pretty, with gardens in front, for the factory hands; there are schools for the children, almshouses for the aged, reading-rooms, and a lecture hall, all added since my mother's death. We form quite a colony down there, and all we want is you to cheer and help us on."

"Thank you for saying so; I will do my best. And now I have one more question to ask. Where did that painting in Mrs. Herbert's drawing-room come from? I know quite well it is reproduced from the sketch I made in Chorley Woods on the day you saved me from falling into the river. But who painted it?"

"I did, of course; and when Louisa admired it I gave it to her. As I still keep the original amongst my most valued treasures, I had no compunction in parting with the copy."

"Oh, how that picture puzzled and

bewildered me when I first saw it. It seemed like a message from the past, bringing up the old thoughts, the old associations again; so that really when I heard about 'Cousin Con,' and discovered his identity, it became almost a certainty to me that you would appear some day or other."

Laura was speaking brightly and gaily, but all at once a puzzled look came into her eyes and she stopped suddenly.

"I altogether forget I am Mrs. Herbert's governess. And now I must leave you, Vincent; she will be quite shocked and scandalised at seeing you walking with me."

"Leave me? Never again, Laura! Do you think I have found you after all these weary years to let you slip from me so soon? All the cousins in the world should never part us now."

And so it came to pass that he led Miss Leigh up the terrace before the astonished eyes of Mrs. Herbert, who had just returned from her drive, and who stared at them both in speechless amazement.

"Miss Leigh!" was all she could gasp.

"Yes, Louisa, Miss Leigh; but now I wish to introduce her to you in a new character. Hitherto, you have known her only as your children's governess; I want you to know her now as my affianced wife."

"Vincent! I am indeed surprised at you."

"No doubt it does seem startlingly sudden. But when I explain that Miss Leigh and I are very old friends, that it seems to us a special Providence that we have met again, after a long estrangement, under your roof, you will, I think, cease to wonder."

"Old friends! Oh, if that is the case one must not be astonished," and she held out the tips of her fingers, which Laura duly touched.

But it was after all a great disappointment as well as surprise to Mrs. Herbert. She was so proud of "Cousin Con," had expected him to do such great things some day by making a splendid match with some titled lady who would cast a reflected lustre over the whole family. She considered he was throwing himself away to marry a poor governess—and a governess, too, who would be a serious loss to her little girls! Where would she find another like Miss Leigh, so clever, so zealous, and altogether so admirable? Hitherto, she had only taken a selfish interest in her governess, thinking wholly of her services, and never troubling herself about her relations, or her former social position.

So she was considerably mollified when she found Laura's sister was Mrs. Gregory, of Rockley Hall, and that the wedding was to take place from her house. Still more was she mollified, when she and Mr. Herbert received an invitation from Mrs. Gregory to the wedding, and she determined that, in style and fashion, she would quite equal the lady of the Hall, whose repute for stately grandeur had reached her ears.

Ere long, Laura and Vincent started on their new life together, a life not likely to be one of luxurious ease, of self-indulgence, and idleness. Not likely to be without much care and many anxieties, but it is the life they love; and, amidst the large colony of workers at Highbridge Mills, caring for their temporal and spiritual welfare, they will find numberless opportunities of doing good, and thus increase their own happiness by dispensing a portion of it to those around them.

THE END.

VARIETIES.

A CHARADE ON THE WORD "BLOCKHEAD."

My first no life nor feeling blesses;
My second everyone possesses;
And nothing more affronts my second
Than when it like my first is reckoned:
United, they a being show,
The greatest nuisance that we know.

Duchess of Devonshire.

THE USEFULNESS OF COMMON SENSE.—Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense. There are forty people of wit for one of sense. And she who will carry nothing about her but gold will be every day at a loss for readier change.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.—It may be thought whimsical but it is truth: I have found by experience that they who have spent all their lives in cities contract not only an effeminacy of habit, but even of thinking.—*Goldsmith.*

DWELLERS IN PARADISE.—The earth would be still a paradise if we had the art of enjoying it, and did not turn it into a curse to ourselves by our sins and passions.

THE POWER OF THE EYE.—A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent; a kind eye makes contradiction an assent; an enraged eye makes beauty deformed.—*Spectator.*

HOW TO PUT AN END TO ENVY.—The servant envies her mistress and sometimes the mistress her servant, and perhaps with more justice; but justly neither; for if we well knew how little others enjoy, it would rescue the world from one sin—there would be no such thing as envy upon earth.

SLANDER AND INFAMY.—Infamy is where it is received. If thou art a mud-wall, it will stick; if marble, it will rebound; if thou storm at it, 'tis thine; if thou contemn it, 'tis his.—*Quarles.*

UNENDING CONTROVERSY.—All controversies that can never end had better, perhaps, never begin.—*Sir William Temple.*

ON ADVERSITY.—We thank God perhaps for prosperity, for health, plenty, and honour. We do well. They are the gifts of God's providence and demand our acknowledgments. But they are not the only blessings His goodness bestows upon us. Adversity should be added to the number of His favours and remembered in our devout thanksgivings. —*Ogden.*

"IF I WERE NOT ANGRY."—'I would reprove thee," said a wise heathen, "if I were not angry." And shall not Christians say as much?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

A READER OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.—Write to Mr. Tarn for the number for May 15, 1880, in which you will find the instructions for the Swiss darning.

ANNA MARIA and SUSAN.—We rejoice to hear that the instructions given by us under the *nom de plume* of a "Lady Dressmaker" prove so very useful to you in making-up your dresses at home, and producing one good gown out of two old ones. We are also glad that the illustrations given are likewise helpful to you. You should try to write better, and also learn to spell; and there is no excuse for making blots on the paper.

BEATRICE AND EFFIE YATES.—We think that if there be such articles as "Cashmere Doyleys," they must be sold at fancy-work shops, where they may be had in cotton and linen prepared ready for embroidery. We should have great pleasure in assisting you in any way within our power, your letter is so exceedingly gratifying and appreciative in its tone. For your kind wishes in our behalf and in that of our whole staff of writers, accept our united best thanks and wishes in return.

AN ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—See pages 244 and 620, vol. i. Also pages 268 and 757, vol. ii. Also pages 76, 204, and 748, vol. iii. Write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., and he will send you the index and frontispiece for the third vol., and the cover also for binding it if you require it. You will probably find the full border you want if you look through the articles entitled "My Work Basket."

NARCISSUS.—We think that to the special colour of the dye the blood-poisoning was to be attributed; the same description of wool in a different colour might be quite harmless. But any raw place may easily be fretted into an unhealthy condition. If you have any doubts as to the nature of the wool you name, do not use it.

B. A.—1. There is nothing to be done to your stained silk dress but to alter the style of make, or to add trimmings, so as to conceal what cannot be restored to its right colour. 2. A year's lessons from a good teacher will do much for you if you endeavour to profit by them. After that you might get on by yourself. Your letter needs no apology.

JOE and SAL.—1. Necklaces of every description are much worn at present. 2. Refer to the index of vol. ii. Under the letter "G" you will find what you require.

M. J. S.—In reference to the use of "transfer paper" a "second time," it can be used many times; and we do not understand where your difficulty lies.

KATE LEA.—See "Baby's Crochet Boot," page 207, vol. i.; "Crochet Gaiter," page 516, vol. ii. Also for a crochet boot, ribbed, see page 476, vol. iii. By a comparison of all these directions as to the manner of increasing and decreasing, we think you will find any difficulty solved. It is pleasant to hear that our paper has been so useful to you.

LITZIE.—"Coral stitch" is also known as "feather stitch." An article will appear in this paper, giving illustrations of the various stitches employed in embroidery.

CARRIE.—Such a jacket could not be washed in the ordinary way, but you might clean it with a "reviver." After all, the most certainly satisfactory plan is to send it to a cleaner.

MILKMAID.—See page 160, vol. ii., where instructions are given for knitting mittens with thumbs. Always look down the list given under "Work Basket" at the end of each index.

READER OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.—We know of no way of removing creases from black silk excepting that of slightly damping it and smoothing it afterwards with a flat iron on the wrong side and with a sheet of paper between it and the iron, which latter should not be very hot.

SNOWDROP should read "Sock and Stocking Knitting," page 157, vol. ii. Why does she not look for directions in our magazine, and find the references in our indices for herself? 2. Send your reply on a card likewise. Being a public method of making a reply, there is nothing questionable about such a communication on either side.

A GRATEFUL READER.—Inquire at a fancy needlework shop. If they have not the materials, they can tell you where to obtain them.

BLYTHEHURST.—Wash the white grebe with soap and tepid water.

BESSIE.—"To Wash Crewel Work," see pages 96 and 431, vol. ii. The memorial wreaths you have seen were made of beads strung on fine wire. See "How to Make Bead Flowers," page 356, vol. ii.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND writes to suggest to us that very pretty scrap-books can be made for hospitals, &c., from old copy-books and catalogues. One drawback to their use would be the bindings, which would not be sufficiently strong or firm.

ROSE ROSE.—Consult "My Work Basket." Use a little charcoal or prepared chalk.

TREAK.—Use bronze powder, which may be obtained at any colourman's.

MARY.—A very fine longcloth is usually sold at drapers' under the name of "Indian." Do not take too many things, as all muslins, &c., can be got as well,

or better, in India. White nainsook or Victoria lawn are both good materials for dresses. We have recently seen some very pretty white dresses made up with coloured linings of sateen or batiste. The general mistake made by people is in over-burdening themselves with clothes. All dresses should be prettily made, and you must not forget an assortment of ribbons with which to trim and re-trim them.

ART.

A COUNTRY MATRON.—Illuminated texts can be procured at the office of the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., which would be suitable for your infirmary, and at little cost. You should state that they are for a charitable institution, not a mere private order. Perhaps a grant of pictures might be made, but about this we cannot make a promise.

GWENDOLINE GLO.—The best copal varnish is the most suitable for employment on terra-cotta paintings. For further instructions we refer you to our article on the subject—see the number for January 8th, 1881, pages 126 and 127, vol. ii. Try to spell better, especially the word "opportunity," which you spell differently on two respective occasions, neither method being correct. With a little more care you would write very well. We thank you for your kind letter, and return all your good wishes cordially.

TOTIE.—For one who has had no instruction in water-colour painting, we think that the attempt you have made does you credit; but you should learn to make the flowers appear to stand out in relief; and advise you to obtain some lessons. We thank you for the pretty little card and the good wishes, offering the same to you in return. You write a pretty hand.

MISCELLANEOUS.

L. L. F.—The poem is certainly fair for a beginner, but not up to our standard for publication. Your writing is unformed, but practice will soon make it flexible and graceful.

SILVIA CAREW.—1. The bird suffering from the vermin called red mites should be removed from its cage and be given frequent baths of tobacco-water—a quarter of an ounce of tobacco to three half pints of water. Cleanse the cage thoroughly, scrape and scour it with a hard brush and soap, and then sponge it with a strong solution of alum and water; then dry the cage well, and spread plenty of sand over the tray before replacing it over the bottom of the cage. 2. Refer to our indices under the word "Hair;" we can give you no better advice than you will find at the several pages indicated.

MABEL CLARE.—Doves may be fed as pigeons, belonging, as they do, to the large natural family of the *columbidæ*. They are grain eaters; peas, vetches, barley, wheat, hempseed, and tares may be given them, but of hempseed they may eat but very sparingly. They should also be supplied with fine gravel and a piece of rock-salt, also fresh water daily, and the cages should be kept both very clean and dry, as cold and damp are alike injurious. When they moult, put a little saffron in the water they drink, and treat them to a small quantity of hempseed. You may always give them some little pellets of bread, rolled between your fingers like peas.

QUINZE ANS.—We thank you for so very kind and grateful a letter, and we thank you also in the names of all our contributors. You appear to be a good deal out of health, but we think that with careful treatment you are likely to recover. You should consult a doctor, who, seeing you, and being able to ask questions, will be enabled to prescribe for you. Your case is not one which could be discussed in a public paper.

CLARA RUPELL.—There are differences of opinion existing between excellent and God-fearing people as to the amount of liberty which they may allow themselves in matters of luxury, state, or of recreation. Much depends on the position in society, the pecuniary means, and the office or calling in life of the individual. The same rules do not apply indiscriminately to all alike in these matters. But of two things we may be sure: 1st, that we must scrupulously deny ourselves everything that our individual consciences condemn; 2ndly, that we may not presume to judge our neighbours as to those things which their consciences allow them. Taken in connection with the word "wicked," the things to be renounced are clearly those that are undoubtedly of that character.

WARWICKSHIRE.—We see no reason for altering the text of the authorised translation of the Holy Bible in reference to the Lord's Prayer. It would form a dangerous precedent for other and unorthodox changes—made to suit the private notions or wishes of any number of individuals, having no authority so to do. Besides, we are disposed to regard the substitution of the word "which" for "who" in this particular case as really more correct; because we have two "Fathers"—the Divine Creator in heaven, and the human father, fellow-creature on earth—and the word "which" is used to distinguish the one from the other, while acknowledging both.

"WAISY."—A young nestling thrush should be kept in a basket well lined with hay, and he should be fed with crumbs of bread soaked in fresh milk, crushed hempseed, and some very fine shreds of raw beefsteak every two hours. On attaining the age of five weeks, remove him from the basket into a large cage, shaped like that of a lark's, having a wooden back and ends and two or three perches. Wean him from the milk and sopped bread, but continue to supply him with the beef and crumbled bread. As a variety, make a paste with half a pint of oatmeal, the white of a hard-boiled egg, two ounces of sweet almonds, a spoonful of hempseed, and half a gill of rape oil; blend the mixture well and pass it through a sieve.

OCTAVIA M.—There is much truth in the proverb, "You cannot touch pitch without being defiled." So, when we read of certain crimes, our thoughts are turned into a wrong channel, and are defiled by its muddy waters, even if the heart and the desires of the mind be not perverted from the right way. Read what is useful, elevating, and beautiful. It is only too easy to find plausible excuses for investigating evil in order to avoid it. Our mother Eve was thus tempted to obtain the knowledge of evil, because it would make her "wise." It is by no means necessary that "a girl should hear and read only of sorrow," because she should endeavour to keep her thoughts as pure as possible; for she may hear and read of so much that is wise and beautiful, "lovely, and of good report." It is impossible to avoid learning much that is horrible and odious in the study of history. Let that suffice. We should avoid novels that have a bad moral tendency, because they discourse of a *kind* of evil that may offer *attractions*, such as burglary, drunkenness, or murder could not possibly offer.

BAY-LEAF.—See page 48, vol. iii., answer made to "Kitty O'Hara;" also page 271, vol. ii., page 704, vol. ii., and page 80, vol. i., in reference to cleaning steel. You writing is neat, though rather angular.

RABBIT (not "Rabit").—See "Skins to Cure," page 368, vol. iii. They might be used for linings, or soles inside slippers, or the insides of black silk, velvet, or cashmere stuff.

MINNIE R.—Your knowledge of the art of metrical composition is deficient. Read what we said to "Ruth." You say—

> "Earth's brightest treasures we cannot (see)
> Until unlocked by Nature's key,
> They then shoot forth in bright array
> And tell us of the coming day."

How do "earth's treasures" "shoot?" and how "tell us of the coming day?" Always be careful as to the common-sense of what you write.

PATIENT ONE.—Alas! if you have consulted "the best of physicians," and "used the galvanic electric battery, and medicines innumerable under their directions," I fear we cannot arrogate to ourselves any superior wisdom which might effect a cure they failed to accomplish. But we think that a due attention to the strengthening of the general health, and the selection of a climate specially suited to your individual constitution, other than that in which your ailment originated, might, in the course of time, do much for you. Do not despair. A lady of our acquaintance lost her power of speaking aloud for a period measured by years, but she has quite recovered it for a long time past. Were you in England, we should recommend electric baths.

STANISLAUS.—St. Stanislaus, of Cracow, was martyred A.D. 1079; St. Stanislas Kotska was a confessor A.D. 1568. There were also two kings of Poland so called—Stanislaus I. A.D. 1766; and Stanislaus Poniatowski, the last Polish sovereign. For removing stains from marble, see pages 223, 255, 511, and 592. We thank you warmly for your kind letter.

SHAMROCK.—1. The disease about which you inquire is not one which may be suitably discussed in this paper. If any persons known to you should be suffering from it, they should place themselves under medical care. It may be cured in its early stages, and in advanced life careful treatment may so keep it under as to render it very slow in reaching its climax. 2. The word "selah" had reference to the music employed, and was designed for the direction of the singers and musicians.

GIPSY.—A series of women's names is being published in our present volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. See pages 39 and 134. Names such as Charity, Faith, Grace, Hope, Prudence, and Temperance are, as such, of Puritan origin, and mean exactly what the word denotes in its ordinary use.

MOLLEEN.—Your hand is good, but has a very common fault—*i.e.*, the "m" and "n" are joined below instead of above, after the manner of the "u;" and the "y," when employed in the word "you," is formed like the numeral "7."

KATE CROSLEY.—The French word *Noël* means Christmas, and is synonymous with the ancient word "Yule," which meant "a feast." See "Our Yule-tide Evergreens," page 186, vol. iv., also *Christmas Roses*, pages 46, 47.

WELSH BLOSSOM.—Amber and old gold, pale *aqua-marine*, or ruby, would suit your sister if she has a rather dark complexion and brown eyes and hair.

RUTH.—Your acquaintance with the rules of metrical composition is insufficient to enable you to write correctly. The lines which ought to correspond respectively one with another, in their length, and in the beat or foot where the emphasis should fall, are dissimilar in your verses. Be a little more careful in reference to spelling also. You say—

> "My heart would have 'quacked' with terror."

We do not think that any bird, much less a human creature, would quack under the influence of fear, excepting our noisy friend the duck.

PEGGY H.—We are much gratified by the appreciation expressed of our magazine in the lines you enclosed to us, but they are not correct in point of composition.

POPPY.—1. The first number of the fourth volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER began with that for October, 1882. 2. We must decline to direct you as to where you might procure the paper you mention. The Religious Tract Society does not publish it, nor does it recommend the paper as providing a valuable and instructive course of reading for little girls.

A. G. M.—You will see our reply to your question just given to another correspondent before you will see this answer. Your hand is well formed, but needs to be reduced in size.

NETTIE.—Your quotation is taken from Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women." "Condescension," or a lack of the same, has nothing to do with our replying at once or otherwise to the letters we receive. You could write very well if you tried to do so, as you use your pen very freely; but, like a large proportion of young girls of the present day, you affect the "park palings" style, which is coarse and unsightly. The jerk in your pen when finishing your terminal letters is inelegant, and is a bad characteristic in a hand.

ELIZABETH J.—To dye ribbons and gloves at home, you should employ Judson's dyes. All directions are given on the bottles or wrappers.

FORGET-ME-NOT will find all possible information about tortoises at page 367, vol. iii.

HUMPTY DUMPTY.—A five-shilling piece of George III., if in *perfect* condition, is supposed to be worth from 8s. 6d. to 15s. Consult a London directory for information.

A LOVER OF CURATES.—1. Place it under a weight, which will prevent the curling up. 2. Certainly not; such a course would not be "rude," but forward and unmaidenly. We hope you are more childish than your handwriting would show, as mere children may be forgiven if they be ignorant of what is indelicate and improper.

M. E. M.—Bleeding at the nose arises from different causes. It is common amongst young people of both sexes. It may arise from debility, or from fulness of blood to the head; and in persons advanced in life, it is sometimes an effort of nature to save the sufferer from an attack of apoplexy. Slight bleedings now give no anxiety, but they should not be allowed to become excessive. A little alum and water may be injected up the nostrils to check it; the patient should sit up, and avoid stooping, and the face and neck may be bathed with cold water. When it becomes excessive, a doctor should be consulted. It may be necessary to plug the nostrils with lint, saturated with tincture of iron; to apply ice to the forehead and back of the neck, besides internal treatment by medicine.

J. W.—The coin of which you send a rubbing is one of Charles I., having on the obverse his bust and face in profile facing to the right hand, having a peaked beard, and large stiff ruff, and the collar of the order. On the reverse is a royal shield of arms, crowned generally, between the letters "C.R." The motto on the reverse is either "*Cultores Sui Deus Protegit*," or "*Floreat Concordia Regna*." The numerals, "XX.," "X.," or "V.," denote the value of such pieces.

C. HULBERT.—You might send the scrapbook to Dr. Barnardo's Home for Friendless and Destitute Children. Direct to the secretary, 18 and 20, Stepney-causeway, E.; or else to the Hospital for Hip Disease in Children, 18, Queen-square, Bloomsbury. Address J. Marsh, Esq., Hon. Secretary.

A STORMY SEA.—Our dear little correspondent seems very unhappy at having asked too many questions at a time; we can only say she is quite excused. We thank her for the pretty card of natural flowers from the Alps, and she has the sincere good wishes and the prayers for which she has asked us, in regard to the occasion to which she has referred.

TUCKSIA.—If you refer to the index of vol. i., you will find the word "Teeth," and a number of references made to the subject. Look down the page and you will also see "Tooth," and "Tooth-powder;" then take the second volume, and find the word "Tooth-powder," and, guided by the numbers of the various pages named, you will find all the information we can give you.

SHEEP'S TEETH.—The hedgehog eats snails, slugs, insects, and certain roots; but it will also eat bread and milk, and the eggs of birds. They are very useful in destroying cockroaches. Accept our good wishes in return for yours.

LIACELOGA.—We thank you most sincerely for so kind a letter, and we rejoice to hear that in a far-off land, and away from all your family in England, you derive so much comfort and help from the magazine by whose means we are enabled to address you. We wish you all happiness and health in this new year; but, above all else, we wish you spiritual grace. May God protect and direct you, alone at so early an age as you are, among strangers, however kind they may be. Your hand is neat and legible. Accept our thanks for your good wishes.

EVELYN VALERIE.—Gold and silver of a plain style and character may be worn as well in the morning as evening—not filagree. Miss Nightingale is living. Her father took the name she uses, their own name being Shore. We regret that your plaintive little verses would not suit our magazine. We sympathise with you in the loss you mourn of your little companion. Your writing promises well. Slope all the letters the same way.

THE FISHER GIRL.

By SYDNEY GREY.

She is not fair ;
No ; but she hath a certain charm more rare
Than perfect form of feature or of face ;
It is a grace
The lowliest maid in all the land may wear,
And the most noble not disdain to share.

Her looks bespeak
A humble fate, crowned with a spirit meek.
She loveth well the murmurs of the main,
Sunshine and rain,
The summer breeze, the wind that bloweth bleak,
For peace is in her heart, health on her cheek.

Like golden bands
Before her father's cottage stretch the sands ;
Barefoot and glad she trippeth o'er them when
The fishermen
Come back ; and deftly do her willing hands
Spread forth the net, and mend its broken strands.

Daughter of toil !
Is not her mean yet patient life a foil
To other lives, for something better meant
Than discontent ?
To lives that dark dishonour doth assoil,
Though hidden be the stain in glittering spoil ?

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BOUND TO EARTH.

By the Author of "Phil's Fortune," &c.

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"THEN HE WENT OUT QUICKLY."

CHAPTER XXI

H, John, you should not have come," Helen stammered, painfully conscious of the awkwardness of the situation. "We have no visitors now," she added, hurriedly, feeling that her speech was somewhat ungracious, "especially from home."

"That is no reason why *I* should stay away," he replied. "We were such old friends, and I was away when you left us. I have come all the way from London, Helen; will you not ask me to see Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple?"

He was still standing in the little hall, hat in hand.

"Do not think me rude," Helen added, earnestly. "It is very, very kind of you, but my father cannot bear to see visitors; and, indeed, everything is so altered. It can only give us all pain to bring back the remembrance of the old home. If you had only told me you were coming, I could have——"

"Prevented me. But that was just what I did not want," cried John Woodward, wilfully. "I was determined to see you myself, Helen."

Helen's face flushed, and she began to tremble. She had known John from his earliest boyhood, and looked upon him as a brother. So strong was the intimacy, that until this moment she had only regarded him in the old brotherly relation, and that unfortunate letter of his was forgotten.

The door of the little kitchen stood open. It was empty.

"Let us go in there," he said, hastily, "I want to speak to you, and I may as well do it at once."

"It is the kitchen," Helen replied, "and papa is waiting for his tea. Our little maid is out, and I was just going to get it."

Struck by the absurdity of the whole thing, Helen laughed, in spite of herself. John laughed too, and it was quite a pleasant, familiar sound.

"I will come and help," he said, hanging his hat up in the old accustomed way.

At this moment Mr. Dalrymple opened the sitting-room door cautiously, and peeped out.

The little hall was already growing dusky in the early spring evening.

"Who is that you are talking to?" he cried, suspiciously. "Tell Mr. Flowers that it's not due for twenty-one days, and he shall have it very soon."

"It is not Mr. Flowers," Helen replied, with a quick, shamefaced glance at John, who appeared not to understand, but answered readily—

"It is I—John—come to see you, Mr. Dalrymple."

Mr. Dalrymple opened the door and bade him enter, not however with any very pleased tone or expression.

John cast a longing glance towards the little kitchen as Helen departed thence, but had too much respect for his seniors to ignore the master of the house and follow her.

"Now, if Fanny were here she would get something nice in no time," thought Helen, reflecting that John had come a long journey and she had nothing to offer him. No shops near, as in London, where some delicacy could be procured in five minutes. Only some eggs, which she could neither convert into an omelette nor poach; for Fanny had done all such things so skilfully that Helen had willingly left them to her. So she boiled them and made some toast, but no Minnie appeared. Would her father wait, or must she carry the tray in herself? There was no help for it. The eggs would spoil.

"I am thankful it is only John," she said to herself, resolutely catching up the tray.

John and her father were talking amicably. They were sitting near the window, and John turned his head and looked out of it when she entered. She could not even guess whether he had seen who it was. Her mother, hearing the voices below, had come downstairs, and entered just as Helen appeared with the teapot.

She glanced uneasily at the eggs, for Helen had cooked six, which had been intended for the next day's dinner, arguing that John would eat none unless he saw there were plenty. Eggs were very often their chief article of food, for they were cheap, and the funds were often desperately low.

Mrs. Dalrymple welcomed their old friend gladly. She had often cast her thoughts towards him as a possible and an excellent husband for Helen, but for many reasons had never dared hint at such a thing. She believed thoroughly in his goodness and sincerity, and had long since thought his regard less brotherly than Helen took it to be; but she could not *know* that their cruelly altered circumstances would not affect him, and she more than suspected that Helen would be desperately hurt by the merest allusion to the subject of marrying.

John quickly perceived that he would find a warm friend and advocate with her. He had come to the table and partaken of their meagre hospitality in the heartiest and most genial way. Then, when the meal was ended, he turned away again to Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple, while Helen removed the traces of it. Only when Helen had finally disappeared did he show symptoms of restlessness, which at last resolved itself into the request—

"May I go into the kitchen to speak to Helen?"

The assent was laughingly given. John had always been like one of themselves. Mrs. Dalrymple got up, drew down the blind, and lighted the small lamp.

"He will not be back just yet," she said to her husband. "Unless I am mistaken, he wants our Helen."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Dalrymple, irritably.

"Henry, do not go against it," cried Mrs. Dalrymple, beseechingly. "He is the only man she could ever marry. He would never scorn her; you know his worth. His coming after her now is a proof of it."

Poor Mrs. Dalrymple. Could she only have known that Helen had already once rejected him.

"I should have thought him a poor match for Helen six months ago," grumbled her father, in his irritable way.

"But you cannot do so now," Mrs. Dalrymple replied, impatiently. "He is not well off, but then he is so trustworthy. I would give anything in the world if it might be."

"Women are born match-makers," returned her husband, snappishly.

To which Mrs. Dalrymple made no reply, but plied her knitting-needles abstractedly.

In the meantime John had startled Helen, as she was drawing a bowl of water from the kettle. He took it from her hands and set it down on the table, then turned back to the fireplace, the light from which was the only one in the room.

"Minnie is still out, I think I must do them. She has stopped at her mother's, I expect."

"Blessings on Minnie's wise head; long may she stop," cried John; "but the things can wait, Helen, and I can't. I must go very soon. Helen, there was something about your letter I could not understand; I have come to ask you why you wrote what you did?"

Unfortunate question. She began to tremble again, and could not speak, but presently burst into tears. She was really weak and ill, and the old wound was still a sore one.

"You are not happy, any one may see that," John continued, eagerly. "You are altered, Helen; dreadfully altered. You look to me as if this life were killing you; you cannot go on bearing it."

"I must," Helen exclaimed, despondently. She was, as we know, in a particularly dispirited mood this evening. "There are papa and mamma."

"Is that it?" John cried, quickly. "Dear Helen, I promise you most solemnly they shall find a son, not lose a daughter. Or, is it your pride? Had you been still rich I should never have dared to speak to you, for I am only a poor man. I have always regarded you as out of my reach till—till now. I hoped you might see things differently. Forgive me for alluding to it, Helen; but if you knew how many years I have been unhappy, because of the barrier between us, you would not wonder that in my eyes the cloud seems to have a silver lining."

"John, you are making a great mistake," Helen replied, in astonishment. "Your wealth or your poverty does not, and never would, have made any difference. There was no barrier of that kind. I never dreamed of all this—never once. And oh, John, I wish indeed you never had."

John smiled. "I have thought of it since I was a boy of sixteen—ten years ago," he replied. "You like me, Helen," he added, appealingly. "You have often told me so. Why are you so cruel?"

"I am not cruel, I am very—very unhappy," Helen cried, helplessly. "I

should be doing you a cruel injustice if I answered you differently. I have thought of you and liked you always as a very kind friend—almost a brother."

He interrupted her. "I am glad to hear you say 'almost,' Helen. I am not your brother, so dismiss that idea. You say you are unhappy, so am I. You cannot be more unhappy than I have been. Why may we not make each other's happiness?"

Why, indeed? How had she the heart to thrust this generous, devoted friend away from her—she who had no friends and was in such sore need of them? What was there in the life before her if she did so? Already it had broken her health and crushed her spirit. The barest necessities of existence were hardly forthcoming, and there was rent owing, the hire of piano and furniture to be paid for; a multitude of difficulties to be met single-handed. And a haven of rest was opened for *her*. Rest. Was it not happiness in itself? Only to be free from these gnawing, heart-breaking cares. The temptation was strong.

"I have only three hundred a year at present, Helen," John went on, seeing her hesitate, and taking it as a favourable omen; "but it will be more by and by, and we would be content to live modestly. We could still help the father and mother. I have saved something."

Three hundred a year! It seemed a mine of wealth compared with their present rate of living. It flashed into her mind that Edward Leslie's private income, which he had declared too little for his own wants, had been exactly this sum. And John was ready to help her parents upon *it*. Could she avoid comparing the two men?

"I ought to have told you," she said, hanging down her head and speaking spasmodically, for the subject was unutterably painful, "that, but for these troubles, I should have married someone else?"

John was taken aback. "Do you know, Helen," he said, presently, "I feared that; but tell me, is it at an end and why—was it your doing or his?"

"His," Helen replied, truthfully, adding hastily, "it had never been a definite engagement."

"He was none the less a scoundrel," John muttered, angrily. "Forgive me, Helen, the man was not worthy of any good girl's love. Can you not forget him? I am content to wait—two, five, ten years, if you will."

Could she forget? It was her only chance of renewed happiness. Hers was a clinging, affectionate nature. It could not be torn down and survive the cruel wrench, except by fastening its tendrils elsewhere. Something of this was apparent to her own heart. She longed to be able to accept all that was offered her, if only she might truthfully and conscientiously do so. It was a relief even to have told John the true state of the case.

"You are too good," she exclaimed, humbly; "I do not deserve your love."

"Nay, Helen, you deserve ten times more than I can give you, in every way. But I do not want to distress you. Your happiness is only dearer to me than my own, for over this matter I am very selfish, but it *is* dearer to me, and I would not have you sacrifice yourself, even to grant me my heart's desire. Write to me in a week; do not answer me now. Then, if it must be 'no,' I will go away again—perhaps to America, I have thought of it before—and try to forget. Say good-bye to your father and mother for me; I cannot see them to-night. Helen, good-bye."

Very wistfully he held her hand for a moment, as if he longed to say more, but dared not. Then he went out quickly, closing the door softly after him, and disappeared in the gathering gloom.

He was gone. Helen sat down by the window, and, burying her head in her hands on the kitchen table, sobbed as if her heart would break.

(*To be continued.*)

GIRLS' CHRISTIAN NAMES.

(*Continued from page* 235.)

MARGARET. English *dim.*, Peggy, Meg; Scotch, Maggie. *Greek.* Pearl. (Those who render this name Daisy are under a mistake. Marguerite, the French form of Margaret, also means a daisy in that language; but the name is much older than its application to the flower.) *Date* 1100. Matt. xiii. 46.

MARGERY. *Dim.*, Madge. Older (Scotch) form, Marjorie. *Celtic.* The western sea. *Date* 1100. No connection with Margaret. Psalm cxxxix. 9, 10.

MARIA. The *Greek* form of Miriam, and the Italian, Spanish, etc., of Mary. (*See* both names.) *Modern date.*

MARIAMNE. (*See* Miriam.)

MARIAN or MARIANNE. A combination of Mary and Anne, which see. *Date* 1550.

MARION. The French *dim.* of Mary, which see. *Date* 1450.

MARTHA. *Hebrew.* Bitterness. *Date* 1290. Eccl. vii. 26.

MARY. (Original form, Miriam; softened by Greeks and other nations to Maria, which the French further softened to Marie, and we adopted it from them, spelling it Marie or Marye until the close of the sixteenth century.) Very many *dims.* English: Mall, Mally, Moll, Molly, Poll, Polly; French: Marion, Mariette, Mariot (whence the surname Marriott). *Hebrew.* Bitterness. The exact meaning is the bitter taste left in the mouth by sea-water. Eph. iv. 31. *Date* 1216, but not common before 1500.

MATILDA or MAUD. (The last, when joined with *hild*, a girl, becomes Matilda.) *Gothic.* Honour (Maud); honourable woman (Matilda). *Date* 1066. 1 Sam ii. 30.

MAY. In Scotland, this is the *dim.* of Marion; but in England it is rather to be referred to the month of May. *Modern date.* Psalm civ. 30.

MELISSA. *Greek.* Honey. Psalm cxix. 103. *Modern date.*

META. *Latin.* Goal, turning-point. *Modern date.* 1 Cor. ix. 24, 25.

MILLICENT or (more correctly) MILISENT. *Gothic.* Heavenly wisdom. Prov. viii. 11, 13. *Date* 1155. (Those who judge of a name by appearance, without regard to history, are apt to suppose this a Latin name, and derived from numbers. This is quite a mistake.) Melusina is an old form of the name.

MILDRED. *Gothic.* Speak gently! *Date* 900. Matt. v. 44.

MINNA or MINNIE. *Gothic.* Love. *Modern date.* 1 Cor. xiii. 4-7.

MIRIAM. *Hebrew.* Bitterness. (*See* Mary.) *Date* 1650.

MONICA. *Greek.* Abiding. 1 John ii. 28. *Modern date.*

MURIEL or MERIEL. Derivation doubtful, but it is most likely a corruption of Marabel or Mirabelle, which is either *Latin*, meaning Wonderful; or *Phenician*, meaning The bitterness of the Lord. (*See* introduction.) It is just possible, but not likely, since the one is about as old as the other, that Muriel may be a *dim.* of Mary. *Date* 1232. Isaiah ix. 6.

MYRA. Certainly a *dim.*, either of Almira or of Mirabelle. (*See* Almeria and Muriel.) Eph. iii. 8.

NAOMI. *Hebrew.* Pleasant. Psalm xvi. 11. *Date* 1700 (?).

NATALIA. *Latin.* Birth (of Christ). Isaiah ix. 6. *Modern date.*

NINA. (Probably from) *Spanish.* Child. Luke xviii. 17. *Modern date.*

NORA or NORAH. (*See* Eleanor.)

OCTAVIA. *Latin.* Eighth. Eccl. xi. 2.

OLIVE or OLIVIA. *Latin.* Olive. *Date* 1200. *Fem.* of Oliver. Habb. iii 17, 18.

PAMELA. *Greek.* All-melodious. *Date* 1580. Psalm lxxi. 23.

PAULINA or PAULINE. *Fem.* of Paul. *Latin.* Small. *Date* 1300. Eph. iii. 8.

PENELOPE. *Greek.* A turkey. *Date* 1570. Matt. vi. 26.

PENUEL. *Hebrew.* The Face of God. Rev. xxii. 4.

PERPETUA. *Latin.* Eternal. Heb. vii. 25.

PETRONILLA. *Dim.*, Parnel. *Fem.* of Peter. *Greek.* A piece of rock. *Date* 1200. Psalm lxi. 2.

PHILADELPHIA. *Greek.* Loving her brethren. *Date* 1560. 1 John iii. 10, 11, 16.

PHILIPPA. *Fem.* of Philip. *Greek.* Lover of horses. *Date* 1220. Psalm xxxii. 8, 9.

PHILLIS. *Greek.* Loving. *Date* 1650. 1 Cor. xiii. 13.

PHŒBE. *Greek.* Light, or Fear. Psalm xxvii. 1. *Date* 1650.

PRISCILLA. *Dim.* of Prisca. *Greek.* Old-fashioned. Jer. vi. 16. *Date* 1630.

POLYXENA. *Greek.* Very hospitable. Heb. xiii. 2.

PORTIA. *Latin.* Portion. Psalm cxix. 57.

RACHEL. *Hebrew.* Ewe. *Date* 1625. Psalm xxiii. 1, 2.

RADEGUNDA. *Gothic.* Speaking gracio sly. Prov. xxii. 11.

RAHAB. *Hebrew.* Gracious. Prov. iii. 34.

REBEKAH or REBECCA. *Hebrew.* Slip-knot. Prov. vi. 20, 21. *Date* 1630.

REGINA. *Latin.* Queen. *Date* 1205. Gen. xxxii. 28.

RENÉE or RENATA. *Latin.* Born again. *Fem.* of René or Reignier. John iii. 3.

RHODA. *Greek.* Rose. Cant. ii. 1. *Date* 1650.

RICHENDA. *Gothic.* Rich in courtesy. Rom. xii. 10.

ROSALIND or ROSALIE. *Gothic.* Sweet rose. *Date* 1600. Cant. ii. 1.

ROSAMOND. *Gothic.* Rose of peace. *Date* 1133. This is usually (but mistakenly) supposed to be *Latin*, and rendered rose of the world, or pure rose. Isaiah xxvi. 3.

ROSA. *Italian.* Rose. *Modern date.* Cant. ii. 1. (The English word rose used as a name is as old as 1256.)

ROSANNA. (A mixture of Rosa and Anna, which see.)

ROSINA. *Italian.* Little rose. *Modern date.* Prov. xv. 16.

ROWENA. *Celtic.* The mountain ash. *Date* 453. Prov. xi. 30.

(*To be continued.*)

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.

CHAPTER XV.

I FIND SOME GOOD THINGS.

CONTINUING my voyage the following morning, I was charmed by the beautiful aspect of the land; as I advanced the vegetation became more luxuriant; I noticed in the interior palms and other trees of tropical growth, whilst the coast was indented with several bays, affording safe anchorage, and inviting me to land and rest, and find shelter beneath the shade of overhanging boughs from the increasing power of the sun's rays.

But I deemed it wiser to resist the mute invitation and postpone taking so tempting a repose until midday, for I hoped that, by that time, should the wind not have changed, I should have succeeded in accomplishing one half of my voyage of circumnavigation.

In this, however, I calculated in ignorance of what future temptations were awaiting me, for, coming to the mouth of a river, which here emptied itself into the sea, I turned my boat in order to follow its course for a short distance. The entrance was partially covered with reeds, and, lowering my sail, I took to the oars; but rowing through such an obstruction was rather tiring work, and I was glad when I found myself on a clear and placid stream, which appeared to water a valley of considerable extent. In passing the reeds I had disturbed several water-fowl, and I now stopped to bag one for my dinner; this done, I was continuing up stream, when my attention was drawn to the low bank, on which some unwieldly animals were slowly making their way to and from the water. I recognised they were turtles, and should have attempted the capture of one, had I been provided with the means of cooking him, but, having nothing adapted for the purpose, I waited till my return journey to convey one of these aldermanic luxuries to Cave Castle, where I promised myself a Lord Mayor like feast on turtle-soup.

A *siesta*.

"I HAD DISTURBED SEVERAL WATER-FOWL."

The river was very winding, so much so that my boat seemed to twist in all directions, at times returning seaward. I then hoisted sail, and, by the combined aid of this and the oars, made rapid advance; and so flat was the land for the distance of about two miles inland, that the current of the stream was almost imperceptible.

The land on each side seemed marshy, and was most probably subject to periodical inundations at the time of heavy rains. There were but few large trees, but an abundance of osiers; and where the land rose from the valley the vegetation became more luxuriant, and the hills were covered with forest.

After two miles of such scenery it began to change, the valley narrowing and the stream becoming more rapid. Considering it useless to try to row farther, I resolved to land and have my dinner, intending after a rest to make a tour of inspection on foot. Finding therefore a convenient and sheltered spot, I made a fire of such materials as I could collect, roasted and devoured the water-fowl, Wolf helping as usual in the latter operation, and not objecting to take the larger share, and then we retired together to the boat for a *siesta*.

The sun had somewhat passed the meridian when I awoke considerably refreshed by my sleep, and as the shadows would be longer and afford some slight protection from the heat, I started without delay, keeping down stream, though going inland and leaving the higher parts for inspection on some other occasion; for I judged that the river would have its source either in the lake I had observed on the side of Mount Desire, or in the flanks of the mountain itself, and that it would be more advantageous to descend the valley than to toil upwards.

I found walking rather unpleasant, owing to the marshy nature of the soil, and directed my steps more inland so as to reach drier ground; my course also was impeded by a low growing plant, which covered the whole space along the bank of the stream. Curiosity leading me to examine this plant, which seemed to luxuriate in the water, I discovered it was no other than rice, which when ripe would afford me most useful and wholesome food. It seemed to cover the whole of the level through which the river ran, and I named this valley "Egypt," and the river which watered it after the once sacred "Nilus."

Quitting the marshes, I passed into the shade of the trees, thankful to regain

"VINES LADEN WITH FINE GRAPES."

such pleasant shelter. Here Wolf started some birds, of which I shot a couple. They proved to be wild pigeons.

I now mounted the hills which bounded the valley, and from which the sea was visible at no great distance, and thinking that I had been absent from the boat long enough, began to return, though by a different route from that by which I had ascended, as I did not care to pass again by the rice plants. This new route led me to a clayey district as disagreeable to the pedestrian as the previous one, for in this plain there was but little fall for the water, which remained in pools and stagnant marshes.

However, the sight of the clay led my thoughts to my fireplace, so much required at Cave Castle; and I resolved to set to work at once making bricks.

To carry out my plan, it would be necessary for me to remain some weeks on the spot; but this was all the more easy since my boat afforded me a safe resting-place for the night, safer, indeed, than any dwelling on land, for, moored in mid-stream, no wild animal could approach me. Having made up my mind therefore to commence this important work, I abandoned the idea of returning home, and, returning to my boat after a good supper, I prepared myself by a comfortable night's rest for the toils of the coming day.

CHAPTER XVI.

BRICK-MAKING.

I SPENT six weeks in this clay district, which from its proximity to the land of Egypt, and the similarity of my labour to that of the Israelites, might have been called Goshen. My work was laborious from want of proper tools and appliances; I had only my hunting knife, which fortunately was of formidable proportions, for cutting the clay; after this operation each piece had to be carried and laid to dry by the sun; but my pleasure was great when I had enough to construct a small kiln, and greater, indeed, when I had fired it, and could at my leisure watch the burning of my bricks. That a great many would be spoiled I had no doubt, as I was a novice at the work; for this reason I began with a small kiln, but enough would remain, I hoped, to reward my labour, and encourage me to further effort.

What delight I felt when, at the end of the burning process, I found three-fourths of my bricks were excellent. I began at once to stow them away in my boat, then starting down stream and aided by the current I soon reached the mouth of the river, where I stayed, hoping to capture a turtle, for a special treat on my return home. I despaired of being able to obtain one full-grown, but would be content with a small one. I at last succeeded in turning a young turtle on its back in the usual manner, and by means of strong rope I dragged it into the boat, where I secured it safely amongst the bricks. After taking in a supply of wild fowl, I set off once more, but to my disgust I found the wind had not been obliging enough to veer round so as to suit my homeward journey, hence I was obliged to have recourse solely to the oars.

At this rate I might have reached home in three weeks, though I doubted at some moments whether I should make any advance at all; and, the strain being very great upon my strength, I made up my mind to land and await on shore a change of wind.

But what was to be done with the turtle? I could not keep him prisoner all the time I might be detained, having enough to do to feed myself and Wolf. Yet I was loath to lose him altogether by turning him loose; I resolved, therefore, to kill him at once. Having no cooking utensils, I had to roast the flesh in pieces as best I could, and, having now such a plentiful supply for our larder, I was at leisure to explore the country and study the vegetation around. I found this decidedly the prettiest part of the island, as I had previously imagined on seeing it from the water, and determined to make a residence for myself on this favoured spot, when I had time. I observed especially a grove of banyans, which seemed to form an advantageous position from the thick shade of their hanging boughs. Cocoa palms also reared their lofty heads above me, their precious fruit hanging far away out of my reach, and alas! no monkey was near whom I could entice to throw some down for me; however, I was happy in finding two nuts which had fallen, and I refreshed myself with the delicious milk.

All the trees around were interlaced with vines laden with fine grapes; of these I cut several bunches which I hung to dry in the sun. My wanderings brought me after a time again to the vicinity of the marshes near the river, so, not caring to continue in that direction, I turned sharply round facing Mount Desire, and strolled through the woods at its foot. By this means gradually ascending, I came to the shores of the lake, where I sat down to rest and enjoy the prospect of the placid water, in which the mountain was reflected.

On my side the shore was not precipitous, as it was on the farther side, but gave outlet to the waters of the river, which I suspected to be the source of the "Nile." The banks were covered with cotton plants already white with their tufty produce. The ascent of the mountain not appearing too difficult from this spot, I resolved to attempt it, and was just on the point of starting, when I observed Wolf looking very intently at something lying on the ground at a little distance from me, which seemed to arouse his impatience to an extraordinary degree; approaching several times as if to smell it, he on each occasion returned abruptly rubbing his nose with his paw.

Much interested in such proceedings on the part of a dog who generally evinced no fear, I went to examine the cause of his conduct, when I found a fine porcupine, whose armour of quills was formidable enough to keep off a

"I NOW KNEW SURELY THAT IT WAS INDEED AN ISLAND UPON WHICH MY LOT WAS CAST."

stronger enemy even than Wolf. I called him off, but did not take the life of the animal, although I had heard its flesh was good for food, since I could easily supply my wants in this productive land.

The whole of the afternoon was spent in the ascent of the mountain, which I conjectured, from my slight knowledge of geology, to be of volcanic origin. I was able even to make out the traces of what had once been a crater, at the bottom of which was a fissure into which I certainly should not have liked to have fallen. Dropping a stone into it, I counted a high number before the noise of it rebounding from side to side had ceased. On reaching the highest point on one side of the crater, the long-desired panorama was displayed before my eyes; and I now knew surely that it was indeed an island upon which my lot was cast, and one of some extent, since the line of ocean was but faintly perceptible in some places. I could distinguish the Nile at my feet, and found that it had its origin, as I had supposed, in the lake; but I also perceived another river issuing from the mountain side, and running through a part of the land hitherto unexplored. This country formed one corner of the island, and although well wooded by the river banks, and on the lower part of the mountain, was less fertile than El Dorado, whilst the sea seemed bounded with sand hills.

The descent was enlivened by a goat hunt, there being a great number of these useful animals amongst the rocks. So far as I knew these were the largest quadrupeds on the isle; indeed, it was not probable a country of such limited extent could furnish food for any large fauna.

I obtained one goat and wounded another, which in consequence became my prisoner. I carried it carefully to the boat, where I tended it to the best of my abilities, and, at the end of two or three days found it not only cured, but *tamed* by my good treatment. At length, when the wind was favourable, I set sail for home one fine morning, my boat considerably laden with its cargo of bricks, and the two goats, the dead and the living, besides Wolf and myself; but we reached our destination safely, and I saw all housed in the subterranean vaults of Cave Castle.

(*To be continued.*)

SERVANTS AND SERVICE.

By Ruth Lamb.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE NURSERY.

IT is a somewhat remarkable fact that the younger the servant employed the greater and more precious is the first charge usually placed in her hands. I mean, of course, the baby, with occasionally two or three other small children in addition.

To nurse the one and keep the other out of mischief is generally deemed the fitting occupation for the little maid, herself a mere child when she first goes out to service. The young hands that are too unsteady to be trusted with such fragile articles as glass and crockery, lest these should suffer damage, too unskilled in household matters to be esteemed of much value in the cleaning and scrubbing department, are deemed quite competent to hold the baby and act as caretaker to the whole juvenile brood.

Often the busy, notable mother of a family will say, when speaking of a child-servant, "I cannot let her help in the house work. She would only make more labour than she would save; would dirty more than she would clean; break more things by clumsiness and carelessness than her wages would pay for. I can get through much more quickly by myself, and nothing will need doing over again. But she *can* nurse the baby and look after the children, which will set my hands free to do the house work."

So the house-mother bustles from place to place and does the work herself. In the meanwhile, the inexperienced hands which must on no account be trusted with the crockery, the chairs, and the tables, have the sole charge of what should be to every mother the most precious of helpless treasures—her infant.

In the comparatively poor districts of large towns, chiefly inhabited by working people and small shopkeepers, it is no uncommon thing for a little maid, barely in her teens, to go out nursing by the day—and generally a very long day.

She comes home to sleep, the small place where a business is carried on being often filled to overflowing by the shopkeeper's actual belongings. It is probably fortunate for the small servant that she does go home to sleep, or her day's work might come to an end even later still, or last all night, should the baby sleep with her.

Numbers of little maidens make their start as domestic servants in this way, and rise by gradual steps to what is considered a position of greater trust and responsibility.

I have been in a tiny shop when a dot of a girl, pinafored and with a cotton hood or woollen kerchief on her head, has entered. Dropping a little bob of a courtesy, she has announced that she is seeking her first place by the question, "Please, ma'am, do you want a girl to help to nurse the baby?"

As I have shown elsewhere, these little maids, the eldest of large families, have often served a seven years' apprenticeship at home nursing before they are twice that number of years old. They are frequently far more handy with babies than much older people, and the very small folks always like a girl nurse, who is not too old to romp and play, and who enjoys the games as heartily as do her little charges. These mites love to see a merry face, to hear a good ringing laugh, and to listen to the nonsense rhymes and nursery jingles which come pattering from the still childish lips of their young guardian.

I do not know a greater affliction in a nursery than a nurse, no matter how good and conscientious she may be, who goes through her duties in a grave, stolid, unsympathetic way; washing and dressing the children, tidying and stitching in a mechanical, plodding fashion, and doing her duty faithfully, according to her light, but forgetting, in her dealings with children, that she was once as young as they are.

The nurse who worrits over a soiled pinafore or rumpled hair, who is for ever straightening up and putting the toys and litter which children delight in and ought to have around them, on high shelves and in out-of-the-way places, may have a tidy nursery, but she will certainly have a brood of unhappy youngsters around her.

There are nurses who are old in years, but young in heart, bright, cheerful, and abounding in love for children, and who come second only to the good mother in the affection of the small people. And there are others who are by no means old counting by years, but who left their youthful spirits behind them, if they ever had any, when they began to run alone.

I once heard a lady speaking of two girls, of only eighteen and twenty, who had the care of her three children. "They are both good girls," she said; "truthful, conscientious, well-behaved. I have no fear that the children will ever learn anything wrong from them. But they are so stolid and dull that they seem to take all the brightness out of the lives of the little ones. One sits like a lump at her stitching; the other, like a second lump of human material, keeps the children out of mischief, and takes care that the nursery is in a painful state of order, and that smeared faces and soiled pinafores are things unknown.

"Let a child leave a toy for a moment, it is seized and put carefully away. These nurses never can be made to understand that, what would appear untidy and disorderly in a drawing-room, is the proper and necessary state of things in an apartment dedicated to the use of little ones.

"If children are to be happy they must be occupied, and to find them employment a variety in books, toys and pictures, must be within their reach.

"A childish mind does not fix itself upon any one thing for a length of time. But though Jack may have become weary of the pursuit of architecture, and may demolish with one stroke the castle he has spent half an hour in building, he does not want the materials packed away, in case he should determine on erecting a church somewhat later in the day. He likes to have his bricks within reach, even while he is looking at pictures, and to be able to turn from his book to his wheelbarrow without asking nurse's leave. Then the children want someone to laugh with them, to sing, to lead their games and teach them new ones, and when they go out they do not want to be led solemnly along as if they were attending a funeral."

"I am sorry to part with two thoroughly good girls," added the speaker, "but I cannot bear to see the children growing up such little sobersides, so unnaturally grave and old before their time."

"What shall you do then?" asked the friend, to whom the lady was speaking.

"Oh, I have engaged a cheery middle-aged widow to do the sewing and superintend generally. She is to have a little girl of fourteen under her as her messenger and the children's playfellow. I fell in love with the little maid when out district-visiting, through seeing the delightful way in which she managed to keep her own small brothers and sisters amused and happy, with next to nothing in the way of materials. I am quite reckoning on litter and laughter in my nursery, in place of unvarying tidiness and dulness."

Do not imagine that this lady would have tolerated any lack of real cleanliness in the persons or surroundings of her children. She estimated at their full value the neatness and particularity of her maids; but she felt that, while the young bodies were admirably cared for, the nursery atmosphere was cheerless and depressing. It was deficient in human sunshine and sympathy.

Instead of being merry and childlike, her youngsters were becoming staid, prim little men and women; their very games were made a serious business; the care of their toys was a matter of grave responsibility. The children could hardly have had more upright and careful attendants; but the mother saw that spotless pinafores, constant supervision, and a tidy nursery were not in themselves sufficient for happiness.

I have given this little sketch from life,

because I want to impress upon my girl readers who think of offering themselves to fill the situation of nurse, that something more is required to make a good one than a mere knowledge of nursery work.

If I were engaging a nurse for young children I should not only inquire about the experience she had gained in caring for their bodies, her cleanliness, truthfulness, honesty and general trustworthiness. I might be satisfied on these points, and the applicant might also be one of the best seamstresses that ever took needle in hand, and yet I should want something of more importance than all these.

I should need to be convinced that she was not taking a place as nurse merely as a means of bread-winning, but because she honestly loved the helpless little ones and was sufficiently young-hearted to feel for and with them in matters that are trifles to grown-up people but great things to children.

I should want to study her face a little, to find that it was bright and happy looking and that her voice had a cheery ring in it. To be convinced that, when the laughing, crowing baby looked up in its glee, it would see a responsive smile on its nurse's countenance, and that her presence would be likely to make the nursery not merely a cleanly but a happy place for the children.

So I say to you, dear girl readers, never take a place as nurse unless you can carry with you a heart large enough to hold all your little charges, and warm enough to pay back with interest the love they are so ready to give to those who sympathise with and are kind to them.

You will need patience to bear with them and firmness to check what is wrong; you will need constant watchfulness and prayerful self-examination in order that, by God's grace, you may be enabled to subdue in yourselves whatever might set a bad example or produce a bad impression on the children entrusted to your care.

Next to the mother, probably no human being has so great an influence over the little ones for good or evil as the nurse. Take care that yours shall be for good.

There is no lesson more quickly learned by a child than that of trying to hide a fault by telling an untruth. Perhaps curiosity has led to meddling, meddling to an accident and a breakage.

To cover this and escape punishment, the child deliberately plans concealment and tells its first lie.

The same teacher, fear of consequences, often finds an apt pupil in the nurse as well as in her young charges, and she tells or it may be only acts a falsehood in their presence.

Who can estimate the mischief done or the fruit which may be produced from the seed of that evil example? Young eyes are quick to see, young minds to receive impressions. Not so quick to lose the effect or get rid of the consequences of a single lesson in deceit.

Dear young nurses, let me plead with you for the sake of the immortal souls of these precious little ones; be true in word and deed. Strive to lead them gently and lovingly; set them a good example. Ask strength from God to overcome the temptations to anger and falsehood. Be careful, too, that no profane or impure expression ever passes from your lips, to defile the ears and corrupt the minds of the children committed to your care. Let not those young eyes witness any action that you would be afraid or ashamed for a grown-up person to see.

Nay, let your thoughts soar still higher, and remember the eye that never slumbers nor sleeps, the ear which hears equally the prayer and the wrong or idle words of which we often think so lightly.

Should any accident happen to an infant either through inadvertence or want of care on your part, be brave and true. Go at once to the mother, and, even at the risk of losing your situation, or of a severe reprimand, tell about the fall or the blow which the child has received, and ask that means may be used to prevent any permanent harm resulting from it.

I have known two cases of life-long deformity and lameness, both of which might have been prevented had the nurses told of comparatively trifling accidents when they occurred, but which were rendered serious for want of immediate attention.

The little creatures had wailed and cried, their only mode of telling that they were in pain.

The tears were put down to teething, crossness, anything but the real cause. Had the truth been told and a doctor sent for, the experienced professional touch and eye would have discovered the injuries, the joints would have been replaced, and two fine girls saved from lasting disfigurement.

Better, far better endure displeasure or even the loss of a place, than carry the life-long memory that, through your want of courage and candour, a young creature's existence has been blighted, or its activity and usefulness impaired.

Ay, and what is of still more importance, better be the humblest drudge at the roughest of household work, than undertake the charge of children without a deep sense of the solemn responsibilities belonging to the nurse's office.

If you cannot carry into the nursery loving hearts, patience, self-control, cheerfulness, courage, truth, pure speech, propriety of manners, and tender sympathy, work elsewhere in the household.

Remember that it is not only the bodies of the little ones for which you have to care, but that you will have to answer for the influence you may exert on their minds and souls.

Are they not the lambs whom Jesus loved and blessed? Do they not belong to that flock for which the Good Shepherd laid down His life on Calvary?

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

QUITE BAD ENOUGH.—A lady came to Charles Wesley complaining that she was the chief of sinners, the worst of transgressors, utterly lost and helpless. "I have no doubt, madam," replied he, "that you are bad enough." She instantly flew into a passion, scolded the preacher as a slanderer, and, it is thought, would have boxed his ears, if he had not quitted the apartment.

CHARITY "THINKETH NO EVIL."—Put the best construction on everything. You know the judge is always supposed to be on the prisoner's side. There are a thousand instances of behaviour we meet with in the world which will admit of two constructions. I would endeavour always to use the most favourable one.

A GOOD REASON.—When a woman has not a good reason for doing a thing, she has one good reason for letting it alone.

HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

Hogarth agreed to paint a staircase for a nobleman who was to pay him a very inadequate remuneration. The subject selected by his lordship was the overwhelming of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea. Such a work could not be done with a family of distinction in the house; they therefore went away.

The business was accomplished much sooner than they could have hoped. They returned, but great was his lordship's surprise when he beheld his walls only covered with a very fine red. He summoned the artist and asked an explanation of the mistake.

"It is no mistake," said Hogarth; "your lordship told me to paint Pharaoh's overthrow in the Red Sea, and so I have; for he and his host, as you may imagine, are all safe under the water. Therefore, pay me my money and find somebody else to do what you like better."

A SURE MARK.—Perhaps one of the surest marks of sobriety and intelligence is having a pleasure in the conversation of age.—*Dr. Fordyce.*

AN AID TO HAPPINESS.—Employment so certainly produces cheerfulness, that I have known a man come home in high spirits from a funeral merely because he had had the management of it.—*Bishop Horne.*

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTIONS. — Sanctified afflictions are spiritual promotions.—*Henry.*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

That happy time, when hours so brightly sped:
We wish'd it gone, and now we mourn it fled.

1. An English village, where a sculptur'd cross
   Commemorates one so fair, so true:
   The nation sorrow'd for their monarch's loss
   And gave, in sympathy, their tribute due.
2. Geographer, who wrote for fame, not dross;
   African general, and seaman too.
3. A tributary of the Rhine; its name
   Of evil augury its stream belies.
4. When Scandinavian sea-kings southward came
   And saw the chalky cliffs of Britain rise,
   They mark'd one headland, where the rude rocks frame
   A granite reptile of enormous size.
5. One of three winding English streams; of each
   One letter is enough the name to mark.
6. Bold navigator, strange in garb and speech
   To modern tars; the crew on board his barque,
   Set him adrift, some land perchance to reach:
   But of his fate sad history's page is dark.
7. Portentous was this royal mother's dream,
   'Stead of her babe, she clasp'd a fire-brand!
8. This is the most artistic form, 'twould seem
   Of which to make the fall of Broadwood's "Grand."
9. A county, famed for cyder, butter, cream,
   And soft transparence, wrought by woman's hand.

XIMENA.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—(p. 327).

S U S A (*a*)
P O R T
A R C H (*b*)
R H O D O P E
T R A J A N
A L C I N O U S (*c*)
Sparta Athens.

(*a*) In Persian, "Shushan" is a "lily," and "Shushan the Palace," of the Book of Esther, derived its name from the profusion of lilies which grew around it; hence, also, the name "Susannah."

(*b*) The Arch of Titus in Rome bore the sculptured history of the conquest of Jerusalem.

(*c*) Readers of the *Oayssey* will remember this King of Phæacia, his cultivated gardens, and his fair daughter Nausicaa.

CARINA.

A ROMAN STORY.

By LOUISA EMILY DOBREE, Author of "Dreams and Deeds," "Turned to Gold,' &c.

CHAPTER II.

CUPID.

MAX HAMILTON'S search in the Coliseum this time was successful. After a short space he came upon a small gold locket, with a slender chain attached to it, the snap of which was broken. Putting it in his pocket, he descended, and finding it was later than he thought, he took a carriage, and was soon driving to the hotel in the Piazza di Spagna, where he was staying with his mother and sister. As he leant back in the carriage he noticed the various scenes of Roman street life with the quiet enjoyment of one who loves Rome passionately. They had only arrived the week before, and Max was luxuriating in the sound of the "lingua Toscana in bocca Romana;" the wondrous beauty of the even-

"THE YOUNG ENGLISHMAN ADDRESSED HER IN EXCELLENT ITALIAN."—*See page* 344.

ing lights, the ruins, the streets, all so familiar to him; the *contadine*, with their sandalled feet, green or red corsets, aprons of Abruzzi work, and folded white caps, beneath which were their picture-faces and long, gold earrings. A line of Capuchin monks were turning out of Trajan's forum; the fruit shops were all golden with oranges, green and purple with grapes and figs, and great pomegranates with crimson hearts were cut ready to be eaten; a wine-cart, with fan-like hood, striped yellow and green, jingling with bells and laden with blue wine casks, passed him going back to the Lateran Gate; the driver, with his pointed hat, and red-and-white stockings, was humming a popular tune. It was all Rome, and as such sent a thrill of inexplicable delight to Max Hamilton's heart.

Anyone who has never been to Rome, or may not care for her, may put him down as a silly young man; but those who know and love her, to whom Rome is a friend, the very memory of having trodden her streets and gazed upon her stones a precious possession, will understand.

At the hotel he found his mother, Lady Hamilton, waiting for him in the salon. She was a tall, imposing-looking woman, with a severe face under a large widow's cap and pince-nez glasses, which she always wore, and some even averred she slept in. She was reading the *Times*.

Dolly, her daughter, a tall girl very like Max, was reading a Tauchnitz story.

Max was a man of independent means, having, two years before, been left his uncle's heir, and he had not lived much with his mother and sister. They had come abroad for the first time last summer, and Max, who had wandered far and wide with his uncle, who was a highly intellectual cultured man, was feeling keenly all the pangs of travelling with uncongenial people, who insisted upon "doing" the Continent.

"Well, Maximilian," said Lady Hamilton, "where have you been?"

"Wandering about, mother," said Max, with which vague answer she had to be content.

"We thought of doing St. Peter's this afternoon. A gentleman we met at luncheon said it was the best light for it," said Dolly, laying down her novel. "And we thought we might have done St. Angelo too, but you had gone out, and you have the *permesso*."

"I am very sorry," said Max. "Indeed, Dolly, I am afraid the afternoon slipped away so fast, when I thought of returning it was too late, and I concluded from what you said at breakfast that you and the madre would find your way somewhere."

"We took a carriage—I know the man cheated us—and we drove about the Pincio for two hours. Ever so much nicer than fussing about churches, and, worse still, those old ruins; though I suppose it doesn't do to admit it," said Dolly. "I am sure when I look at 'Bædeker,' and see what we must do before we have finished Rome, it is quite appalling."

Max was congratulating himself on having escaped the Pincio, when the dinner was announced, and Lady Hamilton, taking her son's arm, walked in to the *table d'hôte* with the air that so many English adopt abroad—of appearing as if the hotel belonged to them and the rest of the visitors were there on sufferance.

There were all nationalities there. A German, with erect light hair and blue eyes, sat next Lady Hamilton, but his attempts at conversation were not met approvingly. Indeed, Lady Hamilton could hardly restrain her expressions of disgust when she saw his knife going into his mouth. A Frenchman opposite chased the gravy round his plate with a piece of bread, and seemed to enjoy his dinner very much, his napkin being tucked under his chin during the process.

After dinner Lady Hamilton proposed their going to Tivoli the next day, a plan that Max did not fall in with at once, as he was longing to go to the Servis'. As he ate his dinner, and listened to Dolly airing some platitudes about Rome to her neighbour, a young Russian, who spoke English very well, his thoughts wandered off, and instead of the lighted table and the long lines of people, he seemed to see a beautiful face with dark blue eyes, and to hear a voice sweeter than any he had ever heard before.

"Can't we go on Thursday to Tivoli, madre?" said Max, as they discussed it in the salon.

"No, dear. Thursday we must be up early and go up the dome, and as we are there we had better finish the Vatican—there are the Egyptian and Etruscan Museums to see—and in the afternoon we thought of going to the Barberini; it is open till five."

"Finish the Vatican," thought Max, who had spent hours and hours in that enchanting place.

The week before they had walked through the galleries, and a cursory glance at some of the statuary was all Lady Hamilton and her daughter had vouchsafed. Dolly privately thought Madame Tussaud's far more interesting, and Lady Hamilton heaved a sigh of relief when they were driving home again.

"Then it must be to-morrow, mother; very well," said Max, who was a most supremely unselfish man.

It was partly nature and partly grace, for he was truly religious, and to him following Christ in his daily life was a very real thing. Though he spoke little of those matters, save when occasion required, and then he could speak, as those who had heard him knew, he lived a life which in its love and unselfishness, its faithfulness and loyalty to his Master, was, although he was far too humble to know it, an epistle read and known of all men.

To Tivoli they went. Lady Hamilton would not go in the tramway, but insisted upon driving. They were delayed at Tivoli, as one of the horses lost its shoe just as they were starting to return, and consequently they drove through the Campagna just in time to catch the evening's mist. Strangely enough Lady Hamilton, whose fear of the malaria had been great, did not seem nervous. Max did not allow that he felt the chill, but next morning he was so unwell that the English doctor who came pronounced it a slight, very slight, attack of Roman fever.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DEAD LAMB.

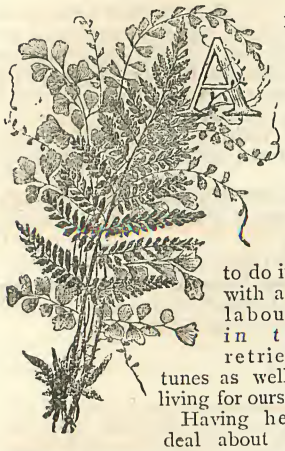
By FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY.

THEY clambered up the purple hills,
The children's little hearts were gay
As humming bird, or yonder rills,
Or those bright lambs at play.
They call their lamb. They call again;
They pause with frightened tread;
Ah! little maidens, 'tis in vain!
Your lamb is dead—is dead!
Fall lightly, sorrow! Let them soon forget.
Time enough for sorrow for the children yet.

And 'mid the sunshine of the hills,
The murmur of the merry bee,
The playing lambs, the leaping rills,
They wander silently.
They do not know that tears must come,
And sorrows fall apace,
That every heart and every home
Has ever a vacant place.
Fall lightly, sorrow! Let them soon forget.
Time enough for sorrow for the children yet.

A LADY'S JOURNEY TO TEXAS AND BACK AGAIN.

I.—The Voyage Out.



A FEW years back, my husband having experienced great losses in business, we resolved to try what a new country could do for us—or rather what we could manage to do in another land, with a fresh field for labour before us, in the way of retrieving our fortunes as well as making a living for ourselves and child.

Having heard a great deal about Texas, of its beautiful climate, the richness of its soil, the abundance of game, fruit, &c., to say nothing of the cheapness of the land, which only wanted to be cultivated to make it the most yielding of the world — we made up our minds that Texas, without a doubt, was the place for us, and to Texas we would go.

And thus it was that my husband, our little boy, aged two-and-a-half, and myself, started on our long voyage of over 5,000 miles to the wild Far West.

On the 10th of December, 1880, on board of the good ship T——, of the Dominion Line, we dropped down the Mersey. It was a bright, cold day, but we remained on deck till we could see land no longer, and by night time we had passed the last lights on shore, and were far out at sea. The following day we sighted some of the Welsh mountains, in Pembrokeshire, I believe, and during that night we passed Land's End. It was rather squally weather, and those who were not seasick began to "take stock," as they express it in Texas, of their fellow travellers. We had about thirty cabin and two hundred steerage passengers, most of whom were bound for Texas or *Florida*.

The captain, a good officer, and a kind and genial man, exerted himself to amuse us, and did his utmost to render our passage agreeable. It was particularly satisfactory to us to see, every Sunday morning after the service, that at a signal from the boatswain's whistle the crew mustered on deck, every man going direct to his assigned place in the ship's boats, and prepared as if to lower them to the water. This practice Captain C—— strictly enforced, so that in case of any serious accident all would know without fail to which boat they belonged, and there would then be no confusion.

On the 14th of December, a bright, starry, and moonlight evening, we steamed into the charming little bay of Corunna, the scene of Sir John Moore's death and burial.

Of course we went ashore the next morning, and saw all that was to be seen; but of this more another day. We were very sorry when our time was up, and after one delightful day ashore, we weighed anchor early on the morning of the 16th, and were soon once more on the open sea and in the so-called stormy Bay of Biscay. Stormy, we did not find it so; the sea was as smooth as the most nervous or delicate of travellers could desire, and more than they expected, a clear sky and a fresh breeze made the passage of the Bay one of pleasure and not of fear. Soon we got into warm seas, and, indeed, before long we found an awning on deck a great boon. For some days, while in the Atlantic, we had a very heavy, rolling sea, the consequence of bad storms further northward. We found plenty of amusement looking out for the curiosities of the deep. Of flying-fish we saw plenty; we were much disappointed as to their size, they being smaller than we expected. Further south—for we were making for Havanna—we saw shoals of sharks, which would follow the vessel for some time, and occasionally a large albatross would fly over our heads at a great height.

Beautiful, too, were the miniature fleets of Portuguese men-o'-war, or nautilus, which would float gracefully by with their tiny sails outspread, sometimes of a lovely violet colour. We mostly spent our evenings on deck, watching with admiration the beautiful phosphorescent lights that followed our track in the water.

Christmas time was approaching — the glorious English festival—and all our thoughts were turned to those at home, and we wondered if they were sitting round the dear old fireside, thinking or talking of us, far away in southern seas. Naturally we began to plan how to make Christmas Day as enjoyable as was possible under the circumstances, especially to the little ones, of whom there were about fifty on board. A Christmas tree was suggested. No doubt my young readers will be highly amused at the bare idea of a Christmas tree in mid-ocean, and be puzzling their brains as to how such a suggestion could be carried into effect. But it was, and this is how we managed it.

With the aid of the carpenter a stand and arrangement of wood was made, which, with the help of copper wire wound round, and spreading in all directions, formed the basis on which to work. This was all pasted over tightly with brown paper, and with the same material, cut to resemble leaves, and fixed on with care, was painted green, and formed a capital substitute for the orthodox one of fir or yew, and as long as it answered the double purpose of being "lighted up," and of bearing presents, would amuse the little ones as much as an expensively got up one at home. Tinfoil was found, and some small wax-tapers, with a little ingenuity and a little wire, were fixed on to the branches all ready for the eventful time. The gifts then had to be prepared; and as no one had had any idea before sailing of having to assist at fitting up a Christmas-tree at sea, it was a marvel how the toys were found or made. Boxes were ransacked, and busy hands set to work in earnest. Some made rag dolls, and painted their faces; another drew and coloured large figures on cardboard, which, when cut out, were set dancing by careful arrangement of strings to pull. Others worked muslin or ribbon bags and filled them with candies; worsted balls were made; little pictures drawn or painted; and plenty of biscuits, apples, oranges, nuts, and cakes were brought from the ship's store to add to the number of good things for the tree. To crown all, a fine old "Grandfather Christmas" was made, all covered with snow—that is, cotton-wool carefully arranged—and bearing in his hands a banner with the dear old English welcome, "A Merrie Christmas and a Happy New Year to all!"

Strange it seemed to us to meet each other with the good wishes for that Christmas morn, with the bright blue sky overhead, and the sea with hardly a ripple on its fair bosom; and while we lay under the awning, shaded from the hot sun, to picture our friends far away enjoying the good things of Christmas round the blazing fire, or joining in the ever-glorious strains of the "Adeste Fideles."

After a dinner, which consisted of mock-turtle soup, roast beef and turkey, plum-pudding and mince-pies, healths were drunk all round, and to all absent; and then *the* tree was lighted up, and the rest of the passengers, with their children and the crew, crowded into the saloon. Bursts of applause from the steerage passengers, and shouts of delight and clapping of hands from the little ones, testified at once how great was the surprise; and merry were the children that evening, as each received his toy and sweets from off the tree. Games succeeded, and with songs and stories we passed a very jolly evening. The Spaniards who had embarked at Corunna were delighted with the Christmas-tree; but the old game of "snap-dragon" particularly took their fancy. They were not satisfied till they tried their luck with the fiery raisins, and laughed heartily over the burns their unpractised hands received.

Both on Christmas Eve and that night, when we had retired, the sailors paraded the decks and saloons, singing carols and ringing bells. This they also did on New Year's Eve, as the old year was dying out.

On the 3rd of January, 1881, we passed the "Hole in the Wall," and sighted the Bermudas — the "still-vexed Bermoothes" of Shakespeare's *Tempest;* and by noon the Bahamas passed like a beautiful panorama before our charmed and enchanted gaze. Great was the excitement on board at once more beholding land, and glasses were handed round freely, so that all might have a good view of these pretty isles. Of the Bermudas we could really see nothing; but the Bahamas are rather low-lying, but well wooded, and the scent in the air from their cedars and groves of spices was delicious. A vessel has to be very careful here in steering, for the sea is full of coral reefs all round these islands, some standing high out of the water, forming a large semicircle, and covered with seaweed and shells. St. Salvador, one of these isles, was the scene of the first land fallen in with by Christopher Columbus in his first memorable voyage in 1492. The islands with their white houses looked so charming and inviting that we were truly sorry when they faded from our sight, without our being able to go ashore and make further acquaintance with them.

That evening we had a performance, *Trial by Jury*, which went off exceedingly well. We ladies made the wigs for judge and counsel and the correct lappets for the latter's collars; altogether the different characters were got up very well. The evening finished up with a concert, the proceeds going to some charitable fund for seamen.

On the 4th of January we passed along part of the Coast of Florida, which portion we saw was very flat and uninteresting.

Early the following day—a glorious fine day it was, too—we entered the port of Havanna. This is one of the finest and most secure ports in the world, being completely land-locked. The channel from the sea to the harbour is very narrow, and about half a mile in length, and the entrance is well protected by two strong fortresses, El Morro and La Punta, and an almost continuous line of batteries along both sides of the shore. There are high hills all round, so that the town and harbour are completely sheltered from strong winds.

As soon as we had anchored, our vessel was surrounded by boats, which, partly covered with gay-coloured awnings, and with their picturesquely-attired occupants jabbering away in a mixture of Spanish, English, &c., soliciting our attention, was amusing in the extreme. Many boats, too, were filled with fruit—pine-apples, oranges, limes, bananas, plantains, &c. —and I assure you they found us good customers. It was such a treat to get delicious fresh fruit in such quantities, and so cheap. Cheap they seemed then; but we found, on going ashore, that the rascals had made us pay more than double the value, asking us about 5d. or 6d. for a pine, when 2d. was at most the proper price to give for one.

After breakfast some of our party engaged a sailing-boat and coasted round the harbour,

and then ran ashore on the country side and took a good walk. It was intensely hot, and we soon became very thirsty, and on reaching a hut, outside which were seated several negroes, we asked for some milk, for there were a number of goats about. This they freely gave us, and also some red wine and water. We picked some oranges and limes from a grove there, and a quantity of wild flowers, with which we returned to the ship. After an early dinner we left the children on board, for they were tired with their morning walk, and most of us went to the town.

It is quite Spanish in appearance, and has some good buildings and shops; but everything was very expensive in the way of clothing. We went in extensively for iced milk, and took a large bottle back to the ship for our little boy.

Everywhere we received great attention and politeness; and once that afternoon, while we were having some refreshment at a restaurant, several Japanese beggars, who infest the town, followed us in, and kept on pestering us for money. A gentleman entered, and seeing them among us, drove them away. He joined us afterwards, and told us he was English, and in answer to our inquiries, said that he had never found Havanna unhealthy, and had lived there for forty years. Europeans, he said, when first they arrive, live almost entirely on the fruit, and so weaken their constitution; and if they also habitually take strong drinks, fall an easy prey to "Yellow Jack," that scourge of tropical climates; and hence the cause of so many deaths from that terrible fever.

He asked us to guess his age, and we put him down at sixty, at the most. "I am ninety-one now," said he, "and I served under Lord Nelson at the Battle of Trafalgar. I trust that I may yet die in Old England. God bless her, and God bless her Queen!" As the old gentleman said this he reverently raised his hat, and brushed his hand hastily across his eyes.

He gave us to understand that he held a prominent position in the town, and walked a great part of the afternoon with us. He arranged to meet us the next day, but we never saw him again, for on our return to the ship we found that Captain C—— had given orders to weigh anchor the next morning instead of a day later. This was very disappointing to us, particularly as it was a *fête* day (the Epiphany), and was to be a gala day also. There was to be a grand market of fruit, a bull-fight (which, however, we did not wish to see), and other festivities. Already the town was gay with flags and other decorations. We had very much wished to visit the last resting-place of that great discover of the Western Continent and isles, Christopher Columbus, whose remains, removed from St. Domingo after that town was ceded to the French in 1795, lie in one of the churches in the town.

The captain, however, was anxious to be off, for he feared for the conduct of his crew, as there is always great danger of raw spirit being smuggled on board through the fruit boats, which, if it is drunk in any quantity, and in that hot climate, drives the unlucky and foolish imbiber almost crazy, and may lead to fights and perhaps mutiny.

One thing I may notice here that arrested our attention almost directly we entered the harbour, was a large shed-like building on a sort of landing-stage, standing out in the water. On inquiry we found this was the old slave-market, where the poor Africans and other unfortunates were landed from the slave-ships, and there waited patiently for their turn to be bought or sold. Since that disgraceful traffic has ceased, the building is used as stores for the produce of the island by different merchants.

At Havanna we parted with our Spanish passengers. They all came to the harbour to see us off on the morning of the 6th January, and by noon we were well out to sea. A little land bird from the island accompanied the vessel, and became so tame directly, perching on our shoulders and eating crumbs from our hands. It disappeared in the evening when after a lovely day a heavy thunderstorm succeeded. It was our first experience of rain in the Tropics, and it came down as it only can there; and the lightning was magnificent. The following night we had another storm, and the weather became much colder than we had anticipated, though we knew we were steering for a more northern latitude.

In the evening of the 8th January, we sighted the lights at the entrance of the Mississippi River, and slowly we steamed up it towards New Orleans. The water was very muddy and of a yellow colour, the land all along lay low, and was almost entirely covered with swamps; an occasional orange-grove or a few negroes' huts the only objects that broke the monotony the whole of the seventy dreary miles from the delta to the city. We spent all Sunday, the 9th of January, in the river, as the captain did not want to get in before Monday morning. It was dismal and depressing in the extreme, wet and bitterly cold; and we felt it the more severely, having but three days previous been revelling in the brilliant sunshine by day, and the almost as brilliant nights in the West Indies, with the thermometer at 95 degrees in the saloons.

Monday morning saw us safe in dock at New Orleans, and under a very searching examination at the hands of the Custom House officials, who took good care to fine nearly everybody on board for some part of their belongings, even on old articles, such as a saddle, gun, blankets, and an iron chair-bedstead. They were the more severe, as an English vessel from Liverpool had arrived a day or two before with a quantity of jewellery secreted about the persons of the passengers, one having as many as twenty gold watches hung round his waist. They expected to have disembarked at Havanna, but the vessel did not touch there at all.

Our luggage was all examined on the open quay in the cold and rain, and occupied from nine a.m. till three o'clock in the afternoon, when we bid farewell to the good ship T——, and her gallant captain and officers, after exactly a month's voyage by the date. Then in a large party we set off in various vehicles, over the roughest roads I ever saw in any *civilised* country, to Cassidy's Hotel.

Thankful we were to get to a good fire, and after a hearty tea-supper, we enjoyed a good night's rest. There had been snow before we arrived, and the weather continued very cold.

The next day, the 11th January, we all, to the number of about thirty, started in the railway cars for San Antonio, Texas, which was then the terminus of the line, and our destination for the present. The jolting of the cars was very unpleasant, and many of us were quite "land-sick," or whatever it may be called. Added to this, whenever we tried to doze, we were awakened about every quarter of an hour throughout the night to show our tickets, so that with the continual ringing of the bell on the engine, it was impossible to get any rest.

At eight o'clock the next morning we arrived at Houston city, in Texas, where we had an hour for breakfast, and changed trains. The line the whole way from New Orleans was very uninteresting, not so much as a hill to be seen, and nothing but forest land and swamps almost the whole way, till one could not help calling to mind the journey and subsequent disappointment and sickness of Martin Chuzzlewit, and his humble friend and companion, Mark Tapley, who continued "jolly" even when at the worst, and in such hopeless surroundings.

Houston was almost under water. This city is one of the principal in Texas; most of the houses, as usual there, being built of wood, and about half the population consisting of coloured people. Some of our party separated from us here, and we continued our way to San Antonio.

After twelve more hours in the cars, through large tracts of prairie-land, we arrived at the end of our long journey from the old country; and thoroughly tired we took the street car from the depôt to the Central Hotel in the Main Plaza. After supper we gladly retired to rest, to dream of our future life in Western America, and what adventures and success Providence had in store for us.

I must reserve for some future time the relation of our life in San Antonio and up country, during the better part of a year, and bid my readers farewell for the present.

JULIA CONRON.

USEFUL HINTS

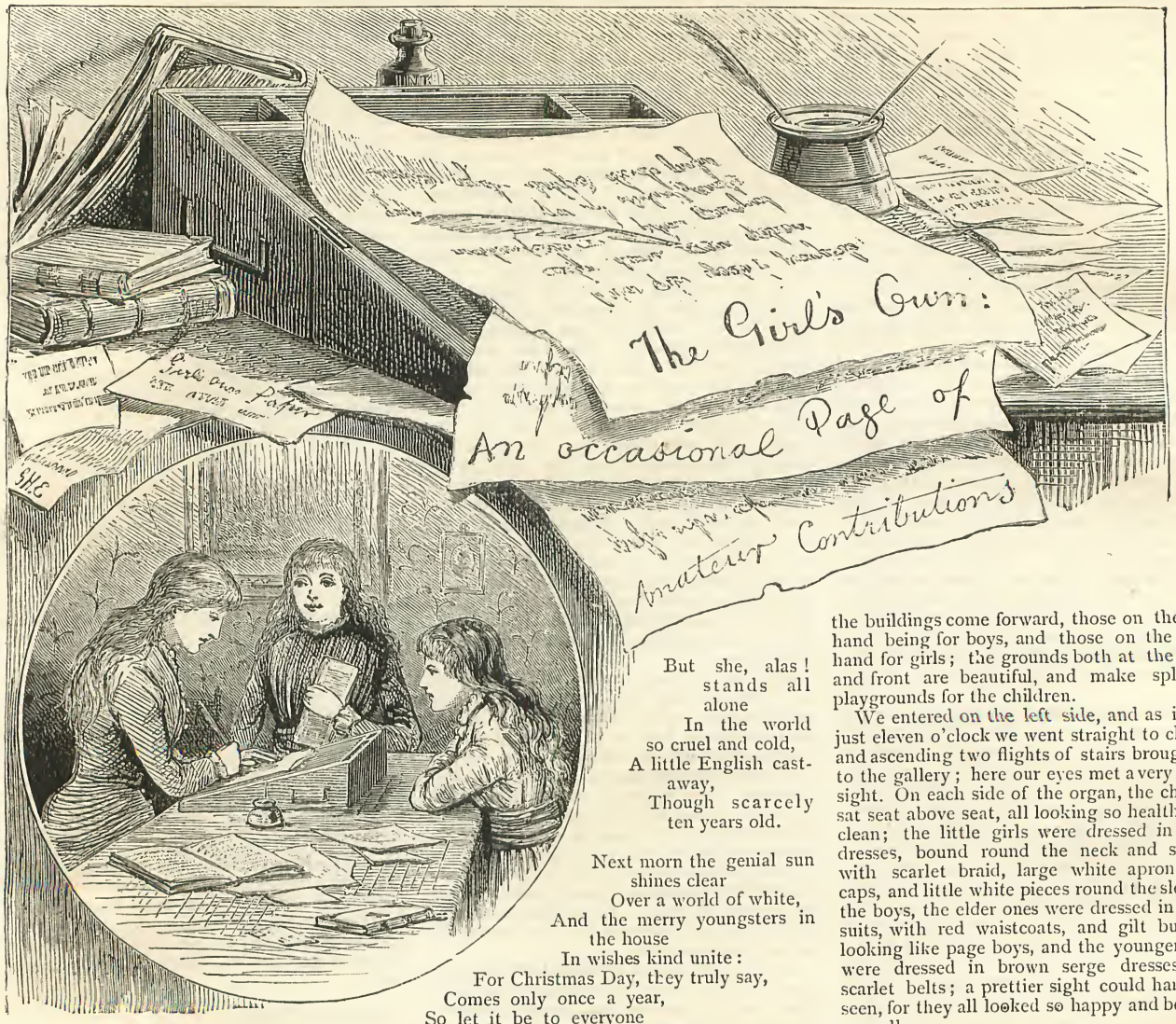
FRIED BREAD CAKES.—Take any pieces of bread you may have left after meals, soak them in milk, or milk and water, until perfectly soft; mash fine; add two eggs, pinch of soda, salt to taste, and enough flour to make them fry nicely; drop the spoonfuls into hot butter or lard. These are inexpensive and good.

CREAMED POTATOES.—One cupful of milk, a teaspoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste; put the butter in a small frying-pan, and when hot, but before it browns, add enough flour to thicken; stir till smooth, and gradually add the milk; have your cold boiled potatoes ready sliced, turn them into this, and let them gradually heat through; a very little nutmeg grated over the potatoes before frying improves the flavour. Salt and pepper and serve.

CHICKEN FRITTERS.—Cut into neat pieces some tender cold chicken and let them stand awhile in a mixture of lemon juice, salt and pepper. Make a batter of milk, egg, flour, and salt, stir the chicken into it, and then fry in boiling lard, putting one bit of chicken in each spoonful of batter. Serve very hot, taking care to drain the fat off well. Garnish with parsley.

SPANISH FRITTERS.—Cut some slices of bread into any shape you like, pour a little brandy on each piece; mix two eggs with two tablespoonfuls of flour and a little milk; cover the pieces of bread with this batter, let them rest for half an hour, then fry in lard or butter, and serve hot with a little preserve on each fritter.

LAVENDER WATER.—One quart of spirits of wine, one ounce of oil of lavender, one ounce of essence of bergamot, one ounce of essence of musk, quarter of an ounce of essence of ambergris, quarter of an ounce of orris root in two pieces, three drops of oil of cinnamon, fifteen drops of oil of nutmeg, five drops of otto of roses, five drops of oil of orange flowers, half a pint of distilled water. Put all these ingredients into a large glass bottle, cork it tightly, and let it remain for three months, shaking it frequently during that time. At the end of three months, filter it through blotting-paper, put it into bottles, and cork it closely. The longer it is kept the better it becomes.



OUTSIDE AND IN.

THE fair moon sheds her silver rays
  Upon an old house grim and brown,
That stands amongst the crowded squares
  Of busy London town;
And through the open doorway,
  And grand old windows wide,
The bright-hued lamps flung shadows strange
  On the drear scene outside.

Within, the happy children
  Dance gleefully about,
And on the clear, cold, frosty air
  Rings many a merry shout;
While the voices and the laughter
  Tell alike of Christmas mirth,
As gladly thus they celebrate
  The Holy Christ Child's birth.

Outside that grand old mansion,
  With its jollity and fun,
Stands one of London's waifs and strays—
  A poor neglected one.
To her this happy Christmas Eve
  Brings nought but grief and sin,
Yet she watches with a wistful gaze
  The joyous group within.

She wishes, oh! so longingly,
  For a fireside warm and bright,
For a mother's love and sympathy
  This bitter winter's night.

But she, alas! stands all alone
  In the world so cruel and cold,
A little English cast-away,
  Though scarcely ten years old.

Next morn the genial sun shines clear
  Over a world of white,
And the merry youngsters in the house
  In wishes kind unite:
For Christmas Day, they truly say,
  Comes only once a year,
So let it be to everyone
  A time of right good cheer.

Meanwhile, there's lying just outside
  Their home so glad and warm,
A little figure, stiff and cold,
  A lifeless childlike form.
For He, Whose eye is over all,
  Whose Name we know is Love,
Had called that weary child to spend
  Her Christmas Day above.

UNA MURIEL MAUD HAIGH
(Aged 10 years).

Certified by her governess.

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

LAST Sunday, November the fifth, being a fine morning, we succeeded in realising a long-wished-for visit to the Foundling Hospital, Guilford-street, and I am sure anyone who takes interest in little children (and there can hardly be a heart but what does this) and has it in their power to pay a visit to this beautiful home should do so.

Passing through Russell-square, and up Guilford-street a short distance, we came upon two large iron gates, outside which is the statue of a little child; through these gates came carriage after carriage, having taken different ladies to the church. This forms the centre of the building, and on each side the buildings come forward, those on the left hand being for boys, and those on the right hand for girls; the grounds both at the back and front are beautiful, and make splendid playgrounds for the children.

We entered on the left side, and as it was just eleven o'clock we went straight to church, and ascending two flights of stairs brought us to the gallery; here our eyes met a very pretty sight. On each side of the organ, the children sat seat above seat, all looking so healthy and clean; the little girls were dressed in serge dresses, bound round the neck and sleeves with scarlet braid, large white aprons and caps, and little white pieces round the sleeves; the boys, the elder ones were dressed in black suits, with red waistcoats, and gilt buttons, looking like page boys, and the younger ones were dressed in brown serge dresses with scarlet belts; a prettier sight could hardly be seen, for they all looked so happy and behaved so well.

After service we went to the dining-rooms, and saw them have dinner; to hear them sing grace with such clear young voices was very pretty. The younger ones had mince, the elder ones slices of meat and potato.

After this we saw their dormitories and schoolrooms, all beautifully clean and neat, and I am sure when we came away we felt we had seen as pretty and as interesting a sight as we ever wished to, in the Foundling Hospital.

MARY (aged 18 years).

Certified by William Henry Hancock.

"WHEN I WAS BORN."

"When I was born," said little Jack,
  "It was the first of May;
And sweet spring flowers and leaves combined
  To make the earth look gay,
The little snowdrop hung its head,
  It knew that it must die;
For brighter flowers began to bloom
  Beneath a clearer sky."

"But I was born," cried little Meg,
  "When summer days were long;
And sweet birds, in their leafy nests,
  Twittered their joyous song.
The rose beneath the window bloomed,
  It was so fresh and fair;
It nodded at me through the glass,
  To bid me welcome there."

"My mother says I came," said Fred,
"When summer had grown old;
And autumn came to tint the trees
With crimson, brown, and gold.
And mother likes the falling leaf,
It fills her heart with joy;
For was it not the autumn-time
That brought her little boy?"

"And I was born in winter-time,"
Said early-headed Flo;
"When all the world in silence lay,
Beneath her veil of snow.
But mother says that I had come
To be her winter-bird,
And twitter as the robins do,
When not a sound is heard.

"We represent the seasons four;
Each has a work to do;
So let us all be firm and strong,
To do our duty too.
We all will join when times are fair
To make our dwellings gay;
And should there come a cloud, we'll help
To chase it quick away."

MARY BLACK

(Aged 14 years and 11 months).

Certified by M. A. Black.

A SHORT ESSAY ON FRIENDSHIP.

WHICH of us has not, at some time or other, felt the need of a true friend, to help and cheer by advice and sympathy! Truly friendship is one of our greatest opportunities of doing good.

The mere fact of having someone to whom you can communicate ideas and thoughts, hopes and fears, is a comfort in itself; but to have a sympathetic friend ready to help and advise in all difficulties and troubles, is consolation indeed.

The great *usefulness* of friendship is hardly conceivable to those who have not thought much about the subject; each man, woman, or child has a certain influence over his or her companions. Firstly, one great proof of friendship consists in the correction of faults. Each one has his faults; they are often such as quite to escape his notice, and who is more fitted to correct and bring them to light than his friend? True, "love is blind," but surely it should be a man's first care to help his friends towards improvement in spiritual as well as in worldly matters.

There are cases where difference of age or position places one in the capacity of mentor, while the other takes all advice as gospel-truth, and would never presume to correct or advise his superior—a kind of hero-worship, in short, which rather changes the aspect of friendship; but we are now considering equality in friendship.

A great deal of so-called friendship exists between girls, but the generality does far more harm than good; and why is this?

Hardly from want of love, for the attachment between "bosom friends" is generally very real and honest. We think one reason is that girls choose these confidantes while they are at what is so rightly called the "silly age" to confide in them all the little school-girlish follies, which, if they must exist at all, are best left alone—the less said about them the better.

Much of this abuse of friendship goes on by letter. We fear the penny-post is not much to the benefit of girls; many little grievances and sillinesses, highly interesting to both writer and receiver, would never have been indulged in had letters been rarer.

Before the penny-post came in, young ladies used to write all this nonsense—if they will excuse our term—in their journals; this we think was better, for without a sympathetic listener to fan the spark into flame, all would sink into the insignificance worthy of it, and do less harm than it now does; besides, the journal could be burnt and no more heard of it when the young lady came to years of discretion, whereas schoolgirls are not always quite as trustworthy as they profess to be.

If only they could be brought to realise the danger and stupidity of all these confidences, what a stop might be put to all this! If one of the parties concerned would resolutely set her face against nonsense—slightly tempting at times—and show that she objects to it on principle, her companion would soon see the folly of it all, and thus gradually girls might stop adding to the not very diminutive store of profitless and even harmful conversation carried on in the world.

True friendship is perhaps more common among men than women, but in both sexes there are instances of that real, deep attachment which leads one to help and correct the other, and where every suspicion of flattery is tabooed. This, and only this, lasts through trouble and prosperity, growing into that deepest of friendships, where a man would even, if occasion arose, "lay down his life for his friend."

ALEXANDRA THOMSON (aged 15).

Certified by W. Ebor (Archbishop of York), father of the above.

THE ANGEL MESSENGER.

[NOTE.—This is simply an instance of what happens in the case of many mothers who go out to work all day, locking the door and leaving their children by themselves; often coming home to find them burnt to death or otherwise hurt.]

THE Christmas snow was falling,
The country roads were white,
Just like a soft white carpet—
It was a pretty sight.

The cheerful fires were blazing
In the rich man's princely hall;
But within his marble mansion
There was not room for all.

For far out in the city,
In a narrow, dirty street,
Where hundreds, aye, and thousands,
Shrink and die beneath the sleet:

Up in a tiny garret,
On a bed of straw and hay,
A little boy was lying,—
He was passing fast away.

No gentle hand to soothe him
On his bed of weary pain,
Or to smooth his pillow for him,
Or to comfort him again.

The empty grate was cheerless,
The broken window-pane,
In spite of rags and paper,
Let in the frozen rain.

A little, patient sufferer,
He was but five years old,
He had no one to smooth back
His curly locks of gold.

One night the bells were ringing,
The joyful Christmas bells,
That make all people joyous,
And e'en the hard heart swells.

The child lay still and listened,
He felt too weak to move,
They made him feel light-hearted,
Full of joyousness and love.

As he lay quietly listening,
He saw a vision bright,
A form stood by his bedside,
Arrayed in spotless white.

The angel whispered to him,
"Child, will you come with me?
I'll take you up to heaven,
And many wondrous things you'll see."

The child said, "Yes, please take me,
Above the sky so blue;
I'll not give any trouble,
If I may go with you."

The angel spread his wings out,
Just like a snow-white dove,
And away they *flew together*,
To their Father's home above.

* * * * * *

The morning dawned. The key turned,
His mother entered in;
She gazed around the silent room,
Where once her boy had been;

She closed the door in silence,
And moved towards the bed,
Then paused, and gazed with awe upon
The still face of the dead.

She nearer moved towards him,
And touched his pale, cold cheek;
Then raised her eyes to heaven,
She did not dare to speak.

* * * * * *

In a little village churchyard,
Which no London smoke can cloy,
Decked with flowers from a garden,
She has laid her *darling* boy.

GERTRUDE HEATH (aged 12 years).

Certified by Francis George Heath, father of the above.

A DAY AT COLOGNE.

IN October, 1880, an event occurred which aroused a great deal of interest all over the world, namely, the completion of Cologne Cathedral, that most beautiful Gothic building, which, at the time when it was finished, had been in course of erection for over 600 years! And I thought that as there are doubtless a good many readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER who have not yet had the pleasure of visiting it, they might like to read a short account of my day's visit there and to the other curious places which are to be found in the quaint old city of Cologne.

To begin, then. On a glorious sunshiny day in September, 1879, my sister and I left Godesberg at 8.30 a.m., and having been joined by an aunt at Bonn, we were happily whirled along for an hour, when the goodly collection of church steeples and houses in the distance proclaimed that our destination was near. As you approach Cologne from Bonn, the cathedral (which has loomed out, grand and majestic, long before the city comes in sight) appears to be some little way off on your *right*, and you quite start when, a minute later, you glide into the large handsome station, to find it on your *left*, and so close to the station itself that apparently only a yard or two of space separates the two walls. This is caused by a remarkably sharp curve in the railway; but the effect is very curious.

Of course, the first place we bent our steps to was the cathedral, and having managed to shake off at least six men who were all trying to engage themselves as our guide, we proceeded to admire the exterior of "the most magnificent Gothic edifice in the world." Truly, it was a grand sight, as we gazed upon the lofty spires from the opposite side of the "Dom Platz," the complicated scaffolding, however, in which they were embedded giving

more the appearance of a square Norman tower than of a Gothic design. Behind, as a background, stretched the calm, blue sky, and the sun shone brightly over the whole, showing up the delicate tracery work and beautiful carvings which adorn the outer walls, and also revealing the difference between the brand-new white stone near the top, and the grey old crumbling masonry at the base, which bears full testimony to the flight of over 600 years since it was first laid there. As you stood beneath, you heard the cheerful chip, chip of the men as they worked away, and so high up were they that they hardly seemed larger than good-sized dolls!

But now, having admired the exterior, we entered the building through a beautiful carved portal, with statues of the Apostles looking benignly down on us from their niches on either side. Mass was being celebrated, so we stole up the nave, and waited till it was over, drinking in, meanwhile, the wondrous beauty of the scene—of the fretted roof, of the gorgeous painted windows, of the echoing aisles, down which the solemn music seemed to linger and whisper, of the white-robed priests, as they passed to and fro before the high altar, and of the devout—though, I am afraid, ignorant—worshippers, some of whom were kneeling on the pavement. This all made up a picture which will linger in my mind as long as I live.

Mass over, we placed ourselves under the care of a guide, and, having joined a party of two English ladies and a gentleman, we went upstairs into the quaint old organ gallery to see the instrument, 300 years old, but which, not being powerful enough, was shortly to be superseded by a new one. The organist very kindly sat down and played to us, that we might hear its tone, and then took us behind to see the funny old bellows by which it was worked. It was just such an organ as you could imagine Milton playing upon. Descending again, we passed through the left transept, and were ushered into the famous "Treasury," a small room with no window, I believe, but brilliantly lighted with gas. Here, in the centre, stands the wonderful shrine containing the skulls of the Three Magi. It is studded with no less than 1,400 jewels, and you have to look rather closely before you can see the skulls themselves. However, I *did* see them, and privately wondered *whose* heads they really were. There are besides in this Treasury no end of gorgeous and curious relics, many of them adorned with precious stones; but as our guide, after the manner of his race, only allowed us to gaze on each thing about the space of two seconds, I do not retain a very clear idea as to what they were, except one thing, and that was two links of the chain which bound St. Peter to his cross! Quitting the Treasury, we were conducted round the choir and other parts, and saw the tombs of many celebrated people, among them that of Mary de Medici, who lies buried beneath the pavement.

Our time in the cathedral having now expired, we proceeded towards a side door, but our exit was destined to be more hurried than dignified. Our guide demanded a further portion of "filthy lucre," which we—having already, when engaging him, paid the full sum asked for—did not feel inclined to give. Upon which a shower of vituperation was poured down on our devoted heads, from which we hastily withdrew into a shop close at hand, and as he did not follow us we presumed we had escaped. This proved to have been rash on our part, for in about five minutes, while engaged in selecting photographs, a shadow darkened the doorway, and looking up we beheld our irascible guide accompanied by a formidable-looking gendarme, in the usual military uniform, who was regarding us with a severe expression of countenance. Not desiring to end our days in prison, we humbly, and with as captivating smiles as we could assume, explained the case, upon which the austere expression disappeared, the mouth relaxed, and graciously advising us to pay half the sum demanded, the gallant officer of the law departed, and we, having carried out his advice, thankfully saw our guide betake himself off also.

Our selections of photographs finished, we next made our way to the museum, which is noted for its gallery of old pictures of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Here art may certainly be studied in its primeval state of perfection. Two paintings linger particularly in my recollection. One was of the Last Judgment, with all the righteous in little, short white robes, trooping into a church (heaven) on our Lord's right hand, while the wicked were being dragged off to hell (represented by a castle and pit, from which issued flames and smoke) on His left by demons of the most dreadful, and at the same time most ridiculous, appearance. Mary sat in the centre of the clouds, if I remember rightly, and our Lord sat on her right hand.

The other picture was of Elijah's ascent to Heaven. The poor unfortunate prophet is shown mounting up in a brick-red toy cart, with one large wheel, and so perpendicular is its position that with one hand he is clutching hold of the edge to keep himself from falling out, while with the other he bids a frantic adieu to Elisha, who seems as if he would prevent his going. Only half a horse is represented drawing this vehicle—the head and shoulders are left to your imagination, while the whole is painted of a brick-red colour. The other pictures in this gallery are dreadful paintings of the martyrdoms of various saints, or of the nativity and crucifixion of our Lord.

Leaving the museum, we adjourned to the principal restaurant in Cologne and had dinner, after which we paraded the streets, and came to the conclusion that some of the shops were really as nice as the London ones. Many of the streets are very ancient, and so narrow that only two people can walk abreast at the same time; in fact, they are mere long passages. As regards the "sixty smells" which have gained for Cologne such an unenviable reputation, I can assure the reader I did not notice *one* of them. Of course we paid a visit to the chief Eau de Cologne emporium of Jean Marie Farina, and purchased several bottles, with the joyful assurance that *they*, at least, were genuine. With a little difficulty we now found our way to "the oldest church in Germany," that of St. Géréon, pausing on our way thither to peep into that of St. Ursula, in whose chancel, behind gratings, repose the skulls of the famous eleven thousand virgins. We saw them in the distance, but did not care to make a closer acquaintance. The church of St. Géréon, which is situated in one of the more open and quiet parts of Cologne, has rather a peculiar exterior, as it boasts of two belfry towers, side by side. Upon entering the interior we found it gaily decorated with festoons, in honour of the priest's *fête* the following day.

The latter's brother, who happened to be in the church, very kindly offered to show us round, so passing behind the high altar, we saw the shrine containing the bones of the saint, the celebrated painting of his martyrdom, by Rubens, and, most curious of all, the skulls (several hundreds) of the Theban martyrs, slain by the Romans, which, like those of the "virgins," are preserved round the walls of the chancel, behind little gratings. They are covered with a sort of gold filagree, the work of pious nuns. *Only* two or three hundred are kept in the church, our guide informed us; the rest are packed in boxes below the church. Having examined the other parts of this interesting old edifice, including a queer little side chapel in which we were shown the oldest painted window in Germany, we thanked our courteous guide, and departed. Arrived once more in the city, we determined to take an omnibus, and go up and have our tea in the Flora, or lovely botanical gardens, which are laid out about two miles from Cologne. But when we arrived there we changed our minds, as ladies are proverbially allowed to do, and went into the Zoological Gardens instead, which are close by. Twilight was beginning to fall, so we only saw a few of the animals, but noticed that the grounds and walks were very prettily laid out. How we did enjoy our tea, seated at one of the little tables on the raised terrace, outside the large "Café Haüs," in the soft, fading light, with the gardens stretched out beneath us, and away in the distance the twinkling lights of Cologne, as they appeared one after the other! It was such a peaceful scene! The moon was rising, and shedding her soft halo over it all when we left, and re-entering the omnibus, were pleasantly jolted back through the pretty, countrified roads to the city, where, hastening to the station, we caught the eight o'clock train to Bonn. As we steamed away, we put our heads out of the window, and took a last, lingering look at the grand old city, lying bathed in moonlight, but above all at the cathedral, as it stood out vast and solemn against the evening sky, making the last and most beautiful of the many pictures which my "Day at Cologne" had for ever imprinted on my memory. M. E. BUTLER (aged 19).

Certified by Edward Butler, father of the above.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

AMY ROBSART.—See "Nursing as a Profession," page 454, vol. i. The age of candidates is generally required to be from twenty-five to thirty-five years of age; none received after forty. At Winchester they are taken at between twenty-three and thirty years, and at Leicester the same, although they prefer their being upwards of twenty-three on entrance. You might perhaps be received in the St. John's Ambulance Association class for instruction in reference to the treatment of persons suffering from accidents of all kinds—drowning, burns, rabies, or from fits. Address, secretary, St. John's Ambulance Association, St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, E.C.

MARGARET E. MAJOR.—In reference to the salary which a governess might expect or obtain, two or three points are to be taken into consideration—age, consequent authority, and influence over the pupils, as well as experience in judging both of their characters and capabilities; a good method of communicating instruction, making it agreeable as well as intelligible to the learner, and the number of subjects in which your certificate credits you with proficiency. You appear to know a good deal, but you lack the authority acquired by age, and the desirable experience. Of the method on which you propose to teach we know nothing. Lastly, the competition amongst private governesses is great and continually increasing, while there is a growing preference shown by parents to educate their children by means of "visiting teachers" or classes. We do not wish to discourage you, but must say that £25 per annum would, we think, be the utmost limit of the salary you are likely to obtain at your age. Your handwriting is not yet formed, and one line is quite unlike another. Take pains to write better. To write a good and ladylike hand is essential. We feel obliged by your kind letter, and wish you success.

VERONICA.—Apply for all instructions to the secretary, Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon-row, Westminster, and refer to page 543, vol. i.

SHAMROCK OF ERIN.—Your having passed the College of Preceptors' second class examination, and at the age of thirteen, would form a point in your favour, and must have qualified you more or less for passing that required of the applicants for clerkships in the Civil Service departments. Observe our reply to Veronica. You write exceedingly well.

POOR LOUIE.—See above directions. All particulars will be given on application at headquarters, and meantime refer to page 543, vol. i.

LUCIE HART.—Thoroughly good practice for a period of one hour daily ought to make you proficient as a pianoforte player, but you might add another half-

hour, without making yourself too great a nuisance to your neighbours. It is not so much the length of time devoted to any exercise or study that will render you accomplished in it, but the method followed, and the close application of the mind to the work. 2. When the weather becomes cold, we should advise you to take the extreme chill off the water of your canary's bath, but give him the option of bathing all the year round, unless the bird be a "sitting" hen, at which time you should remove the bath. Always dry the cage well after a bird has had a bath, and place the cage in the sunshine, if possible, to enable the bird to dry itself, and to aid the desirable reaction. Your hand would be excellent were you to slope it a little more in the orthodox way.

WELSH GIRL.—We recommend you to wait until your return home to commence your study of the Welsh language. You do not need it here, as no one speaks or reads it out of the country, and it is always easier to learn a language when amongst the natives. The upper classes of society in Ireland do not speak Irish, it is only employed by the aboriginal peasantry, and there is no disgrace involved in not having acquired either language.

DAISY R. G. is advised to apply for information to the Home and Colonial School Society, Gray's Inn-road, W.C. (Non-Government Department), which offers instruction in the art of teaching to persons preparing for the profession of teachers. Application to be made to the principal at the college. You might also obtain information from the Teachers' Training and Registration Society, Skinner-street, Bishopsgate-street, E.C. Principal, Miss Agnes Ward. Founded by the Women's Education Union, office, 1, Queen-street, Brompton, S.W. Principal, Miss Louisa Brough. You may be the better guided by the advice of your family and friends when able to lay before them the printed prospectus, and all other information with which each of these societies will supply you. We thank you for your nice little sketch and coloured rosebuds.

MIRANDA.—There are eight or more institutions for training ladies for missionary work. Amongst them there is the Deaconesses' Training Institution, Mildmay Park, London, N. Also the Zenana Medical Mission Home, and Training School for Ladies, 71, Vincent-square, Westminster, S.W. And the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, 267, Vauxhall Bridge-road, S.W., where Englishwomen are trained for Zenana Work, and for school teaching abroad. The secretary is Miss Webb. Write to all these, and then compare both their respective terms, and the work they propose you should undertake.

F. COCKTAIL.—See "Nursing as a Profession," pages 454-5. We think that you might be received at the London Hospital, King's College, and Charing Cross Hospitals, Westminster, and University College Hospitals, St. Mary's, Paddington, St. Bartholomew's, and the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, W.C. Read the article carefully, and then apply to one of the above-named institutions. Failing to find a vacancy in one, you can try another. You write very neatly.

SHYLIE INSULL.—You should pass either of the University Examinations, junior and higher, and also obtain some training in the art of teaching. For the latter write to the Teachers' Training Society, Skinner-street, Bishopsgate-street, E.C.

ANXIOUS A.—1. Fortunately, "it is never too late to mend," and you may learn to spell correctly, to write a pretty hand, to master the first three rules of arithmetic, to obtain a thorough knowledge of geography, by means of both maps and books, to read the histories of England and France, and of Ancient Greece and Rome. This is sufficient as a beginning. Set about the work steadily. We are much gratified at hearing that it has been through the influence of this magazine that you have begun to think of higher things, and to realise the fact that religion sweetens this life, and gives the only comfort to be enjoyed in death. 2. Do not leave your friend's side, unless the conversation be of a confidential character. We shall always be glad to hear from you.

MARTHA.—There is a Kindergarten at the Home and Colonial Training College, Gray's Inn-road, W.C., where you might obtain instruction and practice. Also at the Kindergarten College and Practising School, 21, Stockwell-road, S.W. For general information respecting Kindergarten work, apply to Mrs. Berry, hon. secretary, Froebel Society, 27, Upper Bedford-place, W.C.

MUSIC.

ZULEIKA.—"The Angel of the Window" is one of Berthold Tours' many valuable songs. Your writing is pretty good.

A BLUE-RIBBON WEARER.—Do you think that a word from us will have the magical effect of improving your voice? Take lessons and practise well, and don't trouble us again with such a needless question.

APOLLO.—Read THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for the answer to that incessant question of pianoforte-keys. We believe that half the supposed subscribers who write in praise of this magazine never really imbibe its instruction. And you are evidently one of the number.

GLADYS SPENSER.—Try the first book of J. W. Elliott's "Voluntaries for the Harmonium," price 1s. Novello. See our "New Music" lists. Do you play "Beethoven's Sonatas?" If not, try them; and read Lady Benedict's articles on the subject in our last volume.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ELEANOR HERBERT SMART.—Surely, if you are an intelligent girl, you can enlarge the art needlework designs for yourself? We have frequently told our readers the way to do this. We dare say you are, as you call yourself, "a dear little schoolgirl of 16¼." Although not knowing you, we are not in a position to endorse your opinion. However, a "dear" girl of your age ought to write more evenly, and we trust that your character is better formed than your writing.

ETIUS LAUROTE.—Your verses are very fair, but slightly too ecstatic. "Oh! exquisite shadows," "Oh! charming reflections," "How oft! oh! how oft," "How charming to watch," "But alas! oh! alas!" are really too feminine. A little of this goes a long way. We are overstocked with stories at present.

IVY.—You are very kind to wish to contribute to "The Girl's Own Home." Send the money direct to John Shrimpton, Esq., the hon. sec., "Homes for Working Girls," 38, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. But it would be better if you would apply to him for a collecting-card. Then you could head the list with your own name, and procure additional subscriptions from your friends. This is a very good work, and a blessing will surely come to those who help it on. Get a minister or teacher to endorse your application for the collecting-card; the reason for this rule will be obvious to all intelligent girls. Certainly your handwriting is very poor for a girl of your age. Apply to a bookseller.

FOR SEVERAL READERS.—We are unable to fall in with your kind suggestion, which, however, is a very praiseworthy one.

A. C. S.—Such an instrument would be useless for the purpose.

NELLIE writes:—"Having seen a paragraph in your issue of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER on the 3rd instant, amongst the 'Varieties,' to the effect that all the letters of the alphabet are to be found in Ezra vii. 21, curiosity prompted me to examine the verse, both in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER and in my Bible, and I find that the letter 'j' is omitted, which I consider is a grave mistake. An explanation through THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER will greatly oblige."—We are sorry that Nellie should, in her simplicity, imagine this to be a "grave mistake," for it proves that she is unaware that "j" is frequently identical with the preceding letter, "i." In fact, the distinction between them is only of recent date. Hence, medical and other professional men still make no difference in their use of the letter or letters.

CHEEKY.—No part of a linnet's cage should be of wood but the back and bottom. The latter must be double, the upper tray sliding out at the end, that it may be taken out daily and both scraped and scalded. This latter precaution against a disagreeable smell you have probably neglected to take. The vessels for food and for water should be suspended outside the cage. A linnet should have his drinking water changed twice daily, and see that it is not fouled, or the bird will suffer in health. He should have a shallow bath, in a saucer, three or four times in a week. His chief food should be rape-seed, old summer (not winter) seed is the best, provided it be sound, firm and glossy. Once a week he may have a thimbleful of canary-seed, and twice a week a head of groundsel; but remember that although not a greedy bird he may die of a surfeit if delicacies be offered him. Hempseed may only be given medicinally.

IRISH LADY.—Bournemouth is by no means a cheap place of residence. Amongst others, Tenby (Pembrokeshire) offers many advantages; provisions plentiful and cheap, and apartments equally so. The air is bracing, drainage satisfactory, and water supply good. The neighbourhood abounds in places of interest, and there are assembly and reading rooms, &c., and a flower show and regatta are held in August. The town stands on a rocky promontory, at a height of one hundred feet, the beach is sandy, two miles in length, and the bathing good. Of Southport, the climate is mild, and though reputed to be healthful, the death-rate is higher than that of Tenby. Near Southport is Lytham, a quiet but delightful and healthy little place. Aberystwith, Cardiganshire, is a healthful place, provisions abundant and reasonable, the climate a combination of sea and mountain air. Sidmouth, Devon, is inexpensive, mild in climate, and abounding in good lodgings.

LUCIUS.—There were *two* battles of Newbury, both desperately fought, and neither decisive. The first, on September 20, 1643, was between the army of Charles I. and the parliamentary forces under Essex. It terminated rather in favour of the king. The second was on October 27, 1644, between the king and the parliamentary forces under Waller. Lord Falkland was killed at the first battle.

LULACH MACGILCOLM.—It would be impossible to say when needles were first invented; the first needles used were probably thorns, and, later on, fish bones, which are used in the present day by the Eskimo. The statement you quote is true. The origin of the Order of the Thistle is supposed by some Scottish historians to be very ancient, dating from Achaius I. of Scotland, 809; but the present order dates from James V., 1540. At the king's death it was discontinued, but was revived again by James VII. of Scotland and II. of England, 1687, who made eight knights, Queen Anne increased the number to twelve in 1703, and George IV. to sixteen in 1827. The original number was thirteen, the sovereign and twelve knights, in imitation of Our Lord and His Apostles.

LUCINDA.—The Bee Reading Club, address hon. secretary, Miss Rogers, 44, Henry-street, Limerick: General Tom Thumb, his wife and child are all living, and were recently saved from perishing in the fire in the hotel at Milwaukee, United States. He measures thirty-one inches, his wife thirty-two; their son is now eighteen years of age.

SLEEPING BEAUTY has our best thanks for a kind letter and her appreciation of our efforts to please our readers. We hope she was not dreaming when she wrote it!

TRUDA.—Do not feel distressed on our account, dear reader, as we are utterly indifferent to the silly incredulity of those who lack sufficient powers of discernment to distinguish between a real and a "dummy" correspondence. It is no fault of theirs, for it is simply a natural defect; unless, indeed, they only pretend to question a fact, just because they wish to aggravate you. For their credit' sake, we hope this is not the case. Better to be dull than ill-natured. Your letters should be united together, and flow more gracefully. Your writing is too stiff and cramped.

LAURA LEIGH.—Perhaps glycerine lozenges would be of service to you.

A CARPENTER'S WIFE.—A carpenter and joiner would be likely to do well at Winnipeg. Remember that clothing is expensive, and that the winters are very severe. You will require all the good blankets and rugs you can take out, those striped Austrian ones to be recommended. Good serge dresses and woollen stockings should be provided, and if you take your passage to Canada and travel through that colony, instead of the United States, having marked your luggage as "Emigrants' luggage," you will have no duty to pay upon it, and be spared much inconvenience, as well as expense. We wish you all prosperity, thank you for your kind letter, and should like to hear from you when settled in your new home.

LIGHT OF DAY.—Cowper the poet was never married, but it seems certain that if it had not been for his attacks of madness he would have married his life-long friend, Mrs. Unwin. We never heard the somewhat vulgar proverb you quote, and think with Archbishop Trench that "a proverb is a saying without an author;" so that it is hopeless to look for one.

PARIBEL.—Look at at both definitions in the dictionary; we should call it a "parody," certainly not a "paraphrase."

MAMIE.—"Little, less, least," not "little, littler, littlest." The word used should be "smallest." There is no such word as "littlest."

DAME POTENTIA.—the meaning of the Latin is, "Do not think those things alien to man which may happen to him," "The evil lot of to-day belongs to me, to-morrow it may be to thee;" "God helping, no wicked malice hurts, and when He is not helping, the hardest labour helps not;" "After darkness, I hope for light." They appear to be what are called "aphorisms," which do not bear translation well.

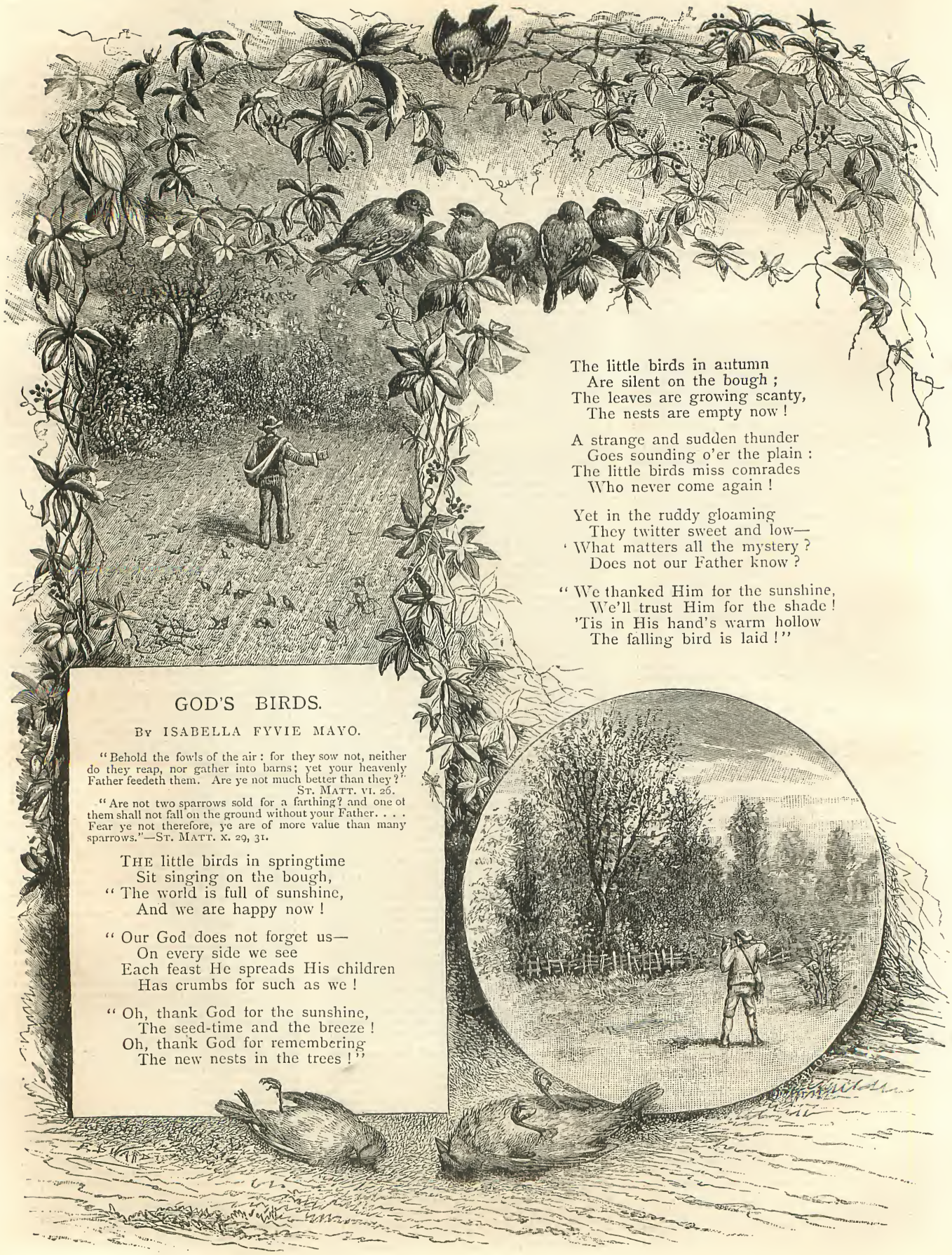
YE ASTHETIC MAYDEN.—The Queen of Italy is a daughter of the Duke of Genoa. Anna Maria, daughter of Charles I., married Victor Amadeus II., king of Sardinia. The duke of Modena is the representative of this line. Her Majesty is descended from Sophia, granddaughter of *James I.*, who married the Elector of Hanover.

WELSH BLUEBELL.—When birds become fidgety, they acquire tricks, and you should let the little fellow have a flight, or move him into a larger cage. When a bird's feet become coated with lime they soon become diseased, as it burns them, and you must hold the bird gently and dip them in water, so as to cleanse them thoroughly, if he will not stand in a bath and do so for himself.

EMILY SHAW.—Marriages, when contracted by certificate of Registrar, may take place either with or without licence, which supersedes the necessity for banns; though it must be issued in the district where the wedding ceremony is to take place. Persons who elect to be married in this way, without licence, must give notice to the Superintendent Registrar of their district, making the proper declarations, and paying a fee of one shilling. Go to the office and inquire for yourself, for a certain period of time will be required for the posting up of the notice. Make no mistakes, or you may be guilty of a felony. It would be far better to have the banns called, and be married in your parish church, or with the religious service of the denomination to which you belong. The use of a ring is not required in marriage by registration, but some sort of ring is absolutely necessary in the ceremony performed in the Church of England.

MARJORIE GWYNNE should refer to the illustration opposite page 363, vol. ii., for the information she desires. We feel much obliged for your very kind letter.

PADDY.—We transcribe a portion of a letter just received. "In common civility you might have answered my letter. Is it because I am Irish? . . . If you put up to be a Christian you should not judge your fellow-creatures by their being of a different nationality. Your paper is getting fearfully tame; it is horribly bigoted and narrow-minded." We will not trouble our readers with a longer specimen of such a letter.



GOD'S BIRDS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

"Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" St. Matt. vi. 26.

"Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. . . . Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."—St. Matt. x. 29, 31.

THE little birds in springtime
Sit singing on the bough,
"The world is full of sunshine,
And we are happy now!

"Our God does not forget us—
On every side we see
Each feast He spreads His children
Has crumbs for such as we!

"Oh, thank God for the sunshine,
The seed-time and the breeze!
Oh, thank God for remembering
The new nests in the trees!"

The little birds in autumn
Are silent on the bough;
The leaves are growing scanty,
The nests are empty now!

A strange and sudden thunder
Goes sounding o'er the plain:
The little birds miss comrades
Who never come again!

Yet in the ruddy gloaming
They twitter sweet and low—
'What matters all the mystery?
Does not our Father know?

"We thanked Him for the sunshine,
We'll trust Him for the shade!
'Tis in His hand's warm hollow
The falling bird is laid!"

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IV.—NO. 168. MARCH 17, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

BOUND TO EARTH.

By the Author of "Phil's Fortune," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

ALTHOUGH the Hardinges lived in London, there were very few London gaieties that they indulged in; but there were just one or two, if, indeed, they could be called gaieties. Grace's parents regarded them as much from an educational as an entertaining point of view, or they would hardly have dared to waste time and money upon them; for both of these were precious, and regarded by the doctor and his wife as solemn trusts, to be rigorously accounted for. Three or four times in the season Mrs. Hardinge took Grace to the classical concerts, which provide the most perfect interpretations of good music for the nominal charge of one shilling. These were rare treats. The afternoons selected were mostly those on which some composition with which Grace was more or less familiar was to be given. Then, when they returned, Grace would sit down at the piano and try to recall the delicate points of the interpretation, while they were still fresh in her mind. Much of the finished style and subtle expression which had aroused Mr. Mackenzie's enthusiasm were due to this source. "It is as good for Grace as a lesson from one of the greatest masters," Mrs. Hardinge would say, and so indeed it was for a hearer like Grace, who was bent on profiting by it.

Considering how, in London, one meets all one's really musical friends at these popular concerts, it

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"WHAT CAN MR. MACKENZIE MEAN?"

was not strange that Grace had several times observed Mr. Mackenzie sitting in a sort of happy reverie, and quite oblivious of everything and everybody except the music, which was engrossing his whole soul.

Grace pointed him out to her mother. "You would not think him musical to look at, would you? He has such a rugged Scotch face, and, do you know, mamma, he is a great artist as well. You remember I told you about his pictures, and those glorious gravel-pits. It is in this year's Academy. I should so like to show it you."

"I *should like to see* it. I think we must go. That will be no great extravagance. I like his face, Grace. It was not plain when he was listening to that unfinished symphony of Schubert's. There seems to me to be a great look of repression in it—a face behind which much is hidden."

"I think that is a very good estimate of him, mamma," Grace replied. "He is not the sort of man to let people know much about himself or his own feelings. Fanny Leslie told me that he had worked fearfully hard, and had a terrible struggle in order to stick to his calling as an artist. She used to say, 'If the man were not a genius he would have given in years ago.'"

"Well, it is pleasant to know so much of the artist before seeing his picture," Mrs. Hardinge remarked, rising to go.

In a few weeks more the Academy was opened, and to gratify Grace's impatience, Mrs. Hardinge consented to take her on an early day. Being within walking distance, they were able to arrive early, before any great mass of visitors had begun to throng the rooms.

They turned to the catalogue, sought out Mr. Mackenzie's picture, and went straight to it. A little knot of people were already gathered round, passing remarks, admiring, and criticising. The effect of the strong sunlight on the bright colouring was unusual, and was attracting much attention.

"Surely that is not English scenery; I never saw anything like it in England," said most people. "The artist has drawn upon his imagination pretty largely," and so on, with the usual arrogant criticism of people who would not see with the artist's eye, if the very self-same scene were spread before them.

"But it is English, and it is not a bit exaggerated; the colouring is exact," whispered Grace, excitedly, to her mother. "I have often told you how perfectly lovely it was. You could not have believed it was like that, could you?"

Mrs. Hardinge was very much struck with the picture, and looked at it for some time. Then they went back to the first room, and began a systematic survey.

"For we cannot come again," she said to Grace, "so we must try and see all now that is worth seeing."

There are few pursuits more fatiguing than a conscientious view of the Academy, even to interested visitors. Even picking out the pictures they liked best, and giving only a passing glance to the others, brought them to the end of the morning, having omitted much, and pretty well tired out.

They were resting awhile on one of the velvet seats, when Grace perceived her father making towards them.

"I had an hour to spare, so I thought I would come and see this wonderful picture, Grace," he said, smiling,

"Oh, I am so glad," Grace replied, enthusiastically. "Mamma thinks it beautiful. How good of you to come, papa. Shall we take you to it now?"

"Yes, if mamma is not too tired. I met Haley this morning. He tells me Mackenzie's picture promises to be quite the one of the season. The critics are already in fierce discussion about it. Some of the 'dailies' have cut it up; but the art journals, he says, are ecstatic."

"How nice!" cried Grace; "how proud I am to think I saw it being painted, and the very bit of common from which it was taken. It is quite an experience—isn't it, mamma?"

The rooms were becoming densely thronged. It was difficult to get through them at all; and as they drew near Mr. Mackenzie's picture, Grace observed, with dismay, that there seemed little chance of getting any good view of it."

"We must wait patiently," said Dr. Hardinge, resignedly. "As the people move on we shall get to the front by degrees. That is the only way."

Not a very pleasant one either, for the crowd, albeit a well-dressed, was a very pressing and not always a very polite or very fair one. Ladies, in brilliant toilettes, were putting up their gold eye-glasses, and just squeezing themselves through the merest gap, widening it by a graceful, "I beg your pardon, I hope I did not hurt you," and at the same time getting to the front quite out of turn. There was, too, a continual pressure from the sides, from the back, even from the front backwards, as bold new-comers pushed before others, not caring who saw so long as they did.

"I must protest that I only submit to this for your sake, Grace," cried Dr. Hardinge, with a martyr-like expression. "Really, sir, I must beg you not to push me against these ladies," he added, turning to two young-looking men, who were struggling, striving, elbowing in a very impatient way.

"What a fearful nuisance!" said one to the other, irascibly. "I haven't half an hour more to spare, and I must see Mackenzie's picture; they're making such a ridiculous row over it. What an abominable crush it is! No one shall persuade me to miss the private view again."

"It isn't so interesting when you've been rejected yourself," said the other, in a somewhat sneering tone.

"Bother it! no, it isn't. Everyone knows the whole thing goes by favour. Look at the miserable daubs that are hung. Hanging committee, indeed! I'd hang them."

"How did Mackenzie get hung? He's no favourite in the profession, according to all accounts."

"You're right about that; a mean, canting Scotchman. He goes in for reforming the profession generally," and the speaker laughed sarcastically. "Raves about thoroughness and conscientious principles of art, or some such rubbish. Sets his face against 'Studio Sunday,' because he must needs go to the kirk. Had the coolness to tell me and a lot of others we were welcome to see his pictures any day in the week except Sunday. As if one was going to make a special journey to Hampstead on his behalf. I like the man's arrogance."

"They say this last picture of his is very fine," remarked the other.

"Oh, yes, some of the critics say so. There are always idiots enough to crack up a thing they don't understand. Half of them run it down and half of them crack it up. Either is a sure sign of ignorance. Some one asked whether the colour had been laid on with a white-wash-brush."

"That man was *certainly* a fool," replied the other.

"Perhaps he was and perhaps he wasn't," remarked the first speaker, irascibly. "Look here, Abbotson," he added, with a laugh, "do you suppose this canting craze is a dodge? I've heard it whispered that there are some influential members of the committee it goes down with. Mackenzie's deeper than he looks. You and I might as well try it before it gets common."

The other man laughed too, but in a different way.

"I should advise you not," he said. "Mackenzie and you are very different individuals."

"You are right about that," his companion replied, with splendid unconsciousness. "I don't think I could mislead people as that man does."

That was the last Grace heard. The two men moved away, the younger still grumbling and growling. Grace looked up at her father's face to see what impression their remarks had made.

"You know, papa, it is a most shameful libel," she said, eager to assert the truth. "He is not a bit like that."

"All that I heard was to his credit," Dr. Hardinge replied. "As for 'Studio Sunday,' I heartily agree with him; but it is such a well-established and favourite institution among artists, that he must be a man of great resolution to stand out against it."

Grace was pleased to hear her friend defended by so excellent a judge as her father, and her face showed it.

"I am sure he is a good man," she said, earnestly. "You have no idea how kind he was to Helen."

A hand was laid on Grace's arm, and a voice said, softly, but peremptorily, "Hush, that's enough."

It was the artist himself. Grace wondered, with a confused, awkward feeling, how much he had heard; but her self-consciousness was soon forgotten in the introduction to her father and mother, an ungraceful matter in such a crowd, he laughingly declared.

"I would not advise you to wait any longer," he said to Dr. Hardinge. "There is some very good work here this year. If you will allow me, I will

take you to some pictures well worth seeing. You can see mine any other time."

"We shall not come again, and I must be gone in half an hour," Dr. Hardinge replied.

"You are very kind. I have some other subjects here that you may like better, although they are small and not popular. This one I shall be happy to show you when it returns to my studio."

"It may be sold," Dr. Hardinge suggested, as he abstracted himself and Grace from that particular crowd, Mr. Mackenzie looking after Mrs. Hardinge.

"I do not intend to sell it," Mr. Mackenzie replied. "It has another destination."

"Well, I heard this morning that three hundred pounds had been offered for it. How much people profess to know about other folks' concerns," Dr. Hardinge remarked.

"That is true, though," the artist replied, briefly. "It was a whim of mine to refuse it."

Presently Dr. Hardinge had to leave them. Mrs. Hardinge and Grace wished to stay a little longer. It was such a different thing looking at the pictures with an artist guide.

"I shall be pleased to see the ladies safely home," he said, as they shook hands.

"How is Miss Dalrymple?" he asked Grace, with a warning glance, when they were on their way."

"I hope they are getting on," Grace replied, dubiously, "She tells us very little in her letters. I am afraid she has a hard life. Fanny Leslie was with her until just lately. Helen was terribly cast down when she left her, Fanny seems to have been so good. She taught in the school, and helped in every way."

"Fanny Leslie's is a strong character," remarked Mr. Mackenzie.

"Yes, she has been the greatest help and comfort to poor Helen. It is so strange, knowing what her home is, to think of her teaching, cooking, darning, making her own dresses, and all sorts of other things."

"And so that poor girl is condemned to such a life. She did not seem fitted for it."

"Do you mean Fanny or Helen?" Grace asked.

"Helen," he replied. "Fanny would do it well, I should think. It would bring the best side of her character into play. Helen Dalrymple has not the physique for it, I am afraid."

"Mamma," said Grace, after Mr. Mackenzie had partaken of some tea and departed, "I wonder whether Mr. Mackenzie would like to marry Helen? He seems to think a great deal about her, and he sent—— I wonder whether she would ever like him well enough. I am afraid not."

"It would be a good thing for her, poor child, if it were to come about," Mrs. Hardinge replied. "But why do you think of it, Grace?"

"Oh, I don't know, mamma," Grace replied.

She was thinking of the twenty pounds, and wondering whether such a costly gift was given out of pure kindliness.

"Mackenzie has a pretty long head," observed Dr. Hardinge in the evening, when they were talking over their visit to the Academy. "No doubt he expects he will be offered five hundred for his picture before the season is over."

"Didn't he say he was not going to sell it, papa?" Grace asked.

"I believe he did. He meant, probably, not just now. He is waiting to see how high the price will go."

"And is there any harm in that?" Grace asked.

"Not the least. It is only the wisdom of the serpent, which we are enjoined to cultivate. No doubt he has the harmlessness of the dove as well."

The subject was pretty well forgotten after that little conversation, except when, occasionally, some visitor would ask, "Have you seen Mackenzie's picture, 'An English Common'? Is it not a magnificent bit of colouring?" And Grace would reply, with pardonable pride, "Yes, indeed; and I have seen the very bit of common from which it was painted."

"People say that Mackenzie painted it as a memento of his boyhood, some one told her. It is more like a Scotch moor than an English common. I think that explains its success. He has put his whole heart and soul into those gorgeous tints. To my mind there is an immense deal of sentiment in the picture."

Grace liked to think so. A new and more vivid interest attached to it from henceforth. And was not this the secret of his refusal to sell it? It seemed so pleasant to feel that behind that rugged, impassable face lay hidden so deep and tender a memory of his boyhood's home.

The summer came and went, then autumn, and the Academy was closed. One evening a light cart stopped at the doctor's door, and two men bore from it a huge, flat packing-case, addressed to Miss Hardinge.

Very much perplexed, Grace called her mother. Screw-drivers and hammer were hastily sought, and together they wrenched open the mysterious deal. There came to light the picture of the season, "An English Common." In the corner was slipped one of Mr. Mackenzie's cards, with the words written in pencil, "Will Miss Hardinge please accept?"

"Me, mamma!" cried Grace, bewildered. "There must be some mistake; it cannot be for me. What can Mr. Mackenzie mean?"

"It is for you, undoubtedly, my dear child," Mrs. Hardinge replied, thoughtfully. "And, Grace, considering all we have heard about it, I think it means a great deal. Dear, you must consider well whether you can accept it. If you decide not to, it can be sent back without any one knowing."

Grace was standing regarding it with a flushed, downcast face.

"Mamma," she said, without looking up, "I think—I am sure, I should like to keep it."

So a little note was despatched to Hampstead that same night. In it Mrs. Hardinge simply wrote, "My daughter wishes me to tell you that she accepts your beautiful gift with great pleasure." The only comment that Dr. Hardinge made was, "Ah! I was right, you see, in supposing he had put a reserve price on his picture."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Passing Away.

There is an oriental tale of a sultan who consulted Solomon on the proper inscription for a signet ring, requiring that the maxim which it conveyed should be at once proper for moderating the presumption of prosperity and tempering the pressure of adversity.

The apothegm supplied by the Jewish sage was, "And this also shall pass away."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

A Lesson in Faith.

Children are early capable of impression. I imprinted on my daughter the idea of faith at a very early age. She was playing one day with a few beads which seemed to delight her wonderfully; her whole soul was absorbed in her beads. I said, "My dear, you have some pretty beads there."

"Yes, papa."

"Well, now, throw them behind the fire."

The tears started into her eyes; she looked earnestly at me as though she ought to have a reason for such a cruel sacrifice.

"Well, my dear, do as you please; but you know I never told you to do anything which I did not think would be good for you."

She looked at me a few moments longer, and then, summoning up all her fortitude, her breast heaving with the effort, she dashed them into the fire.

"Well," said I, "there let them lie; you shall hear about them another time; but say no more about them now."

Some days after I bought her a box full of larger beads and toys of the same kind. When I returned home, I opened the treasure and set it before her. She burst into tears with ecstasy.

"These, my child," said I, "are yours, because you believed me when I told you it would be better for you to throw those two or three paltry beads behind the fire. Now that has brought you this treasure. But now, my dear, remember, as long as you live, what FAITH is. I did all this to teach you the meaning of faith. You threw your beads away when I bade you, because you had faith in me that I never advised you but for your good. Put the same confidence in God; believe everything that He says in His Word. Whether you understand it or not, have faith in Him that He means your good."—*Cecil's "Remains."*

Charade.

Go, seek my first in heaven; my next,
In northern sea:
On earth or floating through the air,
My whole will be.

XIMENA.

Answer to Double Acrostic (p. 359).—

C H A R I N G
H A N N O
I L L
L I Z A R D
D E E
HENDRICK HUDSON
O L Y M P I A (*a*)
O G (ogee)
D E V O N S H I R E

Childhood. Golden Age.

(*a*) The mother of Alexander the Great.

CARINA.

A ROMAN STORY.

By LOUISA EMILY DOBREE, Author of "Dreams and Deeds," "Turned to Gold," &c.

CHAPTER III.

THE LOGGIA.

It may justly be remarked by anyone disposed to criticise my Carina that her life must have been singularly monotonous, her intercourse with her fellow-creatures — perhaps I had better say fellow-men—remarkably limited, that such a commonplace event as losing her locket and having a stranger offer to find it for her should make such an impression. And I cannot contradict it. Her life since her babyhood had been passed in that apartment in the Via Frattina with her father and a couple of servants, besides Oreste, who was a faithful man, who did odd jobs, and whose special charge now was looking after his master. A few artist friends used to come and see Signor Servi, but those were in the days of his health, and when Carina was busy with her governess, the Signora Foveri, who taught her, took her for walks, and superintended her education generally. Since Signor Servi had become ill, partial paralysis of his right side rendering movement a difficult task, his friends—summer friends they must have been—dropped off, and he read and slept most of the day, finding his greatest enjoyment in Carina's society. He was a good man, deeply religious, and Carina, who had learnt much from him, followed the Master as diligently as he did. Besides this great ground of meeting, they sympathised fully as to art, and Carina, though she did not paint and could not draw a straight stroke, had a true artist's soul and intense love of the beautiful. She felt for her father in his enforced idleness from his loved occupation, and she did her best to bring to him those things which now he could never see. After a day's ramble with old Lucia, Carina would sit with

"MAX TALKED OF ART AND ROME IN A WAY TO DELIGHT HIS LISTENERS."

her father on the loggia watching the sky changing in the sunset and dusky, golden lights playing over the ochre houses and dark roofs, and she would tell him everything she had seen. She would describe the walks in the villas, the lights so manifold, the colours of earth and sky and ruin; she would paint in word-pictures the glories of his favourite artists—the triumphs of Raphael, the tender grace of Murillo, the pathos of Sassoferrato, the living colour and energy of Guido, back to the older masters, whose devotional pieces are like translations of holy thoughts into human language. The statues, too, of faun and nymph, of Venus and Cupid and Psyche, who become the more familiar that we are with them, like friends we have always known—perhaps only so far in our dreams—but infinitely more than mere representations of a dead mythology.

Carina's face as she spoke was always a joy to her father. Often he thought of how she got her name. Of the little English child who used to come and play with her, and who, having picked up some Italian, called her Carina in such witching tones that Signor Servi had her christened Carina. One day a card was sent in, and reading an English name Carina's heart beat high for a moment as she let hope reign there, and as swiftly, tried, woman-like, to prepare herself for disappointment.

But she was not disappointed. It was the stranger, and soon Max Hamilton was sitting on the loggia, revelling in the afternoon sunshine of a Roman December day. The loggia, I may explain, is at the top of the Italian houses, like a large balcony, where the happy possessors of such an appendage to their apartment generally spend much of their time. Signor Servi was sitting there; a large bunch of cyclamens was on a table near him, and a plate piled with huge bunches of purple and white grapes. In a short time Max had become acquainted with the old father, talking to him in his fluent Italian, unspoilt by any Anglicisms, and raising his eyes now and then, with a shyness unknown to him before, to the beautiful maiden in her soft, clinging gown something the colour of the cyclamen blossoms, as she sat working and joining a little in the conversation.

It was very pleasant to Max to see her face changing so rapidly from delight at seeing her locket to the sad look of sympathy when he told of his illness. The latter look discovered to him the likeness that had worried him all through his illness; accounted to him for the fact that Carina's face was not altogether unfamiliar. It was the Naples Psyche she was like, and the more like when the sorrowful expression that makes the marble so infinitely pathetic came into her sweet, human lips.

After a while the shyness passed off, and Max talked, and talked of art and Rome in a way to delight his listeners. Signor Servi had not looked so well for a long time; it was like rich wine to him to hear and speak to one like Max of the things he loved, and he asked his visitor to come again. And Max came again and again, every time growing to love Carina more and more deeply. It was first love, and in Max Hamilton's true heart and noble nature it found a shrine worthy of it.

And Carina. She hardly dared try and understand why such intense delight had come to her, greater, deeper than the simple joys of her childhood, than the half-fearful hopes of maidenhood, when the great unknown lies half hid in golden mist. Joy such as the supremest pleasure felt so often by her while in the sacred presence of Nature or Art was as nothing to it. In real gladness there is little or no dissection of cause—simply an exultant existence, and Carina's eyes had a light in them which Max, hardly daring to hope the truth, sometimes answered his longing, and made him more than glad.

They wandered about Rome together, propriety, in the shape of Lucia, keeping in their wake, and Carina, as she listened to him, or stood silently before some marble or picture or view they both rejoiced in, felt that a new glory was added to all, that she was with the interpreter standing, with more fully-opened eyes, on the threshold of the house beautiful.

But still no word was said, and the Christmas feast passed with all its colour and music, and function, shrining the glad message of the Incarnate God coming amongst men, and January came.

Lady Hamilton had paid but little heed to Max, who had told her of his new acquaintance. She had been astonished at his "scraping acquaintance" with "such people," and raised her black eyebrows and opened her blacker eyes wider in surprise. "Such people" being a term equivalent to Catholic for embracing anybody who was not on exactly the same social ground as Lady Hamilton's, artists and workers generally being specially included in its denunciation.

A warning look in Max's eyes silenced her, and sighing over his degenerate tastes, she held her tongue. She and Dolly were "doing" Rome, and rather glad to be spared so much of Max's company, as he soon discovered. He bored them just as much as they wearied him. They having found a kindred spirit in a young cousin, who was seeing half of Europe on sumptuous means and a paucity of ideas, Max found himself free.

One day he had to go with them to Subiaco, and while wandering there, listening to Lady Hamilton's anathemas of Italian dirt and cheating, and her perpetually expressed opinion that Italy generally was much overrated, he made up his mind. He would put his fate to the test, and it was like him to write instead of speaking. He felt somehow or other as if it was the best.

(*To be concluded.*)

LUSTRA PAINTING.

We are always glad to draw attention to any of the minor arts that serve to develop talent and industry, and provide a useful and pleasant occupation for some of the spare time which ladies with no fixed duties are occasionally overburdened with. Any description of work that has artistic claims and can be used for the improvement of household decoration is to be commended, and when these conditions are joined, as in Lustra Painting, with no great amount of labour in execution, and with a moderate outlay for materials, we feel sure our readers will like to learn something of the art, and that some of them will try it, particularly when we inform them that it has attracted the attention of the Princess Beatrice and is used in the adornment of one of her rooms.

Lustra painting is the art of painting flower, fruit, and arabesque designs in metallic and powder colours upon velveteen, Roman satin, and linen fabrics. As its name points out, the colours employed throw out a metallic lustre, and therefore the painting accomplished cannot be after nature, and has to consist of conventional colouring; but the rich artistic effects obtained by the various shades of gold and silver, relieved and softened by being shaded with crimson, purple, and green powder colours, are just the tones required for the articles that the work is used for. At the first glance some affinity to tapestry painting might be assumed from the fact that both arts consist in colouring textiles, but the two are quite distinct, the colours used in tapestry being virtually dyes, applied to a peculiarly woven canvas and sinking into that so as to be incorporated into it. The lustra colours remain upon the surface of a material, which need not be made on purpose for the work, and are kept raised by the medium used with them, which at one and the same time prevents them from sinking into the fabric, and securely attaches them to it so that no rubbing or pressure injures them. In other essentials it also differs: in lustra the material supplies the background, and only the design has to be painted (hence its greater quickness of execution), and as we noticed before, the colouring is limited and not realistic.

The materials used are the colours sold in little bottles, ninepence to one shilling the bottle, which consist of four shades of gold, from a bright gold to a deep red gold, one shade of silver and one of green, black, white, blue and purple. A bottle of medium, price one shilling, a china palette divided into compartments, sable brushes for work upon linen, and for fine lines, and hoghair brushes for work upon velveteen and satin sheeting. The handsomest articles painted are—portières of velveteen and screens of the same; next to these, mantel-borders, curtain ditto, counterpanes and tablecloths, either of velveteen or satin sheeting; and for small things, d'oyleys and chair backs in fine white linen, wallpockets, cushions, mats, handkerchief-cases, &c.

The lustra is warranted to wash when executed upon fine white linen, but it looks equally well when the design is painted upon grey Zulu cloth. Deep olive greens, maroons, and rich browns are the best colours to select for velveteens and Roman sheetings.

With regard to the designs, those known as conventionalised fruit and flowers, such as are used upon really good crewel-work patterns, are the ones to select. The pattern must be distinct, with well-defined, large, well-shaped leaves, such as the vine, oak, virginia creeper, orange, pomegranate, iris, lilium lancifolium, nasturtium; while the fruit and flowers of these plants are all good. Good arabesque and well-shaped antique conventional patterns are also suitable.

To paint upon satin sheeting, trace the outline of the design upon linen tracing-paper, lay the material upon a piece of plate-glass, then lay down some carbonised tracing-paper, and over all the linen tracing-paper. Mark out all the outlines by going steadily over them with the point of a fine knitting-needle, and see that the hand does not shake, nor the material move during the process. When tracing upon white or grey linen, use blue carbonised paper, as the blue will show upon light grounds; but for dark Roman sheetings or velveteens use white carbonised linen cloth, as that is the only material which will make an indelible white line upon these stuffs (it can be obtained at Francis's, Hanway-street).

The tracing complete, pin the material out flat upon a drawing-board, and if the ground is dark, work in the flowers in gold and silver; pour some of the lightest gold colour on the palette, and mix it with the medium until it is a thick liquid; paint this on all over the petal of a flower, and put it on very thickly and yet with an even surface. While painting, hold the brush more upright than slanting, and rub the colour well in. Work in all the petals of a flower where any light falls on them with the lightest shade of gold, and work in the petals more in shade with the deeper golds. Leave the gold to dry, and paint in another flower with silver only, or with a mixture of silver and gold; while that is drying paint the leaves over with the metallic green. The great secret of the work is to put on sufficient paint and medium so as to entirely hide the textile beneath the colour, and to give an even solid mass of gold or silver; therefore, go over the first painting again as soon as it is dry, should it look poor and mean; should

it not, proceed to put in the shadows upon leaves and flowers. These are formed by working in over the metallic colours the plain powder colours, either rubbing them on without mixing them with metallic, or adding a little of the latter to them. Purple, black, and white use to shade silver with, crimson and black for shading gold, and black and white for shading green. The powder colours are more gritty than the metallic ones, and require their lumps being broken with a palette knife before the medium is added to them. Shade but slightly and only enough to take off the flat appearance of a design executed in single tones only. Lightly touch the lightest parts of a silver flower with white, and where the deepest shadow upon it should fall work in some pure black, and mix silver and black together to make an intermediate shade between the black and the silver ground. Silver and black make a good grey tone with a lavender reflection; silver with purple rubbed in over it, a very rich purple, particularly good when painting bunches of grapes, purple iris, and large conventional flowers. Over the gold paint work in pure crimson as an intermediate shade between the gold and the shadow, and use black and crimson mixed together for the darkest part. A few touches of silver upon the highest light of the gold will help to throw it up. Pomegranates slightly open look well with their skins shaded in the different gold colours with a slight touch of crimson over them, and where the inside of the pomegranate shows a crimson ground with silver seeds. Daffodils with outer petals of gold and the inner cup of silver, oranges, some shading to red and others to silver, with the ground colour of gold, and poppies with gold and red petals. The leaves, when a design has much flower or fruit about it, will require but little shading, a few touches of black to strengthen the dark parts, and some white to throw out the highest lights being sufficient; but where leaves are the chief motives of the pattern, as in virginia creeper, oak leaf, and vine patterns, the metallic gold and silver colours are used freely upon them, and autumn shades given, by mixing crimson and black with the green, and by washing over the green, red golds and silver. When the painting appears finished let it dry for a day, and then retouch the highest lights and the deepest shades, and bring out any stamens and pistils. Wash the brushes in turpentine and soap and water before putting them away.

Work executed upon velveteen is done like that upon satin or Roman sheeting, except that less shading is necessary about the flowers and none at all over the leaves, the shade upon the velveteen pile giving the necessary lights and depths. The green is either put on pure, or is altered by being mixed either with white, crimson, or black, before it is rubbed in, and bronze leaves are made by mixing it with the different red golds. Painting upon velveteen is much enriched by being supplemented with needlework. This is done by working over the chief outlines of leaves and flowers in rope or crewel-stitch, with old gold, bronze brown, or art green filoselles. This blending of painting and needlework gives to the bold designs used upon counterpanes and curtains a mediæval look, and is particularly recommended.

Upon fine white linen, and grey Zulu cloth, many useful articles for bazaars, &c., can be manufactured, either with simple lustra, or by lustra and needlework combined; and as the grounds are light, the powder colours can be used about the flowers without the groundwork of gold and silver beneath them, and a more natural effect thus attained. By selecting purple and pink flowers, such as the purple iris, pink lilium lancifolium, and poppy, and washing the colours in, first thinly, and then strong for the shadows, a flower can be painted with great effect simply from the one powder colour. Metallic colours are also used upon linen materials and are applied as before explained. Sets of d'oyleys upon very fine linen look well, also chair-backs, toilet tidies, and four o'clock tea tablecloths. The lustra is warranted to wash. Very pretty chair-backs are made by painting a bold flower pattern in lustra and inclosing it with a border of lines and dots worked in crewel-stitch with washing silks, while a run line or trellis background, also worked with washing silk, will finish off the flower part of the design. A darned or run background if of close lines is better worked before the painting is commenced, as it is more speedily executed before the colour is applied.

In conclusion, we wish to point out that this painting is done very quickly, a chair-back taking but an hour to paint, and that therefore it is much to be recommended to ladies who are working for bazaars, or to those who wish to produce artistic effects, and whose time for ornamental work is limited. The lustra paints are procurable at Mr. Elliott's stall, 391, Soho Bazaar.

B. C. SAWARD.

MARGARET'S NEIGHBOURS.

By DORA HOPE.

WINIFRED found it hard to keep up the zeal with which she began "steering the domestic barque." At first the novelty of the work interested her, and with her good resolutions fresh in her mind she threw herself eagerly into the work of domestic reforms; but when the first freshness had worn off, though there was no doubt about the increased comfort of the house, she began to long for the old careless days, when no sense of responsibility disturbed her enjoyment of her books. Her leisure for study was now very limited, for not having yet learned the art of portioning out her time, she found that there were always some houshold matters which required her attention directly she sat down to read; but having determined that everything should give way to the daily duties of which she so clearly saw the importance, with a strong effort she kept to her resolution, and did not complain; and it was only through Lulu's chatter that Margaret heard how Winnie contrived to fill the whole day with household duties, to the exclusion of everything else. Knowing that this must be secretly a great trial to the studious girl, Margaret took an early opportunity of asking Winnie, alone, to have lunch with her, in order to have a little time for a confidential chat.

Winnie was naturally reserved; and never talked willingly about her own affairs; so Margaret began the conversation by inquiring how the housekeeping plans succeeded.

"Pretty well, aunt, thank you," replied Winnie, "the ordering of meals is my greatest difficulty; I never can think of anything suitable. I ask the servant for a suggestion sometimes; but she has no ideas of any sort, and always replies the same. 'Well, miss, there ain't nothink but beef and mutton'—as if that information was any good. And that reminds me, aunt, that I wanted to ask you which you think the most economical meals to have, late dinner or meat tea, or tea and supper. Jack prefers dinner, because he comes in hungry from business, and besides we have always been accustomed to it; and the other girls say they think it would be cheaper than dining early."

"I do not think it makes a great deal of difference in actual cost either way," replied Margaret; "but I certainly advise you to have a meat tea. It is a good deal less trouble than either dinner or a separate tea and supper, which is a great consideration with only one servant, as you would not require either vegetables or pastry, and it is a meal to which Jack might bring in a friend whenever he felt inclined, without you feeling uncomfortable at the bareness of your table. You can so easily add little dishes of potted meats, or biscuits and preserves, to your tea table at a moment's notice. A separate tea and supper would not answer at all for you. For one thing, as Jack gets home at seven o'clock, it would be too long for him to wait till half-past eight or nine with nothing to eat, and supper breaks up the evening so, it would not give him time for anything, besides giving the servant the trouble of preparing two meals instead of one. But if you decide to keep to a meat tea, I think you should take care to have something substantial for Jack; boys at his age require plenty of good food."

"That is just one of my difficulties, aunt. It seems silly to have a joint, we might as well have a proper dinner at once. We have cold meat very often, but sometimes there is nothing but scraps left, and Jack grumbles at that. It was the difficulty of knowing what to provide, that made me think of going back to late dinners."

"I used to have a recipe book somewhere," said Margaret, pondering. "I wonder where it is? You know before I was married we always had meat tea, and I found just the same objection to it that you do, so whenever I met with a nice dish suitable for tea I made a note of it. I will go and see if I can find it."

So saying she went off, and after a time returned with a small pocketbook.

"This is it," she said. "See, here is my list of dishes. 'Timballes.' I used that when we had company, it looks so nice although it is not at all expensive. 'Take any cold meat, chop it quite fine, and pound it in a mortar with a little gravy. Soak two ounces of crumb of stale bread in some rich brown gravy, or fresh milk, then press all the moisture out in a cloth and put it in a saucepan over a gentle fire till the bread is dry without burning; mix it while hot with an egg, and season with a little mace, salt, and pepper, then mix with the pounded meat till quite blended. Put into a plain tin shape, first lined with boiled macaroni; the shape must be well buttered for the macaroni not to stick to it. Steam it in the shape, and turn out when hot, and serve it either with or without gravy or white sauce.' I am sure you will like that dish. Then you can use up any scraps of cold meat, by putting them through the mincing machine with a slice of ham or bacon, and a little seasoning, and press the mince into a small pie-dish or a mould, and turn it out when you want it for the table. Or you can cut cold meat into rather thick slices, either dip them into batter, or simply spread on each a little pepper, salt, mustard, and butter, and fry a light brown."

"Thank you, aunt; with this new idea we shall get on for a time at any rate, and I will study cookery-books rather more for the future, to get ideas."

But Margaret had several other matters she wished to talk over with Winnie besides cookery, and after some hesitation as to the best way of broaching the subject, she plunged into it at once, and told Winnie what had been in her mind, that she thought it would be a good thing for her to have family prayer in the mornings.

"I, aunt? I couldn't do it. I never did such a thing in my life," cried Winnie, aghast.

But Margaret was nothing daunted, and explained her reasons. "You know, Winnie, it would be such a good thing to know that every member of the family had heard at least a short portion of the Bible every day; some of them are careless, and apt to forget or neglect to read themselves."

"But, aunt, I should never know what to read."

"That is easily managed. There are many lists made, giving certain portions of the Bible to be read every day, or you might read the Psalms for the day if you preferred it. Then there are many very suitable books of prayers, written especially for family use, so that you would find no difficulty in that way."

"But, aunt, they would all laugh at the idea so; we never had it at home even."

"I do not think they would; Madeline would not, you might be sure of her; nor would Jack, or if he did laugh at first, I am sure he would approve of the plan. If you like, I will ask him privately what he thinks of it. I cannot speak certainly of Evelyn and Lulu, but, dear Winnie, we must do what we think right, even if we do get laughed at for it. Come, I will get a book of prayers for you and a list of suitable portions to read, and then you will begin next week, will you not?"

Winnie still hesitated, but after a little more conversation she promised to try it for a month, if Margaret would speak to the others about it for her.

That matter being settled, Margaret asked Winnie what books she was reading, and offered to lend her any of theirs.

She replied, rather reproachfully, that she had followed Margaret's own advice, and given up studying to attend to the house. "But it does seem to me sometimes that I am equal to something more exalted than the ordering of dinners and mending linen all day," she added, sadly.

"But, my dear child," cried her aunt, "I advised you to undertake the management of the house, but I never dreamt of your giving up your books. 'There is a time for everything,' you know; and certainly there cannot be so much work in your house as to leave you no time at all for reading."

"But, aunt, if ever I do sit down to read my conscience is pricking me all the time with the thought that there is some work still to do, so that I do not enjoy my book at all."

"But it is just as much your duty to take care of your mind as to take care of your house, only everything must be done at its proper time. Take my advice, and have a fixed time for reading every day. It is wonderful what one can manage to do with a little method. To begin with, if I were you I should fix a time to go into the kitchen every morning and keep regularly to it. Then have a time for going out to your morning shopping, and for the sewing and other household work you have to attend to, then, as that will generally fill up the morning, you ought to be able with a clear conscience to devote whichever part of the afternoon you fix upon to study."

This was a new idea to Winnie, who had felt that she could not do her duty to her family without making a regular martyr of herself, and giving up all her own pleasure, so the thought that it was not only allowable but an absolute duty to make time for reading was a great comfort to her.

After a little more conversation, Margaret suggested walking home with Winnie, so that she might, if opportunity offered, speak about the morning prayers at once. But they found no one at home but Evelyn, who was lying on the sofa, reading a novel, so there was no opportunity for anything but a desultory conversation, in the midst of which Lulu burst into the room like a whirlwind, as usual.

"Oh, aunt, who do you think I have just met?" she began, without stopping for any ordinary greeting; "that poor little Audine, looking as grave and old-fashioned as a woman of eighty with the weight of nations on her shoulders."

"That is the Polish music-seller's child, I suppose?" asked Margaret.

"Yes, aunt, I am a wretch; the resolves I have made to befriend that child and her father (though I have not the least idea what form my befriending could take beyond buying things at the shop), and then I straightway go and forget all about them. You know my bad memory is quite a misfortune to me, and not a fault, aunt dear."

"What sort of child is she, and how old?"

"Oh, she only looks about eight, but I should think she must be older, for she is precocious and old-fashioned to the last degree. She keeps the tiny house and shop so neat and clean, though no doubt the father helps in that. And actually, aunt, she goes alone into the city on errands for the shop! Jack saw her some time ago, threading her way through the crowds on Ludgate Hill, looking very anxious and important, with an immense roll of music in her hand. I told her father he had seen her, and asked how he could trust her alone like that. He said 'Mees, what can I do?' (He speaks so funnily, you know.) 'I myself am healthful and strong while I remain in the inside of my warm house, but without, in the noise and the largeness of the street, I fall and faint, I am no longer of any use. As for my Audine, the little body is frail, but the heart and the spirit are of a marvellous strength, and the good God has always watched her with a gentle eye, and while we two depend on his grace we no longer fear for the little one of us to go forth alone.' He really does seem such a pious man, though Jack says that is a bad sign."

"What did you say to that?" asked Winnie.

"I did not know what to say, but it does seem a shame for that poor little dot to have all the anxieties and cares of a grown woman instead of being a merry, jolly child. If only I did not always forget all about it, and if I knew what to do, I should like to do something for them."

Lulu was such a merry, warm-hearted girl, and confessed her shortcoming so frankly, that it was impossible to be angry with her, so instead of scolding her for her forgetfulness, Margaret contented herself with explaining that she thought it was the duty of every girl to try to brighten the lives of those round her, and that everyone ought to be able to feel that at any rate *one* person was the better for her having lived.

"I have often thought about it in connection with you girls," she said; "and I have been wondering if you do all you can for those about you. You know you are all clever girls, and so have all the more opportunities of being useful; Winnie has her hands full at present."

"But it isn't exactly doing good, aunt, getting dinner ready for my brothers and sisters."

"Oh, yes it is. 'Charity begins at home,' you know, though that does not mean that it must stop there, but till you get a little more used to housekeeping, so as to get through your work more quickly, I do not see that you can do much outside work; except perhaps making little dainty dishes and taking them to any sick people the district nurse you know might tell you of. You could begin that by giving Lulu some good beef-tea for her Polish friend; and by that means you can improve your knowledge of cookery, and do a kindness at the same time. Madeline too, has her time taken up with school work. Her object in life is clearly for the present to learn all she can, so as to become a good and useful woman. But you, Evelyn, with your accomplishments, might do so much."

"Oh, I sing for charities, aunt."

"Well, that is better than nothing, though I fancy sometimes there is a little danger of love of praise and display being mixed with the purer motives in that kind of singing. Could you not manage to teach some of the children to sing at the night school at our church? It is always such a difficulty to get good singers to help, and singing soothes children's wild spirits more quickly than anything, so it is a pity they should not have it. And you might get up a little choir amongst your musical friends, and give entertainments occasionally in the coffee palace and workhouses and other places. Speaking of teaching singing reminds me, Winnie, of an old schoolfellow of mine, who was as fond of study as you are, and a really clever girl, but she lived in a country place where there were very few poor people, and there seemed nothing for her to do for others, till she found out that the wife of their curate, who had a very small stipend, and a very large family, had to teach the younger children entirely herself, as they could only afford to send the two eldest boys to school, and the poor lady was completely worn out with the incessant hard work of attending to the house and teaching the children, too. So my friend offered to go for three hours every morning and teach the children, the only stipulation she made being that no one, not even the children themselves, should know that she was not paid like an ordinary governess."

"What a capital plan, aunt; I wish I could do something like that, for I don't feel as if I had the least vocation for teaching dirty children to darn their stockings, but I could teach Latin, or German, or arithmetic, or anything interesting like that. Did the plan answer?"

"Yes, she taught them for several years till one by one they went to a grammar school to finish, and she had the satisfaction of knowing that they could hold their own against anybody. I daresay you have not a vocation for teaching poor, dirty children, but there are plenty of people in the condition of that poor curate, who want help far more than the majority of the lower classes; and when you have got quite accustomed to your duties at home, so that they are not a burden to you, we will look about and see how you can turn your clever little brains to the best account."

"Now aunt is coming to me, I know," said Lulu, getting behind the curtains. "Aunt, I am so busy with my fretwork and china painting, and so on, that really you need not speak to me; and my object is most exemplary, the elevation of my family's taste."

Margaret could not help laughing as she rose to leave. "Unfortunately, Lulu, I must go now, and have no time left to give you the scolding you deserve; but there is no doubt about *your* mission; your vocation in life seems to be to make melancholy people merry, and the sooner you begin on that lonely little child the better. If I were you I should try to find out what the man can do, and if he is too ill for hard work, teach him to do your favourite fretwork or anything else he seems capable of, and if you like I will give him an order for some brackets, I was just going to buy some; but at any rate you can give the child a little pleasure of some kind now and then."

(*To be continued.*)

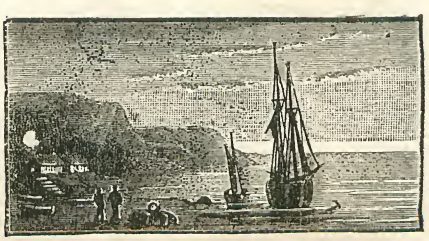


FIG. 1.—TABLE-COVER—NATURAL IRIS.

ART NEEDLEWORK.

No. 5.

TABLE-COVERS will be found very convenient articles to work; a good bold outline pattern is very effective on a large cloth, and if a tolerably soft material is used, it does not form too heavy a piece of work to be done in the hand.

For small ones a simple spray of conventional fruit or flowers in the corners is generally sufficient. The edges of cloth or serge table-covers would be finished off all round with pointed blanket stitch, two or three colours or shades of colour being blended together. This stitch can be varied a great deal so as to form quite a pretty border, or if a plainer style be preferred a cord sewn at the edge of a thick cloth looks very well. A small square tablecloth suitable for a work or occasional table, on diagonal cloth with a bold, well-defined spray of fruit, such as plum or peas, in each corner, would take very little time to work, and be very inexpensive, as they need only be worked with crewel.

Fig. 1 is a spray of natural vine, which can be worked in any colour. It ought to be some twelve or fourteen inches in height, and therefore would not be suitable for a very small cloth; it is drawn for working on diagonal, and would look well on any dark shade of olive or sage green. I would advise you to copy your colouring from nature, taking care to use some brown and yellow-brown at the root part of the stem and at the points of the leaves. There are so many varieties of pale purple and yellow iris, and if you introduce a little filoselle into the lightest parts they make really beautiful and artistic subjects for needlework. You might also work this on blue-green diagonal, or on brown velveteen.

Fig. 2 is for a small table-cover about a yard square, and the design need not be more than six or eight inches in height. The one I give is a small sunflower with buds, rather conventionally arranged. This style wants a rather large flower in the centre of the design, therefore a strictly conventional one is perhaps the best to use. If you cannot make a good original conventional flower, you can copy one from any carving or relief near you, or even from cretonne. I have seen many patterns of the latter from which entire sprays can be traced and transferred for needlework, or if you have any bits of plush, velvet, or velveteen you desire to use up, you might use a bold little spray of fruit or flowers, and cut up your scraps as for appliqué, and adopt a very clever method, which no doubt you have seen, and which would suit many of our girls who do not feel competent to draw designs for themselves. Cut out a good spray of flowers and leaves, and arrange them on the corner of your tablecloth; after carefully tacking these on, you can then work the edges down in long and short stitches; then, with the addition of perhaps only a few stitches in silk or crewel in the centre of the flowers, you have very nearly as good an effect as a worked corner. This method is of course admissible, and perhaps even more effective for cushions and curtain borders; but we must not diverge from the subject of this paper.

If you have any pretty bits of plush, or velvet, you might use them for legitimate appliqué; and you could make a very pretty fruit corner by choosing different greens for the leaves and grouping. Your fruit can — if you are clever enough—be a little raised by pushing a little cotton wool underneath. The edges of the stuff must then be sewn down as before, and can then be finished off by what we call couching stitch, or in the way I have just described, by working up the edges. Veins can then be worked in of lighter or darker green, and a few shading lines added.

Fig. 3 is a purely conventional pattern, intended to be worked in a rather Japanese style, and it would look well on velveteen or plush. It could be any size you like, from ten to fourteen or fifteen inches in height; and you may, if you like, so alter the termination of the corners that you can continue a narrow scroll border of the pattern all round, which would make it handsomer, and have a very pretty effect. Of course, the lines round these corners are not intended to be worked. The designs should be placed from one and a half to two or two and a half inches from the edge, which would then, as I said above, be finished off in blanket-stitch.

FIG. 2.—SMALL TABLE-COVER—CONVENTIONAL SUNFLOWER.

You might outline this pattern with gold, and fill in with crewel or silk, as you prefer. The flowers, to avoid monotony, can be worked in different harmonious colours, or shades of colour, and the centres a different shade to the outer petals. It might also be worked on cloth with crewels, but I do not think the effect would be so good as if it were done on rich material with a gold outline.

Fig. 4 will do for a cloth of any size, as you can enlarge the design according to your needs; it might be as much as seven inches wide, and you can make the daisies either white or pale yellow. I have drawn it only with the idea of its being enlarged to three or four inches, and it would then look very well on diagonal. If you are going to make it this size and work it in white, shade a little with grey at the base of the petals, and put in a few stitches of pale pink at the tips, or outline each petal with pale grey or green; this will throw up the white on a light ground and look very artistic. The flowers will be best worked in silk, with the centres a little raised by means of French knots. The leaves can be worked with crewels. If you are

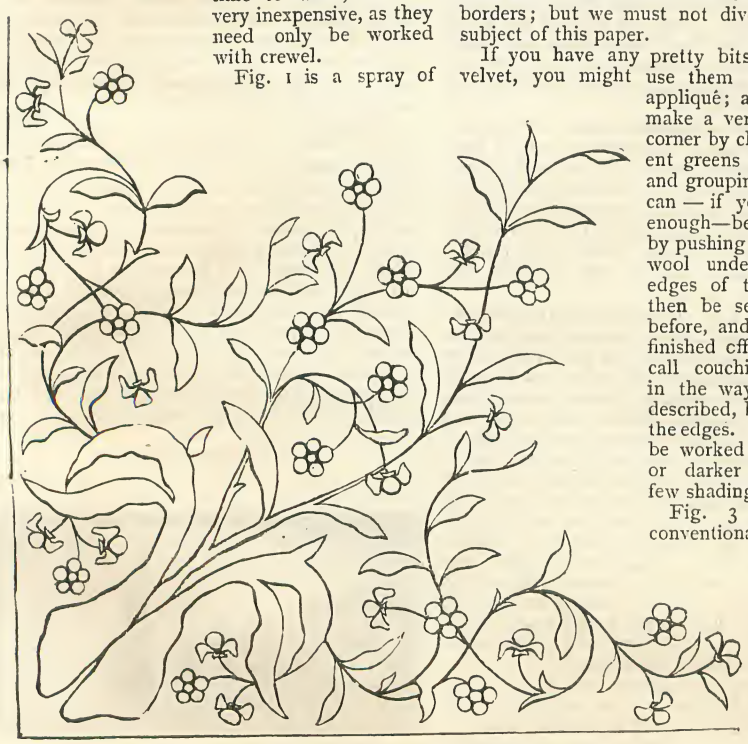


FIG. 3.—TABLE-COVER CORNER—CONVENTIONAL.

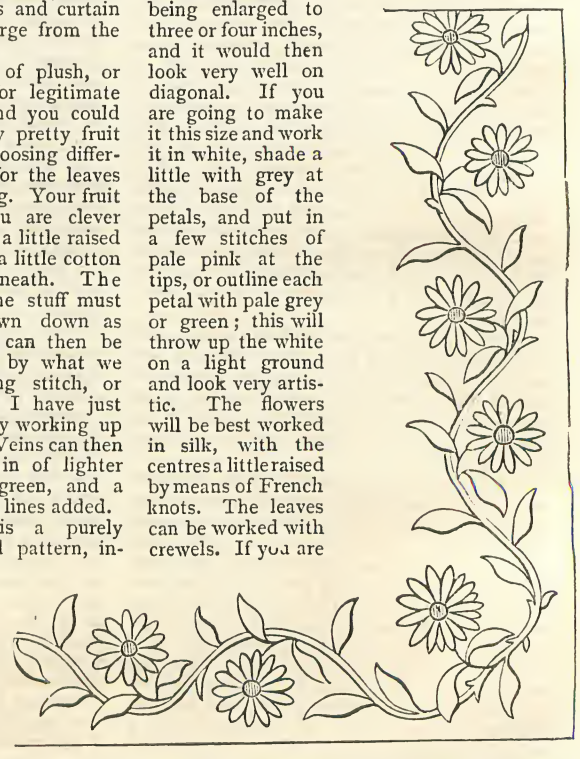


FIG. 4.—CONTINUOUS SMALL TABLE-COVER BORDER—DAISIES

going to enlarge the daisies into ox-eyes, you must leave out the pink at the tips, and be careful to make the stalks sufficiently thick in proportion, or it will have a weedy look; but if carefully enlarged it would make a handsome border for a cloth, worked either on dark green or blue.

Fig. 5. This is a border for a round table in orange, and can be worked in almost any style or colour you like. It should be enlarged to four or five inches wide, supposing the border to be six or seven inches in depth; and it would be finished off with a fringe according to your taste and the style of the work, supposing it to be worked in natural colours. A very good fringe can be made with the same crewels used in the work by knotting in a few strands of crewel with perhaps a little silk now and then introduced. You should pass the crewel in about an inch and a half from the edge, very close together; then you can cut the bottom even, and leave the cloth to lie under the fringe, which will make it look handsomer, and prevent it getting tangled and out of place.

Dark green, or blue cloth, or Roman satin would be a good ground for this, and then you can work it in the hand, as, indeed, you can most of the designs I give in this paper. Do not work the oranges with too bright a yellow; a sort of yellow ochre or old gold colour will be best, and the flowers can be put in with silk. I daresay you have discovered by this time that oranges are somewhat difficult to work with, drawing the material. They should either be begun from the outside, and worked in circles to the centre, or else, taking the black eye, or spot, at the top of the orange for a starting point, work each side in a curve to the stalk. The latter method is rather less apt to draw, and gives a better effect, if done carefully, as it defines the roundness of the fruit better. Another way would be to work it in outline only (but you would then need a handsomer material, such as plush or velvet, and work with Japanese gold). And again another, to make an outline with gold, fill it up with subdued colours in silk; it would make a very handsome border like this. The same pattern will also do for brackets in any of the styles I have mentioned.

Fig. 6 is a broad border, which can either be worked on your tablecloth at once, or on a different material or colour, to be afterwards put on. In this style of design, which is good for plush, you get a very good effect, with comparatively little work; the sprays and butterflies give just enough interest and lightness, and prevent too much of your handsome material being covered. This is a good plan for large tablecloths, as you often find the folds hide the work over which so much trouble has been spent. Should you work this on plush I would advise a gold outline, and simple flat colouring, as where there is so little pattern it should be clearly defined.

The limits of space will oblige me to close my chat about table-covers now; but, as I often say, my object is as much to lead you to help yourselves to designs as to make them for you, so I trust what I have already said will suggest to you others on which you can show your own taste and skill; though, of course, I am highly flattered when I find—as I have done in several cases—that you have managed to reproduce some of mine.

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

THE GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

THIS is an age of societies. The world is so large, the number and variety of minds and moods so great, the circle which any one of us can hope to influence so small, that had we each to work alone, we might be tempted to sit down in despair of doing any good.

True, there are still heroes who can, by their own individual characters, affect the world or large parts of it, people who come to the front by a rare combination of great powers and great opportunities; but these never were a numerous company, and few of us are apt to think ourselves likely to be of their number; so we prudently fall back on the old motto, Union is Strength, and wherever we see that a great work wants doing we try to find or make a society to do it.

Everyone who has tried to work in a society knows, however, that if it is to be united strength, and not united weakness, it must also be warm. There must be those in it who believe with all their hearts and minds in the objects for which they are associated, and who are not content merely to approve of a good work, but are ready to spend themselves and be spent for it. Fire like this will kindle fire, and fire is the one thing not lost but increased by being shared and given away.

Among all the many societies of which we read and hear so much at this time, none is more likely to attract the attention of the readers of this paper than the "Girls' Friendly Society." Its very name claims our interest at once; and the interest is on both sides, for THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is warmly welcomed and eagerly read by many members of the Girls' Friendly Society.

It is now between seven and eight years since five ladies met in the drawing-room of the Archbishop's Palace at Lambeth, to consider whether anything could be done to protect and befriend young girls, especially girls from country districts, going out to employment in large towns. Those who had cared for them at home were unable to follow them just at the time they were exposed to new temptations, and most needed a friend; and though in many cases all went well, yet from time to time sad tales came home of wasted lives spent in the service of sin or vanity, instead of in the service of Christ.

It was resolved to try and meet the need by forming a society, and a few associates were enrolled, to whom girls thus leaving home might be commended from place to place.

But little did the first promoters guess what a mighty power of growth was in the seed thus sown. Elder women found everywhere that this organisation gave them the means of communication they wanted in order not to lose sight of the young girls whom they cared for; maidens, not only those at first thought of, but of all classes and occupations, found in the rules of the new society a help to their efforts to live true, pure lives, and warm sisterly companionship for those who were lonely; and so the society spread almost like wildfire over the country, till at this time, though barely eight years old, it numbers in England alone over seventy thousand members, and nineteen thousand associates, while Scotland, Ireland, America, and many of our Colonies have taken up the idea and formed corresponding societies.

These are the three central rules of the

FIG. 5.—CONTINUOUS TABLE-COVER BORDER—ORANGE.

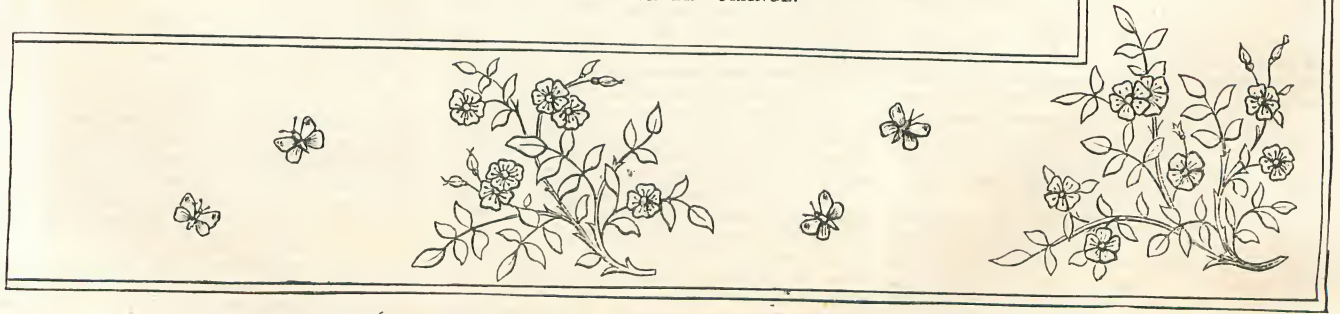


FIG. 6.—BROAD TABLE BORDER—BRANCHES OF ROSES AND BUTTERFLIES.

society, on which the whole working is based:—

1. Associates to be of the Church of England (no such restriction being made as to members), and the organisation of the society to follow as much as possible that of the Church, being diocesan, ruridiaconal, and parochial.

2. Associates (working and honorary) and members to contribute annually to the funds, the former not less than 2s. 6d. a year, the latter not less than 6d. a year. Members' payments to go to the Central Fund.

3. No girl who has not borne a virtuous character to be admitted as a member; such character being lost, the member to forfeit her card.

The objects of the society are stated to be these:—

1. To bind together in one society ladies as associates and working girls and young women as members, for mutual help (religious and secular) for sympathy and prayer.

2. To encourage purity of life, dutifulness to parents, faithfulness to employers, and thrift.

3. To provide the privileges of the society for its members wherever they may be, by giving them an introduction from one branch to another.

Mutual help, mutual prayer, mutual love—in a word, to be friends to each other. Even a member in a lonely place, where there is no branch of the society within reach, does not lose the privilege of helping others; for her prayers and her subscription do more than she may often think for; but it is where many are gathered together in a branch that the chief work begins.

The associates and members of one town or district combine to form a branch, and it is desired to have a branch in every rural deanery, and one or more branches in every large town according to its requirements.

The branches, of which there are now about 640, can make their own rules, subject to certain limitations, arrange their own meetings, organize whatever they find most useful for their own members. For business girls, clubs or recreation rooms, where they may spend the evening, are a great boon; and evening classes of all kinds are often combined with these. In other cases members manage to afford each other help in sickness. Sometimes a country branch invites a member out of one of the great towns for a week or fortnight of country air. Such a change often prevents an illness and brightens a girl's life for many a day. Some undertake to send flowers to their sisters in the large towns. To young servants many branches offer small premiums for length of service with good character in one place. There is no end to the ways in which those whose hearts are warm can help one another.

Each branch is presided over by a branch secretary, chosen by the associates from among themselves. The branch secretaries of a diocese, with a few other ladies chosen by them, form a G. F. S. diocesan council, which elects a president for the diocese.

To the diocesan councils, which reach over a wider field than any single branch, belong more properly such works as the establishment of lodges for servants between their places or for girls looking for employment, homes of rest for the weary or ailing, or circulating libraries through which members may be supplied with plenty of pleasant and wholesome reading.

Finally, the presidents of the dioceses, with the addition of a few elected members, form the central council, to which are referred any questions affecting the whole society, and which elects the president of the council, who superintends the whole work. This post was held till this year by Mrs. Townsend, the lady from whose wise and loving thought the whole scheme arose.

Some idea of the variety and magnitude of the work undertaken by the society can be gathered from the list of its nine different special departments, besides the general work in the branches. The first five of these have reference to the needs of girls in different employment. They are:—

1. G.F.S. Members in business.
2. G.F.S. Members in mills and factories.
3. Workhouse girls.
4. G.F.S. Members in service.
5. G.F.S. Registry.

The other four belong more to the society as a whole.

6. G.F.S. Lodges and lodgings.
7. G.F.S. Literature department.
8. Homes of rest for sick members.
9. Domestic economy and industrial training.

It will be seen that there is room here for everybody, and a variety of work for the associates to suit everyone's taste. Some, who cannot afford much time, undertake to spend an evening at regular intervals at one of the recreation rooms; and more volunteers for this work are especially wanted in the East End of London. Some can manage the looking after the box of books for their branch from the Girls' Friendly Society circulating library. Others, again, who have attended ambulance or cooking lectures, reproduce these in the evening for the benefit of the Girls' Friendly Society members who have not been able to attend themselves.

Each branch usually holds an annual festival, which is made an occasion for assembling as far as possible all the associates and members of the branch; and at almost all of these the central place is occupied by the service in church, for which a special form of service was sanctioned by Archbishop Tait.

The society has the sanction of the archbishops and bishops, and is under the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen. The Princess Christian has become an associate, and the Duchess of Connaught and the Duchess of Albany have become patronesses in the dioceses in which they reside.

If it is desired to form a new branch in any place, application should be made to the Diocesan President, whose name and address can always be learned from the Secretary, G.F.S. Central Office, 3, Victoria Mansions, Victoria-street, London, S.W.

DOMESTIC POISONS, THEIR DETECTION AND ANTIDOTES.

By An Analyst.

In our own, and most other civilised and densely populated countries, the essential necessaries of human life are all more or less poisoned. The air we breathe is mixed with noxious gases and fumes, arising from the combustion of coal and manufacturing operations. Nor are our meat and drink more pure; and, besides, there are the germs of many diseases, which recent investigations have taught us to look for everywhere. That this affects the average duration of life can hardly be doubted. When the contaminations rise above certain limits it is painfully evident; as in the pale faces and premature old age of those compelled to live in the dirt and squalor of dark and damp cellars in the crowded courts of all our great cities, and from the epidemics which have been clearly traced to bad water, bad drainage, or the consumption of diseased food. Unfortunately the only remedy for this, the most destructive form of domestic poisoning, is the limitation of the contamination to the lowest practical point—a remedy that can only be arrived at by the most scrupulous cleanliness on the part of the whole population, better sanitary arrangements, and a wider knowledge of the laws of health. With this part of the subject we do not in the present paper purpose to deal. Our attention will be confined to a few brief notes on the commonest of those substances which are capable, even in very minute doses, of destroying life or causing severe suffering, and which are more popularly termed poisons.

The progress of chemistry in recent years has been so great that many substances entirely unknown a hundred years ago, at least outside the laboratories of chemists, are now produced in enormous quantities, and employed in numerous manufacturing operations. Many of these are violently poisonous; and thus, although the deaths due to poison wilfully and wickedly administered are probably much fewer, the actual number of deaths, and of persons who suffer from poison, is continually increasing, owing to the greater liability to accidents and mistakes.

I.—Mineral and other Irritant Poisons.

Poisons may be conveniently divided into two classes:—Irritants and narcotics. The former are principally derived from mineral sources; and act chiefly by corroding and irritating the gullet, stomach, and intestines; or by absorption into the tissues and blood, and so altering or destroying the vital functions. With most of them two kinds of poisoning occur. When a quantity sufficient to cause death is swallowed, severe pains are soon felt in the abdomen, followed by nausea, vomiting, and other symptoms peculiar to the different poisons. Medical men call this *acute* poisoning. But when smaller and even harmless doses are taken repeatedly and constantly, the poison appears to accumulate in the system, and finally produces serious suffering and even death. This *chronic* poisoning is often very difficult to distinguish from disease, though in most cases there are certain marks which indicate the cause of the suffering to experts. This is all the more important as the only effectual remedy is the removal of the source of the poison.

Recovery from acute poisoning on the other hand depends on the prompt administration of antidotes, or the removal of the poison from the stomach. The latter is by far the most important. Fortunately most of these poisons in large doses naturally produce vomiting, and on discovering that a person has swallowed poison, the first thing to do is to assist this action by an emetic. A convenient material for this purpose is mustard made into a thin cream with warm water. Two or three spoonfuls of this will usually produce the desired effect, and it should be repeated every few minutes. The emetics may be assisted by oily or albuminous drinks, made from linseed-meal, raw eggs, and oils, with warm water; and along with these the appropriate antidotes. Hot greasy water may also be used to promote vomiting; but no time should be lost in getting a doctor, as the stomach-pump is usually superior to other means for clearing the stomach.

In the case of persons swallowing any of the strong acids, such as oil of vitriol or aqua-fortis, or the caustic alkalies, this treatment cannot be used. The lining membranes of the gullet and stomach are instantly destroyed, and a neutralising liquid must be administered. For acids the best and most convenient antidote is washing or baking soda dissolved in warm barley-water; and for the alkalies a mixture of strong vinegar and water. Unless these are swallowed without delay there is great danger of the mucous membranes swelling up and producing suffocation. A liquid even more dangerous than these is carbolic

acid, now largely used for disinfecting purposes. For it there is no known antidote, but its smell should be sufficient to warn anyone of its character; though neither the taste nor smell of any of these corrosive liquids are observed till too late, when hurriedly drunk. Accidents are, however, unfrequent, and it is generally only in cases of suicide that they are swallowed.

In popular estimation arsenic is almost synonymous with poison, and practically the idea is just. There can be no doubt that this substance was the material oftenest used in the wholesale poisonings of the middle ages, especially where it was desired to get rid of obnoxious or inconvenient persons by slow and lingering symptoms which should have all the appearance of disease. At the present day it is about the last poison anyone, with any knowledge of the subject, would choose for murderous designs. In small doses its simulation of disease is, indeed, close, but a doctor could hardly fail to detect the difference, and with the slightest grounds for suspicion exposure is almost certain. Arsenic is now, however, extensively employed in the preparation of a great number of substances. Even where this is not the case commercial chemical manufactures often contain it as an impurity, owing to the employment of oil of vitriol and spirits of salt in their preparation. Drugs and articles of food are often contaminated in this way. White vinegar for instance has been found with traces of the poison. This liquid is now largely prepared from crude pyroligneous acid, and derives the arsenic from the oil of vitriol used in its purification. It is also not an unfrequent practice to adulterate vinegar with mineral acids. If these are pure, and only a small quantity is used, no great harm is done; but owing to the arsenic in the commercial acids the practice is dangerous, and vinegar which gets milky when mixed with a few drops of a solution of sugar of lead or lime water should be avoided. The same objection applies to the method of using carbonate of soda and hydrochloric acid in place of yeast in bread and biscuit-making. The acid used is never entirely free from arsenic. The dangers from these and similar sources are fortunately exceptional, as they can only assume an acute form where several circumstances combine to cause an extraordinary degree of contamination.

More serious troubles arise from the employment of arsenical compounds in the manufacture of pigments and colours, and in the operations of dyeing and calico-printing. The aniline colours, harmless enough in themselves, often appear to be poisonous, owing to arsenical contamination from imperfect or careless purification. A rather curious case of this kind occurred some time ago. A business man suffered from severe and continuous headaches. His doctor recommended him a week at the sea-side. The change produced the desired effect, but no sooner had he returned to town than the headaches recommenced. A holiday was again tried with complete success, only to be followed with a recurrence of the headaches a few days after his return to town. This went on for some months till the doctor began to suspect some external cause, and instituted inquiries regarding the food, drink, wall-papers, &c., but without success. At length the patient laid aside for a few days a hat he had always worn in town. The headaches ceased, but returned when the hat was again worn. Subsequent experiments left no doubt that the lining, coloured with a red aniline dye, was the source of mischief. Similar instances have been noticed, and the aniline colours have to some extent become objects of suspicion and distrust; but experiments have shown that most of the pure dyes have no injurious action on a healthy skin and there can be little doubt such effects are really due to arsenical contamination.

Mothers ought, however, to be careful not to allow their infants to chew bright-coloured ribbons or other dyed fabrics. The colour-boxes that delight older children are, also, not entirely free from suspicion, even where they profess to be non-poisonous, as the paints are usually prepared from aniline colours. Every effort should be made to teach children the very difficult lesson of never on any account putting the paints or brushes into their mouths.

Leaving these indirect sources, which after all are only occasionally the causes of discomfort, and seldom of any serious mischief, we come now to substances which are wholly or partially composed of arsenic. Of these the arsenical pigments cause, perhaps, the greatest amount of suffering, though seldom leading to fatal results. None of them are at once more dangerous and more common than the bright and cheerful greens which, under various names —emerald green, Vienna green, grass green, Scheele's green, &c.—are so pleasing and soothing to our eyes. These are essentially compounds of arsenic and copper. Immense quantities of the pigments are manufactured and sold for all sorts of purposes. As paints no other greens can compete with them in cheapness, durability, or brilliant appearance. Mixed with oil and well varnished, no objection can be taken to their use for many purposes of house and garden decoration. But they are inadmissible in the kitchen, or on vessels, or stores for provisions. Yet such paints are often employed in a very rough form on the shelves of bakers' and grocers' shops, and cases have been known of loaves being sold with pieces of the paint, sufficient to poison more than one person, sticking to them. Their use in wall-papers, and especially in cheap "faced" papers, is better known. No other compound will produce, in as permanent a form, the peculiar grass-like green which gives bedrooms and sitting-rooms so bright and cheerful an appearance. Such papers, though cheap, are very roughly prepared. The pigment, mixed with chalk and sized liquid, is loosely stamped or painted on rough porous paper, and is easily rubbed off and diffused through the air of the room. The heat, too, vaporizes the arsenic; and the inmates often suffer from headaches, dryness in the throat and tongue, and severe depression, especially after the rooms have been newly-papered. Women, being oftener and longer in such rooms, suffer more than the other sex; and probably many of the headaches and much of the general prostration to which they are liable might be traced to this source. But it is not in bright green only that arsenic is found. The pigment is so cheap that it is mixed with many others to give different shades of bluish green, grey, &c. As a rule the arsenical nature of these papers can be easily detected. If pieces of the paper are laid on white sheets of paper, and a few drops of ammonia or spirits of hartshorn are poured on it, arsenical greens give, in a few minutes, a greenish yellow ring on the edges of the liquid. The same green pigments are employed to colour wax candles and tapers. When a great number of these lights are burnt, the air of even a large room is poisoned, and produces the usual headaches and nausea. A still more reprehensible use of the pigments is in colouring confectionery and children's toys. In France, Belgium, and some other countries this is prohibited, and in our own country their use in articles of food is illegal. But the law is not efficiently carried out, and there is nothing to prevent their use on toys, and for colouring the papers and ornaments on sweets; while the fancy articles common at Christmas and other festive occasions are still oftener poisoned. Careful attention should be given to children's sweets and toys, and anything suspicious should be at once confiscated. Colour boxes, and the small capsules now so common, also often contain arsenical colours. Young artists of both sexes are apt to get their faces and fingers smeared, and it is no uncommon practice to assist the mixing by a copious application of saliva to the brushes; while, if left in the way of very young children, the chances are that they will find their way to that universal infant receptacle—the mouth.

White arsenic is itself used for various purposes about the house. Either alone or mixed with sugar and other substances, it is used for rat poison; and it is often employed in preparing animal and bird skins for stuffing. By farmers it is used to prepare sheep washes, and for steeping grain to preserve it from mould. The purchasers of these articles are not always aware of their dangerous qualities, but more often accidents arise from mere carelessness, and a preference for Aunt Dinah's untidy habit of keeping things handy. Arsenic is very similar in appearance to salt or powdered sugar, and a parcel of it kept any way near these articles may be innocently thrown into soup, or coffee, or other articles of food; or children on an exploring expedition may hastily swallow it in a mistake for sugar. Fly papers and fly powders are even more dangerous if left in the way of young children, as they are usually prepared with mixed sugar and arsenic, and have a sweet taste. Yellow compounds of arsenic are also used as paints, and in the manufacture of fireworks, but they are not quite so poisonous.

The amount of any of these forms of the poison that may be taken without producing dangerous symptoms varies exceedingly, depending on the form and actual amount of the poison present. In solutions less than half a grain produces very severe symptoms, and anything over a grain may cause death. The dry substance is not so active, but a grain is a dangerous dose. With larger doses the characteristic symptoms—nausea, shivering, pain in the stomach, and violent headaches, with vomiting—usually show themselves in less than an hour. After assisting the vomiting by emetics and otherwise, as already described, mixtures of gum water, beaten up with raw eggs, should be alternately administered with a mixture of hydrate of magnesia and persulphate of iron. When these are not at hand, a mixture of lime water and olive oil, and even of chalk or magnesia shaken up with milk, have been found useful. The so-called "lime-juice and glycerine" hair-wash may be given in an emergency. It is really a mixture of oil and lime water with lemon flavouring. When large doses have been swallowed recovery depends chiefly on copious vomiting, or the use of the stomach pump. The violent symptoms are usually followed by nervous irritability and headaches, and patients must be treated for several days with strong purgatives—castor oil or Epsom salts—in order to eliminate the last traces of the poison from the system; otherwise they may suffer from its effects for months or even years. Notwithstanding its extremely poisonous character, arsenic is used in medicine in very minute doses, especially for skin diseases, and ladies occasionally employ it, either internally, or as a cosmetic, to give a clear and bright complexion. Extreme care must, however, be taken, and its use is never without danger. Doses which will have no effect on most persons produce alarming symptoms in others, and it should never be employed except under medical advice.

(*To be concluded.*)

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.

BRINGING IN THE WOOD.

CHAPTER XVII.

MORE COMFORTS.

I SHOULD have begun the construction of my fireplace immediately, had it not been necessary in the first place to provide myself with mortar; this was not a difficult matter, seeing I was surrounded with limestone, but then that must first be burned. For this purpose I made a stove of unplastered bricks, and having burnt the limestone, with the aid of sand and water prepared the mortar, after which, my temporary stove having shown several defects both in construction and position, I improved upon it and was able to complete a fireplace of ample proportions and good drawing powers. The chimney was carried obliquely to an opening high upon the side overlooking the ocean, and was supported by pillars of brick, between which I inserted several planks, so forming a cupboard to which I hoped ultimately to fix doors. I now spent several days in providing the castle with firing, which I stored away in my caves.

I next occupied myself in finding a safe spot in which to sow the corn which I had saved from the wreck, and selected a piece of sloping ground on the shore of the lake, where, remembering the precaution taken by my ancestor, I sowed only one half of my stock, reserving the rest in case any calamity might befall my first crop.

The remainder of the autumn I employed in supplying my larder with whatever the island afforded, so that in about three weeks I had laid in a store of rice, honey, grapes, bread-fruit and maize; whilst my firewood was amply sufficient to last three months, if necessary. Shortly after these repeated voyages I betook myself entirely to my castle, glad of the repose after so much fatigue in collecting my harvest. I was tolerably comfortable now, considering my isolated condition; and it was a pleasure to arrange and re-arrange my few possessions.

In the upper part, which, to distinguish it from the rest, I called the hall, I kept only such articles as were necessary for immediate use, others being consigned to the vaults. I managed to drag the carpenter's chest up, after having first emptied it of the tools, which I carried up separately. This, placed in the middle of one side of the hall, was quite a handsome piece of furniture.

I then turned my attention to enlarging a hollow at one end of the cave. It took me the whole of the next three months to complete this, for I only worked at it at intervals, having many other things of great importance to occupy my time, but, when finished, I made it my bedroom.

The fireplace in my sitting-room was in a recess near the exterior wall, and in this recess I erected, just opposite the fire, a few shelves, the topmost of which served as a kitchen table on which to cut up meat, clean vegetables, and perform other culinary operations; underneath this I had a small store of firewood, constantly replenished from the vaults, and in a corner I collected the refuse before carrying it down to the vaults, where, being very careful not to waste anything which might possibly be useful in the future, I had an amusing collection of articles, such as grease for making candles, skins and furs for making either clothes or boots, all kept with greatest cleanliness, as I knew how much health depends upon this, and felt it would be terrible to be attacked with an illness in my present lonely state.

Another of my winter labours was the construction of a flour mill, and it was, I think, one of the most difficult of all my undertakings. I considered the simplest form to be one which I remembered having seen at Pompeii, when as a child I had been taken by my parents for a trip to Italy. With a very great amount of labour and patience, I succeeded in excavating a hollow in a large block of limestone; then, taking a second block I rounded the extremity so as to fit into the hollow, and, piercing a hole, I passed a stout stick through it with which to turn my mill. When finished I placed it in the centre of the hall, where there was sufficient space around for working it, which, in order to perfect it, I did for a long time without any grist, by which means the roughness and imperfections were smoothed away.

From side to side of the roof I fastened ropes, on which I hung my grapes and Indian corn; and the only two jars I could find unbroken, amidst the wreckage I collected, I filled—the one with honey, the other with grease. I made myself two useful basins out of cocoa-nut shells, and two empty bottles served for candlesticks.

So passed the winter months, the evenings being devoted many of them to the reparation of my wardrobe. My boots being quite worn out, I now took to those of the poor sempstress, the only available pair, for the sailor's boots were rather too gigantic in dimensions for my use.

Being fortunately well provided with sewing materials, I was able, what with cutting and turning about, to make a very respectable suit of clothes, which I trusted would last me all through the following summer; for it was strong

"I WAS ABLE TO MAKE A VERY RESPECTABLE SUIT OF CLOTHES."

THE SCARECROW.

and serviceable, made for use and not for show, although I felt rather proud of it, as more common-sense in style than some of the ever-varying phantasies of fashion. I made it with a skirt descending a little below the knees, over a pair of full trousers or knickerbockers, as we now call them; whilst a jacket well furnished with pockets completed my costume.

It must not be supposed I remained a prisoner at home all this time; on the contrary, I seldom passed a day without going out in search of game, bringing back a hare or a wild-fowl. I was equally content, though, with a dinner of shell-fish, whenever I failed to provide myself with animal food. Salt, that very necessary adjunct to a meal, I was fortunately able to procure in sufficient quantities and of good quality by evaporation of sea-water, for accomplishing which I lighted a fire on the beach and spent whole days there.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SPRING RETURNS.

As the days began to lengthen, I remained more in the open air, watching the spring break forth in all her beauty, and from time to time visiting the now familiar spots in my island. My most frequent visits were to my cornfield, where I was at last gratified by the appearance of the tender blade, and forthwith set to work with my axe to construct a hedge around; I also stuck a scarecrow in the midst to frighten away the numerous birds. It was on one of these excursions I met with a large family of chickens, whose parents I recognised as the same fowls I had rescued from the wreck; I left them to run wild and produce as many more as possible, trusting to chance to discover their eggs when required. Later on I hoped to be able to domesticate them, but at present had no convenient place for them.

Soon after this I made a little journey to the small isle in the lake. I had to swim to it, and found it so luxuriant and sheltered a spot that I collected the brood of chicks and consigned them to it; by making this their home I should always know where to find them when wanted, and thus be saved the trouble of searching for them. I should have placed my cow here had she not been needed so frequently to act as a beast of burden; nor would the isle do altogether as a farmyard, in consequence of the difficulty of transport.

Here I found potatoes growing freely, though their quality was not such as cultivation will produce, so I set to work to divide a portion off for garden ground by making a kind of paling.

Observing the lake to be well-stocked with fish, as might naturally be supposed in a country where, apparently, the foot of man had never trod, I bethought me how I could best entrap the finny tribe, whether by net or line. I remembered the tall reeds I had rowed between at the entrance of the Nile, and thought what fine rods they would make; but having no hooks, and angling requiring more time than I had to spare, I reverted to the idea of netting. Here, however, was a similar difficulty: I had not sufficient cord with which to make a net; but that "necessity is the mother of invention" I now proved. Fixing a stout pole some distance in the water, I attached a long rope to it, then fastening a bait, in which was hidden a crooked nail, to the end I left the whole to such fortune as Providence might grant me, and started off to secure one of the canes.

My walk leading me through El Dorado, I was gratified by remarking how vegetation was thriving, and my knowledge of botany teaching me what was useful and what hurtful, I gathered several fresh green young plants with which to vary my table. Amongst these was the nettle, so wholesome during the spring, and which, could we English people divest ourselves of our prejudice and ignorance concerning it, would afford us a good and cheap vegetable; I also found sage and squills, or wild onion, both valuable for their medicinal properties. All these things being safely placed in the pouch which hung by my side, I was again proceeding on my way when I was intercepted by a thick underwood, through which it seemed impossible to make my way. I was turning aside to take another route, but a very delicate perfume arresting my attention, I stopped to see whence it proceeded, and discovered that it was a thicket of the clove-bearing tree which had formed a barrier to my progress, and the scent from the young buds of which had thus embalmed the air.

Having reached the river's mouth, I cut a fine bamboo and at once retraced my steps, intending to take home a supply of cloves, not as a luxury, but for the sake of their medicinal qualities, and was busily engaged in gathering them when I heard a tremendous screaming of birds, and looking around saw several gaudy parrots perched upon the branches. I suppose they objected to an intruder within their domains; at any rate, they continued their shrill noise the whole time I remained.

On my way back I examined my line, and finding, rather to my surprise, considering the rudeness of my fishing tackle, that a fine fish had been caught in my toils, I again baited the line and returned home with my spoil.

(*To be continued.*)

A FINE FISH.

GIRLS' CHRISTIAN NAMES.

(*Continued fom page* 355.)

ROYSIA, ROHESIA, ROESE, or ROISIA, is an old English name, *date* about 1180; often confounded with Rose. Derivation doubtful.

RUTH. *Hebrew.* Beauty, or Friend. Prov. xvii. 17. *Date* 1630.

SABINA. *Fem.* of Sabinus. *Latin.* Savin. (An herb.) *Date* 1249. Psalm ciii. 15.

SALOME or SHELOMITH. *Fem.* of Solomon. *Hebrew.* Peace. John xvi. 33.

SAPPHIRA. *Hebrew.* Sapphire. Job xxviii. 12, 16. *Date* 1650.

SARAH. *Hebrew.* Princess. *Date* 1175. 1 Peter iii. 5, 6.

SELINA or SELENE. *Greek.* The moon. *Date* 1707. Psalm cxxxvi. 9.

SERENA. *Latin.* Calm. *Date* 1229. Isaiah xxxii. 18.

SIDONIA. *Hebrew.* Fishing. Matt. iv. 19. *Modern date.*

SILVIA or SYLVIA. *Latin.* A wood. Ezek. xxxiv. 25. *Date* 1600.

SOPHIA. *Greek.* Wisdom. *Date* 1590. Eccl. vii. 19.

SOPHRONIA. *Greek.* Sober-minded. Titus ii. 5. *Modern date.*

STEPHANIE. *Fem.* of Stephen. *Greek.* Garland. Rev. ii. 10. *Date* 1376.

SUSAN or SUSANNA. *Hebrew.* Lily. Hosea xiv. 5. *Date* 1228, but uncommon until 1550.

SYBIL or SIBYL. *Greek.* The counsel of God. *Date* 1090. Acts ii. 23.

SYDNEY or SIDNEY. Either the cultivated island, or a corruption of St. Denis. *Gothic. Modern date.* Isaiah li. 5.

TABITHA. *Hebrew.* Gazelle (the most beautiful animal of the deer kind). Habb. iii. 19. *Date* 1630.

TAMAR. *Hebrew.* Palm tree. Psalm xcii. 12.

THEODORA or THEODOSIA. *Greek.* Gift of God. *Date* 1643. Psalm lxxxiv. ii.

THEOPHANIA. *Greek.* Manifestation of God. Old *dim.*, Tiffany. *Date* 1214. 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

THERESA. Derivation uncertain; possibly *Greek*, meaning The Reaper, but more likely a corruption of Thirza, which see. Psalm cxxvi. 6. *Date* 1640.

THIRZA. *Hebrew.* Pleasant. Col. i. 10. *Modern date.*

THOMASINA. *Fem.* of Thomas. *Greek.* Twin. *Date* 1369 (old spelling, Thomasia, *dim.* Tamzine.) Eccl. iv. 8-10.

TRYPHENA. *Greek.* Effeminate, dainty. 1 Tim. v. 6. *Date* 1650.

UNA. *Celtic.* Wave. James i. 6, 7. *Modern date.*

URANIA. *Greek.* Heavenly. Phil. iii. 20.

URSULA. *Latin.* A little bear. *Dim.* of Ursa. *Date* 1175. Isaiah xi. 7.

VALERIA. *Fem.* of Valerius. *Latin.* Eagle, or Healthy. Psalm ciii. 5. *Modern date.*

VERONICA. *Greek.* True image. Col. iii. 10. *Modern date.*

VICTORIA. *Fem.* of Victorius or Victor. *Latin.* Conqueror. *Date* 1819. Rev. xxi. 7.

VIOLANTE. The Spanish form of Violet: old spelling, Iolande, Iolanthe, Yolande. Cant. v. 13. *Modern date.*

VIRGINIA. *Fem.* of Virginius. *Latin.* Virgin. 2 Cor. xi. 2. *Modern date.*

VOLUMNIA. *Latin.* Well-wishing. 2 Cor. xiii. 9.

WILHELMINA. *Fem.* of William. *Gothic.* Defending many. *Date* 1321. Isaiah xxxiii. 2.

WINIFRED. *Gothic.* Peaceful conqueror. *Date* 1558. (This name, as used in Wales, is a corruption of Guinevere, and has nothing to do with the real Winifred.) 1 John v. 5.

ZERUIAH. *Hebrew.* Cleft, rift. Exod. xxxiii. 22. *Date* 1650.

ZILLAH. *Hebrew.* Shadow. Psalm xci. 1. *Date* 1650.

ZILPAH. *Hebrew.* Dropping. Prov. xix. 13. *Date* 1650.

ZIPPORAH. *Hebrew.* Bird. Luke xii. 6, 7. *Date* 1650.

ZOE. *Greek.* Life. Mark viii. 35. *Modern date.*

ANECDOTES OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE ROYAL FAMILY.

MARTHA BRAITHWAITE, the niece and biographer of the good quakeress Christine Majolier Alsop, has recorded some interesting anecdotes of the Queen and of some of the Royal Family.

"One of my greatest treats, the full value of which I did not realise as a child, was to go with my aunt to Buckingham Palace, or Windsor; where she had the extreme pleasure of seeing the young princes and princesses from time to time. She had become known to them in this way. Madame Rollande, a great friend of my aunt, became French governess to the Royal family. My aunt often visited her; and, in consequence, often saw the Royal children. Her sweet manners won their love; and they very early gave her the name of 'La Bonne Dame.' They wrote and spoke to her chiefly in French. It was natural that Her Majesty the Queen should often hear her children speak of 'La chère Bonne Dame;' and that the Queen should inquire of Madame Rollande who the lady was. Her Majesty was informed that Mrs. Alsop had spent most of her early life as the adopted child of William Allen, who had been a kind friend and one of the executors of the Duke of Kent. The Queen remembered his name, and wished my aunt to be told that Her Majesty was graciously pleased to allow the continuance of intercourse between the Royal children and Mrs. Alsop.

"From that time many were the interesting visits paid by my aunt to Buckingham Palace. I accompanied her in most of them, and was most kindly received. I should have forgotten many details had not my aunt liked to tell me of things I had said as a child. One of these occasions was a most special visit, when the Queen herself had expressed a wish to see her. Being myself unable to accompany my aunt, Mrs. Ashby, of Staines, went with her. The interview that followed was deemed the most rare privilege. The conversation was carried on in French, a gracious courtesy to a Frenchwoman. Incidentally the Queen expressed her approval that my aunt still retained her 'pretty costume,' as she termed it—*i.e.*, that of the Friends. These visits were looked upon by my aunt as involving a grave responsibility—a responsibility which increased as the Royal children grew up. She accepted them as an opportunity given her by God of interesting those in high position in the welfare of the poor and suffering. They indeed always show the greatest sympathy for all good works; and were ever ready to give their support to efforts made to promote the well-being of suffering humanity.

"This intercourse was much aided by the courtesy of the different ladies who held the position of governess to the Royal family; and between them and my dear aunt the kindly feeling deepened into lasting friendship.

"As time passed on, and the Royal marriages took place, it was, on each occasion, a great pleasure to my aunt to give something of her own work. This was always accepted with the kindest acknowledgment. So much was her work admired that she had the honour of knitting a *couvre-pied* for the Queen. My aunt was very clever with her fingers, and was an adept in knitting, which she called her 'play work.' Of her skill the Crown Princess of Prussia says, in thanking her for some babies' shoes: 'They are so beautifully worked that the best knitters here cannot succeed in copying them.'

"In times of special joy and sorrow my aunt always wrote to express such true and kindly sympathy as could not but touch a chord in loving hearts, such as theirs are known to be. One sad occasion, which called for the deepest sympathy, was the death of the Prince Consort, for whose noble character she had the greatest regard. To one having these feelings of loyalty the 'Life of Prince Consort' was made doubly interesting by coming as a gift from the Queen, with the following message, sent through Mademoiselle Norel, in French:—'The Queen sends you the first volume of the Life of the Prince Consort, which Her Majesty thinks you have not perhaps got; and which will interest you, more especially from the attachment you have always felt towards the Royal family, by which Her Majesty has been much touched.'

"The death of the beloved Princess Alice was very deeply felt by my dear aunt. She had received, but a few days before, a most kind letter from the Princess herself, through her secretary—the Baroness de Grancy—expressing thanks for a letter relating to the loss of her child, whom she was so soon to follow. With the letter came also a very sweet photograph of the Princess.

"Mrs. Alsop received many little gifts from the Royal family—chiefly photographs; the most valuable being one—cabinet size—of the Queen, from Her Majesty herself, with her autograph upon it. Another gift was Her Majesty's book—'Our Tour in the Highlands.'

"At the time of my aunt's greatest bereavement, when she lost her dear husband, the heartfelt Royal sympathy was very precious to her. The Queen at once sent a message of condolence; and of the kind letters received from the Princesses, one from the Princess Christian was full of the sweetest comforts. The Queen's message, again sent through Mademoiselle Norel, ran thus:—'Her Majesty deeply shares your sorrow, and has charged me to express all her regrets, and the hope that you will be sustained in this affliction by the One that you and good Mr. Alsop have always served with so much zeal. The Queen desires to have the photographs of you both, if you have any.' On receiving this message, my aunt, amid her own overwhelming sorrow, felt the consideration due to the Queen, and asked me to fetch her writing materials. I raised her in bed, and supported her whilst she wrote a letter of grateful acknowledgment, and enclosed photographs of herself and her husband."

These incidents thus brought to light in the memoir of a comparatively unknown life, are gratifying illustrations of what all know by rumour, the kind, thoughtful, sympathetic spirit of our good and gracious Queen.

NEW MUSIC.

DUFF AND STEWART.

What an Angel Heard. Ballad. Words and music by Louisa Gray. Also, by the same composer, *The Thread of the Story.* Both these songs are set in two keys—C and E. They are simple and pretty, and may be very easily played and sung.

J. AND W. CHESTER and W. J. WILLCOCKS AND CO.

Slumber Song. Words by Tieck. Music by Frederick Corder.—A most refined and superior song; the accompaniment is suggestive of rest; the music as well as words require tender feeling in the rendering.

Valsette. Pour le piano. Par Otto Schweizer.—A pretty little drawing-room piece, in five flats, easily acquired.

Suite. Fur das pianoforte. Von Otto Schweizer.—No. 1, "Praludium." An excellent study for the left hand.—No. 2, "Pastorale." A good exercise for the rapid movement and changing of the right and left hands.—No. 3, "Grave." An expressive melody in E flat.—No. 4, "Tempo di Gavotte." We are very charmed with this Gavotte. It is melodious, well marked, and within the capabilities of many. We strongly recommend it to our girls.

DAVID SWAN.

Nora's Vow. Words by Sir Walter Scott. Music composed by David B. Johnstone.—A song written in D with two sharps, presenting no difficulties.

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

Dolly. Words by Beatrice Esmond. Music by Elizabeth Philp. Written in two keys—No. 1 in F, No. 2 in G.—A pretty, light, and airy song, appropriately set to the oft-told "Old, old story." The second part—

"If maidens will be fair,
And there's someone passing there,
One can't say how things may end—
Take care! take care!"

is in waltz time, and forms an agreeable change. We recommend it to our young friends as a pleasing addition to their *répertoire.*

The Little Minstrel. Words and music by Walter Spinney.—A simple song, breathing of tender melancholy; it requires great feeling in the rendering by an appreciative performer.

In the Wood. Poetry by Miss A. Proctor. Music by James F. Downes.—A pleasing song, written in 9-8 time, in the key of F, compass rather above the average. The harmonised chords throughout the accompaniment should be played crisply, to produce the effect intended by the composer.

Natalie. Mazurka de Concert. By Etienne Claudet.—A very pleasing and well-marked mazurka, in the key of G, with short introduction. It is brilliant without being difficult, and may easily be committed to memory.

Scintilla. Impromptu by the same composer, Etienne Claudet.—A short and easy piece in F, and suitable for some of our girls who have not yet aspired to anything particularly difficult.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

M. MAY.—All information respecting instruction by correspondence can be obtained by writing to Mrs. Peile, Trumpington-road, Cambridge. A list will then be sent to you of both the subjects and the teachers, the latter being all members of the University. The fee for a year's course is four guineas, or four months two guineas, teachers so instructed at half-price. You might also write to Miss Roberts, Florence Villas, Torquay, who will supply you with all information respecting the instruction to be obtained by correspondence.

POOR OLD SOUL.—We advise you to read our article on "How to Improve One's Education," pages 637 and 794, vol. ii.

BERTHA S. LAMBETH.—There is a Mission Training House for Ladies in connection with the "C. W. Union." The hon. secretary is Miss Lloyd, 3, Otway-terrace, South Lambeth-road, S.W. Also at 71, Vincent-square, Westminster, S.W.; hon. secretary, Dr. G. Griffith. Full directions for the regular course of training are given at page 191, December 23rd, 1882. We should recommend the latter, as you can then carry out your other wishes.

NOEL.—We suppose you mean the University of London. The Matriculation Examinations are held in January and June, and the age stipulated is "16 years complete." Address for further information the Registrar, University of London, Burlington Gardens, W. Your last query we cannot understand. If you send for the papers you would be able to judge of your own qualifications.

ZMARAGDUS AND SAILOR NAN should read the articles on "How to Improve One's Education," in vol. ii., pages 637 and 794. The article on "How to Form a Small Library," vol. ii., pages 7 and 122, would also be useful to them.

PUDEY.—A good list of foreign proverbs and phrases may be found in Worcester's Dictionary, and in Mair's "Handbook of Proverbs," &c. There are also a number of small books of English proverbs, also a book called "Proverbs of all Nations," by W. K. Kelly, and a mention of proverbs in D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature."

RIVER GOGT.—You will find all you require to know respecting clerkships in the Civil Service at page 543, vol. i. (Answer "Annie"). The number is that for August 21, 1880. Mr. Tarn will supply you with it if you enclose two penny stamps. You write pretty well.

MARGARET HELENA.—See our answer previously made to "River Gogt." All information respecting the examinations will be given on the printed forms with which you will be supplied on application to the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon-row, Westminster.

ANXIOUS SISTER.—Apply to the secretary of the Civil Service Commission in Cannon-row, Westminster. With reference to this, see page 543, vol. i. Whether the ages at which young men are eligible for appointments to clerkships are the same in the case of women you will be informed on application. Direct application must also be made to the secretaries of the several railway companies. There is no expense attending such applications. Of course, if you have any friend connected with one of the last-named companies you would do well to enlist his services and interests in your brother's behalf.

HONEYSUCKLE.—We can only repeat to you the advice often given to others on receipt of similar letters—to write direct to the British chaplain resident at any large foreign town which you have conditionally selected, and be guided by his account of the climate, price of living, and the schools with which he may be more or less acquainted. If satisfied, go there and make personal inquiries and investigations for yourself. You write well.

HOPE.—The National School of Music has ceased to exist. Perhaps the Royal Academy of Music, at 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, W., or Trinity College, London, would suit you. Write to the secretary, who will supply you with all the information you desire. 2. The children under your care are too young to understand figures. At such tender ages instruction is best given by talking and reading to them, and showing them pictures, and teaching them verses of children's hymns and songs, not as tasks, but more after the manner of play.

COOKERY.

DOOL-RAGUE.—The "under cut" of the sirloin of beef should be placed uppermost when served, and carved across the bones. 2. There is a small fish, of about four or five inches long, called a "miller's thumb," from a fancied resemblance to it, looking broad and round, when used to test the quality of flour. There is a saying, "Every honest miller has a thumb of gold."

PEEL.—Lemons are imported all the year round, but they come freshly into England in June. They should be kept in a dry, airy place, hung up in little netted string bags.

DAPHNE, GOOSE, and DONKEY would do well to obtain Francatelli's book, which contains a very full notice of all branches of confectionery. The nine recipes they ask for are long, and would none of them be interesting to the majority of our readers. We think "D," "G," and "D" are one and the same person, judging from the writing.

VALENTINE.—The custard should never boil, as boiling will curdle it. It may be stirred in the saucepan till it thickens, or poured into a jug and stirred till cool. Then pour into cups, grate a little nutmeg on the top, and stand in a cool oven until they be set. The full description of curing skins was given at page 368, vol. iii. Many thanks for your kind note.

MUSIC.

E. C.—We should advise you to read our article on "What is a Correct Musical Taste," vol. ii., page 83, which will give you the guidance you need.

AN ADMIRING SUBSCRIBER.—Read "How to Play Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words," pages 537, 548, vol. ii. The method is fully described.

ONE WHO WISHES TO IMPROVE.—Count 1, 2, 3, 4 to the crotchet in the single bar. The meaning of the term "pseudonym" is "a fictitious name assumed for the time."

KEE WEE.—S F Z, written "sfz," mean "sforzando." We think you have copied the letters wrongly.

CHERRIE.—You ask too many questions. You had better obtain one of Novello's music primers. Both your questions as to the time of learning the two instruments depend for an answer on your own ability and perseverance. You should practise on a harmonium.

COURADIN.—Go to the nearest good bookseller and order the books you need. We do not give addresses. We believe Stephen Heller is dead, but Madame Heller still plays at concerts in London. Rubinstein is alive.

CAPTAIN GREER'S SISTER.—From what you say, we think you should engage an Italian singing-master, whether you continue your piano lessons or not. The quality of your voice must be decided by its peculiar tone; low notes do not necessarily make it a "contralto," and unless we heard you sing we could not tell you on which note your voice breaks and where the "head notes" should begin. An Italian master would tell you this; it is so that they teach in Italy. See "Home Accomplishments" (How to Sing a Song), pages 54 and 55, vol. i. Your letter needs no apology, it is very polite, and no rules of ours have been broken.

GERTRUDE SMITH.—Perhaps you are suffering from blood-poisoning. The cisterns should be examined, and also the drainage, and any rubbish heaps or ponds near the house attended to. A chemist should make you a carbolic wash for your mouth; never touch your tongue with caustic on any account. Perhaps your digestion is at fault, or you may have acidity in the blood to counteract. We can judge as strangers, knowing nothing but the mere fact of your one symptom. Consult a doctor.

PINA.—The best advice in our power to give you is to make a direct application for their printed terms and rules. We wish we could aid you further in reference to the Frankfort Conservatorium.

ART.

RIVIERE.—Verses of Scripture could in no case be "copyright," but the method of illumination and the design might be so. There is nothing to prevent your using the verses how and when you like.

FAITH.—Some articles on oil-painting will be given this year in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER; also instructions on painting on various materials.

A. B. YOUNG.—You should take the opinion of several dealers in old engravings. The value depends on the state of preservation they are in, on the existence of a margin, which was frequently cut off by ignorant people in the early part of this century, and the number extant in the market—not only on the date.

AN ENQUIRER.—Read "Velvet Painting," page 504, vol. ii., in which the entire process is described. We see no reason why you should not colour the background, and we think powder colours would be best, but should advise you to begin by testing the effect of everything on another piece of white velvet. The velvet must be taken off the music stool and stretched on a board.

MIGNONETTE.—We think you have not used the bronze well, and have either neglected shaking it or have had a bad bottle. It usually answers well.

NE M'OUBLIEZ PAS.—We do not in the least comprehend your difficulty about the crystoleum painting, or what you mean by the "unmounted photo." The sandpaper is used to rub off the paper on the back. Read the article with greater attention, and you will find all the information you can possibly want. Your writing is shocking for your age.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LILLIE VINCENT.—Write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for the index and frontispiece, price one shilling.

EXPECTATION.—St. George, the Patron Saint of England, was born in Armenia, and martyred in the reign of Diocletian by decapitation, April 23, 303 A.D. The Dragon represented with him represents the Evil One, over whom the Christian martyr triumphed, and is only an allegorical figure. The same idea is expressed by John Bunyan, in the "Pilgrim's Progress," when "Christian" vanquishes "Apollyon." Satan is called "the Dragon" in the book of Divine Revelation. St. George was said to be the Patron of England in Saxon times, and King Arthur placed his picture on his banners. Your writing is firm and legible, but not graceful.

FREDA.—The young girl of whom you speak should place herself under the care of the Women's Emigration Society, and apply to the hon. secretary, Mrs. Walter Browne, 38, Belgrave-road, S.W. This society facilitates, by advice, and by granting loans, the emigration of educated women to the colonies. There is also the Female Middle Class Emigration Society, of which the secretary is Miss Jane Lewin, 12, Portugal-street, Lincoln's Inn, W.C. Of course a young woman should be chaperoned and arrangements made for her reception on arrival. From what a singular lack of acuteness, and even ordinary powers of perception, your friend must suffer not to be able to distinguish between a sham and a real correspondence! But while one cannot blame her for a natural defect we consider she is fully responsible for using such a vulgar word as "humbug," in reference to matters of which she knows nothing.

GRATEFUL CORRESPONDENT.—1. We advise you to place the needles in sweet oil, and leave them immersed for some time. Then lay them out on a piece of wash-leather, all lying one way, and rub across them with another piece of the leather, rolling them backwards and forwards to dry and cleanse them. After this they should be polished in emery-powder cushions one by one. Were they larger objects we should give you a recipe of a different kind, but the method would be scarcely applicable to needles, and the medium to be employed is a dangerous poison. 2. The copyright of the stories we publish in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is our own. Were a manuscript, such as you describe, sent to us for publication and declined, we should return it; but, as our staff of writers is very full, and we are already much overstocked with stories and articles, we regret that we cannot offer to receive any more for consideration. We thank you for your kind thoughtfulness on our account.

GOLDEN LOCKS.—1. See page 96, vol. i., in reference to the cleaning of gloves. 2. See pages 176, 288, 319, and 390, in reference to the eyes. Your writing is not yet formed, but we think that if you try to write a little rounder, you will write a good one by-and-by

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—Your handwriting is very legible, but not quite flowing enough. It is rather too stiff and angular; this might be remedied by holding your pen longer, that is to say, further away from the pen upwards to the other end of the stick, and practising making beautiful artistic scrolls and flourishes in every form. We return your good wishes cordially, with our thanks.

OLIVETTE.—Apply a very small poultice of moist soap day and night. You will derive benefit after a few days.

VENETIA.—Your query on a question of etiquette has been answered many times already. Introduce a gentleman to a lady always. Your handwriting would be very good if you did not adopt the vulgar style of writing backwards.

CORDELIA complains that we have not "vouchsafed" an answer to her letter. We must, first of all, tell her that this word is not a suitable one for her to use in thus addressing us; secondly, that we do not undertake to answer the same questions over and over again in our correspondence, nor when we have given an article on the subject. If Cordelia would take the trouble of referring to the index of vol. i. she would find no less than six references made to the subject of the "hands," every page being named. Cordelia's writing is not yet formed. She should select a pretty style for a model, and copy it every day carefully.

IGNORANT ONE.—Write for the back numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. Why do you not read the Answers to Correspondence, where you would see that we are perpetually replying to this same very unnecessary question. If you ever require any book always refer to the name of the publisher, at the foot of the title-page, and write direct to the office.

THE MISSES HATCH.—We regret that we cannot undertake to forward penny postage stamps to any one. You can easily procure them amongst your friends.

EMILY JOYCE.—We thank you for your kind letter, and regret that, though the verses express so much religious feeling, we are unable to avail ourselves of them for publication.

JEENIE G.—1. Your eyes appear to be in so very bad a condition that you ought not to trust to any private advice, but obtain good medical advice. It is possible that the complaint may arise from something wrong in the constitution, and of this a doctor could judge who had a personal interview with you. But if he were of opinion that the affection was purely of a local character he would either treat them himself or send you to an oculist. Do not neglect to take immediate steps about so serious an evil, or you may lose the use of your eyes. 2. Inquire of your clergyman what his directions have been to others, and be guided by his wishes.

E. M. C.—Your friends need only to have consulted a concordance of the Holy Scriptures to have seen that to the subject of "pouring oil on troubled waters" no reference is made. We have answered this question many times. This method of quieting a rough sea in any particular spot when, for a moment of emergency, perfect calm is essential, was a very ancient discovery, and has been recently revived and put into practice by means of pipes and machinery in one of our northern ports for the benefit of the vessels crossing a dangerous bar.

VERITAS and ADA GALE are thanked for their kind letters and the "Hidden Birds and Fruit," "Buried Poets, Fish, and Animals," and all the "Decapitations" they have been so good as to send us—a ghastly collection, at least, by name!

FLORA MCDOUAL.—Write to one of the great shipping firms at their offices for passenger steam-packets—such as the Messrs. Allen or Cunard—and apply for particulars respecting the terms on which a stewardess is taken, and offer yourself then (if satisfactory) for any vacancy. There are the lines to the United States, and there are the Australian, New Zealand, Cape, and Indian lines, and also the Mediterranean steamships. We advise you to undertake a short voyage at first. If sick yourself, to attend on others will be rather a trying undertaking.

C. E. B.—Bell-ringing is a science, and the changes that may be produced even with but an imperfect peal are very great in number. All have distinguishing names; and that to which you refer, of clashing all together simultaneously, is called "firing," in allusion to a discharge of musketry. Heard at a little distance it has a very fine effect. Discords increase the delight of harmony, if not excessively used.

LEBASI.—Perhaps you have made some mistake in the title of the society. There is the Bible Learners' Union, in reference to which you should address Miss Brine, the Ferns, 131, Malpas-road, Brockley, S.E. We draw the attention of other of our correspondents to this.

ANNE LOWE.—1. We are disposed to think that your feelings are rather of a morbid character. You reproach yourself for not continuing to mourn over the loss of your baby, when your chief consolation was drawn from "what Christ said about little children." He has enabled you to recover from the shock you were called upon to endure, and to derive pleasure from a natural interest in those comforts which He has still left to you. Remember what David said and did when his child was taken from him. 2. If you can knit or do crochet-work, you might make many things for the poor, old or young, at small cost, using "fingering-wool," etc.; or you might go to sit awhile with infirm or aged people, to read to them, if you have much leisure time. All our correspondents are regarded as "our girls," and you may include yourself among them.

ASTARTE.—Of course, put "Miss Jane Smith has the pleasure," etc.

NIKEN.—Read what "Medicus" has said about neuralgia at pages 320 and 383. The state of the health generally, food, clothing, climate, and soil, and surroundings of the house, are all to be considered in connexion with the causes of neuralgia and cures to be prescribed.

FROM ANTONIA.—Use gum arabic to fasten on your ferns, and place narrow strips of paper across the stalks; when pressing them, change the blotting or pressing-paper very often, so that they may be constantly changed into dry sheets.

LONICERA.—The lines beginning, "Stop up the access and passage to remorse," are from *Macbeth*, act i. scene 5. They are spoken by Lady Macbeth.

L. M. B.—We know of nothing to prevent the brass from tarnishing, except constant care and rubbing with a leather daily.

A GIRL OF EIGHTEEN.—We think your epistle to us may fairly be called "dogmatic." How fortunate to have numbered but eighteen summers, and yet to be so wise and able to instruct everyone, even in the business to which they may have devoted the better part of their lives! The rounded periods and grandiloquent language you employ belong to the best classical period of the last century. Being somewhat diffident ourselves, we felt overwhelmed at first by your disapprobation; but the hearty tender encouragement of hundreds of our girls brightened-up the darkened horizon of our New Year. Dear little girl of eighteen, how sorry we are for you, lacking humility, the most necessary of all graces of an estimable character!

NORA K.—You cannot do better than to get your new home linen of the Old Bleach Linen Company; their goods are very satisfactory, not only as regards the texture and patterns, but for the beautiful satin appearance of the cloth. We are glad to find that the Old Bleach Linen Company have adopted the old style of grass bleaching, which practice is now generally disused. We speak from experience, having grass-bleached linen in our possession which has been in use over thirty years.

LITTLE DOT.—So far as we can judge of a specimen so small and so badly preserved, we suppose the scrap of seaweed which you enclose to be one of the red *algæ*, probably the common red *ceramium*.

DOROTHY YOUNG and FLORA.—See the "Art of Penmanship," pages 538-9, and 540, vol. i. There is an unfortunate mistake in the numerals printed. No. 10 is by no means "a nice hand." The best are numbered "4" and "11." We advise you to try to copy either of these. No. "8" is very well formed and regular, but being sloped the wrong way is too much of the clerk style, designed for business. Six lines have been given of the style numbered "4," and four of that numbered "11," quite sufficient for the purpose of copying. We could not send you entire private letters. See also page 42, vol. ii., where you will find a second article on the "Art of Letter-writing," in which specimens of very nice hands are given, such as 1, 2, 3, and 6, No. 3 more especially.

FIREFLY.—We thank you warmly for the cordial good wishes—of the best and highest description—expressed in your pretty and very freely written verses. There is a good "swing" about them, which promises well for future work. We desire all happiness for you in return.

ANXIOUS TO KNOW.—Lord Beaconsfield and Thomas Carlyle both died in 1881, George Eliot in 1880.

SPOTLESS.—We fear nothing will avail to take the spots off entirely, as the colour is a dye; but you might use French chalk scraped on them, so as to hide much of the bad appearance.

THEODORA.—Vol. iv. began with the first number in October, 1882. The heading was a mistake. You could not clean the eider-down petticoat without washing it, unless you sent it to a proper cleaner who uses the new French process, without washing. Eider-down shirts wash beautifully but require careful drying. The dresses of young girls of fourteen or fifteen are almost exactly like their elders, with the exception that full or Norfolk bodies are used to hide the angular lines usual at that age. We will remember your mother's wishes and also your own. Many thanks for your kind and grateful letter.

ORANGE FLOWER.—The American recipe for cleaning white or light-coloured fur is to take equal parts of Indian corn meal and salt, heat them together in a pan in the oven until they are as hot as can be handled without burning yourself. Lay the fur on a clean table and rub gently with the mixture till the dirt is removed, then shake thoroughly.

AMY.—You cannot add a christian name to those registered at your baptism legally, but you may take any name you like, without hindrance from anyone. Only, were succession to property concerned, and money or anything else were left to you by will or deed, your having changed your name, or added another, might prove very awkward, as you would cease to be known by that in which you could be identified with the legatee, or successor to the property.

R. C. E.—You do not tell us from what sort of complaint you are suffering, and there are hospitals for special diseases, consumption, cancer, hip-disease, ophthalmia, and for cripples, &c., while others are for accidents; some giving a temporary, and some a permanent home. Perhaps you might be received into the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children, Lower Seymour-street, Portman-square, W. "Poverty and sickness is the only passport" they profess to require. Write to George Scudamore, Esq., secretary.

M. A. Y.—1. We have many times answered the same question. Arrange flowers and ferns as you wish them to lie between two sheets of blotting paper, and lay a book upon them, changing the paper frequently until all moisture be removed, and they become fixed in their right position. 2. A certain kind of "t" (for there are two sorts) needs no crossing, and these are often adopted in very fine specimens of writing. But in all ordinary hands the crossing is very desirable, as rendering them more legible.

IOTA.—We should imagine the climate would be about the same as that of Jersey. There would be no English visitors during the winter. We are much obliged, but must decline your offer.

MARGUERITE.—Fuller's earth is in no way injurious to the skin, and is considered an excellent cooling application for wounds. Lemon juice and glycerine is considered a good thing to remove tar, we believe.

L. TIPPING.—The Government Annuity tables can be procured from any post office by anyone on inquiry. If you cannot obtain them at your own office, write to the authorities of the Post Office and complain.

CARINA.—September 9, 1864, was a Thursday. January 28, 1861, was a Monday, and January 19, 1854, was a Thursday. There is a tale called "Hypatia," by Charles Kingsley.

LILY.—Tennis was very fashionable in England in the reign of Charles II., by whom it was probably imported from France. It then required a special court to be set apart for it; one of the best of these may be seen at Hampton Court. Lawn tennis is a modification adapted for out-of-door play, and was introduced in 1877 as a successor to croquet. No charge is made for the "Answers to Correspondents" in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

M. TURNER.—We are obliged to you for your letter, but the statement made has no foundation in fact. The matron in question has written to contradict it.

TWO FRENCH GIRLS.—1. You must write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C., for the Christmas number. 2. We fail to perceive any importance in the reply which you quote, as the assertion made was simply a self-evident fact. Still, it is quite possible that there may have been some hidden allusion or double meaning in the words relating to circumstances to which the history may have given no clue.

DOLLY VARDEN.—For advice respecting styes in the eyes, refer to page 272, vol. i. Your writing is legible, but too upright; slope it a little, and it will be more graceful.

PEARL.—The water should be changed once a week in glass containing a hyacinth bulb, until the flower has protruded from it, and then twice a week. Never remove the roots from the glass, when changing the water. Should the bulb show any appearance of softness and disposition to putrefy, add a teaspoonful of powdered charcoal, changing the water every alternate day. The temperature should be of moderate warmth for hyacinths, and they must have plenty of light. They should first be placed in a cold room, and not too near the light, until the roots have well grown, and then into a warm and light one.

E. J. T.—The price of the first volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is six shillings. Address the Publisher, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. You will perhaps like to collect, instead, for the "Girl's Own Home." The paper on this subject appeared in the November part of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and the editor issues, through the Countess of Aberdeen and John Shrimpton, Esq., Hon. Sec. of Homes for Working Girls, the collecting cards. Your spelling needs attention; "hoping," and "truly," neither of them are written with an "e." Where there is a doubt in your mind about any words, look them out in the dictionary, and do not make guesses.

F. ROWE.—We thank you for the prescription which you give us for the benefit of sufferers from chilblains, which we here transcribe. Dissolve one ounce of gum-arabic in as much water as will render it as thick as treacle. Mix into it one ounce of tincture of capsicums, and then spread the mixture on tissue-paper. Lay on three coats, drying each before the application of another, and lay the plaster thus made on the part affected. Certain portions of our magazine are respectively designed to suit girls of all ages; the mother or governess of the little ones can point out to them those parts that are suitable to their several ages and comprehensions. Of course, little girls must be guided in all they read by their mother's wishes and directions.

W. A. A.—Your charming letter, so full of good wishes, so equally full of appreciative remarks, respecting our magazine, has given us most lively pleasure and encouragement. We do indeed trust that "He that heareth prayer will deign (as you say) to answer your requests," so kindly expressed for us and ours. We regret that your remembrance of us at Easter last was not acknowledged; yet, however that may have been, it was not, most assuredly, from indifference. May you be prospered and blest in your far-off home, is our most hearty desire. We shall always be glad to hear from you wherever you may be.

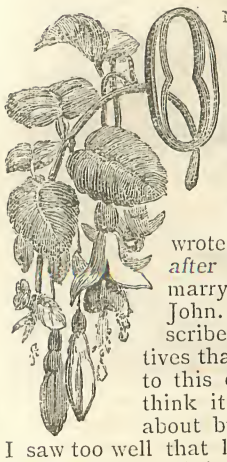
VOL. IV.—NO. 169. MARCH 24, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

BOUND TO EARTH.

By the Author of "Phil's Fortune," &c.

All rights reserved.] "ARE YOU QUITE SURE YOU CAN TRUST YOUR LIFE TO ME?"

CHAPTER XXIII.



ONE day early in May, Fanny Leslie received a letter from Helen, which astonished her not a little at the first reading—

"You will be surprised to hear," Helen wrote, "that I have, *after all*, consented to marry my old friend, John. I can hardly describe to you all the motives that have brought me to this decision; I do not think it would have come about but for my mother. I saw too well that her whole soul was bent upon it, and, indeed, the prospect before us was altogether appalling. John is very good; far too good to have a half-hearted wife. He has cheered papa up wonderfully already, and seems to understand his difficulties so well. He feels quite sure that the sad change in my poor father is really the result of a sorrow and self-reproach he is too proud to acknowledge. I think that is true, but who else among outsiders would be so patient and *generous with* him? The galling inactivity of papa's life, John says, is the worst possible thing, and he intends not to rest until he has found some fresh opening for him. How can I help being grateful? I hope you will forgive me, dear Fanny, for not having written before. I have somehow shrunk from talking about it. I have not yet told even Grace."

"I am heartily glad to find you have so much good sense," Fanny replied. "You will be happy enough, never fear; but try to think so *now*. I envy you your John! He is one of the few true-hearted men this world contains, and you are very fortunate. Let me tell you that yours is a disposition that must love someone, and when you have such a good husband, of course, you will love him. Don't suppose that I advocate marrying without love. I would sooner spend my days in a garret; but I do think that love founded on anything else but solid esteem is beneath contempt. Such a character as John's will compel you to value it more the longer you know it, whereas a greater love for a less worthy individual would stand a fair chance of diminishing or dying out with the familiarity that displays the true character."

To Grace Helen wrote very much the same words, adding, "I do hope I shall make as good a wife as I know John expects to find in me, and that I am doing him no wrong. I like him very much, and do not know anyone I respect more highly. I cannot tell you how considerate and kind he is. Perhaps it is impossible, after all I have gone through, for me to feel the keen sense of happiness I used to feel. Perhaps it may come back in time; at any rate, my decision has brought a great deal of happiness to other people."

Grace was very much troubled.

"It is such a sad letter," she said to her mother. "Oh, I do hope it will be for the best. Poor Helen! who used to be so bright and gay."

"It is a matter in which no one can interfere," Mrs. Hardinge said, thoughtfully. "I think Mr. Mackenzie was right about Helen being unfitted for a hard struggle with the world, and if you were to be the means of staying this marriage she might afterwards bitterly reproach you for having hindered her true happiness. Her mother can be her only adviser, and Helen says she highly approves. She is too fond of Helen to ignore her welfare. I think, too, the way Helen speaks of Mr. Woodward shows something very much approaching affection. No, dear Grace, it is not for us to interfere. We can only ask God to guide and direct her. She is in wiser hands than ours."

The marriage was fixed for an early date, for John was anxious about Helen's health, which he believed could only be restored by removing her as speedily as possible from her present surroundings. The Hardinges were again her best friends, inviting her to stay at their house in order to make the necessary preparations, which were difficult of accomplishment in a remote country town. How diligently Grace stitched away need not be told, nor how John came and charmed them all by his tender devotion to Helen, and his gratitude to her friends for every little kindness.

The modest wedding took place from Dr. Hardinge's house, Grace acting as veritable bridesmaid. Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple came up to town for the occasion, and then went to take charge of the little house in a near suburb, which John had engaged, until the return of the newly married pair, when some arrangement was to be decided upon by which they could still stay near their only child. Morecombe Cottage of dismal memory was vacated for ever and a day.

It was some little time after the marriage that Mr. Mackenzie's picture arrived. Mrs. Hardinge had not wrongly interpreted its signification, for a very early post brought a reply to her own note, which ran as follows:—

"Dear madam,—I thank you and Miss Grace for her message. The picture was intended for her from the date of its completion, if she would have it, which I sorely doubted; so I sent it to the Academy as a sort of delay, for I can hardly say how much my heart was set upon her accepting it. I have never seen anyone like your daughter in all my thirty years, so dutiful a child, so true a friend, so real a Christian. I will always thank you, dear madam, for having made her what she is."

The letter was like the man's life, having its deepest feeling hidden away beneath the surface; nor was his speech much more elaborate.

"Child," he said abruptly, when later on in the same day they were standing alone in the drawing-room, "are you quite sure you can trust your life to me?"

There was nothing of which Grace felt surer. "It is a solemn trust," he said, in his grave Scotch fashion. "By God's help you shall never have cause to regret it." Then he added with less seriousness, "You have not learned to play the Appassionata in your own home; I hope you never may."

"May I not learn to play it through the troubles of others?" Grace asked.

"Ah, no—hardly. Never mind, you may leave that for me; I will play it for you."

"Then you play too? I had no idea ——"

"Only a little," he replied, quickly, "and never but to those I love. Music, as I view it, is sacred in the highest sense. It is the expression of feelings too deep for words. To those who understand, one might betray too much; on those who do not, it is wasted."

"And I think I understand a little," Grace exclaimed, thoughtfully. "Papa and mamma have given me so much in that way, I can never thank them."

"They have given me more; they have given me what no one else could," Mr. Mackenzie added. "We are both their grateful debtors, Grace."

How many girls of nineteen would have been satisfied with this prosaic wooing? It suited Grace's grave, earnest nature far better than adulation and gross flattery would have done. She knew that this man's love was not given to her for any fleeting beauty she might possess. It would have yielded her no real pleasure to be told by him that she was the most beautiful girl in the world. If that had been her only hold upon his affection, she might well tremble for her future. She knew, and rejoiced to think, that it was built upon a more solid foundation, that the bond between them was a sacred one, on which they might expect God's blessing to rest. Each felt that the choice now deliberately made was the one of a lifetime which nothing but death could interfere with, so that, in the two years of waiting which Dr. Hardinge insisted upon, each had as perfect reliance on the other as if the formal vows of a marriage had actually been taken.

The quiet, deep happiness of these two filled Helen with a sort of envy. Grace was her frequent visitor during this first winter of her married life, and indeed almost her only one; for the stigma attaching to her father's name seemed not only to have clung to her, but to have fallen in a measure upon even her husband, and the hardest part of it all was that John's goodness was really the principal cause of this unhappy result.

When first they had returned to their new home, in which Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple were for the time located, John had generously invited them to remain until some satisfactory arrangement could be concluded.

This proved a more difficult matter than his hopefulness had led him to expect. Recent events were too fresh in business men's minds, and Mr. Dalrymple was regarded with suspicion. "Never mind, Helen," John said, cheerfully, when week after week he was obliged to confess his failure. There is plenty of room in the little place. Let them stay on. "I am content with one sitting-room, if you are. Indeed, I like it

better, for I am always sure of finding my wife in it."

"He is so good," Helen said to Grace. "He has quite given up the room that was to have been our drawing-room to papa and mamma. Of course I do not wish to have the drawing-room, but I am afraid it is injuring him. Some friends of John's came to visit us last night, and I could see they thought our arrangements so mean."

"That must have been fancy, dear Helen," Grace suggested. "They would never be so rude as to show it."

"It wasn't fancy. John owned it, though he said he didn't care. They are business friends and they invited themselves," he said to me; "they won't want to come again, and I am sure I don't want them." But, Grace, you should have seen their manner to papa; and, though they were polite enough to me while John was in the room, while he was upstairs a few minutes, one asked me if I had not been Miss Dalrymple before I married. Do you think I did not know what that meant?"

"It was a disgraceful piece of rudeness," Grace said, warmly. "It is very hard for you, Helen; but you will get over it in time, dear. John will not love you the less. It is not as if he did not know beforehand."

"But I have not told you the worst," Helen went on. "Mrs. Woodward came to see me a day or two ago You know I wondered why she had not come before, and John always put it upon the ground of her being still with her invalid sister. You will remember that was the reason given for her not being present at our marriage. But that was not the true reason, and John knew it. She did not approve, and she showed me that very plainly. She was very disparaging about the house, and said that John had done a foolish thing to marry in such a hurry, that he had better have waited until he could take a decent house and furnish it properly. She was good enough to say that she had no objection to me, that she had always liked me and thought I would make a very good wife; but she said it was a mistake for us to have papa and mamma with us, and asked me how much longer they were going to stay. When John came home I taxed him with having concealed from me that his mother did not approve, and he could not deny it; and what is worse, he let out that mamma knew it, and did not mind. I was really very angry, and told him right out that I never would have married him had I known, and he only laughed and said that was just why he did not tell me, and that it would all come right by-and-by. But it will not come right. It is all wrong. I hate John for deceiving me, and I hate myself for my weakness. I know now I ought never to have married at all. It was not fair to either of us. Why is my life so full of trouble, Grace? My burden is heavier than I can bear."

"Dear Helen, I think that is because you try to bear it alone," Grace said, gently. "If you could but feel that you might cast it upon God, it would help you so much."

"I have tried to understand those things, but I can't," Helen said wearily. "God does not help me; I have asked Him, and He has never listened to me."

"Oh, Helen, it must be because you have doubted Him all the time, or asked wrongly. He might not remove the trouble, but if He helped you to see it in quite a different light, so that you did not feel the burden, would that not be a great relief to you?"

"Is it my fault that I have not your faith?" Helen asked bitterly. "Surely God might give me that if He would. I cannot help wondering whether He will hear me, any more than I can feel that I have deserved so much punishment. It is no good for me to hide the truth from you, Grace. I cannot find that kind of consolation."

Grace was unutterably grieved for Helen, but she did not despair. When she and Mr. Mackenzie were walking home together, she gave him some insight into Helen's state of mind.

"Ah, poor thing," he replied. "She cannot pray for herself. Others must do that for her. But, Grace, I doubt there is a fault on both sides. I like her husband much, but I think he would have her lean all upon him, instead of looking higher, and he is leading her astray."

"And it is such a pity," Grace returned, "because he is so good in every other way, and so very, very fond of her. I wish we could see them happier."

"They are both good, in a general sense," Mr. Mackenzie said, "and yet their goodness brings them no happiness. Our own righteousness is but as filthy rags. It is worth nothing of itself. But, Grace, Mrs. Woodward is right about Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple. The world is harsh, and it will go against John Woodward. I would like to help him if my influence might open the way to something."

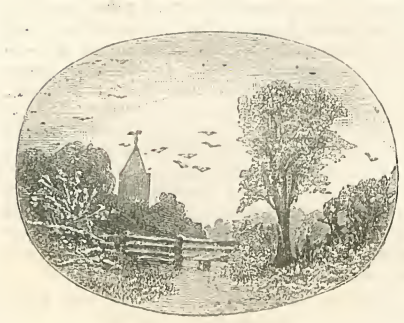
"If you could help them in that way I should be so glad," Grace exclaimed, gratefully. "You helped Helen before. Do you know I thought——"

"Yes, what did you think?"

"That perhaps you wanted to marry her," Grace answered, hesitatingly.

"My dear child," he replied half jokingly. "If you think that of every distressed lassie who falls in my way, you will be a very jealous wife."

(To be continued.)



EVENINGS WITH OUR GREAT LIVING COMPOSERS.

By James Mason.

II.—Charles Gounod.

We met with the enthusiasm of people digging for treasure.

Ralph came last. "I have brought Edmée and François *with me*," said he, "*they* need no introduction," which was true enough, for we had often had them with us before.

"The more the merrier," said Arthur.

It had been agreed at our previous meeting that the composer to follow Wagner, who since that meeting has passed "over to the majority," should be Gounod, and the first to start the subject of the evening was Ralph. "I have heard," he remarked, "that Gounod intends writing his own life."

"That would *be a good thing*," said Annabella; "all great men should write their own lives, and not leave it to other people. It would save such an amount of misunderstanding and misrepresentation afterwards."

"In Gounod's case," said Arthur, "the book would be one of the most valuable of the century, if he would only give us, together with the incidents of his career, the history of his mental development, and an account of those artistic principles which form the basis of his work."

"To go back to the beginning of things," asked Rose, "when and where was Gounod born?"

"In Paris, on the 17th of June, 1818," answered Ralph.

Nora volunteered the information that his mother was a well-known pianist, and that it was from her that the composer had received his first musical instruction.

"They say," said Agnes, "that she was far from well-off."

"When a man attains to eminence," observed Ralph, "people are very apt to magnify the difficulties of his early life. For my part, I have never believed the stories told of Gounod's mother having been so poor that she used to use his manuscripts to light the fire."

"One thing is certain," said Arthur; "in adopting a musical career he had not to encounter the opposition of his family like so many eminent composers, whose parents have insisted on their becoming lawyers, doctors, merchants, bankers—anything but musicians—and who have had to study the piano hidden away in a garret, and write their earliest pieces on the sly."

"After gaining an elementary knowledge of music under his mother, where did Gounod study?" Rose inquired.

"He entered the Conservatoire at Paris when he was eighteen years old," answered Ralph. "From that point his life is the old story of success attained by labour and great industry. He seems to have had faith in his future, and a firm belief that when God gives a man a mission in the world, he will also

afford all necessary facilities for the prosecution of it."

"At the Conservatoire," said Arthur, "he was very successful, and gained the Grand Prix de Rome in 1839."

"Yes," said Ralph, "and that enabled him to go to Italy to study at the fountain-head of art. He there went deeply into the music of the old masters, for whom he contracted an enthusiastic admiration, especially for Palestrina, of whose compositions he often speaks in the most glowing terms."

"Undoubtedly," said Nora, "they have had a great influence on his style."

"From Italy," Ralph went on to say, "Gounod returned to Paris, visiting both Austria and Germany on the way, and Paris has formed his headquarters ever since."

"Did he not live for some time in England?" Agnes asked.

"Yes, he was in London for two or three years, coming here about the time of the Franco-German war, and it was even said that he had become a naturalised citizen of this country, but that was all nonsense. A great composer — the example of Handel to the contrary—is always best in his own country."

"I made a pilgrimage only last night," said Arthur, "to see the house in which he used to live. Curiously enough, it is one which was long owned and inhabited by Charles Dickens."

"I have read somewhere," remarked Rose, "that Gounod at one time intended to enter the church."

"Such was the fact," said Ralph, "and he even took active steps in that direction; but his true vocation was recognised before it was too late. He spent a great deal of time in theological studies, and these gave him, says one writer, 'a love of reading and literary attainments of a kind rarely possessed by modern musicians.' His ecclesiastical turn is very marked in conversation, the Latin version of the Psalms and quotations from the Fathers of the Church being often on his lips."

"Gounod did not, from anything I have heard, bound at once into popularity," said Florence.

"Far from that," said Ralph. "He found, as so many have discovered before him, that it is difficult at first to secure a hearing; for the public looks with suspicion on new comers and is always prejudiced against unfamiliar names. For many years he led the life of a hard-working musician, maturing a style which at last became as marked an expression of individuality as ever was known in the whole range of art."

"He has tried his hand," said Hilda, "at all sorts of music."

"Very much," said Ralph, "because he is a man of wide sympathies and extensive knowledge."

"And vivid imagination and restless energy, at least on the art side," added Arthur.

"His chief works are for the stage," remarked Ralph; "as was natural in a country where that is for musicians 'the sole avenue to fame and fortune.'"

"What, then, are his operas?" Rose asked.

"The first was *Sapho*, produced in 1851. Those who were the best judges, I have been told, said that that first opera was better than some people's last; and the secret, no doubt, lay in this, that Gounod had spent much time in thought and preparation. Then came the *Nonne Sanglante*, produced in 1854; the *Médecin malgré lui*, played here as the *Mock Doctor*, in 1858; *Faust*, in 1859; *Philémon et Baucis*, in 1860; the *Reine de Saba*, in 1862; *Mireille*, in 1864; *La Colombe*, known in this country as the *Pet Dove*, in 1866; *Roméo et Juliette*, in 1867; *Cinq Mars*, in 1877; *Polyeucte*, in 1878; and *Le Tribut de Zamora*, in 1881."

"These operas have in many cases," remarked Nora, "been received with little enthusiasm."

"In some cases," said François, "it was through a stupid libretto, in others the fault may have been in the music, which did not attract at first hearing; and the public seldom goes a second time to correct erroneous first impressions."

"Of all Gounod's operas," said Arthur, "*Faust* is by far the finest; and it is that which has given him his great celebrity as a composer. There is no question about its being the most popular opera of modern times."

"On the subject of *Faust*," said Agnes, "a very sensible criticism is given by M. Gustave Chouquet, the keeper of the Museum of the Conservatoire, in that dictionary of Mr. Grove's, which none of us amateurs can well be without. 'The fantastic part of *Faust*,' he says, 'may not be quite satisfactory, and the stronger dramatic situations are perhaps handled with less skill than those which are more elegiac, picturesque, or purely lyric; but in spite of such objections, the work must be classed among those which reflect high honour on the French school. The Kermesse and the garden-scene would alone be sufficient to immortalise their author.'"

"And what has Gounod written besides these operas?" asked Rose.

"In the same line of work," said Ralph, "he has composed the choruses for Ponsard's tragedy of *Ulysse*, the incidental music to Legouvé's tragedy *Les Deux Reines*, and that also for Jules Barbier's *Jeanne d'Arc*."

"And about his sacred music?" said Florence.

"That ranks as high," remarked Ralph, "if not higher than anything he has done for the stage. His most important sacred work, and one likely to hand down his name to posterity amongst those composers who have devoted the greatest efforts of their genius to the noblest of all uses, is the *Redemption*, a 'Sacred Trilogy,' as he calls it, first performed at the Birmingham Festival in 1882."

"It is certainly an extraordinary work," said Nora. "No one can hear it without becoming more enthusiastic than ever about Gounod, and acknowledging that no other living musician has a style so marked by profound religious sentiment."

"Besides the *Redemption*," Ralph continued, "Gounod has composed a great deal of music for church use; an oratorio, *Tobie*; and *Gallia*, a lamentation, first performed at the Albert Hall on the 1st of May, 1871."

"You must not forget to speak of him as a song-writer," said Arthur.

"Is it likely?" exclaimed Ralph. "His songs, French, Italian and English, are very numerous and highly popular amongst all lovers of music, and it is not too much to say that every one of them bears the stamp of an earnest nature. Gounod has written, besides, many choruses and part songs."

"We may be contented—at least I am," remarked Agnes—"with the summing up of Gounod's musical character in the article I quoted a little while ago by M. Chouquet. Gounod, he acknowledges, is a great musician and a thorough master of the orchestra. Of too refined a nature, he goes on to say, to write really comic music, his dramatic compositions seem the work of one hovering between mysticism and love of pleasure. 'This contest,' he adds, 'between two opposing principles may be traced in all his works, sacred or dramatic, and gives them an immense interest both from a musical and psychological point of view. In the chords of his orchestra, majestic as those of a cathedral organ, we recognise the mystic—in his soft and original melodies the man of pleasure.'"

"Let us now," said Harry, "turn from biography and criticism to practice."

"And illustrate," said Nora, "the difficulty experienced by all composers."

"What do you mean?" asked Hilda.

"I mean that the composer's difficulty consists in getting his works properly executed. He must often hear such bungling that it would be a good thing were he deaf during the performance of his own music."

"After such a speech," said Arthur, "you must not be surprised if we call upon you to play first."

"Oh, I did not mean it at all uncomplimentary to the present company!" exclaimed Nora, looking a little confused, and, rising, she went to the piano. "I shall play," she said, "the 'Wedding March' from *La Nonne Sanglante*."

She played it quite in the spirit of a wedding march—faultless, we all thought it—and when she had finished Gertrude sang, "Oh, that we two were Maying," acknowledged by everybody to be one of the sweetest and most touching songs ever composed. In Gertrude's hands it became the true and living expression of deep emotion; indeed, whenever Gertrude has mastered the character of a song, she throws into it more pathos and feeling than one could have believed possible.

A duet was now proposed, and Annabella and Agnes sang "The Message of the Breeze," and, following that, we had the Barcarola in A flat, for soprano and baritone, beginning, "Vedi che bella sera," which was given by Edmée and François.

Hilda, "our St. Cecilia," was now asked to produce her violin. Accompanied by Agnes on the piano, she played "Ivy," a charming song without words.

Then Nora played again. This time she chose "The Funeral March of a Marionette," a dainty piece of programme music, supposed to be played by a troupe of marionettes whilst following the funeral of a deceased comrade.

"That is a funny piece," observed Harry. "Has Gounod done much more in that style?"

"No," said Nora; "Gounod is not a humorous composer. He has set *Le Médecin malgré lui* to music, it is true; but the verdict on it was that it was refined, but not in the least comic."

"Hush! A song now from *Faust*," said Ralph, as Florence opened the score of that opera.

She sang the "Air de Bijoux," but it was beyond her; for she had not the voice with which to do justice to that striking piece of music. There are some airs in which the amateur can scarcely hope to excel, and it is as well to recognise the limits of one's own powers.

"What next?" said Ambrose.

"The 'Worker,'" answered Arthur.

"I am glad to hear it. That song is a magnificent one."

Annabella sang "The Worker," and though she had neither the great poetic nor the great musical feeling needed to do it justice, her rendering made a favourable impression on us all. Clearly, Annabella was improving.

A proposal was now made to sing one of the part songs written by Gounod for his choir during his residence in London.

"Which is it to be?" asked Agnes.

"'Bright Star of Eve,'" said Ralph.

"Is not that the one," said Harry, "with the *bouche fermée* accompaniment, which was so much ridiculed under the name of nose-music?"

"Yes, but the effect is very pleasing when properly managed."

"Some may think so," interrupted Ambrose; "I heard it once, and have no desire to hear it again for the next hundred years."

"If we do not sing 'Bright Star of Eve,'" said Hilda, "let it be the part song beginning—

'Take me, Mother Earth, to thy cold breast,
And fold me there for everlasting rest.'"

"No, no," said Agnes; "that is far too melancholy. My vote is for 'Gitanella,'" and as most of the company seemed to side with her, we sang "Gitanella," and did our best to give a spirited rendering of that bright and original production.

François now sang "Medjé." He had a fine baritone voice, with an inexhaustible supply of breath, which is an enviable possession, and he sung this song with all the intensity it required.

After him came his sister Edmée, who sang, "Où voulez-vous aller?" and she did so with all the self-possession of modesty and refinement. I do not know how it would have sounded in a large hall, but in a room it was perfect.

"Then Hilda and Agnes played "Peacefully slumber," arranged for violin and piano.

They were followed by Rose, who sang, "There is a green hill far away," which suited well her rich contralto voice.

"As an accompaniment to that sacred song, let us have "Nazareth," said Arthur, turning to Ambrose.

"It is a wonderful song," said Ambrose, "but I have sung it till I am tired of it."

"If you are, I am not, and am never likely to be," replied Arthur; "and if you won't sing it, I shall just do so myself."

When he had sung "Nazareth," Arthur said, "We must now have another pianoforte solo.

Agnes was the performer, and she played the overture to *Mireille*, always a favourite piece. Then said she, "Can anyone sing anything from *Mireille?*"

"Yes," said Gertrude, "I have been practising what is said to be one of the most remarkable airs of modern times, 'My heart shall never change, I have said that I love thee.'"

"Let us have it," said Ralph.

After she had sung, we had the highly dramatic duet of the Legend from the *Nonne Sanglante*, for soprano and tenor, given by Gertrude and Edward.

Something was said now about *Sapho*, Gounod's first opera, and Rose yielded to our solicitations and sang the grand scena, "Héro sur la tour solitaire."

"There is a pretty little pastoral air sung by a herdsman in that opera," said Ralph, "I used often to sing it," and sitting down to the piano, and playing his own accompaniment, he gave us "Broutez le thym, broutez mes chèvres," in which there was all the fragrance of the country.

"This ends our programme," said Arthur.

"What! no time for 'The Maid of Athens?'" cried Ralph.

"Or the 'Guardian Angel?'" said Nora.

"Or 'Abraham's Request?'" said Hilda.

"Or 'Oh! Happy Home?'" said Florence.

"Or the Duet in the Garden in *Roméo and Juliette?*" said Annabella.

"Or the 'Queen Mab' ballad?" said Harry:

"Or ——" but Rose did not get out another word for Arthur interrupted her with—

"Programmes must have limits, and is it not well to end when we all wish we were but beginning?"

Edward escorted Nora home that night as usual.

"How splendidly you played!" he said; "but how quiet you are. What are all your thoughts about?"

"I was thinking how well your voice harmonized with Gertrude's when you sang that duet together."

"That did not strike me," said he; "for I am always thinking of someone else."

"Good-night," said she, quite hurriedly.

"Good-night," said he.

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.

CHAPTER XIX.

ANOTHER JOURNEY.

SEVERAL weeks were passed in a similar manner, walking here and there, collecting such things as might be useful, from time to time catching a fish, occasionally shooting a little game; but when the days became long I prepared for a tour of inspection through that part of the island which I had not yet explored.

Starting from Cave Castle and ascending the torrent to the spot in which I had found the sulphur, I turned off, leaving Mount Desire on one hand and the rockbound coast on the other. It was in this neighbourhood, though on the opposite side of the torrent, I had seen the truffles unearthed, as I had feared by man, but afterwards supposed by monkeys, although I had never read that the latter had any taste for that kind of thing. My surprise, however, was only equalled by my pleasure when I met with a family of swine in the act of uprooting their favourite food, and I wondered I had not before thought of such animals. Here was a useful creature to secure. If only I could manage to capture a

"MY DOG AND I HAD SPLENDID SPORT."

young one, what an addition it would be to my larder; but this difficult matter I could not attempt just now.

Continuing my journey I came after a time to a more wooded region, and passing through a thick underwood through which a cork tree every here and there reared its head, I began to descend, and at the end of a long walk found myself on the bank of the second river I had observed from the summit of Mount Desire. I passed along its banks down towards the sea, where it worked its way out amongst sand-hills; on these I discovered a host of rabbits, their holes burrowed in every direction. My dog and I had splendid sport, which carried me some distance out of the course I had been taking, and brought me to a marshy piece of ground whence I had some difficulty in extricating myself, owing to the thick slime. I was in a dreadful plight when at last I emerged, boots and stockings black, promising me some hard work when I got home again, to free them from their coating of dirt.

Once more returned to the river I rested, and lighting a fire cooked a rabbit for dinner. During this process I reclined under the shade, and whilst lying here admiring the prospect about me, I noticed snow lying on some of the elevations around. It surprised me to see it, more especially as it was lying on the downs which I had passed in coming from Cave Castle. Not having remarked anything of the sort as I came along, I determined to retrace my steps to the spot where it lay. I therefore waded the river and started up the opposite bank, only, however, to slip back at every step, for the soft white clay offered no foothold. Perceiving that a similar bank continued for some distance on each side, I recrossed the stream in order to cut a stout pole to aid me, and selecting a large tree lopped a strong branch, and by its help surmounted the obstacle that had threatened to put a stop to the gratification of my curiosity. I found the stick very useful on my march, until it became so sticky from the fresh juice which exuded, I threw it away. Upon reflection I regretted doing so without first examining the nature of the resin which issued from it, but for the moment all was forgotten in my eagerness to learn what the supposed snow might be. Thus I lost, possibly, the opportunity of making one useful discovery already in my power, in the uncertain search after another.

Arrived at the snow fields, I found the ground covered with a hard substance, totally unlike the soft yielding one I had taken it for, excepting in its colour. At first I was at a loss to determine its nature, but conveying a piece to my mouth, I recognised by its salt taste that it was saltpetre or nitre. "Now," I thought, having found both this and sulphur, and charcoal being easy of production, "what is to hinder me from manufacturing gunpowder?" My stock would not last very long, and I should be badly off indeed if it failed entirely.

As I had anticipated, cleaning my boots proved no light task; but I ascertained as I did so that they were encrusted with bitumen, the nature of which had rendered my climb so difficult an undertaking.

(To be continued.)

BROKEN BREAD AND WHAT TO DO WITH IT

By PHILLIS BROWNE, Author of "The Girls' Own Cookery Book."

PERHAPS I ought, in strict fairness, to state at the very beginning of this paper that I am about to address myself exclusively to those who wish to be exceedingly economical in cookery. If, therefore, any one is inclined to read this who despises economy and cares only for what is luxurious and delicious, she had better turn over to the next page.

Many housekeepers have an idea that there is no avoiding a certain degree of waste of bread. Other foods may be used to advantage. Small pieces of fat may be rendered down to make fat for frying; small pieces of meat may be skilfully converted into elegant and appetising entrées, bones and trimmings may be made into delicious soup, remnants of sweet dishes may be so dealt with that they look rather more inviting when served a second time than they did in the first instance. But make use of all the bread which has been cut and then left? No, it cannot be done. Servants will not eat it, beggars will not accept it as a gift, puddings have been made of it so persistently, that all the members of the family unite in declining to partake of "bread-and-butter pudding," and they regard bread and milk with loathing. So the house-mother decides to bow to what she believes to be the inevitable, shuts her eyes with a sigh when she finds that bread is thrown into the fire or the dust-bin, and reluctantly arrives at the conclusion that there is something in the constitution of her family which is opposed to the employment of stale bread.

A clever writer on domestic economy once said that in a well-conducted house there ought not to be as much food wasted in the course of a year as would keep alive a half-starved dog. With this opinion I entirely agree, and as bread is one of the articles most frequently wasted, I propose, by way of helping girls to gather up the fragments which remain, to describe a few of the ways in which broken bread may be utilised.

One of the most satisfactory ways I know of using pieces of bread is to convert them into poor knights, as they are called. To make these, beat an egg, mix half a pint of milk with it, and add sugar and flavouring. Trim the slices of bread neatly. They should be about half an inch thick, but if they are a little thicker it will not signify. Let the bread soak in the milk for awhile, not so long that it will break; take it up and drain it. Put a good slice of butter or fat into a frying-pan; when hot lay in the pieces of bread, and let them fry until brightly browned on both sides. Place them on kitchen paper for a minute or two, put two slices together with jam or marmalade between, dish them neatly, sift white sugar on the top, and serve. Bread thus prepared serves very well as a substitute for a pudding. If liked the jam may be omitted, and the sippets can be eaten with gravy.

Broken bread is as good for making sippets for soup as are slices taken from the loaf. Cut the bread into dice a quarter of an inch square. Melt about two ounces of butter or dripping in a frying-pan, and when this is quite hot throw in the dice, and let them fry till a pale brown. Take them up, drain them on paper, put them on a small dish covered with a folded napkin or fish paper, and they are ready for use. Many cooks when preparing sippets for soups cut them about half an inch square. They then look inelegant, according to present notions; for it is the fashion now-a-days to make things small rather than large. If liked, the bread can be simply toasted instead of being fried; but even then the sippet should be cut small.

Broken bread is excellent for thickening purées and sauces. The bread should be stewed with the flavouring vegetables, and it may then be rubbed through the sieve with them. If it is toasted before being put into the liquor it will help to impart colour as well as consistency to the purée.

Toast and water is a beverage much approved by many. It can be made quite well of broken bread. Cut the bread very thin, and toast it slowly till it is very crisp and dry throughout, and of a dark-brown colour. Plunge it into a jug of water, let it stand for about half an hour, and then decant it into a water-bottle. The liquor should be clear and bright as sherry.

Toast-milk furnishes a pleasant variety for a child's breakfast or tea. Toast some stale bread, cut it into triangular sippets, and place it in a dish. Have ready and pour on some hot milk, which has been lightly thickened with cornflour or arrowroot, to make it as thick as cream. Sweeten and serve hot.

Bread-crumbs are needed in every household where fish or cutlets are egged, breaded, and fried, or where stuffing is used for meat or poultry. As it requires a little time to prepare crumbs properly, and as, when once ready, they will keep for some time, it is an economy of both time and trouble to keep a store of crumbs on hand. Take any pieces of bread and dry them thoroughly in a cool oven, but do not allow them to acquire colour. Crush them finely with a rolling-pin, pass them through a fine sieve, and put them away into a tin canister or a dry bottle. If the bread thus dried were allowed to become brown before being crushed and sifted, the crumbs could be used as raspings to garnish ham and bacon.

Brown crumbs to serve with game.—Put some crusts into the oven, and when brown crush them with a rolling-pin. Grease a baking-tin lightly with butter, and make it hot. Shake the crumbs upon it, and set it in the oven till the crumbs are hot, when they are ready to serve.

Bread raspings with cold milk.—I have been told that this preparation is valuable in cases of diarrhœa. Dry stale bread in the oven till dry and lightly browned. Crush it roughly with a rolling-pin, put the crumbs into a bowl, and pour over them cold milk, which has been beaten up with the white of an egg, and if permitted a tablespoonful of brandy.

Bread sauce for poultry may also be made of stale bread. The recipe for this preparation was given in the article on sauces.

Fried bread served instead of vegetables.—Cut some bread which, though stale, is still light and soft, into fingers half an inch thick,

dip them in milk, and let them drain for awhile. Brush them over with white of egg, dredge a little flour over them, and fry them in a little hot butter in a frying-pan. Pile them, pyramid fashion, in a hot dish, and serve with gravy.

Stale bread made into rusks for cheese.—Break the bread into small rough pieces, dip each one quickly in and out of cold milk, put them upon a perfectly clean baking-tin, and bake in a hot oven. In a few minutes they will be crisp, when they must be taken out, allowed to go cold, and put away in a tin canister to be used when required.

To make a pudding of broken bread seems, somehow, the most natural way of using it; yet, as I hinted a little while ago, bread-pudding is not usually received with the enthusiasm to which it appears entitled by virtue of the economical motives of its makers. I think the reason of this is that cooks appear to have so little idea of varying the form of this particular delicacy. They learn to make one sort of bread-pudding, and then every time they discover a little stale bread on hand, they prepare this particular dish (perhaps not always quite successfully), until the members of the family learn to associate the name of bread-pudding with the practice of household virtue, and the sight of it makes them wish they had dined out.

This is a mistake. "The glory of art is to conceal art." There are very few people in the world who are economical from choice, though I hope and believe that there are a great many who are so from principle. I cannot suppose that any one would *prefer* to use a broken crust when they might have a slice from a well-baked loaf for the mere enjoyment of it. Yet, if the broken crust is perfectly clean, has not been handled by dirty fingers, or thrown about, and is in good condition, it is as wholesome as the daintiest tartine. And as it is there, in our bread-pan and on our conscience, let us make the most of it, and render it acceptable by means of that variety which Cowper tells us—

> "Is the spice of life,
> And gives it all its flavour."

There are a great many puddings into the composition of which broken bread may enter without the partakers thereof being painfully reminded of the original ingredients. I will mention a few of these.

Apple Charlotte.—This very old-fashioned but delicious pudding is prepared as follows: Get a plain tin mould, either oval or round, and about five inches deep. Cut some thin slices of stale bread into fingers and rounds, dip these into clarified butter, and line the mould completely, making one piece overlap another so that there are no holes through which the apple can escape. Bake some apples in a greased dish, without water, till quite soft, beat to pulp, sweeten, and fill the mould. Cover the pudding with a round of stale bread dipped in butter, lay a plate on the top, and bake in a good oven until the bread is brightly brown. Turn on a hot dish and serve hot with milk. Other fruits may be used instead of apples for a pudding of this description, but it must be remembered that the pulp must be stiff not watery. Juicy fruit will make an excellent hydropathic pudding.

A sort of rough and ready variety of apple charlotte is brown belly, sometimes called Swiss pudding. Butter a pie-dish thickly, and fill it with alternate layers of bread-crumbs and good baking apples which have been pared, cored, and sliced thickly. Sprinkle sugar and a little grated lemon-rind over each layer of apples, and put pieces of butter here and there on the fruit. Let crumbs form the undermost layer, and when the dish is full lay on a cover of thin slices of bread buttered. Pour half a cupful of water over all and bake gently till the apples fall. Serve with milk.

Hydropathic pudding may be made with any kind of juicy fruit. Pick the fruit and stew it with a little water and sugar till the juice flows freely. Take an ordinary pudding basin, put a round of stale bread about the size of half-a-crown at the bottom, and place fingers all round it in an upright position, leaving about an inch between each finger. Fill the bowl with the hot stewed fruit, and put this in gently by spoonfuls so as not to displace the bread. The solid portion of the fruit should be put in first, in order that its weight may keep the fingers in position, afterwards the juice may be added. Cover the top of the pudding entirely with stale bread cut into dice, lay a small plate on and press this closely down with a weight, until the juice flows over the plate. Leave the fruit until quite cold, turn upon a glass dish and serve with or without milk, custard, or cream. Any kind of fruit may be used, but red fruits have the best appearance. This pudding is inexpensive, delicious, easily made, and by no means common.

Vennoise Pudding.—Weigh five ounces of stale bread, and cut it up into very small equal-sized pieces. Put these into a dry bowl, and with them three ounces of sultana raisins (which have been carefully picked), three ounces of castor sugar, and two ounces of candied peel finely shred; wipe a lemon quite clean, grate the rind, and add it to the rest. If allowed, pour a glass of sherry or raisin wine upon the dry ingredients; cover, and leave for awhile.

Melt a little butter in the bottom of a stew-pan, put in the ounce of loaf sugar, and place it on the fire till it is brightly brown; add three-quarters of a pint of milk, and stir it until it boils and is of a deep coffee-colour. Beat the yolks of four eggs in a bowl, let the milk cool a minute, then pour it upon them and strain the custard over the bread. Mix thoroughly. Butter a mould, pour in the pudding mixture, lay a buttered paper on the top, and set the mould in a saucepan containing one inch of boiling water. Keep water gently boiling round for an hour and a half, or till the pudding is firm in the centre, then turn it upon a dish, pour a good sauce round, and serve.

Perhaps it will be thought that four eggs are too many for one pudding. If this be so, use two whole eggs instead of four yolks. It may be remembered, however, that this pudding is made of broken pieces, that there is neither suet nor flour in it, and that still it constitutes a superior sort of pudding, and looks and tastes very much like a rich plum pudding.

It should also be remembered that if in any case the water touches the paper which is placed upon the pudding, it will absorb the moisture all through. The buttered paper serves to keep the condensed steam from falling into the pudding.

The ordinary bread-and-butter puddings are too well known to need description. A pleasant variety may be made as follows:—

Cup Puddings.—Cut the bread into small dice and pour on boiling milk to cover it. Let it soak for a quarter of an hour, then beat it well with a fork, add eggs (in the proportion of two eggs to each pint of milk), with sugar and a flavouring of grated lemon or nutmeg, and a slice of butter. Pour the mixture into buttered cups, and bake till firm in a moderate oven. Turn upon a hot dish, sift white sugar on, pour sauce round, and serve. Another variety may be made by preparing the pudding as above, then putting a layer of jam or marmalade at the bottom of a pie-dish, placing the mixture on the top and baking till brightly browned.

There is one bread pudding which is so cheap and so easily made that I expect it would be treated with scorn by the majority of people; yet it is very wholesome, and not by any means to be despised.

Cake Pudding.—Put a quantity of broken bread into a bowl, pour boiling water on and soak until quite soft. Drain away the water, not too dry, and beat the bread until it is quite free from lumps, add a good slice of butter, sweet dripping, sugar and chopped lemon-rind, with a few currants or sultanas. Pour the mixture into a well greased pie-dish, and bake until it is brightly browned on the surface. Sweet sauce or a little jam may be served with this pudding, and surely even the most rigid economist would not object to this, seeing that neither eggs nor milk enter into the composition of the dish.

Savoury pudding is served with savoury meat dishes such as goose or pork, just as Yorkshire pudding is served with a hot joint. It constitutes a very tasty but, I must confess, not very digestible addition to the meal, and where economy has to be considered, a small goose with it will go as far as a large one without it. I have rarely seen this pudding out of Yorkshire. Some years ago it was quite common in that county. Break broken bread into small pieces to fill a pint basin. Turn these into a larger basin and pour on as much boiling milk as the bread will absorb. Cover and soak for awhile. Beat the bread briskly with the fork, and remove any pieces which will not soften. Add a quarter of a pound of very finely-chopped suet, four large onions which have been boiled and chopped, a teaspoonful of sage and the same of marjoram and thyme, all powdered, a tablespoonful of oatmeal, and plenty of pepper and salt. Add two or, if permitted, three well-beaten eggs and mix. The pudding should be a thick batter. Put the mixture into a greased dripping tin just as a Yorkshire pudding would be, but let it be three-quarters of an inch thick, and bake till brightly browned. If there is an open range, the pudding should be put in the last half-hour under the goose. Cut into squares and serve on a hot dish with the goose or pork; the pudding will need to bake about an hour and a half.

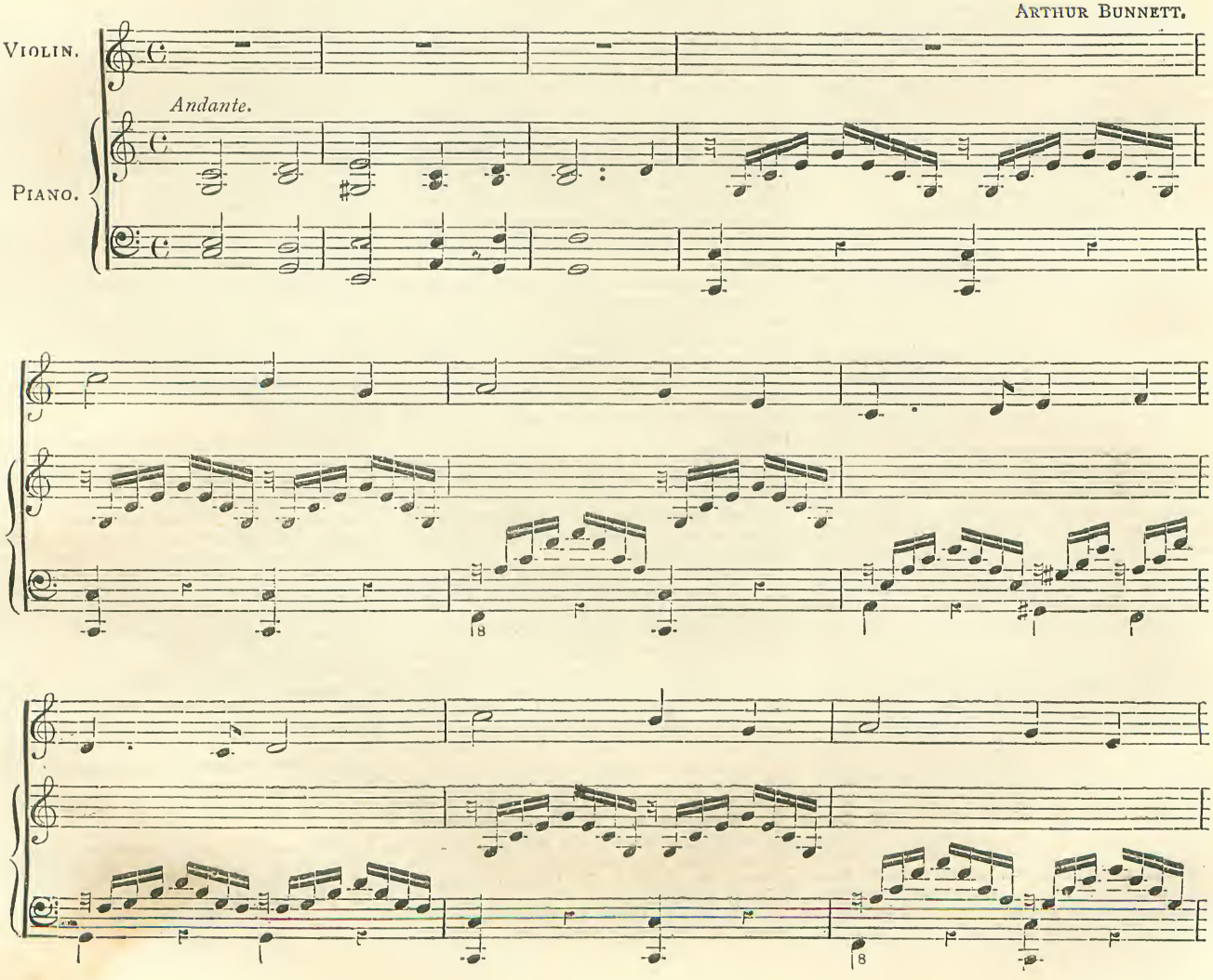
Boiled puddings, which are made of a mixture of suet and flour with flavourings (and their name is legion), will be much lighter if the proportion of flour be made of two parts bread-crumbs and one part flour. Stale bread cannot easily be crumbled to the last bit. Where it is possible, therefore, it is an economy to procure what is called a "rotary" grater. This little machine will speedily save its cost in the prevention of waste it will render possible.

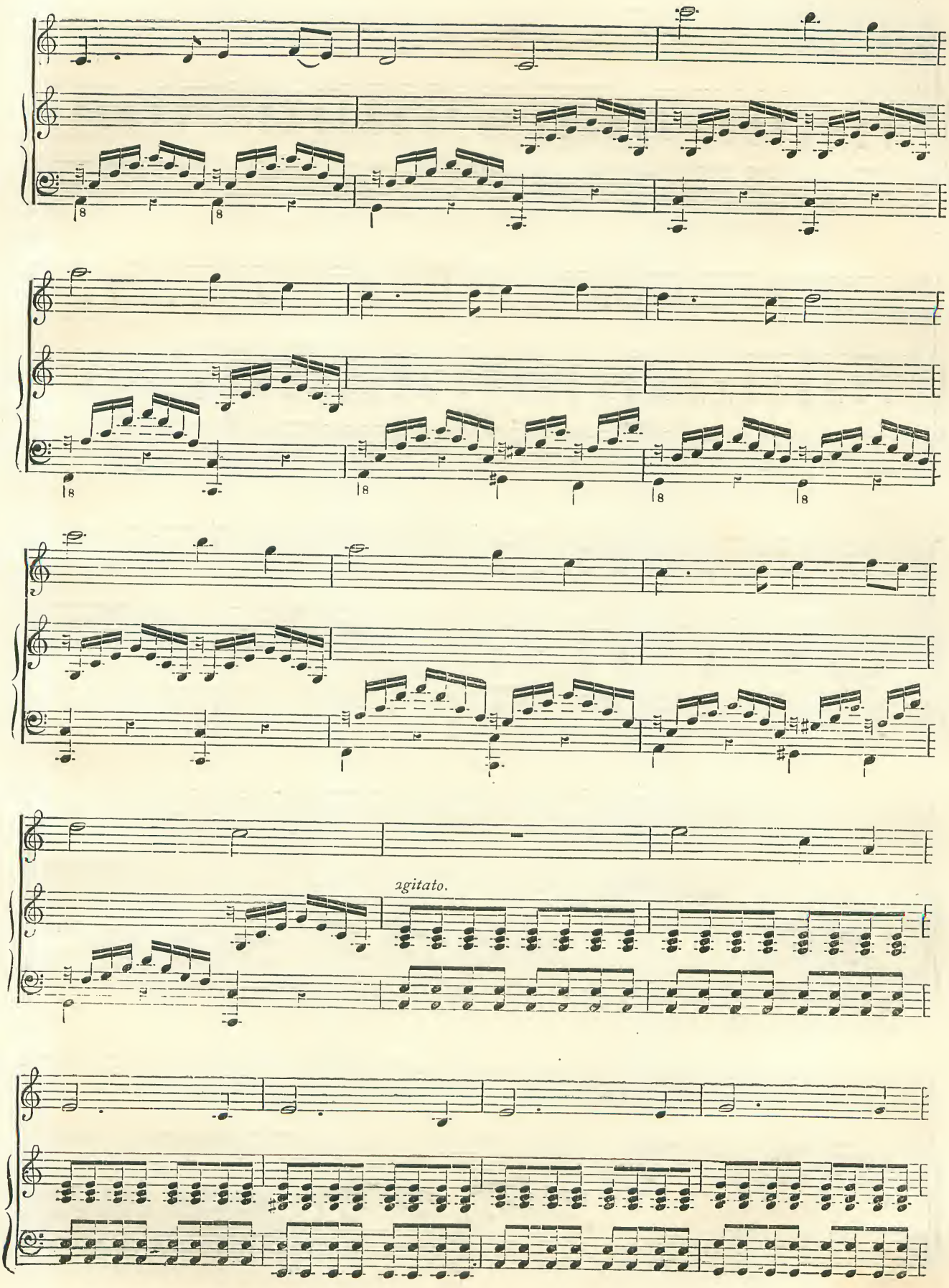
After all that is said, the most certain way of preventing waste in bread is the very obvious one of being careful in cutting it. If a little thought is given to this matter, so that one loaf is finished before another is begun; if children are taught that they must not leave small portions of food, but "make tidy plates," as it is called, and if everyone in the house follows the same rule, there will be little need for contrivances in order to use the "pieces." A good deal may be done also by looking after the condition of the bread-pan. If this be kept covered so that the bread does not become dry, if it is wiped out every day with a damp cloth, and, above all, if stale pieces are not allowed to accumulate in it, but be used in the ordinary way before they become stale, the recipes which I have given here will not be required.

ANDANTE.

FOR VIOLIN AND PIANOFORTE.

ARTHUR BUNNETT.

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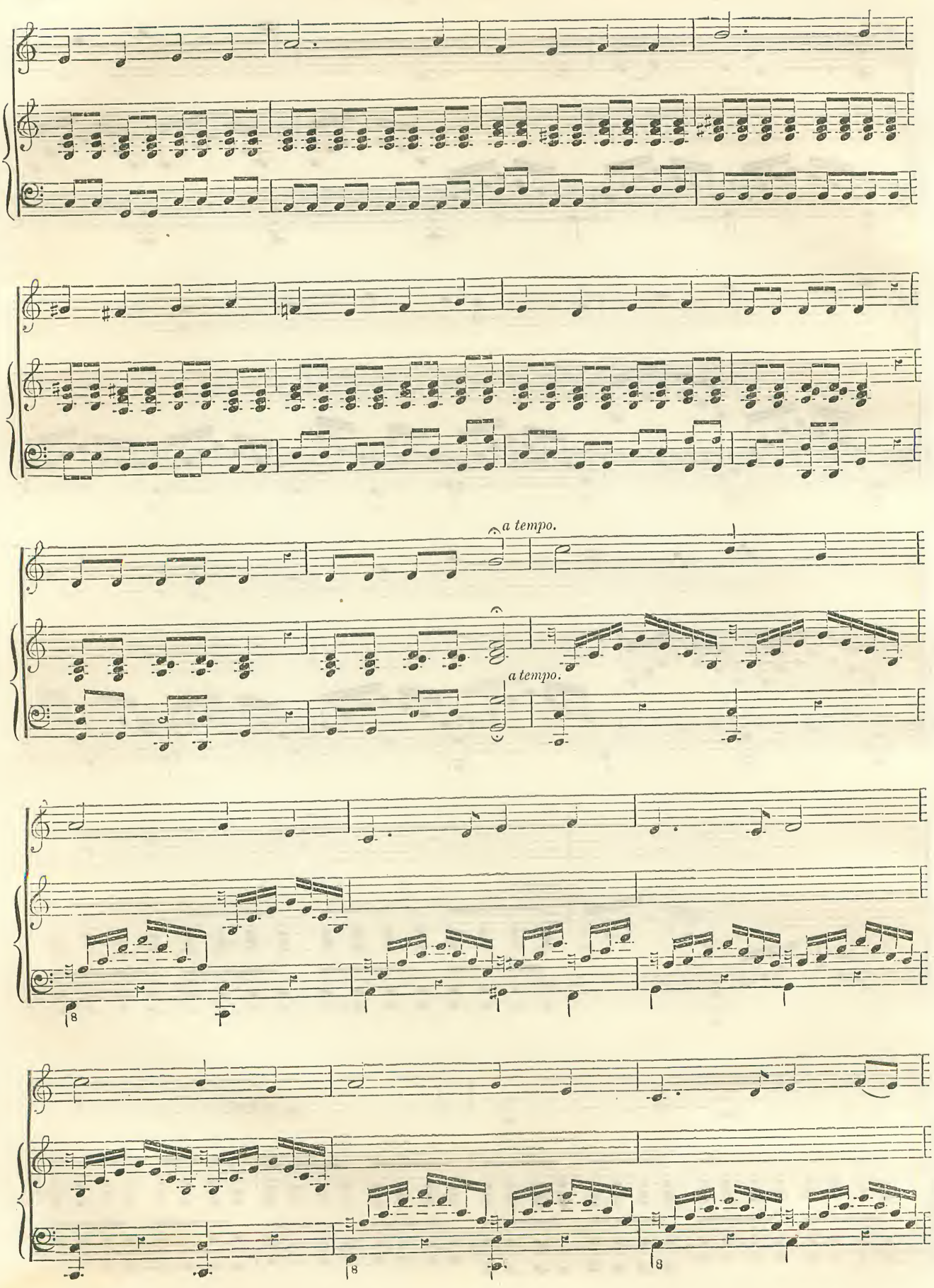
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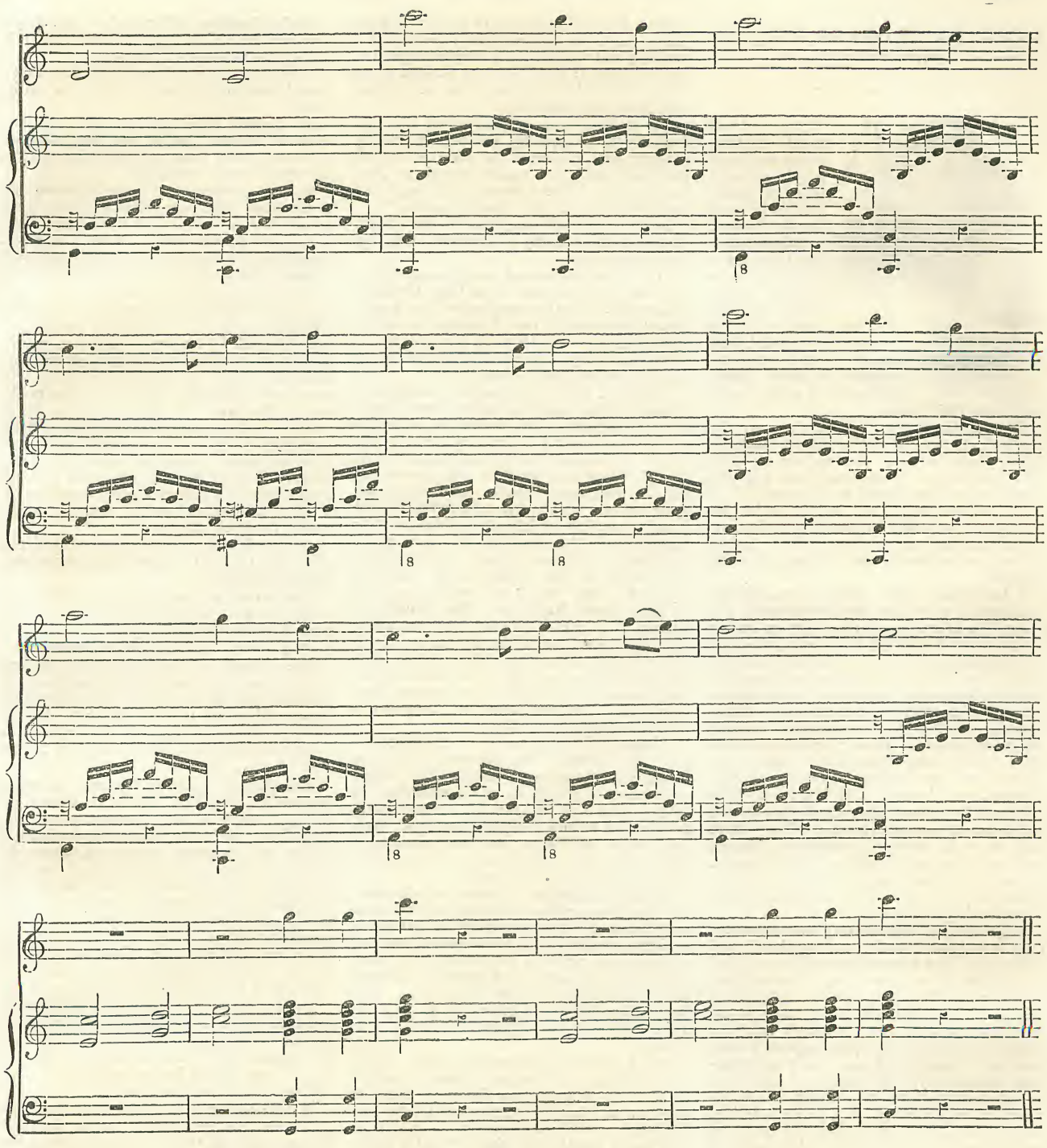
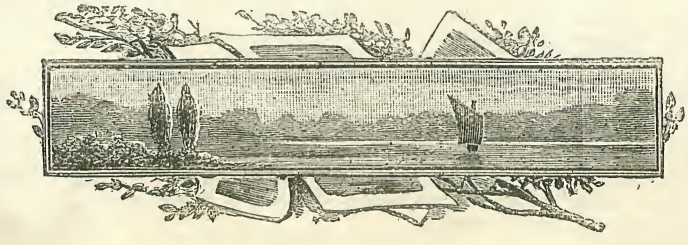
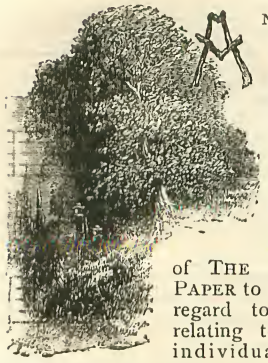




HOW TO ADDRESS PEOPLE OF TITLE.

By Ardern Holt.



In ignorance of certain matters which well-bred people are supposed to know intuitively is to say the least of it embarrassing. But I daresay it will happen to a great many of the readers of The Girl's Own Paper to be puzzled with regard to the etiquette relating to those happy individuals who have handles to their names.

We all dearly love a lord, they say, in England; but unless born within the charmed circle where lords are not rarities, we may show ignorance as to their real rank and the form in which they should be addressed.

An English lord, then, may either be the younger son of a duke, a marquis or his son, an earl and his son, a viscount or a baron, besides the spiritual peers, bishops, or archbishops.

A tradesman would address a marquis or marchioness as "The Most Honourable the Marquis or Marchioness of ——;" an earl or countess as, "*The Right Honour*able the Earl or Countess of ——." A viscount and his wife, a baron and his wife are also addressed as "right honourable," a prefix which applies as well to a member of Her Majesty's Privy Council. But a lady or gentleman writing similar addresses, in lieu of "the most honourable" and "right honourable," simply put "The" in a line by itself above the words, Marquis, Marchioness, Earl, Countess, Viscount and Viscountess, Baron, or Lady—as wife of a baron. It is incorrect to write "The" before Lady A or B, wives of baronets or knights; they are addressed simply as Lady A or B. So you see it is very important to put "The" before the title of the wife of a baron, because it denotes her higher rank.

In speaking to these several people of exalted rank, a tradesman would say, "My lord" and "My lady," just where they would say "Sir" *or "Madam" to an ordinary* individual, and also after the possessive pronoun. Instead of saying, "I will alter your hat," they would say, "I will alter your lordship's hat," or obey, not "your," but "your ladyship's commands." As a general rule, a lady or gentleman does not say, "My lord," or "My lady," in addressing them in ordinary conversation, and only perhaps at a public meeting, or some occasion of ceremony, but to do so frequently would argue utter ignorance of good society.

We have now discussed the proper direction for the envelopes, but we will suppose you have to write a letter. If it is a formal one in the third person it would be correct to write, "Miss Smith presents her compliments to the Earl or Countess," or "has much pleasure in accepting Viscount or Viscountess Paul's kind invitation." If written in the first person it would be correct to write, "Dear Lord Mountcastle," or "Dear Lady Mounteagle," whether she were a countess, or of any intermediate rank down to a knight's wife, for a baronet or knight's wife would be equally addressed by inferiors as "My lady," though their husbands are only "Sir," and you would write to them "Dear Sir John" if you were intimate; "Dear Sir John Jones" more formally. In addressing an envelope to a baronet it would be correct to write "Sir John Jones, Bart.," to a knight, "Sir James Smith," you may add "knight" if a simple knight, but that is optional; "K.C.B." if a Knight of the Bath, "K.C.M.G." a Knight of St Michael and St. George, and so on.

But we have by no means met all the difficulties yet. Supposing you are sufficiently intimate with a countess to call her by her Christian name, you would not write "Dear Lady London," but "Dear Lady Maud," and her signature would be "Maud London."

To the sons and daughters of the several grades of the nobility it is difficult to assign their proper rank.

The sons of dukes and marquises are lords, and the younger sons have their Christian names after the title and before the family name; for example, Lord Edward Cavendish, younger son of the Duke of Devonshire, his eldest son being a marquis, the eldest son of a marquis being often a viscount.

A duke's, earl's, or marquis's daughter is "Lady"; not, "Lady Cavendish," we will say, or "Lady Brighton," which would make her the wife of a man of rank, but "Lady Anne Cavendish," or whatever her Christian name might be. A baronet or knight's wife cannot put her Christian name between her title and her name; if she wishes it to be mentioned at all it must come first—"Julia, Lady Brighton," for example. If the daughter of these above-mentioned noblemen marries a commoner, she exchanges her family name for her husband's, and would still retain her title as Lady Anne Robinson. But should the widow of a person of title wish to retain the title derived from her late husband, she must keep his name also. The widow of Sir Samuel Jenkins, married to Mr. Cornwallis, may remain Lady Jenkins or become Mrs. Cornwallis, but she cannot be Lady Cornwallis, he being only "Mr."

Although the daughters of an earl are called lady, the younger sons are not lords, but simply have the prefix of "honourable" before their names. This prefix of "honourable" is never put on a visiting card, nor in addressing people thus favoured do you mention it. You will not, in inviting, request the pleasure of "the Hon. Mr. Bell," but on the envelope you would address him as such.

Sons and daughters of barons and viscounts are also honourables. Should any of these said honourables rise to eminence in the Church or army, you will have to remember that the military rank precedes the prefix, as it does any title—"General Lord Bruce," "Colonel the Hon. Arthur Sinclair," and so on. But in the Church it is just the reverse; it is "the Hon. and Rev. William Cannon," and so on.

But I have told you nothing about dukes and duchesses. They are addressed either as "the most noble the Duke or Duchess of ——," or "her or his grace the Duchess or Duke of ——" by tradesmen; but a lady or gentleman would only direct "To the Duke or the Duchess of ——," and inside the letter would present their compliments to the duke or duchess, if they wrote in the third person, or would begin, "Dear madam," "dear Duchess of Clewer," formally, or "Dear Duchess" only, if on friendly terms. In general society among their friends they are called merely "duke" or "duchess," and more formally "Duke or Duchess of Clewer." "Your Grace," would only be said by tradespeople, or on occasions of ceremony, such as a public speech.

When to use the word "dowager" is another difficulty. It is only perfectly correct to do so to the mother of the reigning peer or baronet, the widow of the uncle, brother, or cousin. The present holder of the title should, strictly speaking, be addressed by her Christian name first, and then her title, "Gladys Countess of Lonsdale," for example. The mother of the present earl would be "Countess Dowager of Lonsdale."

It is a very easy rule to remember that a formal invitation follows the form of a visiting card.

An English baron's wife is not addressed as the "Baroness," but as "the Lady Morley," or whatever the name may be, but "the Viscountess" would be correct.

There is another little point I should like to mention. If a man is raised to the peerage, this does not entitle his brothers and sisters to be honourables. When a grandson succeeds, the father having died, the precedence is granted to the brothers and sisters.

The proper way to address a letter to a bishop is "The Right Reverend Father in God, The Bishop of ——," and in speaking to him he is called "My lord." It is well to avoid using this as much as possible in general conversation, but it is applied by those who would never dream of calling any other nobleman "My lord." A bishop's wife is simply "Mrs.," and has no precedence as such, strictly speaking, though it is generally given to her. The rule is that *ladies only* derive precedence from their husbands when the rank proceeds from a dignity, not from an office or profession. There is an exception to this, however, in the case of the Lord Mayor.

An archdeacon is addressed as "the Venerable," but only in the superscription, not in a formal invitation.

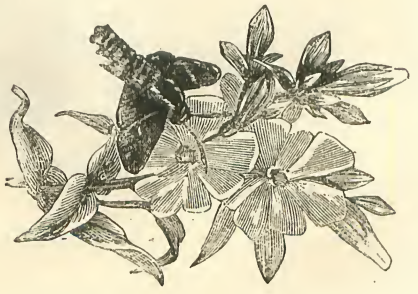
The wives of younger sons of dukes and marquises take their husbands' titles. Lord John Bruce's wife is "Lady John Bruce," not "Lady Bruce," or "Lady Anne Bruce."

The younger sons of earls, viscounts, and barons, who are honourables, give the same prefix to their wives, and the wife of the Hon. George Hood is "the Hon. Mrs. George Hood." You do not address him as "the Hon. George Hood, Esq.," but "the Hon. George Hood" only.

The Queen's maids of honour are styled honourable—the Hon. Flora Macdonald, for example, and it is a very frequent practice to drop the "miss" in the case of the daughters of barons and viscounts, and to call them "the Hon. Ellen Brown," instead of "the Hon. Miss Brown;" but you must perfectly understand that this word honourable is only used on the envelope, not on the visiting card, nor in the formal invitation, and it would be vulgar to introduce anyone as "the Honourable Alfred Bruce," or "the Honourable Ellen Brown," or to speak to them thus.

In directing to a member of parliament, whatever his rank—of course an English peer cannot be a member of the Lower House—the words "M.P." should be placed after his name, thus "John Jones, Esq., M.P.," "Sir Sydney Waterlow, Bart., M.P."

It is a point of good breeding to give everyone their due honour, and it is the duty of a lady to study all this. It is quite simple, but requires knowledge and care. I hope I have met the difficulties of the case.



CARINA.

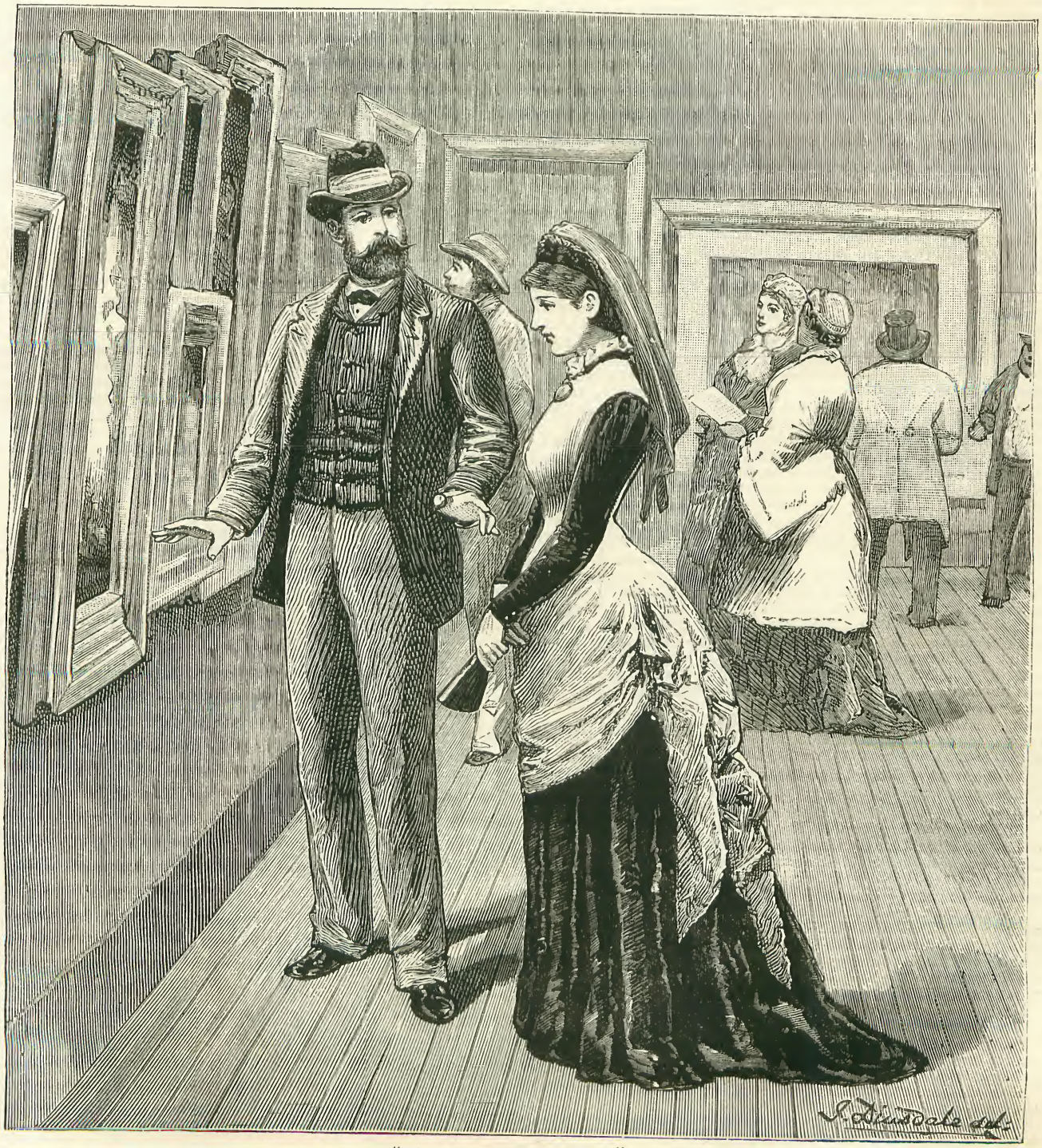
A ROMAN STORY.

By LOUISA EMILY DOBREE, Author of "Dreams and Deeds," "Turned to Gold," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

THE day after Signor Servi asked Carina to go to the Corsini and look at a picture of Battoni's that is there. He had been trying to remember it, and a point about the light would not come back to his mind. Carina went, and standing some time before it—it is an exquisite little painting of the Nativity—she learnt it off by heart. On her return she found her father excited and ill, and Oreste told her all that happened in the brief space of her absence.

An old servant had come to see Signor Servi and beg for a character. This he refused to give, as the man, a Neapolitan, had been dishonest, and he had parted with him on that account. The man begged, but Signor Servi was firm, and the man left, cursing him, and wishing him every evil imaginable. Vengeance was in his heart as he descended the steps, and as he passed the porter's lodge he saw lying on a chair a letter addressed to Signorina Servi. It might or might not be of import-



"CARINA COULD NOT SPEAK."

ance. He would risk it, and taking the letter unobserved by the porter, who was getting some wine next door, he tore it up.

Carina did not know this, of course. All she knew was that the interview had upset her father, and next morning she was called to him. He had had a third stroke of paralysis.

Weary days followed, and amidst it all Carina's heart grew sick and faint. Her father was dying, that she knew, and added to this, Mr. Hamilton never came near her. In the midst of her sadness this thought of wonderment came, adding a fresh sting. He had become so entirely her friend in the truest sense of the word, and she felt now all he was to her. Then her maidenly heart throbbed with pain, as she thought that she had given her love to one who did not value it. But did he not? Ah! she could not doubt him, and she reproached herself for the thought. She would trust him evermore, and perhaps time would explain, for as she thought of him, of much he had said of the days spent together, she knew full well he could not trifle with her.

Her cheek grew paler, and she was thin and worn-looking, and she needed all her strength of faith to help her in the dark days that came. In February Signo Servi died, and before Carina could fully understand her position —alone without another relation in the world —another trouble came. The —— Bank broke, and all her money went with it.

It had all come so suddenly, Carina hardly realised it. One trial after another, and all hope of seeing Max again fled, as she accidentally heard he had left Rome.

What to do she knew not, and her prayers for help and guidance were constant. Alone, penniless, it was terrible; and all she hoped and prayed for was that work and a home might come to her. In her mourning dress, her long black veil swept back from her sweet face, she went to Piaté's, the large English and American library, and asked him if he heard of anyone wanting a companion or governess to think of her. As she was making her request, an American lady in the shop turned to her and asked her to call upon her, and she would see what she could do.

Mrs. Haldo proved a friend in need, and Carina two months afterwards found herself settled in Switzerland for the summer, teaching Italian to Nellie Haldo, a sweet-faced New England child.

Mrs. Haldo was a large-hearted woman, well-read, religious, and active, and her kindness to Carina was great. Many a thanksgiving rose to the poor child's lonely heart at having found a friend in her, for all she had known before—Lucia, Oreste, and humble friends of the kind—were now far away.

The great Alps, as they loomed against the sky, seemed ever to Carina as sad and melancholy, shutting away the lovely land of Italy.

And Max—was he remembered? Ah, yes; and nothing could fill the blank in Carina's life. Sweetly as she bore it—that secret grief —none but her Heavenly Father knew how keen was the pain.

Autumn came, and Mrs. Haldo and Carina went to Florence, to the latter's great joy. One day Carina was alone in the Pitti Gallery, looking at Murillo's Madonna and the Holy Child, when a voice near her sent a thrill through her.

"I was going to Rome to find you."

It was Max. Carina could not speak.

"Carina—my Carina, why did you never answer my letter?" asked Max, in a low passionate voice.

Carina looked at him. People were passing up and down the room; a band of Cooks' tourists were chattering; but she saw nothing, heard nothing, but the dearest face, the most welcome voice in all the world to her.

It was soon explained, though how Max's letter was lost they never knew.

As Max looked at the beautiful face, he saw the look of sadness that rested on it. It was very like Psyche now.

No more remains to be told. Mrs. Haldo's motherly heart was rejoiced at the news that Carina was going to be married, though she was losing her. They went to Rome in March, and at Easter there was a quiet wedding, and Carina, leaning on her husband's arm, felt she had not misplaced her trust. Spite of appearances, he had been true and faithful.

"Ah!" said Lucia, who had come in her best things to see the wedding, and was going to live with them when they returned to their Roman home next winter. "That was a good day when you lost your locket, eh, signorina? Signora, excuse me, but——" and Lucia wiped away some tears.

"A good day for us both," said Max.

And I, who know how truly they loved each other, who believe most firmly in the Divine Hand that lies in small events and things we blindly call "chance," say "even so, it was a good day."

[THE END.]

VARIETIES.

The Magic Circle of Circles.

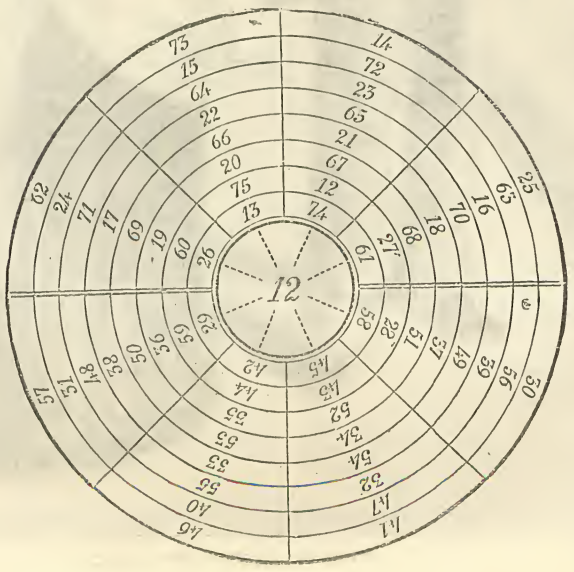
The magic circle of circles which we print below is composed of a series of numbers from 12 to 75 inclusive, divided into eight concentric circular spaces, and ranged into eight radii of numbers, with the number 12 in the centre, which number, like the centre, is common to all the circular spaces and to all the radii.

The numbers are so placed that the sum of all those in either of the concentric circular spaces above-mentioned, together with the central number 12, make 360, equal to the number of degrees in a circle.

The numbers in each radius also, together with the central number, make just 360.

The numbers in half of any of the circular spaces, taken either above or below the double horizontal line, with half the central number 12, make 180, equal to the number of degrees in a semi-circle.

If any four adjoining numbers be taken in the radial division of these circular spaces, the sum of these, with half the central number, makes 180.



Suiting Oneself to One's Company.

—Take rather than give the tone of the company you are in. If you have ability you will show it more or less upon every subject; and if you have not, you had better talk sillily upon a subject of other people's choosing than upon one of your own.

Nature and Fancy.

Who lives to nature never can be poor;
Who lives to fancy never can be rich.
Young.

The Last Piece, or "Le Morceau Honteux."

—Three persons were once in company when a single piece of rich cake had long defied all approach from the circumstance of its being the last piece in the dish. It so happened, however, that the lamp was accidentally extinguished, when each of the party immediately encountered the hand of her neighbour upon the devoted morsel.

The Husband's Province.

—When the learned Budeus was informed, while in his study, that the house was on fire, he replied, "Why don't you tell your mistress? You know I never concern myself about the affairs of the house."

Taking Notes.

—She who observes the speaker more than the sound of his words will seldom meet with disappointment.—*Lavater.*

The Art of Reading.

—When I read, I wish to read to good purpose; and there are some books which contradict, on the very face of them, what appear to me to be first principles. You surely will not say that I am bound to read such books. If a man tells me that he has a very elaborate argument to prove that two and two make five, I have something else to do than to attend to this argument. If I find the first mouthful of meat which I taste from a fine-looking joint on my table is tainted, I need not eat through it to be convinced that I ought to send it away.—*Cecil's "Remains."*

Our Own Mistakes.

—It is falling in love with our own mistaken ideas that makes fools and beggars of half mankind.

Woman's Sphere.

—Women were designed by their nature, elegance, and softness to endear domestic life to man, to make virtue lovely to children, to spread around them order and grace, and to give to society its highest polish. No attainments can be above beings whose end and aim it is to accomplish purposes at once so elegant and so salutary; every means should be used to invigorate by principle and culture such native excellence and grace.—*Fénelon.*

A Judge's Opinion of "Dressy" Girls.

—At the Durham Assizes, Mr. Justice Denman, in sentencing a young girl who had pleaded guilty of obtaining articles of dress by false pretences, said "she had been led away by foolish vanity and love of dress, and the desire to look well in the eyes of others, and especially the opposite sex. Let him tell her that a man who cared for dressy girls was not worthy of a girl's affection. He was a fool, and would not make a good husband; and the less girls had to do with such men the better." She received only a nominal punishment of three

days' imprisonment, in hope of taking this as a warning.

TENDER CONSCIENCES.—Some think that a tender conscience is a weak one; but it is a sign of their weakness who think so.

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.—Enjoy the day in the day, without stretching your thoughts to some future time; and so live to-day as to enjoy to-morrow; but do not deceive yourself with hopes of much enjoyment from any day.—*Adam's "Private Thoughts."*

USELESS DISPUTES.—Little good comes by disputing. Pride is generally at the bottom of it, and not charity or the love of truth; and it is seldom managed with decency and candour enough to produce any good effect. Let fall a word in season, and wait in patience till the rain drops on it.

SECOND-RATE HUMILITY.

That humility which courts notice is not first-rate. It may be sincere but it is sullied. Do not sound a trumpet, nor say, "Come and see how humble I am."

THE DISADVANTAGE OF A GOOD UNDERSTANDING.—There was once a witty girl who used to wish her lovers all good qualities except a good understanding, "for that," said she, "would make them out of love with me."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MARIE GEORGINE.—We should imagine that the Cambridge and Oxford certificates for the "Junior" examinations, as well as those of all other colleges for juniors under sixteen years of age, would correspond with the French *certificat d'études primaires*. We cannot recommend music instruction books. You should inquire at a large music publisher's shop.

NELLIE.—We recommend you to apply for information to the secretary of the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, in reference to the National Art Training School. Lady Superintendent, Miss Trulock. The annual sessions commence on the 1st of March. Hours of attendance, from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m., Saturdays excepted. Entrance-fee, 10s.; and fee for each session, £5. There are also evening classes for women three days a week, at only £1 per session. There is also a Fine Arts Department in University College, London, and the Slade School, and no less than eleven Metropolitan District Schools of Art, of which one is the Female School of Art, 43, Queen-square, Bloomsbury. There are also College Lodgings for Lady Students at Russell House, Tavistock-square, W.C. Address the lady manager. We thank you much for your very kind letter, and wish your daughter success.

BERYL.—The editor regrets to say that he has nothing to do with the sale of this magazine, which belongs to a different department of the office. All applications must be addressed to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. When writing to him for the number required, the writer's full postal address must be sent, which "Beryl" has omitted in writing to the editor.

SILVER FERN.—The training colleges most suitable for Nonconformist schoolmistresses are Homerton (Congregational), London, E.—Principal, E. Liddell, Esq.; Southlands (Wesleyan), Battersea, London, S.W.—Principal, the Rev. G. W. Olver; and Whitelands (National Society's), Chelsea, London, S.W.—Principal, the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe. Accept our best thanks for your good wishes.

LAZYBONES.—1. We do not know an educational society by the name you give it. Perhaps you might like the Bee Reading Society. Address the hon. sec. and treasurer, Miss Rogers, 44, Henry-street, Limerick, and the designs and rules will be sent to you. 2. We cannot promise to supply articles of any kind, and certainly not on the subject you propose to us for an essay.

JENNY B.—1. We should advise you to study to fit yourself for a post-office clerkship. You write an excellent hand, and spell well. 2. No, we think it would not be of much use to you to know shorthand.

ADA.—We suppose you mean the training colleges for elementary schoolmistresses in connection with the Education Department. The terms in them vary from free admission to a fee of ten guineas for the two years' residence. In London there is the school in Skinner-street, Bishopsgate-street, E.C. Address the principal for information. We believe there are several scholarships connected with it. Your letter gives so few particulars that we do not know quite how to help you with advice.

CHERRY RIPE.—The value of degrees of longitude varies according to the latitude, their lengths diminishing as we recede from the equator. You will find full tables showing this decrease, from the equator to the poles, at pages 108 and 109 "Milner's Geography," published at 56, Paternoster-row. The coloured pictures of which you speak are charming ornaments for the day nursery and for children's bedrooms, as well as their schoolrooms. All these apartments require more brightening up than they usually get, as they are too often dull and gloomy.

VIVETTE.—We recommend you to study the art of cookery (procure a book on the subject), including invalid cookery, housekeeping, nursing, and plain sewing. Learn also to knit socks and mittens—an excellent occupation for those spare minutes which are not sufficiently free for regular studies. Your writing is very legible and well formed.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—1. We fear your composition is not sufficiently correct to qualify you as a governess. For instance, you say, "I have made up my mind to go out in a situation." You might "go out in" a carriage, or in a fur cloak, but you could not go out "in a situation." We draw your attention to this in all kindliness. 2. Black dresses are not worn on such an occasion as that which you name. You should inquire what others are going to wear, and what is expected of you. Endeavour not to appear remarkable.

A MOTHER.—We advise you to write to Miss Ada M. Leigh, 77, Avenue Wagram, Paris, of the English Mission Home for the protection of young English and American women and orphans in Paris. She will advise you as to the French Protestant schools and the private houses where those who wish to learn conversational French or to be otherwise educated may safely go. We are unable to supply addresses of this description, as they are not charitable institutions. Miss Leigh will, we think, give you four or five addresses.

DOMINIC.—Write for all information to the secretary Children's Convalescent Hospital, Cromwell House, The Bank, Highgate, N. They have a hospital in Ormond-street for thirty-two chronic cases. Should you fail to enter these there are many more, such as the Deaconesses' Nursing Home, at 12, Tavistock-crescent, Westbourne-park, having wards for boys and girls; the boys from three years old to seven; the girls from three to ten. See our article on "Nursing as a Profession," pages 454 and 455, vol. i.

WORK.

GOLD-FISH.—1. Very little trimming, if any, is put on "light cloth mantles," but if yours be too plain-looking to please you, add a little quilling of the same material to it as a bordering, or else of ribbon, watered or otherwise, to match the bow at the back, at least in colour. 2. You might procure the cards for your pressed specimens at either an artists' colourman's or else at a stationer's; if the latter be a good shop, you might procure it to order.

ADA THOMPSON.—Use tracing paper and transfer paper, either black or coloured. For taking off the design with these you can employ a bodkin or any pointed piece of wood or metal not very sharp; a hard pencil would do.

F. E. S.—To knit mittens with thumbs, see page 160, vol. ii.

IDA.—To make a knitted petticoat, see page 41, vol. ii. Your hand is stiff and angular, and the Greek "e" is only suitable for a capital letter, not a small one.

MINNEHAHA.—1. Blue lace would form a very pretty trimming for the dress, if pale blue cashmere. 2. The 28th of March, 1861, was a Thursday.

E. POLLETT.—Inquire at a lace-mender's and cleaner's or fancy-work shop. We regret that we cannot give addresses.

A. A. (Oxon.)—Some depôts exist for the sale of ladies' work, where no inquiries are made as to private means. But we advise you to offer your work to the proprietors of shops, and obtain orders from them. Trade orders are more reliable than charity depôts, the sales in the latter being so few, and a mere matter of chance.

JEANIE L. T.—Look for "Swiss Darning," at page 314, vol. i. Write to Mr. Tarn at our publishing office for any numbers you may require. The special number you now require was that for May 15, 1880.

AN INQUIRER.—See page 344, vol. i., for designs of birds suited to be worked on d'oyleys. Etched designs are much liked at present, and may be traced by yourself from many of our illustrations. To crystallise fruit, see page 92, vol. iii. Do not peel before using.

CLIFTON.—See "Crochet Work in Wool," page 476, vol. iii. The secret of making crisp toast is to have a clear fire and to make it quickly.

CHRISTMAS ROSES.—We do not know the cap by that name; please to describe it more fully.

TWO PUPIL TEACHERS.—An article on the subject will be given. The proper way of spelling the word is "coral," as the stitch imitates the sprays of coral.

A COUNTRY GIRL.—1. See page 160, vol. ii., for directions respecting the knitting of gloves. 2. We advise you to study prosody, and learn the rules of metrical composition, as your verses need much revision. Your letter is kind and courteous, and we thank you for it, regretting our inability to insert the verses.

KATHARINE OF ARRAGON.—A cap is more suitable for such an occasion. But you should be guided by the directions of your clergyman, and endeavour to appear like the rest. Find out what others are going to do, and avoid looking remarkable. At such a time your thoughts should be engrossed with higher considerations than those connected with dress and looking "fashionable."

THE HASTY ONE.—1. You might have a black and white tartan polonaise for the black skirt, trimming the latter with the same tartan. 2. The braid should be of mohair, not silk. Black is as much worn as ever.

INQUISITIVE.—We do not advise you to wash the white "nun's veiling," nor to attempt dyeing it yourself. It might be cleaned by a professional hand; and whether safe to do so, in view of possible shrinking, they will tell you at a dyer's.

E. R.—Of "moles" there are two descriptions, viz., dark spots in the skin, and, secondly, small four-legged animals that burrow under the earth, to which latter a reference is made by Hamlet in Shakespeare's play so named. We never heard of "iron" specimens of either description, either in Nature or art. There is a single word somewhat resembling it, *i.e.*, "ironmould," to which you will find a reference at page 127, vol. i.

A READER OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.—1. See pages 14 and 407, vol. ii., for the directions in reference to the cleaning of silks, satins, and ribbons. 2. There would be no objection to your sending your photograph to a young man on St. Valentine's day, provided you were to be engaged to him; but otherwise, certainly not; it would be very forward, undignified, and unmaidenly to do so. Try to show more seemly self-respect.

NELLY BLY.—We must call your attention to the fact that the slight error made in the recipe for making the fly pattern tricot stripe was rectified at page 608, vol. ii., in our reply to "Janie."

PANSY.—The names about which you inquire should be pronounced "child," "Lay-den" (the second syllable being clipt, in the peculiar English style, and sounded at the back of the mouth, as we do the name "Haydn"), "La-tray-ee,' and "Gus-tay-vus."

TAFFY.—Could you not turn the tea-cloth into two aprons, either by cutting it straight across, or like a half handkerchief, and using the corners only for two aprons and two bibs?

KETTERING DICK.—We should think the black satin very suitable, the colours for the embroidery should be in harmony with the room, and the fringe should be a mixed silk one of those colours and black.

GIBBY.—When crewel work is washed for the first time you should pour a gallon of boiling water over a pound of bran, and leave it to soak for a day. Then strain the bran water and make it lukewarm, and wash the work in it without soap; squeeze it gently, but do not wring it; hang it to dry in a warm room, and iron it before it is entirely dry, laying the right side down on flannel, and ironing the wrong side. No good crewel wools should run.

INQUIRER.—Write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row London, E.C., enclosing the money for any back numbers that you require. The samplers to which you refer are yet to be made and sent in to us for competition. We cannot, of course, direct you where to procure one of these, but you can obtain all particulars about them in the numbers you name of this paper.

FUNNY LITTLE MAIDEN must refer to page 463, vol. i., for a recipe to clean black silk; to page 238, vol. ii., for faded black cashmere; to page 407, vol. ii., to clean black ribbon; to page 303, vol. ii., to restore rusty black lace. We are glad that our magazine is of use to you.

ART.

IVANHOE.—No preparation is needed to prepare the material if you use Roberson's medium, which you can obtain at any artists' colourman's.

SERPOLETTE.—When photographs fade, if valuable to their owners, it is best to take them at once to a photographic artist, and see what course he advises. The newer ones rarely fade, and as the subject gets better understood, of course, the process becomes perfected.

ASHLEY HILL.—You do not tell us with what colours you want to paint; but if with water-colours, you must use flake white to mix them all; and if with oils, Roberson's medium. The colours were used too wet.

BRINSON.—When using oil paints where they are likely to run on any material, begin by squeezing out the tube colours on blotting-paper, which will absorb the oil in the paint and prevent a mark.

SUNBEAM.—The door-plates, fans, and boxes, made of wood ready prepared for painting, may be had in bazaars and at artists' colourmen's shops.

E. R. C.—Refer to our last Summer Number, entitled *Silver Sails*, pages 38-9, and there you will find an article on "Crystoleum, or Chromo-Photography." The directions given are very clear, and we do not think that any need to be supplemented by us.

A. H.—There are shops in Regent-street and elsewhere for the sale of materials for crystoleum painting. For further instructions refer to our Summer Number, entitled *Silver Sails*. If you have anything special to inquire about, you will probably obtain a solution of your difficulties in the shop where the appliances are sold.

An Australian Girl.—Produce a very smooth, even surface to the wood by rubbing it with glass-paper or sand-paper, if very fine. After you have finished the etching, varnish it with a fine white transparent varnish; that employed by bookbinders would be the best. We are glad that you like our paper.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Irene.—We have just given an answer to your question respecting St. George to another correspondent. He was born in Armorica, and martyred under Diocletian, by Datianus, April 23, A.D. 303. Our King Arthur placed his picture on his banners, and he was the patron saint of England in the time of the Saxons. The dragon represented with him was only allegorical of the evil over which the saint-martyr triumphed. We are glad that you find our paper so useful. Your writing is good.

Louie.—That your father and mother and all your friends should find as much pleasure in our magazine as yourself is a subject of much satisfaction to us, and we hasten to acknowledge your kindness in writing to tell us so.

Hon. Sec. of Women's Emigration Society.—We thank the writer for the new address of the society named, and will henceforth inform all inquiring correspondents that Mrs. Walter Browne has resigned the hon. secretaryship, and that the address now is New Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, S.W.

Widow Bernice.—In society a widow continues to bear her late husband's name in full; in business, law offices, banks, &c., she drops his christian name for her own. Thus on a visiting card the widow makes no change.

R. S. V. P.—1. There is no meaning to the surname you mention, at least that we are aware of. The family may have some old traditional story connected with it. 2. We do not undertake to give advertisements of books published by other firms. Your writing would be good if not so upright.

Rainbow.—Your writing would be very suitable for law copying, an employment equally suitable for young ladies, but unfortunately the demand for female clerks to undertake such work is exceedingly limited. We return your good wishes very cordially.

Madeline Alice.—We much approve of your sentiments in reference to missionary work at home. Your writing is particularly good, but your verses are very incorrect in composition, and do not contain any of those original thoughts which, when clothed in elegant and beautiful language, constitute what is so little understood—"poetry." We wish you Godspeed in your desire to aid in the cause of spreading the knowledge of the truth amidst so much darkness and ungodliness around.

Urgent Request.—In small tenements rent is usually paid by the week, month, or, at latest, the quarter. But if no such agreement have been made on taking possession, nothing will be due, if taken for a year, until the expiration of the year's occupancy. Of course, if you arranged to pay quarterly, you can only ask for an extension of time as a favour; and perhaps—if your landlord be unaccommodating—he might be satisfied by your leaving some article of the value of your quarter's rent in his hands in pledge and as a security for payment at a later date.

A. A.—Jewellery may be sent by post between England and America, but should be registered; and cutlery may, of course, be carried, divided between two or more trunks, if much in quantity, without fear of confiscation. Your handwriting would be very pretty were the long tails shortened.

Scottish Polly.—1. We regret that the lines you send us are so very incorrect in metrical composition that we could not accept them. Poetry is one of the highest and grandest of the arts, and to compose it not merely a perfect acquaintance with the rules of prosody is essential, but it must be inspired by genius. Original ideas are as the soul, and beautiful language as the body, of that creation which genius alone can produce, and which we call poetry. 2. See pages 80, 192, 592, and 607, vol. i.

N.—Certainly we do not think that "novelty is" always "essential to happiness," for sometimes any change would be for the worse. For instance, the novelty of catching the small-pox would do anything but contribute to the happiness of one accustomed to enjoying good health; or the novelty of a berth in the workhouse after living in a pleasant little home of your own. At the same time, after having been shut up in one room with an attack of jaundice, and staring day after day at an orange-coloured wall-paper, covered with large brown spots, which you felt obliged to count, the novelty of a change to the seaside and to a bright little sunshiny sitting-room, with a pure white wall-paper and nothing to count, would contribute a great deal towards a cheerful state of mind and the restoration of the health and nerves.

Lillian.—Read the "Table of Kindred and Affinity" at the end of the "Book of Common Prayer," and you will find your question answered at No. 6, according to the laws of the land.

E. B.—To cure the defect of "squeaking" in boots, see page 383, vol. i. It is when soles are improperly made, or have been unequally dried after having been wet through, that this disagreeable noise is produced.

Lily and Snowdrop.—See page 363, vol. ii., and you will find another way of utilizing Christmas cards. Screens, as well as small tea-tables, may be decorated with them.

Twilight.—Of course, you can get the back numbers by sending to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row. We have informed our readers of this over and over again. Surely you must have read it, and need not have written your letter. You write with too fine a pen.

Floh.—It is not a well-bred act to send visiting cards by post instead of calling on the friend to whom a visit is due. When this is done after receiving hospitality it is still more reprehensible, because you are supposed to call for the purpose of inquiring after the health of your hostess, who may have overexerted and knocked herself up in her efforts to entertain you; and also as a proof that you do not go to see her and the family only for what you can get by it, but that you put yourself out of the way to see them, and are ready to serve them in any way. Ignorance rather than rudeness may account for such conduct.

E. J. Hinton.—Your letter is written almost without punctuation of any kind, and with capital letters to wrong words, and is such a rigmarole that we can scarcely comprehend it. It seems that a bill has been sent in twice. You must know whether you owed what was charged; and if you subsequently lost the receipt given you, probably some member of your family can vouch for your having paid it. Pay what you owe honestly, and if they charge for anything a second time, produce your receipt or a witness to attest to having seen it or witnessed the transaction of paying on your part. If there be any doubt on your own mind, and there be no witness nor receipt to show, rather pay a second time than defraud another person.

Diamond.—"Septuagesima" is derived from the Latin word *Septuagesimus* or "Seventieth." The Sunday so-called was also known as "Quadragesima Sunday," and the name indicates that it is the seventieth day before Easter, while it is the third before Lent. "Sexagesima" is derived from *Sexagesimus*, or "Sixtieth." It is the second Sunday before Lent, and follows next before Shrove Tuesday. "Quinquagesima" is derived from *Quinquagesimus*, or "Fiftieth," about as many days before Easter, and also formerly known as Shrove Sunday. You write very neatly.

Mother Hubbard inquires, "How long is *it* required to be in black for a brother," and "which is the best soap for the complexion?" Who is "it"? The person who is anxious about her complexion? An article on the subject of "Mourning Attire" was given in vol. ii., see page 298; and in that entitled "The Habits of Polite Society," vol. iii., page 162, you will find that at present, in the upper ranks of society, crape is worn for three months, black without crape for two, and half-mourning for one, in case of a brother or sister.

Damaris.—See page 336, vol. ii. If the moles be small leave them alone, and in any case, if you desire their removal, obtain the services of a doctor; but do not attempt it yourself, or you may make the matter worse.

Toy.—The motto, "*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*," is the Latin for "Gentle in manner, resolute in deed." Your writing is good.

Welsh Girl.—Say or write "The Misses Howell," but in speaking of the family without any such prefix to the name it is quite permissible to call them "the Howells." We are obliged to you for your kind letter. Your writing is good, yet we prefer one less upright.

LITTLE MISS INNOCENCE.

A BICYCLING INCIDENT.

By J. C. SAWTELL.

A SWEETLY pretty country child,
In age, I thought, four sunny years,
Her flaxen hair was somewhat wild,
Her eyes had lately shed some tears;
Her dress was made of rosy hues,
Her feet were cased in buckle-shoes.

She'd scrambled up a five-barr'd gate,
And, bending o'er the topmost bar,
Inclined her head in style sedate,
And watched me coming from afar,
Till when she cried, as drew I near,
"Gitt off, dere, p'ease, I want 'ou here!"

I slackened pace, and, jumping down,
At once wheeled round in some surprise;
Her face was free of slightest frown,
And as she turned her pretty eyes
She said, "I on'y want to feel
Dat awful smoove and shiny wheel!"

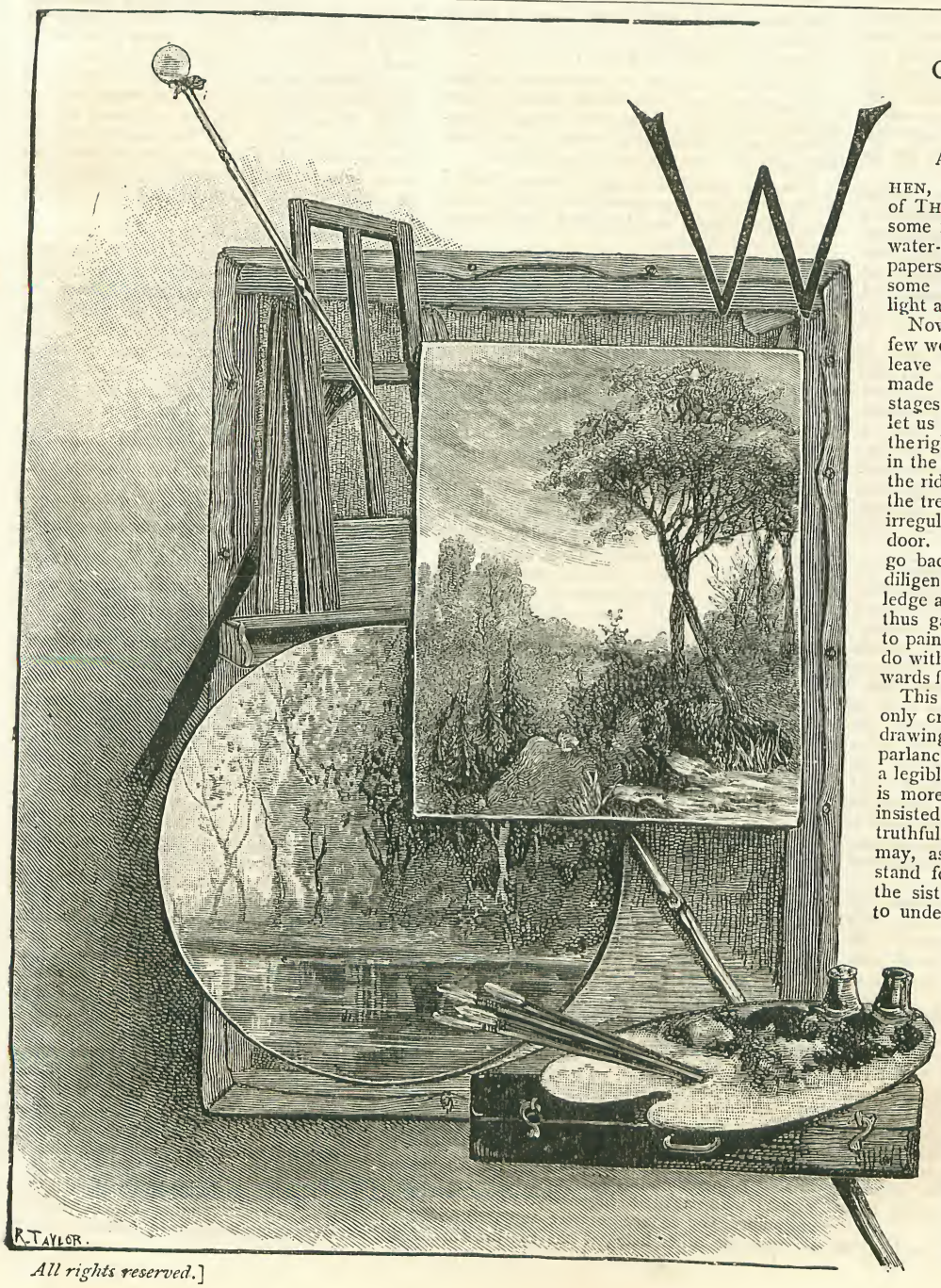
She softly felt the plated steel,
Anon began to lightly rub,
Then moved, and saw within the wheel
Her face reflected by the hub.
Surprised, she gazed, and then in glee
She laughed, and said, "Why, dere is me!"

I asked her how she came alone,
She said she hadn't gone astray,
And answered in a far-off tone
That "Nurse, up dere, is pickin' may."
But here she caught the usual spell,
And asked me, "P'ease *do* wing dat bell!"

I took no note of what she said,
But rather asked of her abode;
She stroked the hair around her head,
And in an ardent, longing mode
She said, with eyes still on the thing,
"I'll kiss you if you'll make it wing!"

Her name was Madge, she went to school,
And this was all she cared to tell,
Her answers were extremely cool,
She kept her gaze upon the bell;
But here I pleased the little miss,
I rang the bell—*and had the kiss!*

VOL. IV.—NO. 170] MARCH 31, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.



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ON PAINTING IN OIL COLOURS.

By JOHN C. STAPLES,
Author of "Sketching from Nature."

WHEN, last year, I addressed those readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER who desired some instruction in the art of painting in water-colours, I commenced my series of papers with one or two in which I gave some hints on drawing in outline and in light and shade, irrespective of colour.

Now that I have been requested to say a few words on painting in oils, I must take leave to assume that you, my readers, have made a sufficient progress in those initial stages on the high road of art to enable you, let us say, for example, to put your brush on the right spot and to carry it the right distance in the right direction when you want to give the ridge of a cottage roof, or the trunk of the tree that stands beside it, or the flight of irregular steps that run up to the half-open door. If you cannot do this, you had better go back and read those papers and draw diligently; for, speaking generally, the knowledge and the craftsmanship which you may thus gain are indispensable as a preliminary to painting, although much that you learn to do with the point in drawing you must afterwards forget to do with the brush in painting.

This part of the task before you needs only ordinary industry and intelligence, for drawing, as we understand it in common parlance, can as surely be acquired as can a legible handwriting. So, too, though this is more difficult and is a point less often insisted on, the eye can be taught to see truthfully. Now, these two acquirements may, as a matter of illustration, very well stand for facility in writing and reading in the sister art of literature; but I want you to understand at the outset that when you have the command of pencil and brush that I speak of, and the faculty of seeing things as they appear, you are yet no nearer painting a picture which shall have a real and permanent value, or be worth to others the pains it costs you to produce, than your brother who writes and reads well is to producing a book which will live.

If you ever paint a picture worth the name, it will be, not because you have learned to draw and paint, though you will have to do that somehow, but because you love Nature and have lived with her and have studied her, as you study the face of the friend who is dearest to

you, to catch the meaning of each fleeting expression and dwell upon the beauty of each curved line and soft shadow.

I have begun by addressing you in a serious vein, and holding up a high standard, because oil painting, with how much justice I cannot now stay to decide, has always been looked upon popularly as a more serious branch of art than water-colour drawing; and if you are reading this paper it is, I presume, because you have a serious desire to paint pictures. But there is a good deal of fun to be got out of painting, too, and the more you are impelled to approach your painting in the same spirit in which you approach your lawn tennis, taking, that is to say, the same sort of pleasure in dexterously laying on a tint of the right value in the right place that you would feel in cleverly returning a ball just where your opponent could not reach it—the same pleasure in finishing and carrying off a successful sketch from Nature that you feel in winning a sett, the more you are likely to make good studies and eventually to paint good pictures; for Nature loves to be approached in a joyous spirit. If this is your feeling for the task which you have set yourself, and if you have steadfastness and perseverance, then there is some hope for you, and you may—nay, I venture confidently to promise you that you will—do work which will be a lasting joy to others as well as to yourself.

But, even if you fall short of the higher standard, you can scarcely fail to attain to a close and intelligent and appreciative knowledge and enjoyment of the works of the great artists of all time; so that your capacity for refined pleasure will be vastly increased, and life will be both the brighter and the better for you in consequence.

You wish, then, to know how to paint in oils. Well, it is to be done by painting, and going on painting and beginning to-morrow to paint again. Paint anything that you think pretty—anything that you admire. I cannot tell you what to admire, for this is not an essay on taste; but you must just paint what you *do* admire. Go on painting until you are disgusted with your work, and then go back to your drawing until the desire to paint returns.

I say this to impress upon your minds that, by comparison with work—with persevering practice—rules and precise instructions and definitions of "glazing" and the "impasto" and "scumbling" and the like (terms useful, chiefly, to the art critic who desires to make a show of knowledge) are of the smallest avail.

If you desire strongly to reproduce a scene which has fascinated you, and if you are courageous, you will dash away and give something that will have a value other than can be found in the work of those who paint by rule, though it will lack much that their work possesses. Nevertheless, it may have a freshness and an individuality which will atone to some extent for want of technical knowledge.

Of course I do not lose sight of the fact that the best way, and the shortest, and the only thorough way to paint is to go through the schools and to acquire the technique of your art by conscientious labour under the eye of a master.

But the fact of your sitting down to read this paper is, I suppose, sufficient evidence that you have been unable to follow this course, and I wish you to know of a certainty that, though the former is the best, it is not the *only* way, and that, by following your instinct and the path to which your intelligence points, though you may and will miss much that the trained student finds ready to his hand, you may also give qualities to your work, such, for instance, as a certain frankness and *naïveté*, which have a distinct and considerable value.

The chief thing is to *do*. Do something as well as you can, and then forget it and do something else, and in the end you may do that which others will *not* forget.

It is very possible that you are getting impatient for me to give you some definite hints as to how you should begin, and maybe this is natural enough; but I wish most heartily that I had power in my pen to make you understand that what I have been saying above is truly and honestly far more to the purpose—the purpose, that is, of showing you how to paint, than anything that I can say to you about canvases, brushes, colours, and the mode of beginning a sketch. Far better for you would it be if, instead of—I had almost said—wasting your time in reading about "charcoal sketches," and "drawing in," and "underpainting" and the like, you would take the colours and the brushes, and, on any surface that presents itself, put down boldly but accurately, however roughly, a note of the scene which strikes you.

Shall I tell you the truth about yourself? You want to know exactly *how* to do it, *because you are afraid*. Yet if you would succeed, you must throw fear to the winds.

If you are too poor to waste some colours and canvases, you had better abandon your design, for waste them you must, at first. Therefore, you had better waste them cheerfully and get some fun out of the process.

You are afraid of doing it wrong; but I assure you that you cannot do it right until you find out how; and you had better set to work at that at once.

It is a characteristic of the amateur and the beginner to think a great deal of materials and tools. These do not really matter, except that, if you can afford it, you should have plenty of them and spoil them in a fine, lavish, generous spirit; because it is the amount of work which you do that tells, the quantity of practice which you have that tends to make you perfect, and these will be—with slight allowances for difference of intelligence and aptitude—a pretty accurate measure of each aspirant's progress.

The thing done, the circumstances under which it is done, and the means employed are by comparison of the smallest possible account. The quality of the canvas does not matter, for you are to cover it (indeed, common stiff brown paper is a capital material for sketches in oils; only your beginner would be sure to be dissatisfied with anything so cheap and so ready to his hand, and would think its valuable absorbent qualities and the dulness of the sketch when dry, grave drawbacks, which they are not), the brushes you use do not matter, for the best French-made "hog tools" and "sables" will at first be as unmanageable and disobedient in your hands as the cheapest and commonest bundles of bristles that you can buy, and the colours do not matter, for you need not yet trouble yourselves with questions of permanency and the like.

There are a vast number of requisites, conveniences, and luxuries provided for the use and comfort of the painter, an illustrated list of which may be had for the asking from most of the better sort of artists' colourmen; I shall, however, confine myself here to a catalogue of the merest necessaries, leaving you to add, as you may feel the want of them and possess the means to purchase, such additional appliances as may seem to you desirable.

I would advise you generally to see what you can do without, rather than what you can do with. A white linen sketching umbrella, for instance, is a great comfort at times; but there are many days and many places where it is superfluous, and few circumstances under which, with a little ingenuity, or a little endurance, you cannot contrive to do without it. On the other hand, it has the drawback of adding greatly to the load you have to carry on your sketching excursions.

The indispensable requisites with which you must provide yourself for painting in oils are—

Canvas, under which head we may place paper and pasteboard, whether prepared for the purpose or not, and panels of wood.

Paints, including oils and mediums, and a box to contain these and the brushes.

Brushes, with a little charcoal and perhaps a bit of black chalk, and lastly—

An Easel, or a seat, or, perhaps, both; though if you have one of the French paint-boxes it will not be necessary for small pictures to take both, since, when seated, with your paint-box on your knees, the lid forms a sufficient easel, and when, on the other hand, you take an easel you may stand to your work and so avoid carrying the extra weight of your stool in your rambles in search of subjects.

With respect to the canvas, which is the material most commonly used for sketches and paintings in oil, there are several sorts sold, such as plain cloth, Roman cloth, and ticken. The first has the texture of common linen cloth, the second has a more pronounced and peculiar texture, and the third has a diagonal ribbed texture. These are all prepared in different ways with size and white lead or paint, so as to render the substance of the cloth less absorbent, and the surface more or less smooth. For my own part, of the canvases sold in shops, I prefer the plain cloth prepared in the manner known as "half-primed."

Any ordinary linen-cloth may be prepared for painting on, in the following manner: Strain your material by tacking it at the edges on some flat surface, or straining it over the usual wedged wooden frames on which the prepared canvas is commonly sold in the shops, and having procured some painter's size and melted it with about its own weight of water in a saucepan or gallipot, take a large hog's-hair paint brush and wet your cloth all over evenly and thoroughly with the hot size.

When this application is quite dry, take some white-lead (both the size and the white-lead are quite cheap) and mix it thoroughly in a gallipot or saucer with sufficient spirits of turpentine, commonly called "turps," to bring it to the consistency of rather thin cream, and having added a dash of raw umber, or yellow ochre and black, or any other tint that pleases your fancy, just enough to qualify the raw whiteness of the white-lead, take your brush, and, as before, lay on the mixture evenly and smoothly all over the sized surface. When quite dry, your canvas is ready for use, but the longer it is kept the better it will be. I think most artists who have tried preparing their own canvases prefer them to those which are to be procured in shops. All sorts of textures can be secured in this way by purchasing different qualities of canvas or cloth, and the prepared ground can be varied as experience or fancy may suggest.

Brown or other papers, and pasteboard or milled-board, may be prepared in the same way, and will be quite as good and serviceable as the "oil sketching paper" and the "academy boards," sold at the artists' colourmen's, at prices varying from about ninepence per sheet for paper measuring 24 inches by 19 inches, to one shilling and sixpence for "academy boards" of 26 inches by 19 inches.

The prices at shops for the prepared canvas mentioned above is about three shillings and sixpence per yard for plain cloth, one yard wide; and five shillings per yard for Roman cloth or ticken of the same width. With increase in width of the canvas the price rises in a very rapid ratio.

Prepared canvases strained on wedged frames may be had at prices ranging from one shilling for one measuring 8 inches by 6 inches, to one

shilling and sixpence for one measuring 12 inches by 10 inches, two shillings for one 16 inches by 12 inches, three shillings and sixpence for one 24 inches by 18 inches, and so on up to three pounds for one 8 feet 10 inches by 5 feet 10 inches. The intermediate sizes can, of course, be had. If one of these wedged frames be procured, any intelligent carpenter and joiner could make others from the pattern, or the frames can be bought without the canvas at the shops.

Panels of white wood can be purchased of a size to fit the grooves in the French paint-boxes, where several may be carried while wet without risk. For the smaller sizes old cigar-boxes may be used up; the wood is excellent for the purpose, being well seasoned, and the empty boxes can be bought cheaply at the tobacconists'.

NOTE.—The prices mentioned above are only given with the object of affording you a rough general idea of cost of materials; they are often subject to a discount or reduction to those who pay "ready money."

(*To be continued.*)

CARVING AT TABLE.

By S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

IT has been my endeavour throughout a series of articles in this magazine to demonstrate the fact that good-breeding should be evidenced in every act, word, and circumstance of each day's life; and while I now give a few directions as to the art itself of "Carving at table," I desire to point out that, in this service which we render to others, their health and strength are involved, a kindly solicitude is evinced for their comfort and gratification, the means of subsistence is materially economised, over and above the fact that the carver's own delicacy of feeling and refinement may be therein displayed.

Thus, my readers' duties, when acting in such a capacity, should be regarded under a threefold aspect—viz., those of kindliness, economy, and good-breeding; and they deserve the careful consideration of every young person, whether boy or girl. So, consequently not merely the art itself, but a study of the principles on which its due prosecution is based, should be made an item of their education.

Unfortunately, however, young people are apt to regard any care bestowed on the supplies of the table as an evidence of "greediness;" and they stigmatize those who take a different view of the matter as "gourmets," for whom they profess an unqualified contempt. Alas! How little they know what a subject of anxiety the provision for the home-table may have been to their mothers in the days of their early childhood; or how great a measure of their health may be attributed to the selection of specially suitable food for them, with a view to their peculiarities of constitution. Nay, more, they fail to realise to what straits, if the means were limited, that mother may at times have been reduced to make an expensive joint hold out over a certain number of dinners, and devising varieties in the dressing to make it palatable as well as nourishing. Should all this wise and loving solicitude be stigmatized as "greediness" on that worthy mother's part? Let our common-sense and good-feeling give an honest answer. Had she not made the sister arts of carving, cookery, and economy her study, she would have made a lamentable failure of the task of supplying, day by day, a suitable meal to the little mouths that craved it of her.

Yes, in the matter of carving, as applied to flesh, fish, or fowl, we may improve the health, and even save the lives of those for whom we undertake the task; and we may transform an operation, in itself alone considered both troublesome and disagreeable, into one of natural gratification, which is most essential for the due assimilation of food. That this is the fact I can prove by an appeal to your own experience.

After suffering from a severe cold or attack of influenza, and when sense of taste and smell is gone, do you not loathe your insipid, flavourless food? Is not the process of eating tiresome? and is it not little that you can manage to swallow? It is no vice of "greediness" that makes anyone to fancy their food, and to appreciate it the better when properly dressed, served, and carved. To devote much thought and money on your own gratification; to help yourself to the best or the most, rather than give the preference to others; to persist in taking viands or drinks that are injurious to the state of your health and constitution, merely to gratify your fancy for them; or to eat as much as you can eat just short of feeling ill: in all these cases you would prove yourself really guilty of greediness, selfishness, and intemperance. I pray you, my young readers, to distinguish between the two pictures I have drawn, and do not "put bitter for sweet," nor "sweet for bitter."

I will now suppose that you have an invalid in the family circle, that you are to fill the office of carver, and that the *pièce de résistance* for the dinner is a leg of mutton. So, never having observed how it was done, nor given a thought to the subject yourself, you cut straight down till you reach the bone, and then when you make the second incision, you slope the knife outwards from the first which you made, so making the inner part of the slice thicker than the outside. Of course, the piece will not come out, and you have to struggle with the difficulty by cutting the slice through next the bone; and a nice help, truly, you then produce, the thick inner portion being underdone, sinewy, veiny, ough, and utterly unattractive. Besides this, through cutting too far inwards you have caused a crimson flow from that least done into the dish, and so have spoilt the gravy for many, and have turned them from their dinners as much as if presented to them in a slaughter-house. I speak from experience, for from such a style of carving I have myself suffered. A worthy acquaintance of mine treats a joint in this coarse way, and sends a "junk" of meat to you only fit to be thrown to a wild beast. Yet, this individual is kind and hospitable, and otherwise well-bred. To the strong, such an ill-favoured help would only cost a dinner; but to the delicate (especially after illness), it might cause a step backwards in their progress towards strength and recovery.

Refinement may be shown in every act of life, not merely in words, dress, and deportment; and refinement is very particularly needed in reference to such an unlovely-looking thing as a joint of meat! There are also painful and repulsive ideas connected with food of such a description, and it should be surrounded with pretty disguises, with garnishing of many kinds, and with various descriptions of flavouring sauces and pickles, besides the more common condiments to which the poorest have access. But none of these disguises and adjuncts will prove of much advantage if the art of carving be not brought in to our assistance, as the handmaid to that of cookery.

Over and above the questions of health and economy, it is grossly ill-bred to help any person at your table as you would feed a steam-engine or fire-stove, with awkward lumps in the "anyhow" style. "Anyhow" is objectionable in every act of life.

And thus my pity is often drawn forth when I see how children are helped at many tables, and so early trained to fancy that this horrible "anyhow" will do. The principle is altogether an evil one; and if these little ones be trained to see how carefully the helping of animal food should be done, they will not grow up to think that lumps of fat meat, cut along the grain so as to form into strings, most difficult of mastication; pieces of hard, indigestible gristle, and what is erroneously called "gravy," are to be regarded as wholesome or palatable and attractive-looking exhibitions.

I quite disapprove of the waste of food by either grown-people or children, and as a general rule it is well that the latter should know that they are to finish the help given them. But parents should, under such circumstances, be the more careful as to the manner in which they help them. Our own appetites are not always equally great; our condition of health and the weather make them to vary from one day to another. Is it not so with children also? You should not treat them as mere machines, and arbitrarily give them a certain amount to finish, hungry or not; nor should you lay before them what you would not eat yourself.

I have seen a fine, healthy, good-tempered child endeavouring obediently to finish all the fat on her plate; but the moment the trying task was accomplished she had to fly precipitately from the room. Fat, in a certain proportion, may be advantageously eaten; but it is of so rich a nature that it should be but sparingly given, and more especially to some; and the training to eat it should be a very gradual process. But so little do people think of this, that meat is cut up by a servant in squares for them, and so carelessly done that sometimes one square is entirely of fat and another of gristle, which latter should have been carefully removed. How little consideration is thus shown for one who has but a few small teeth; and who eats, as well as speaks, learns, and runs about twice as fast as any grown person Thus the tough and unpalatable lump is simply bolted, and the trials of the digestive powers are unnecessarily tried from early childhood. Carve very thinly for a child, and leave but little mastication to be done. Let the small proportion of fat be attached to the lean, and let the help be a spare one. If the child be hungry, allow it the privilege of asking for a second helping.

Before closing these general remarks, I must add a word respecting the gravy. Opinions and tastes differ considerably on the amount of roasting and boiling which brown meats require. The question is a vexed one, and to this I made very special allusion in a small book on "Home Nursing," which was recommended to the notice of our readers in vol. i., page 611. I will not therefore recapitulate my own views upon it; but in due consideration for the feelings of others who, like myself, abhor the sight of a crimson hue in the gravy to which they are helped, no less than for the sake of the table-cloth (should you have occasion to turn the joint, or drop a slice in helping), let clear brown gravy be served in a sauce-boat, and never in the dish with the meat. Of course when the gravy is thickened the case is otherwise, and it is not likely to be either discoloured in the process of carving, nor to be splashed over the cloth, like the clear and thin.

We now come to particularise in reference to the style in which certain meats are to be carved, warning you to have the carving-knife sharpened as nearly like a razor as possible. A blunt knife is a very wasteful implement, and so drags meat to pieces as to render it unfit to appear the second day. See

also that the guard on the carving-fork be raised before you begin your duties.

In helping soles you may either cut through the bone, and give a narrow double piece, or else you may make a wider division across the top, and slide the fish-knife under it next the bone, and so give single slices; having removed the head and tail, and looked to see that by no oversight of the cook's any refuse has been left within the hollow part near the head. Turbot, mackerel, brill, john-dory, plaice, and all flat fish are always helped in single slices. Pass the knife straight down the backbone, and then make a succession of incisions at right angles with the first; slide the knife under these helpings, taking care that you give that portion of the meat on the fin of turbot and brill with the more solid part, and the gelatinous skin over all, which is somewhat of the nature of fat. When the whole of the top part has been finished, proceed to help the under side in the same way; but as the skin on this side of turbot is dark, give no more of it than you can avoid, but give a portion of the fin.

Cod should be helped in slices, and as unbroken as possible, and a portion of the sound attached to the backbone given with it. The back and the under part of a salmon are different in consistency; the back being thick, firm, and dry, the under part being lighter in colour, not so thick, and fat in quality. Make straight cuts at right angles and lay a narrow slice of each part on every plate. Whiting is served curled, with the tail in the mouth, and should be cut across in half, and thus divided, served. Small trout need no carving, but are supplied whole. Gurnet and hake are helped in single slices, taken from one side at a time. Remember the stuffing in the former, and whenever there is roe in any fish, endeavour to divide it amongst all the plates to be served. Mackerel and herrings have two descriptions of roe—the hard, which is like a conglomeration of tiny grains; and the soft, which is of the consistency of cream. Do not help these indiscriminately, but give each person the choice between them. Flaky fish should be helped in flakes, which should not be broken, but each preserved intact, and kept together in small masses.

A sirloin of beef is divided into meat of two different qualities, which have to be carved in opposite directions. The upper part must be carved lengthwise with the ribs, the "undercut," or "fillet," must be cut across. Towards the end of this "under-cut" there is a certain amount of suet-fat; and a small piece of this should be given with every slice of lean. It is usual to finish this side of the joint before commencing to carve the upper side. It is the most tender, and better suited to delicate people than the other. Let the slices be cut thin and delicately, but not in mere shavings. When you turn the other side, you will find a hard piece of gristle running across it, close to the backbone, and perhaps a small piece of rough broken bone, which will be in the way of your knife. Slice these off, and then cut as evenly as you can the whole length of the joint. The slices should be thin, and a portion of the streaky fat end should be given with the lean of the upper part. Cut right down to the bone, very smoothly and straight, leaving no lumps nor holes. Do not forget to supply a few shreds of horseradish to each plate.

A saddle of mutton should be cut down the whole length, parallel with the backbone, the knife then inserted at the latter from the upper part of the back, and cuttings made diagonally from the centre of the back to the ends of the ribs, thus giving long slices, half lean, half fat.

A haunch of venison (or mutton) should be cut across the knuckle-end, quite to the bone, and thin slices taken out straight down the backbone. Fat from the rib portion should be helped with the lean.

A leg of mutton should be held with the fork, so as to present the inner side of the leg to the carver. Make an incision near the thickest part, but by no means cut to the bone. The slices should not be very thick, yet rather of a delicate wedge-shape. Make three incisions before you attempt to remove the first slice, and give a very small piece of the fat from the top of the ridge at the thick end with the lean. The knuckle end is of a different and more glutinous description of meat from the rest; and when the joint is too little done to please any guest, you will find what may suit them either in this part, or at least the nearer that you approach that end. In the centre of the joint there is a small piece of inner fat which some regard as a delicacy, called the "Pope's eye," and near this, on the inside, there is a portion of the meat lighter in colour, and more tender than the rest. Remember these little peculiarities for the benefit of invalids. If this joint be served cold on the second day, the outer side should then be turned up, and instead of cutting across the joint, as on the inside, cut long shallow slices the whole length of the joint, as you would in carving venison.

A loin of mutton should be helped in chops, giving a bone to each person. If roasted, you will find a lean part, of about the size of a veal cutlet, near the neck; this will supply two or three little delicate slices for those who prefer not to take a whole chop.

A shoulder of mutton supplies less of solid meat, but more variety in quality, than a leg, and is much more tender and fat. You cannot mistake on which side to cut it, as you can feel where the fork goes through on the fore-part of the shoulder, and thence cut out rather thick wedge-like pieces. When you reach the blade-bone, you will find a ridge of bone dividing one part of the blade from the other. The meat should be taken lengthwise along this partition bone, and will be found particularly tender. The underneath, or inside of the shoulder, varies in quality, a small piece near the centre being fine in grain and tender; and at the extremity of the large end there is a good deal of meat of a coarser grain, while that at the top ridge is crisp.

Some practice is needed to raise the shoulder from a quarter of lamb. The knife must be sharp and strong, and the fork firmly fixed into the shoulder. Lay the blade of the knife flat, and insert between the ribs and shoulder, and as you draw, or raise the shoulder, make a succession of short cuttings where you see there is any connection between the two. Then place the shoulder upon a separate dish and carve it as already described; and the ribs in chops.

Cut a loin of veal across, through the thick part, in very thin slices, and inquire of those whom you help whether they like the kidney and kidney-fat, reserving them for those who like them only, that they may not be left wasted on their plates.

A breast of veal should be cut in two, dividing the short gristly bones and thick part of the meat from the thin part on the flat hard bones. Cut the former in little blocks, and give one of the thin bones with each.

The fillet of veal should be carved as a round of beef, cutting horizontally, instead of downwards. The slices should be very thin in both cases, and the stuffing and a little fat served in each plate.

Make the first incision in a calf's-head across the cheek; that is, taking a horizontal line from under the ear to under the nostril, and serve a slice of the tongue with each help. The minced brains will be served separately.

A knuckle of veal should be carved by taking slices of any solid lean part, and serving portions of the soft, gelatinous gristle and fat with them.

A tongue should be cut straight down through the thickest part, yet not so as to sever the two halves, but leaving sufficient to preserve the unity of the whole. The slices should be about a third of an inch in thickness at the outside, and of rather a wedge-shape. Turn the tongue round, and at the root portion, where it is thick and fat, make a similar cutting, far enough inwards to obtain a portion of the "kernel" in each slice of fat, and serve with the lean. Kernels in the fat of hams and mutton excise, and avoid serving.

The first incision made in a ham should be rather near the knuckle end, which should be turned to your left hand. Cut down straight, take the second a little sloping to the right, and let every slice after the first or second be as thin as you can cut it.

A round of beef must be carved horizontally with a broad-bladed sharp knife, and making the thinnest slices.

A loin of pork should be carved just like one of mutton or lamb; taking off a chop for each help. Be careful to give the "crackling" with each chop; and inquire whether anyone would like to have a portion of the kidney also, the latter being inferior to that of veal.

The carving of a fowl demands a little practice. Place it with the breast towards you, insert the fork into it, and pass the knife between the legs and the body, pressing the former outwards, and dividing the joints. Then make a straight cutting along the breast a little way down the side, so as to leave some of the white meat near the breast-bone on each side. Cut down till you find the joint, and so take off the wing. Inquire which of those at table prefer liver or gizzard; divide each, and thus give a portion to four. Insert the knife across the breast-bone, and slope it outwards, thus taking off the merrythought, cut the slices remaining on each side of the central bone, and then take off the collar or neck-bones, otherwise called "flie s," which lie on each side of the wings. These must be raised with the knife and pressed backwards, to disengage them. Then turn the fowl back upwards, and the neck furthest from you, and press the knife through the centre of the back, taking off the "sides-bones." If it be a capon, cut a succession of slices from the breast, taking off a small round slice near the wing first, and slicing backwards towards the breast-bone. I have described the usual method of carving a fowl; in sending the several helps to those at table, it would be well to divide the breast, merrythought, and fliers, and apportion a little of the white meat to those who receive the legs. Thus, if there were five persons to be supplied, I should divide the fowl thus: two small wings and a portion of liver or gizzard each for two helps; thigh part of legs and the fliers for third and fourth; drumsticks and merrythought, and the rest of the liver and gizzard, and the two sidesbones for the fifth and sixth.

A turkey should be carved as a capon, the slices being taken off from the complete length of the body. The stuffing will be found in the breast.

A goose is carved as a turkey, but the stuffing is inside the lower end of the body, and a half circle should be cut there to allow room for the insertion of the spoon.

Pheasants should be carved as turkeys and geese.

Partridges, grouse, woodcocks, pigeons, and snipe should be divided right down through the centre, and a whole side served as a help with some toast; but if the partridges be large, and there be three persons to supply, instead of two, it will be necessary to take off a small wing and leg on each side, and to raise the

remainder of the breast entire; inserting the knife at the tail end, and so dividing it from the back, which will provide a help for the third person.

Hares must be turned the head to the carver's left hand, and straight slices cut all the whole length of the backbone, beginning close to it. The stuffing, which is inside, and the forcemeat balls should not be forgotten by the carver, while the red-currant jelly will be carried round by the servant. Serve a good deal of gravy with each help, as the meat is dry. The legs and "wings" are taken off as those of a fowl; the former should be divested of meat by the carver and served without the bones.

A rabbit should be placed with the head to the carver's right hand, and the knife drawn down the whole length of the body, close to the backbone on each side; cut down the centre into two equal sides, then across the back twice, leaving three equal helpings, if the rabbit be sufficiently large, on each side of the back. The legs should be taken off and the wings raised before carving the back. Small rabbits will only bear a single cut across the back, and both sides of the back must be carved and served together.

Before taking leave of the subject of carving for the table, I must remind you that the same delicacy of feeling and thoughtful care for the comfort and advantage of others will make you scrupulous in your neatness during the performance of your office. Never help any dish unless the plate be too near to allow for the falling of drops on the cloth, and never engage in conversation while so occupied. Give your whole attention to your business, and observe to whom you supply each help. Do not give a tough part to one who is likely to have false teeth, or who is known to be delicate; and endeavour to check your inclination to be bountiful; but give moderate helps lest people may feel nauseated, especially when helping an invalid or convalescent: you make them wish for more if you give but little, and so tempt a poor appetite.

Never forget to supply each plate with a portion of every adjunct served with the dish, such as stuffing, fat, forcemeat-balls, small dumplings, horseradish, vegetables, sippets of toast, and all else; and in helping salmon, mackerel, soles, and herrings, the roe—which in the last-named fish may be soft or hard, and a choice should therefore be given. The sound of cod, which grows along the backbone, should not be forgotten; nor the liver, if served with the fish. And when there is no carving, but mere helping to be done, still give something of everything; such, for instance, as the hard-boiled eggs in a pie or a salad, and the rim of pastry encircling a milk-pudding. In the latter case, I have seen a help taken from out of the centre, and the pastry was forgotten; as also the pieces of lemon, and sippets of toast, in the helping of minced veal. Such omissions, trifling as they are, so far as the amount of deprivation experienced by the persons negligently served, are evidences, but little gratifying, of carelessness and want of thought for them, an indifference which is not merely unkind and uncomplimentary, but thoroughly ill-bred. Hospitality is not shown by giving huge uncouth-looking helps; but by perpetual watchfulness over the requirements of each person at table, and a kindly anxiety to serve them, so as to tempt appetite, bringing all your skill and all your good taste and refinement into service.

Lastly, never press anyone to take, nor even to taste, what they decline a second time. No well-bred guest could refuse to take what was much pressed upon them, even if loathing it; because it would imply a reproach to the hostess to depreciate any viand she had laid before them. But there is such a thing as a natural antipathy, and you should not force your guest into so ungracious a position as that of admitting that your dish was distasteful. A hostess may go so far as to say, "Will you change your mind?" But if she forget her good-breeding, and press a guest to any greater degree to take what is declined, the latter is bound by the rule of politeness to taste a small portion. Possibly, you, my young guest, may feel very uncomfortable; but you will have some compensation in the thought that you have performed a little act of self-denial, and thereby gratified one who sought to show you a kindly attention.

"Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

NEW MUSIC.

ENOCH AND SONS.

The Turn of the Tide. Written and composed by Cotsford Dick. In two keys.—A most pleasing and well-written song. The effective modulation from the minor to its relative major, which occurs at the words, "And the surf rolls in with the tide," is most artistic and appropriate.

A Midsummer Dream. Words by Frederick E. Weatherly. *Music by Cotsford Dick.* In two keys.—We have before us another of this versatile composer's songs. It is very pretty and uncommon. We are much impressed with the characteristic accompaniment to the following lines:—

"Then away from the busy city,
Through peaceful meadow land,
With his gentle wife at twilight
He is wandering hand in hand."

We think our young friends will do well to add these two songs to their musical repertory.

The Old, Old Words. Faithful. Two songs written by Mary Mark-Lemon. Music by Joseph L. Roeckel.—These are both attractive songs. The commencement of the former is rather melancholy, but the six-eight movement at the end of each verse is more cheerful. The latter song is sympathetic, and requires great expression and feeling in the rendering.

Too Late. Words by Hugh Conway. Music by H. A. Muscat.—This song is set in a musicianly style, and is quite within the compass of unpretending vocalists.

One Golden Hour. Words by Cotsford Dick. Music by Frederic Clay.—A melodious theme, set to sympathetic words. The accom-

THE DEATH-BED OF ST. CECILIA.
(From the Picture by De Vriendt.)

paniment is elaborate, and requires good playing as well as singing. Would suit a good soprano. Altogether, we think this song exceptionally good.

The Golden Way. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Percy Jackman.—There is great merit in the music, which interprets the words most sympathetically.

HUTCHINGS AND ROMER.

Hurrah for the Gallant Marines. Written and composed by Harold E. Stidolph.—A bold, inspiriting song, suggested, as the title informs us, by the services rendered by our gallant seamen in the recent Egyptian campaign.

WILLEY AND CO.

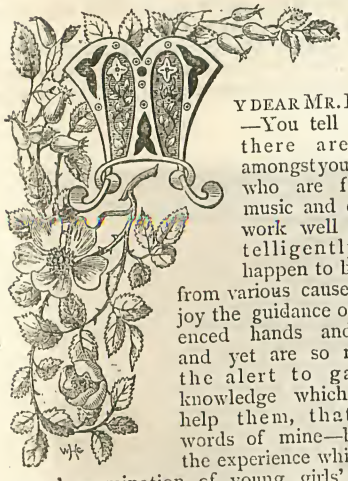
The Organist. Written by M. W. (published by permission of the editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER). Music by C. E. Kettle.—These verses (which are rather long) have been most pleasingly set to music by Mr. Kettle. The variety given by the changes into different keys relieves what otherwise might prove monotonous.

Per Mare, per Terram. Words by Joseph Jolly, Esq. Music by C. E. Kettle.—An excellent song, with chorus, in praise of our gallant marines. Music and words well adapted.

Ben Brace. Words by Dick Weathereye. Music by C. E. Kettle.—A bold and characteristic sea song, most ably and pleasingly set, graphically describing the gallant conduct of a sailor in the hour of danger. We would recommend this song to the notice of some of the brothers of our readers.

A FEW WORDS ON MUSICAL TRAINING.

By A HEAD MUSIC MISTRESS.



MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—You tell me that there are many amongst your readers who are fond of music and eager to work well and intelligently, who happen to be unable from various causes to enjoy the guidance of experienced hands and heads, and yet are so much on the alert to gain any knowledge which would help them, that a few words of mine—based on the experience which many years' examination of young girls' work in music has given me—would possibly be of use to them.

In this hope I begin this letter of sympathy with those who are, like Portia, "happy in this, they are not yet so old but they may learn," and I write to those only who wish and love to learn, who feel that musical talents are, like all others, a gift and a responsibility, not to be frittered or dreamed away, but taken to the hard work and quiet plodding of daily self-denial, just as the diamond which grows in the darkness suffers long filing and cutting before it reveals its worth and shines in the light. To those who would work well and hard, both for their duty's sake and that of enriching the home of which they form a part, I would fain write so gladly, hoping to save them from the "tattered and torn" condition of practice in which most pupils come up for their first examination.

Scales.—The first question is, of course, "Do you know your scales?" And to this the replies are various, but the upshot almost universally the same: they do not know the scales. The scales as played at the first examination to a head music mistress generally turn out to be deficient in tone, in exactness of time, and in accent. Now do you ever listen to your own playing of the scales? If it has never occurred to you to be your own music mistress and listen critically and intently to your own playing, would you begin to do so now? I think you may possibly find (if you will excuse my saying so) all the conditions of good scale-playing (and those are the fundamental conditions of all good playing) wanting—namely, evenness of tone, gradation of light and shade, and proper accent or rhythm.

Evenness of Scales.—Scales should be like pearls for evenness. Now, you know that the value of a row of pearls—and some are almost priceless—lies, not in the size of a few, but in the perfect equality of all. Bearing this in mind, now, listen to your left hand, and till it plays as evenly and firmly as the right hand practise it often alone; listen to the third finger of your left hand as well as of your right hand, and till the tone it produces is as full and firm as that of the thumb, practise Plaidy's Technical Exercises, which will equalise the power of your fingers.

Divisions of Scales.—Listen to the divisions of your scales. Order is Heaven's first law, and order is in music accent and time. Do you practise your scales in groups of semiquavers, first in threes, then in fours, and then in divisions of six semiquavers, with an accent on the first note of each group? Do you practise them with varying light and shade, as you would exercises of light and shade in drawing, making your crescendos very long, say during six scales of four octaves each, beginning so softly as to be scarcely audible, and increasing steadily to the loudest fortissimo, whence you diminish, with perfect steadiness and evenness (and this is the most difficult), to the pianissimo at which you began?

Table of Practice.—I would suggest your adopting a table of practice—prepared like the one accompanying, taken from a book we use, of which twelve pages would give a report of a year's work. You would find writing down each day the proportion of practice a great help towards the check on your work which is so invaluable. If you would like some guide to the most effective proportion of practice, I think you would find ten minutes' scales and ten minutes' Plaidy's Technical Exercises a good beginning to your hour's practice, going on to twenty minutes' work at studies.

Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.	Remarks.
Scales						
Plaidy						
Study						
Piece						

Selection of Studies.—Bertini's are the most excellent for beginners, rising in difficulty from op. 137, op. 100, op. 29, and op. 32, followed by Cramer's studies, Clementi's "Gradus ad Parnassum," going on to Potter's studies, Sterndale Bennett's studies, and Bach's "Preludes and Fugues," giving your last twenty minutes to whatever piece you have in hand. Now, when you have thought over this, you may care for a word of advice on the method of beginning each study, after you have chosen those fittest for your stage of advancement, bearing in mind that it is best to keep your studies much more difficult than your pieces. If you happen not to know Bertini's studies, I may tell you how op. 137 is the easiest—fit for a child who has gone through Hallé's first two books of Pianoforte Tutor, section 1, and would accompany No.'s 3, 4, 5, and 6 of that section. Bertini's op. 100 would accompany pleasantly and usefully such pieces as Mozart's Waltzes and the Sonatinas of Beethoven, Clementi, Dussek, Kühlau. Bertini's op. 29 would be appropriate for a grade more difficult music, such as Mozart's Rondo in D, Sonata in C, Beethoven's Rondo in C, Sonata in G, op. 49, No. 2. The Bagatelles and Waltzes.

Key and Time.—When you have chosen your study, I would ask you to observe, first, in what key it is written, and next, in what time, defining that time in writing clearly, so that you would answer at once decidedly both the sort of time and your reason for being sure on this point. A little cross-examination is wonderfully useful, even though it be only your own, in making your knowledge exact—for instance, is the time signature of triple or common time, simple triple or compound triple, simple common or compound common, and wherein lies the difference? You may ask me why I put triple time first? I think I must allow myself a little digression to tell you this, because it is one of those very interesting lines of a sort of perspective in art, which carries your thoughts so far back into the oldest times that it sheds a beautiful light on a matter which looks at first sight as uninteresting as a wayside pebble or straggling weed which a child might ignorantly toss aside, but a wise man taking up would read as a book, and tell us strange stories of ages gone by, and how they bore the signet marks of divine wisdom and goodness.

Triple Time.—Well, I wrote triple time first, because in ancient art, as in other things, so in music, the number three was held sacred, not here only, but in Eastern countries and farthest ages. If you understand anything of the art of painting you will see at once how this bears upon the relations of colour, when the three primary colours are the origin of all tints; but the way this is glanced at in music is in the fact that the circle was the indication of triple time as being the sign of perfection, and the half, a broken circle, meant common or imperfect time. Now, taking up the thread of these observations on the matter of time, will you get into the habit of defining it clearly, and if it be marked by metronome, and you have not one of Maelzel's, there are simple and inexpensive ones you may hang on your watchchain (Lamborn Cock's), which will mark it at once for you.

Keys.—Next, as to keys—is the key major or minor; to what circle of keys is it related, so that you can forecast the modulations into which the composer, if a good musician, will probably go? If you have no books of reference on this matter, and care to know of one, we have found Ellice Jewell's Musical Catechism with accompanying music exercise book very good and clear on time, keys, and ele-

mentary knowledge. There are also many others, but we have found that very simple and very useful.

Lives of Musicians Studied.—And, now, after you have noted the time and key, I would ask you to try and get some life of the musician whose works you study, and make an abstract of it in a note-book kept for that purpose, trying to follow out his life, the times in which he lived, his friends, his difficulties and sufferings. You will feel much more for the music which flows out of the master-mind, if you remember how it became what it was, and what was the inner key of its working—as, for instance, in the life of Haydn, who, when some friend almost found fault with the abundance of tender happiness and grace in his music, answered Carpani, "at the thought of God my heart leaps for joy, and I cannot help my music doing the same." You will feel more deeply the exquisite beauty of Mozart's writings when you know that like a divine light they rose, unfed by lovely Italian surroundings and an adoring court of friends like Raphael's, but nourished amidst grinding and incessant toil, in poverty, sickness, and sorrow, harassing difficulties and privations, and "the spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes," and you will feel, as you never could without knowing all this, the glory of his last words, the true peace after all he had suffered. "It is a great consolation to me to remember that the good Lord, to whom I have drawn near in humble faith, has suffered and died for me, and will look on me with love and compassion."* You will feel more for the noble steadfastness of Bach, when you think of him, a poor, oppressed orphan child, stealing down in the dead of the night to get at the music wrongfully denied him by a hard and cruel brother —that little hand coaxing out from the old wire bookcase the MS. of the music he so loved, and copying it by moonlight in the cold German winter when the household was asleep.

I have often thought when children have told me they had "no time" for anything but half-hearted work and desultory reading, of that little child who paid for his determination and courage by the blindness of later years, but who died John Sebastian Bach, the greatest musician who ever lived—who lived on as he began, an utterly sturdy, self-denying life, in that simple hospitable home where there was welcome for all comers except for luxury and idleness. You will enter better into Mendelssohn's works if you think how he grew up under the most rigorous discipline of a well-ordered home to practise in the full glow of his magnificent powers, the childlike obedience and reverence for parents and love of home which called forth a few words I feel I may quote as a remembrance how the son was as noble as the musician. "I cannot express," says his father, "what he has been to me, what a treasure of love, patience, endurance, thoughtfulness, and tender care he has lavished on me, and, much as I owe him indirectly for a thousand kindnesses and attentions from others, I owe him far more for what he has done for me himself." (Life, vi. p. 324.) This was the love he earned by a reverence and self-denying obedience of which I may give one example. He had from a child a passionate desire to visit Sicily, and, after long years, when he had become famous, the opportunity came of accompanying a party of friends thither; but when he wrote for leave, and his father felt it best to refuse that permission, he left the bright sea coast from which they sailed, and came on his lonelier way home to study without a word of complaint or resistance. I often tell our little people what they may learn from music is far beyond the small surface they can see. The self-control of exactness, the discipline of learning to give intense attention, the habit of obedience to proper authority, besides the reading of great and generous thoughts in that language of music, which some poet said was "the angels' language in Eden," and as another writer remarked, "the recollections of the harps of the angels may have prompted those attempts at musical instruments which are recorded as the first inventions of the earliest ages."

On a Good Touch.—I have hitherto said nothing of a part of your study which is involved in what I mentioned almost at the beginning of this letter, and which is a very important one—how to acquire a good touch. Some people think that a matter so entirely of gift or temperament that it cannot be acquired, and perhaps a perfectly charming touch cannot be acquired, but a bad one can be very much improved. We teach our children walking, entering a room, and dancing, though these are things which children do without learning, and consequently often do very badly. A good touch may be acquired by study, assisted by observation how to produce the fullest and most beautiful tone with the least effort. Now in this, as in anything else in art, the surest path to perfection is the observation of nature. If we want to extemporise the loveliest chords, we observe how Nature groups her harmonics—on the natural chord which springs from the root—and we play three or four key-notes, two-fifths and only one-third. Curiously enough, almost exactly the same proportion which obtains they say in the perfect chord of colour of which the purest light is formed, namely, 8-16ths of blue, 5-16ths of red, and 3-16ths of yellow. The continual analysis between the laws of sound and of colour are very interesting, when you can capture a wise person who understands both, and will impart his or her wisdom. Now to return to our subject, the nearest resemblance to some children's touch on the piano reminds one of the first attempts a child makes with a pencil. How it dumps those dear little fingers tight on the pencil, and digs a line into the unfortunate paper, so deep, so dark, so like a black groove, that you have to take the paper quietly away, and begin again. That is exactly the effect of an uncultured touch on the piano, and it is perfectly ineffective; for, to bring out the richness of a tone the wire must vibrate as much as possible, and a hard knock kills the vibration. If you think of the movements of beautiful things in nature, and what that of a lady's hand should be, of the dainty softness of the antelope's tread, the floating delicacy of the falling snow, even the tender grasp of a friend's hand, you will train your touch on the piano after a different fashion, remembering what is said of all power—that real strength is the most quiet in its ways, although the most resistless. It is the mighty forty-ton hammer at the Arsenal which cuts great bars of iron with a quiet ease which is bewildering, and yet the next minute will crack a little nut without destroying it. Therefore eschew a hard touch as you would a blow to your dog or your horse. A good piano deserves gentle treatment, and will repay it a hundredfold.

(*To be continued.*)

* Groves' Dictionary of Musicians.

VARIETIES.

OUR TEMPERAMENTS.—I once read the story of an Englishman who hanged himself because they brought him his tea without sugar. There are hours in life when the most trifling cross takes the form of a calamity. Our temper is like an opera-glass, which makes the object small or great according to the end you look through.—*Souvestre.*

SPECULATION.—Is it really in hazardous experiments, at the end of which we shall meet with wealth or ruin, that the wise man should employ his years of strength and freedom? Ought he to consider life as a regular employment which brings its daily wages, or as a game in which the future is determined by a few throws? Why take the risk of extreme chances? For what end hasten to riches by dangerous roads? Is it really certain that happiness is the prize of brilliant successes, rather than of a wisely accepted poverty? Ah! if men but knew in what a small dwelling joy can live, and how little it costs to furnish it!—*Souvestre.*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A sad love story in the time of old;
The gifted poet who the tale has told.

1. A fruitful valley, that receiv'd its name
   From the luxuriant grapes which from it came.
2. The Christian name of him who found the way
   By sea to Ophir, and to rich Cathay;
   Beyond the stormy cape, that passing barr'd,
   And earn'd a navigator's due reward.
3. The name an Englishman assum'd when he
   Attain'd the highest earthly dignity.
   Alas! how insecure is human breath!
   A harmless little insect caus'd his death.
4. Term of reproach, the emphasis of scorn,
   Which no high-hearted Northman could have borne.
5. What is that game young Caledonia plays
   Thro' wint'ry frost and snow and dark'ning days;
   Flush'd with excitement, with exertion warm,
   Brandishing sturdy sticks of crooked form?
6. Here did the rhyming prophet dwell of yore,
   Whose words such truthful reputation bore,
   As gain'd him, in contemporaneous fame
   The epithet of "True" before his name,
7. That glossy shrub, whose garlands were the meed
   Of many an ancient hero, when his deed
   Was wrought for glory, not for sordid greed.
8. A noble woman, both as queen and wife,
   As honour'd in her death as in her life:
   In piety and faith she had no peer,
   All works of charity to her were dear,
   And it was owing to her gen'rous aid
   A famous sailor's famous voyage was made.
9. A Chinese port, where British trade goes on.
10. A joint man has; a quadruped has none.

XIMENA.

HAPPINESS TO RICH OR POOR.—This morning I was pitying those whose lives are obscure and joyless; now, I understand that God has provided a compensation with every trial. The smallest pleasure derives from rarity a relish otherwise unknown. Enjoyment is only what we feel to be such, and the luxurious man feels no longer: satiety has lost him his appetite, while privation preserves to the other that first of earthly blessings—*the being easily made happy.* Oh, that I could persuade every one of this! that so the rich might not abuse their riches, and that the poor might have patience. If happiness is the rarest of blessings, it is because the reception of it is the rarest of virtues.—*Souvestre.*

CORRECT CLOTHING, AND HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE.

By A Lady Dressmaker.

A few spring shapes and spring-like materials are beginning to put in an appearance, and I have some ideas on the broader features of the future fashions to offer that may guide those who, from some reason of their own, are obliged to purchase their spring dresses in good time. But, as a rule, I always advise the delay of spring purchases as long as possible, a course which has several advantages, some of which are that you see everything and select the style at once which is the most suitable and desirable for yourself, you finish wearing out those winter things which you have decided to discard or alter, and you may arrange to make your purchases for the summer as well as the spring. For in these days we make but little change in our clothing where dresses alone are concerned, but we increase heat with the increase of our underclothing, and with our warm mantles; and we lessen it by reducing both gradually, wisely beginning with the latter. Light thin woollens are the best wear for the whole year round in this damp and uncertain climate, and the few hot days are easily provided for, in these days of ready-made dresses, at a small expense, by those who feel them so acutely that they must change their dress at any cost.

A report that large crinolines were to return to fashion with the spring has again shown the good-will and wishes of the dressmakers and most advanced modistes; but I am glad to say that no danger exists of the kind, for the principles of good taste are far too widely spread for any of the leaders in our English society to go far beyond what is now worn. Royalty, it is said on good authority, declines to wear anything but muslin flounces to support the skirts, and these ideas are carried out by their attendants. The general feeling of women is against any further progress in this direction, and so no one need be afraid of excess.

VELVET HAT.

GIRL'S WALKING DRESS FOR THE SPRING.

All skirts are decidedly fuller in the back-breadths, and short skirts are worn on all occasions, save very state ones; elderly ladies should wear them touching the ground indoors, and just clearing the ground when walking. Throughout the spring walking and morning dresses will be made much as they are at present, with flatly trimmed skirts, long kiltings, or a long flounce, one flounce or one puff making up the trimming of a whole skirt, or else the plain skirt lies on and falls much over a narrow flounce. This is shown in the braided dress of the third figure in our last month's illustration, on page 328, and is a style that will continue to be adopted throughout the spring.

In the young girl's walking-dress for the spring the most useful and sensible form is given that I have seen. It is a kilted skirt, finishing in a flounce, and where the flounce begins there is a gathered puffing. The overskirt is quite plain, and draped like a shawl from the left side. The Breton vest and jacket are intended for walking in, and are so simply braided and made, that it is within the power of any of our girls who have tried to make their own dresses to manage it. The most useful materials would be serge, tweed, light

STRAW HAT.

cloth, or vicuna; and the buttons may be of silver or of horn, to match the hue of the dress. The child's coat is made of a broché cloth, like matelassé, edged with velvet, and the hat is of felt, with two silk tassels and a silk cord for its sole trimming. Waistcoats are used with every style of dress, both for morning and evening. Many walking-dresses for the spring will be trimmed with bands of fur, and braiding is used with it. Another form of braided bodice is shown in the single figure represented as turning her back on the spectator. This is specially intended for a walking-dress for wear late in the spring; the front resembles a polonaise, while the back is finished as represented, in a square jacket form, with a bold braiding design somewhat like an "Austrian knot," as it is called by tailors.

Bodices or jackets are more fashionable than anything else, made with tabs all round. They are very short, and the basques may be either single or double. If they be double, the second row of tabs is made of the second material used in the dress. Evening pointed bodices may be made into tabbed bodices by sewing loops of ribbon round them closely, and adding treble rows, one above the other, at the back. I think we shall probably see a revival of some of the old "Zouave jackets," as the season advances. They were both useful and ornamental.

Mantles appear to be little changed in style; but they may not be quite so long, perhaps. The "colleen," as it is called, is still much liked. We illustrate the newest shape of these, which has the sleeve carried over from the back, instead of the cape showing at the back at all. Jackets of cheviot cloth will be much worn by girls, with fur capes when the weather is cold; and the dress we have illustrated will also be worn with a fur cape, or may have one made of the material and edged with fur if desired. Any skirt is worn with these thick jackets, and not necessarily the one that matches them. In fact, the fashion of odd and dissimilar skirts and bodices is spreading to both day and evening dress.

The tight-fitting "Redingote" will last through the summer; the newest shape of it is really nothing but an undraped polonaise, with no cross-seams at the waist-line. It may open up the back, to show the dress through, and is generally lined with some bright colour. The materials of which it is made are silk damask velvet, "cheviot," and all kinds of cloths. When of velvet, a bordering of fur or feather trimming is used all round; but if of cloth, only cuffs and a round, deep collar are worn.

The three small figures illustrated show three styles for evening or dinner dresses. The one with a standing Elizabethan ruff, is a suitable dress for a married woman. It can be altered or manufactured out of an old one, or out of an old-fashioned, plain-skirted dress, and when the front breadth is taken out and replaced by one of figured material, the sleeves can be retrimmed with the extra stuff or the bodice altered. The other two are short dresses, and show, first, how the addition of ribbon-loops to a pointed bodice improves its appearance; and, secondly, the employment of silk or crewel embroidery in the decoration of a pretty evening dress, the material of which may be of the inexpensive "Nuns' veiling," or else of cashmere, if preferred.

In millinery there seems likely to be no very great change, certainly none shows itself as yet. The most fashionable bonnets are still small, neat, and plain. They are called "improved princesses." The crown is round and flat-topped, and the brim straight instead of hollow. They are lined with velvet, put in full, which is a great improvement, especially becoming to those who do not wear the fashionable curly front. One of our illustrations shows a hat-like shape, which has a spray of flowers tucked in snugly below it, to the great benefit of the wearer's appearance. It is said that dyed chip and straw bonnets are to be brought in this spring, in all the bright colours—red, blue, brown, green, and grey—the shape to be like that of the velvet bonnets now worn, and the sole trimming to consist in a spray of flowers under the side of the brim. The strings employed are short, and little brooches are

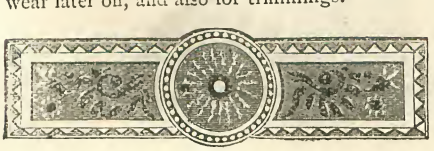
BRAIDED BODICE FOR TWEEDS OR CLOTH.

NEW COSTUMES.

used to confine the bow. Large metal buckles are worn in bonnets, and some very ugly ones of plush and feathers have been brought out, that are senseless and foolish in appearance. Bonnets made of Swedish kid—the same as the gloves we have been wearing—were mentioned, I think, in this article some time since. They are rather pretty, and are trimmed with plush, or else with kid and velvet mixed, and feathers form their chief decoration.

The straw hat given in the illustration shows what is one of the new shapes and the method of trimming it with shells or "coquilles" of silk, a buckle, and a plume at the back. *Hats of felt* have grown higher in the crown, and the brim curls upwards on the left side. The brim is generally lined with plain velvet, which is not sewn on at the edge of the brim, but some little way inside it, so that it does not show on the outside at all. A new hat, called the "shepherdess," has appeared, which looks like an enlarged sailor shape, with a wide and drooping brim. They are of straw, felt, velvet, or satin, and have a cluster of flowers in front outside, and another under the brim, and narrow strings that tie behind. Hats made of the dress material have the crown in long folds, and the brim braided. What are called "bowler" hats may be found, made of velvet in dark colours, and will probably be much worn in the country for tennis, tricycling, and walking; but they are not quiet enough for the streets of a town. The round "Gainsborough hat" of felt has been the favourite of the season, worn with a woollen and cloth dress, either plaided or plain; and its simple trimming of long ostrich feathers were very stylish as well as ladylike.

We appear to have emerged somewhat from the gloom of "art colours," and this spring shows a rather decided feeling for deep rich hues, which is beginning to be fully developed in the shop windows, where I have lately seen two light-crimson dresses, evidently intended for girls, which I admired very much, and thought what pleasant objects some of our girls would be in such warm Venetian-like hues. These, of course, would not be for morning nor walking dresses; but there are several new shades, under various names, which will be very pretty. "Porphyry" is a purple crimson, the hue of the marble after which it is named; "mulberry" is the yellowish red of the fruit, and "cloves" is the reddish brown of the dried spice. All these are excellent colours for daily wear. In blues, I am glad to say, we have a revival of interest; for they have remained neglected for the last three years, since the fancy for peacock blue expired. "Lapis" and "sapphire" are both beautiful colours, especially the last named, which is perfectly delightful in cashmere. Brown is a very prevailing colour, and in it there are apparently an endless variety of shades, of which the newest is called "Vandyck," viz., a yellowish brown. All kinds of greys seem likely to be worn, and they are called by numerous names, such as "chinchilla, heron, gull, mouse, and monkey," selected from amongst the names of the animal world, and "iron, steel, and lead," from the mineral. Then come "smoke and granite," both useful colours; "cobra" is the new green, and this is a hue which anyone will recall who has seen that dreadful creature. Last of all comes a long list of yellows, "aconite, amber, lemon, cowslip, and daffodil," which will all be used for evenings, and probably for day-wear later on, and also for trimmings.



GIRL'S OWN HOME.

A School Girl, 1s.; Blondel, 6d.; Niger, 6d.; Blossy, 6d.; Frienze, 3s. 7d.; C. D. A., 2s. 6d.; Reader of the G. O. P., 1s.; The Misses Walsh, 7s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Kate Fordham, 10s.; Miss A. K. Bright, 5s.; Collected by Miss Helen Barclay, 6s.; Mietzchen, 3s. 6d.; Collected by Miss S. Morgan, 17s.; Florie, 2s.; K. S. M., 3s. 6d.; The Misses Bayliffe, 5s.; Eleanor, 2s. 6d.; A New Year's Offering to Jesus, 2s.; Miss Miriam Buck, 2s.; A. A., 1s.; Miss M. J. Myatt, 1s.; Collected by Miss Pigott, 13s.; Collected by Miss Annie R. Geekie, 9s.; Miss Jane Smithe, 1s. 6d.; Miss Louisa H. Peachey, 5s.; Collected by Miss Essie Hibbard, £2 10s.; Miss A. Lancaster, 2s. 6d.; H. J. M., 2s. 6d.; Miss C. F. Phillips, 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Mary C. Haggart, £2 7s. 6d.; Miss M. E. Clisby, £1 5s.; A. L. O., 5s.; A Lame Girl, 1s.; Collected by Miss Isabel Winter, £1; Two Sisters, 2s. 6d.; E. C. C., 5s.; X. Y. Z., 1s.; Collected by Miss Carstairs, 13s. 6d.; D. M., 11d.; Collected by Miss F. E. Redman, 18s. 6d.; Miss H. Beaufoy, 1s.; Miss Millian A. Bredin, 5s.; Miss M. Clarke, 10s.; A Peeblean, 1s.; Miss Phillips, 2s. 6d.; Twelve Stamps, 1s.; Collected by Miss A. E. Balstone, £2 17s. 6d.; Collected by Inquisitive, £1 11s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Helen N. Barclay, £2 15s.; L. B., 2s.; Readers of the G. O. P., 7s. 6d.; Miss Mary Maggs, 2s.; Stumpy, 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Anderson, £1 1s. 9d.; Miss N. Haughton, 1s.; Twelve Stamps, 1s.; K. L. E., 1s.; Two Friends, 2s. 6d.; Benedetta, 1s. 6d.; Two Norfolk Girls, 2s.; A Mite, 1s.; Miss Florence K. Van Dyck, 4s.; Miss F. Brown, 2s. 6d.; Emily B., 1s.; Proceeds of a small Bazaar which Mrs. Bythell's little daughter, aged 8, arranged on her birthday, £4 4s.; Miss Fleet, 9s. 6d.; Miss Angela C. Barrett, 3s.; Miss E. A. Price, 1s. Total, £30 18s. 9d.

TEA-CAKES AND ROLLS FOR BREAKFAST AND TEA.

"TELL me where is fancy bread?"

"At the baker's."

Right. I, however, should like fancy bread to be at home also, and therefore I want us to talk for a little while about how to make one or two very simple and inexpensive sorts thereof for daily use.

Nothing adds more to the appearance or elegance of a breakfast or tea-table than a variety of breads. Yet what a rarity it is to see anything but hot rolls from the baker's and hot buttered toast. Fortunately brown bread is much more common than it used to be, and brown bread, as we all know, is very nourishing and wholesome. Was it not Thackeray who said that an epicure was one who never tired of brown bread and fresh butter? Yet even brown bread would be more thoroughly appreciated if it were alternated occasionally with something else. Very few people now-a-days can eat a good breakfast. If you know of anyone who has a hearty appetite first thing in the morning and can eat a good meal before commencing his daily work, congratulate him; there is not much the matter with his liver. But if you come to think of it, you will discover that such individuals are very scarce. As a rule, people drink a cup of coffee or tea and only pretend to eat at breakfast, and then when the morning is half over they feel faint and sick, and are not half so energetic as they would have been if only they had had a good meal first thing in the morning.

One of the chief objects aimed at by the model modern housekeeper is to provide little appetising delicacies which shall render breakfast irresistible. Now we believe that the girls of our class aspire to be model housekeepers; some day let them try the effect of a little variety in the bread department. They have almost exhausted their resources in other directions. Take a new departure and see what can be done with a judicious course of old-fashioned Yorkshire tea-cake, milk rolls, scones, Vienna bread, and similar delicacies. I shall be very much astonished if this action on their part does not call forth the enthusiasm of those whom it is intended to please, and I quite expect that my friends will tire of making the appetising little novelties before fathers and brothers tire of eating them.

Hot buttered toast is the usual resource of those who seek variety in the way of bread, but like every article which has been saturated with fatty matter it is most indigestible, so also are hot muffins and pikelets. I never see these without thinking that stewed flannel petticoats would be almost as digestible; I shall not, therefore, say anything in recommendation of them. But simple fancy breads cannot be harmful; they are so delicious, and so easily made, too, that they are in the reach of all who are making little experiments in the cookery department.

For, understand, I am speaking now of home-made fancy bread and rolls; I am not advising you to send round to the baker's and get a specimen of his wares, but to try and make them yourself.

It is astonishing how frightened even clever cooks are to make anything into the composition of which yeast enters. This is not at all to be wondered at, because there have been so many failures made with yeast. Still it is scarcely possible to fail if strict attention be devoted to the directions here given. It will be noticed that I have recommended the use of German yeast. This is because German yeast is generally more easily obtained than brewer's yeast, besides which the latter is apt to be bitter. In large towns German yeast can be procured fresh every day. In country places brewer's yeast is more usually employed, and the brewer's cart is eagerly looked for by those who want the requisite suppy of the article.

Our first experiment shall be made with what is called Vienna bread. Do you all know what Vienna bread is, I wonder? Have you ever, when travelling abroad, or making purchases in a good baker's shop, noticed some small, light, soft bread baked in the shape of horns or horse-shoes. You never see these horns very long, for they are sure to be sold off quickly. I cannot imagine why bakers do not sell Vienna bread more frequently than they do, for it is always appreciated. Yet you cannot buy it without specially ordering it, even in the outskirts of London. However we are going to be independent of the bakers.

Procure an ounce of German yeast fresh and dry. Choose a bowl that will hold about six pounds of flour, and put into it one pound of Vienna flour and one pound of best biscuit flour. (You know what Vienna flour is; it is flour which has been made very fine and white by being passed through silken sieves. It is used for making puff-paste and superior cakes.) Mix the flour and a pinch of salt, then rub in two ounces of fresh butter. Dissolve the German yeast by mixing with it a spoonful of sugar, then add very gradually a pint of lukewarm milk and two well-beaten eggs. Lukewarm milk — that is, milk which is neither cold nor hot—may be produced by mixing one part of boiling liquid with two parts of cold. Mix the liquid with the flour and knead it till it is smooth and lithe. Score it across the top with a knife, cover the bowl with a clean towel, and leave it in a warm place to rise.

This putting the dough to rise is the point where so many cooks fail, and yet people who are accustomed to use yeast seem to know

exactly what is necessary. The bowl must be put in a warm place, but not too warm, and it must not be placed in a draught. If it is made too warm the dough will rise quickly and form a sort of spongy mass which will not answer our purpose at all. If kept too cold it will not rise sufficiently. In summer time it may be put further from the fire than in winter. Let it rise till it feels very light and lithe when touched with the fingers, and is more than twice its original bulk. It is rather unsafe to say how long dough should rise, because a good deal depends upon the quality of the yeast, the place in which it stands, the time of year, and also the method of mixing. When sufficiently risen, turn it upon a baking board and roll it out as you would pastry into pieces about seven inches square and a quarter of an inch thick. Cut the square across from corner to corner; this will give you four triangular pieces for each square. Roll each one of these lightly, beginning at the wide side, put them on a buttered baking tin, with the side uppermost where the point of pastry is, and draw the two ends of the roll towards each other to make a sort of crescent. Let the rolls rise again till they look light, brush them over with beaten egg or milk, and bake in a quick oven. The bread is most excellent when eaten cold.

Yorkshire tea-cakes are also delicious preparations. A true Yorkshireman would tell you that, compared with the sally-lunn of the London shops, they were as "moonlight unto sunlight or as water unto wine." They may be easily made as follows:—

Yorkshire Tea-cakes.—Rub six ounces of butter into two pounds of flour, adding a pinch of salt. Dissolve rather less than an ounce of fresh German yeast in half a pint of lukewarm water, put the flour into a bowl which will hold three times its quantity, scoop a hole in the centre, leaving flour to cover the bottom of the bowl, and pour the dissolved yeast into the hole. Draw flour down from the sides and mix it with the liquor to make a smooth batter. Sprinkle a little flour over the top, cover the bowl with a cloth, and leave it in a warm place till bubbles begin to rise through the flour. Beat two eggs and mix them with half a teacupful of milk, add lukewarm milk, and knead well till the dough is smooth and elastic. Cover the bowl again, and let the dough rise till it is quite light. Divide this quantity into ten pieces, roll these till they are about the size of an ordinary saucer, put them on a baking tin and let them rise for a few minutes, prick them with a fork, and bake in a quick oven. When wanted, split them in halves, toast them, butter them, and serve them hot; or split them, butter them, and serve them cold.

Much as we may enjoy teacakes, sally-lunns are not to be despised, and they will doubtless find advocates among true-born cockneys.

Sally-lunns.—Put a pound and a half of flour into a bowl and mix a pinch of salt with it. Put three-quarters of a pint of milk into a stew-pan with four ounces of butter, and let it remain till the butter is melted. The milk should not be much more than lukewarm. Dissolve the yeast with a little sugar, add the milk gradually, and stir both into the flour and also two well-beaten eggs. When quite smooth, divide the dough into four parts, place each of these in a well-greased tin, cover them over, and let them rise till they are about three times their original size. Bake in a quick oven. Sally-lunns are, it is well known, split into three portions before being toasted and buttered.

Milk-rolls with Yeast.—Mix a pinch of salt with two pounds of flour in a bowl. Make a hole in the centre and put in an ounce of German yeast which, with half an ounce of baking powder, has been dissolved in half a pint of lukewarm milk. Work in flour from the sides to make the sponge; sprinkle flour over the top and let the sponge prove or rise till bubbles break through the surface. Add gradually another pint of lukewarm milk and work the dough till it is smooth and elastic. With your hand form the paste into small balls or ovals the size of walnuts, put them on a baking sheet, cover them over, and leave them in a warm place to rise. When they feel light and springy brush them over with milk and put them in a quick oven to bake. This dough may be made into twists, rings, fingers, or plaits instead of rolls. These are the only recipes I will give for making rolls with yeast. I must, however, impress one or two points upon my friends. One is that when yeast is used every thing should be warm. The bowl even may be warmed with advantage, the flour should be perfectly dry, and the liquid should be lukewarm, but not hot. If hot milk is used the bread will be heavy. Another point to be noted is that the dough should not be allowed to get chilled. If it is, it will either rise very slowly or refuse to rise altogether.

Milk-rolls made with Baking Powder.—People who are afraid of yeast may make very good rolls with baking powder. Rub two ounces of butter into half a pound of flour, add a little salt and a teaspoonful of baking powder, and, gradually milk to make a stiff dough. Roll the pastry lightly into small oval shapes and bake quickly in a brisk oven. The more quickly rolls are made with baking powder, and the less they are handled, the better they will be. When half baked, the roll may be brushed over with milk. This is a very easy way of making hot rolls for breakfast where hot bread is not objected to. Plain bread also is excellent and wholesome made with baking powder, and of course it is very easily made. You need only to mix a teaspoonful of baking powder and a pinch of salt with a pound of flour, work it into a firm but not over stiff dough, make it up into small loaves, and bake immediately in a brisk oven. It will be baked in about half-an-hour.

Sometimes in summer housekeepers are annoyed to find that, notwithstanding all their care, the milk will go sour. When people are economically disposed it is a great annoyance to have to waste anything; therefore I give the following recipe, as it shows how milk may be not only utilised but really turned to very good purpose:—

Scones made with Sour Milk.—Mix a pinch of salt, a heaped teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and the same of cream of tartar, with a pound and a half of flour. Add a pint of sour milk to make a light paste, knead the dough, lightly roll it till it is the third of an inch thick, divide it into rounds about six inches in diameter, cut these across twice to form triangular pieces, put the scones on a floured tin and bake in a quick oven. Scones may also be made with baking powder (a dessertspoonful), a pound of flour, a pinch of salt, and four ounces of butter. Make into a rather stiff paste with milk, and bake as before.

I have so often said that practice only will teach this and that in cookery, that I feel almost ashamed to repeat the remark; nevertheless this is especially true with regard to fancy breads, particularly those which are made with yeast. A little experience will enable a girl to make delicious rolls and cakes almost in the dark, while an inexperienced person with the most exact directions for her guidance will make some ridiculous mistake or other, and so throw away all her trouble. Therefore I wish to say to my friends, do not be discouraged if at first you don't succeed, but try again. Remember good Eliza Cook's words,

"Pay goodly heed, all ye who read,
And beware of saying 'I can't;'
'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead
To idleness, folly, and want."

PHILLIS BROWNE.

CHATS ABOUT THE CALENDAR.

THE three preceding months received their appellations from causes totally unconnected with the particular character of that portion of the year to which they were assigned, but the name of April (derived from the Latin word *aperio*, to open,) was doubtless expressive of the season in which it has been placed. For at this time the young buds begin to open, the earth shoots forth fresh vegetation, and Nature generally awakens from her long winter sleep. Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers (I hope you will not get too tired of hearing so often about them) called this month Oster-Monat, or Easter-Monat, from the name of their goddess, Eastre, as some say; while others think it was bestowed on account of the east winds that usually prevail at this season.

The first day of the month is distinguished by the unenviable title of "All Fools' Day." Our present almanacks have discontinued that notice of the day, and the custom which gave rise to it is happily dying out as men grow wiser. There is nothing very amusing in making one's friends go on some foolish errand, or in playing a practical joke upon them. The person so deceived is called an April fool in England, a gowk in Scotland, and *un poisson d'Avril* in France. Some authorities declare that "all" is a corruption of auld, or old, thereby making it "Old Fools' Day," which derivation does not add more dignity to the festival.

But the most remarkable day in April for all Englishmen is undoubtedly the 23rd, which is dedicated to St. George, the national patron saint. The accounts rendered by different authors of the history of St. George have been so various, and some of them blended with such gross absurdities, that the very existence of this great and popular personage has not only been doubted, but even denied, by modern writers. There is a fabulous history of George, the martyr of Cappadocia, rescuing the King of Beyrout's daughter from a desperate dragon, and all that befell him in his sojourn in Palestine. He is represented on all our old sovereigns and five shilling pieces in the act of slaying the dragon. He was beheaded in the year 296, after being drawn through the city of Lydda, for having openly avowed himself the champion of the Christians. St. George was the ancient word of attack of England, as St. Andrew was that of Scotland, and the figure of this saint is attached to the Order of the Garter, which was instituted by Edward III., after the battle of Calais, in the year 1347. *Apropos* of the establishment of this illustrious order, you have all doubtless heard that its origin was derived from King Edward's having taken from the ground the garter accidentally dropped by the Countess of Salisbury, when he is recorded to have made use of the expression, now the motto of the order, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*"—"Evil be to him who evil thinks." But this whimsical story is probably fabulous, and the establishment of this noble order may be justly ascribed to more serious and dignified motives. The motto is explained as having been adopted by Edward, who laid claim to the throne of France, and thereby meant to retort shame and defiance upon any who should oppose the undertaking he had planned for renewing his right to that crown, in which he was to be upheld by the bravery and influence of these new-formed knights. A more worthy reason than the former. April is aptly depicted as a young man, with a cheerful and youthful face, clad in green, with a garland of myrtle and hawthorn buds, holding in one hand a bunch of primroses and violets, and in the other the sign Taurus, or the bull, which the sun enters on the 19th of this month.

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.

CHAPTER XX.

A NEW HOME.

SOME time was now occupied in long journeys to the newly-discovered country, bringing back heavy loads of sulphur and nitre, for carrying which I took the cow with me.

On one of these occasions, as I was passing by the ford over the river, I remembered the stick I had found so disagreeable to hold, and searching for the tree from which it had been cut, I found at the place where it had been lopped off that a large mass of resin of a whitish hue had accumulated. As the tree was not of the fir tribe this could not be turpentine, and finding it yielded on being pressed, and was of a rather disagreeable odour, I knew it to be caoutchouc, or india-rubber. On a succeeding journey, having provided myself with one of my cocoa-nut shells, I tapped the tree, leaving the sap to run at leisure.

During these weeks many a rabbit fell beneath my gun, and was cooked and eaten *al fresco*, pure water from some brook quenching my thirst, as I could not return home for my meals. I returned, however, before nightfall to the security of Cave Castle, excepting the last day, when I carried certain tools with me with which to construct a hut, and an extra supply of provisions, as I intended to camp out and continue my journey the next day, so as to make the round of the beach, and reach the Nile. I made the hut on the river bank, near to the india-rubber tree, as I wished it to serve as a shelter whilst collecting the gum. On consideration of this, therefore, it was rather solidly built of poles placed in the ground and joined at the top in the form of a wigwam, and interlaced with branches of trees; the door I left as small as possible, and even barred that up at night, finding ventilation enough through the leafy walls.

I only remained here one night, setting off again at an early hour on the following morning and striking across the country. The second day about noon I found myself on the shores of the Nile, fortunately at a fordable part, for it was a much wider river than the other.

I made as well as I could for the grove of banyans, where I intended to erect a house this summer, knowing that the autumn months would be fully occupied in collecting my winter supplies. My first care was to raise a hut similar to the preceding one; indeed, I resolved to place such a shelter in every spot where any particular work would necessitate my presence for any lengthened period. The whole summer was thus spent on that side of the island, during which time I was busily engaged in building my house, the plan having been thought out in the winter months.

This abode was to be of an aerial nature, perched high up in the trees, as I wished it to be a safe hiding-place. I commenced by cutting down such trees as were not beyond my strength, and sawing them in half, lengthwise; some even I succeeded in dividing into three planks. I then climbed a banyan stem by cutting niches for my feet and hands in the bark, and struggling up by the help of a rope encircling myself and the tree. Having reached the desired elevation, I then, by means of a rope which I had secured to the end of a plank, drew it up after me, and, having my hammer slung at my waist, I managed to fasten the plank securely to the tree, the end, of course, hanging down. Descending this tree, and attaching the rope to the other end of the plank, I then ascended the tree stem which I had chosen to form the second corner of my habitation, proceeding in the same way with the four corners. I next raised planks, which, laid across the first four, formed a solid platform, on which I could now work with comparative facility, and build up the sides or walls of the house. All this took me an immense time to complete, and summer was far advanced, giving place to autumn ere I had begun to cover in the roof. The rainy season coming on obliged me to return to Cave Castle, and, not wishing to go empty-handed, I caught my patient cow, and gave her a load of palm leaves to carry, from which I hoped to make cordage, for I had the perfecting of my fishing tackle always in mind. I also took a good quantity of wood wherewith to make charcoal.

CHAPTER XXI.

RAINY SEASON.

ARRIVED at home, I steeped the palm-leaves in water until they were decayed; then collecting the fibres, which were long and strong, I twisted them, tying one to another till I had a cord of good length and thickness. It was but coarsely made, as I knew no other means of fastening the fibres but by knotting them together. But it answered the purpose of a fishing-line, whilst I improved on the pin by making hooks of bits of wire found amongst the wreckage, giving them points by friction upon the rock.

Directing my attention then to the interior of my abode, and turning over the

THE HUT.

stores in the vaults, I came upon a traveller's box which had remained unopened all this time. In great glee I dragged it up to my sitting-room, where, by means of chisel and hammer, I soon prised it open. I found inside a lady's workbox, a few books, which would be doubly valuable now, a watch, and various other articles.

Part of my time was occupied in the manufacture of candles. Having already a large stock of grease on hand the process was very simple, as I only made rushlights at first, dipping the rushes at intervals in the melted fat. Later on I improved by using twisted cotton instead of rush, and I also arrived at some skill in purifying the tallow, both of which rendered the light produced clearer and stronger. My candles when made were strung from the roof, as in a chandler's shop.

I then arranged the wood I had brought and reduced it to charcoal, during which process I occupied myself with the preparation of the sulphur and nitre, and when all was ready I made some gunpowder. Thinking it best to try a little first, I placed a very small quantity in a boring I had made for a desired enlargement at the side of my cave. I then laid a train of powder and a twist of cotton rag, to which I applied a light, taking the necessary precaution of retiring immediately. In a few moments the explosion took place, and going in I was astonished at the effect produced. At first I could not distinguish anything through the smoke, but, that clearing away, I found I had greatly miscalculated my dose, for a large fissure had been formed up the side of the cave, whilst many fragments were lying scattered. On examining the rent made in the wall, I discovered that it extended inwards, and conjecturing that it might be a natural cleft which the explosion had opened, I proceeded to clear away the broken pieces.

Nearly the whole of the rainy season I was engaged in the work of enlarging and following this passage, which ended in a cave of moderate size with a low roof, having also, like the first, a small hole in the outer wall, through which a glimmering of light was admitted. Increasing the size of this hole, I found it commanded a view along the shore towards Cliff Nest, and that just below me was the entrance to the ravine in which was the door of my castle. I conceived therefore the idea of making one or two of these holes to serve as watch-towers in case of any danger, especially as this cave, from the lowness of its roof, was less adapted than the other for living in.

All this could not be accomplished in one season, but enough was done to enable me to carry into this armoury all the ammunition and weapons.

At the finish of the season I began to find some inconvenience from the accumulation of wood-ash, and was about to throw it into the vaults, as was my usual plan, when I remembered how my stock of soap was diminishing, and that here I had one of the necessary ingredients for the manufacture of a fresh supply.

(*To be continued.*)

THE EXPLOSION.

HINTS TO TRAVELLERS.

As the following letter seems to contain much useful information, we have applied for and obtained permission to make it public.—Ed.

Dear Nellie,—You ask me to give you a few hints for some inexperienced friends who are going a tour on the continent; but you do not tell me where they are going, so my advice will have to be vague and general. I feel almost inclined to begin and end my remarks with an exhortation not to take much luggage, so important do I think it to the comfort of those who are really going abroad for enjoyment.

I have a vision before my mind's eye, of a party arriving at an hotel, with an omnibus loaded with enormous boxes; then of porters staggering up long flights of stairs, looking as though their backs must really break under the huge load they have to carry; nor are their difficulties over when they reach the top of the stairs; for the boxes will not go into the small bed-rooms, and have to be deposited outside the door; and the lady owners have to sally out on to the landing for each article they want out of their trunks. It must be admitted that American ladies are more frequently guilty of taking about these huge "American cottages," as they have been nicknamed, than English ones; and there is this excuse for them, that when they travel in Europe (I wonder why they pronounce it as though it were spelt "you rope") they come usually for a good many months, and so require more luggage than those who are only on a short tour; but surely even they might manage with half the number of dresses and bonnets. I have been told, I do not know with how much truth, that since American ladies have begun to travel in Europe so much, the railway hotel porters either die or break down, on an average, several years younger than used to be the case, owing to overstraining through carrying these immense chests.

But, putting these "cottages" out of the question, ladies who are not accustomed to travelling, and even some who from long experience might have learnt more wisdom, take a great deal more luggage than is necessary. The disadvantages of doing this are, in the first place, that on continental railways very little luggage is allowed, and for all extra a heavy freight is charged. In the second place it at least doubles the trouble of getting about. I should say, however, that I presume your friends are really going to travel. If they are going direct to some place where they intend making a long stay, they can register their luggage through to its destination, in which case they will have no trouble, however much they take, except that they will have to pay for overweight, and that a good deal of luggage naturally makes the Custom House officials suspicious, and more likely to open the trunks at the frontiers, an experience which need not be expatiated upon; anyone who has once had a carefully packed portmanteau turned out will agree with me that it is apt to ruffle one's temper.

But, if they are really travelling from place to place, there is the additional drawback that it is sometimes difficult to get cabs, and one is sometimes hindered a long time at the station waiting for a turn in the luggage office, amongst a crowd of fellow-passengers all frantically waving their luggage tickets, and entreating the porters to attend to them next.

In the meantime the fortunate travellers whose luggage was so small as to go under the seat of the railway carriage, have taken the first cabs; and, on arriving at the hotel, one finds them already in possession of the best rooms, or, if the place happens to be full, they may have filled the hotel up altogether.

In my opinion, the most comfortable form of luggage is a leather portmanteau; best of all one of the collapsing kind commonly known as Gladstone bags; and a hand-bag of moderate dimensions. The latter is essential, for this reason, your friends may often feel inclined to stay a night at some little way-side place, or to take an excursion for a day or two, when they would not require their luggage, which can be registered on to the next certain stopping-place. In order to do this they would have to book through to the same town to which their luggage is sent, but in most countries a railway ticket holds good for several days, and they can break the journey as often as they like on the way, and by having all they require for a night in their hand-bags, they are perfectly independent, and can stop whenever they fancy, and will find their luggage safely awaiting them when they reach their journey's end. If they leave it too long they will have a trifle to pay for it, but not much. In some countries, Switzerland for instance, luggage can be sent by post, which is in some cases quicker and more convenient than registering it by rail, and obviates the difficulty of taking a ticket through.

The particular advantage of a collapsing portmanteau is, that one always brings home presents or curiosities of some sort, and ought to make provision for doing so by not packing the portmanteau quite full to start with. Then, if it is a collapsing one, it can be strapped up to a small size at first, and gradually expanded as required.

About the contents of the portmanteau. They need not take many changes of linen, as at all good hotels one can get things washed in a day. Therefore, one change is quite sufficient, as they can be washed several times in a week if necessary, and it is far better to do this than to carry soiled linen about. Then, unless they are going to visit friends, or to make a long stay in any place, two dresses are quite sufficient. One a good thin serge or some equally strong and light material; it must not upon any account be a warm or heavy one, or it will not do to wear upon all occasions. It should be nice-looking and well made; and tell them, if they wish to be happy, not to have frills and flounces all over it. It should be as plain as possible, but stylish withal; for we are but poor, vain mortals, and there is no doubt we enjoy a jaunt more if we feel that we are becomingly and suitably dressed. Brown, dark blue, or gray are the best colours, as they do not show the dust as much as black, nor get dirty so quickly as very light colours; unless your friends are going to Spain, in which case they must wear black, as all Spanish ladies do, or they will feel most uncomfortably conspicuous. Some English ladies who are staying any length of time in Spain buy a mantilla to wear, instead of a bonnet, to be as much like the natives of the country as possible; but I do not advise it, as, although the mantilla can be arranged in seventeen different ways, each style requires long practice, and if not put on properly it looks ridiculous.

The other dress should be rather more elaborate, perhaps of a lighter colour or thinner texture, but, in short, one that would be suitable for dinner at the hotels or the promenade at a fashionable watering-place. Anything more that is needed, such as evening dresses for concerts, can be conjured up as required, with the aid of a small box in the portmanteau, containing evening gloves or mittens, and a few yards of lace. With a little ingenuity the lace can be tacked on to the body very quickly, so as to give it a light and "evening" appearance. If they are girls who intend to travel much, they will find it worth their while to have a dress made with a square cut front, the front being loose, so that it can be taken in or out at pleasure; or, if they are likely to go out very much in the evenings, it would perhaps be better to take a separate low body, to wear with the same skirt; a body alone takes up very little additional room. Natural flowers are so easily obtainable that it is never worth while to carry artificial ones.

Then, for bonnets, the most troublesome part of one's luggage. The travelling hat should be soft and light and of such a make that it will neither blow off easily, nor crush out of shape if they chance to fall asleep in it in the train. One would think it unnecessary to say do not have feathers that will come out of curl, but that I have so frequently seen dishevelled looking objects travelling abroad, with cotton dresses from which an unexpected shower had taken all the stiffness, and hats trimmed with long, dripping ostrich feathers which I presume had once been curled; they could hardly have started in that sorry plight, so I give them this word of warning in case they should not think of it themselves. The other hat should also be rather small, for the simple reason that large hats are the most awkward things possible to pack, and take up the most unreasonable quantity of room. Otherwise it should be bright and pretty, to accord with the promenade dress, and so much the better if it is of soft material such as beaver, that will not be injured by a little crushing. In addition, if they are likely to have much night travelling, it would add considerably to their comfort to have a hood to wear in the train, in place of the hat. Travelling hoods are usually made of silk or velvet and lined with quilted Persian silk.

Strong boots or shoes, in which they will not be afraid to venture out in bad weather, are a necessity; and it is a convenience to have a few holland shoe-bags into which to put them when packing; one cannot pack them amongst linen without covering them up in some way, and the objections to being dependent on sheets of paper are too obvious to need mentioning.

Then about wraps. The dress should be made so as to look well without any jacket on warm days, but a light mantle will constantly be required in the evenings, and at other times too, as the temperature varies so much in different places. A good ulster is a necessity too, for it is disastrous to the enjoyment of a tour if one is afraid to venture out in wet weather; but it must be a light one, that is not a great burden to carry about, when rain is only expected. I always take a shawl, too; for in travelling at night one gets very cold, and it is impossible to sleep without being well wrapped up.

Some people always wear paper collars and cuffs, and there is nothing so convenient, if one does not mind the appearance; but, however good they may be, there is never any possibility of mistaking the fact they are paper. Others again wear linen, trusting to get them washed at the hotel; and there is no difficulty at all in getting them done, the only trouble is the way they are done. At most good hotels they are beautifully got up, but in the course of a long tour one frequently finds oneself at very inferior inns, and one's linen washed at such places is apt to present a limp and dejected air, which does not improve one's general appearance. There is still another alternative, which many old travellers find the most convenient of all. They carry with them a quantity of cheap lace, which they tack into their dresses, and throw away when soiled. Which of these plans is fixed upon is a matter for individual taste. For my own part I must acknowledge that I think nothing looks so nice as the most troublesome of the three, the linen collars, which reminds me that very few girls seem to know how to pack a collar in a small space, without crushing it. The proper way is to open out any article of underclothing, a night-dress is perhaps the best, and lay the collars side by side lengthwise upon it. Then roll the whole thing up, beginning at one end, so that the collars retain the circular shape so much admired by laundresses.

I need hardly remind you that soap is always needed, and very convenient soap-boxes to carry it in can be bought for a trifle; also that a small clothes brush is constantly required.

Now for the contents of the handbag. I must premise that I have been accustomed to travel with people who liked wandering at their own sweet will, without any carefully considered plan, so that I have been liable to have to stop at most unexpected places, if the scenery happened to look pretty, or any old ruins attractive. Consequently I always found it advisable to carry necessaries for a night or two in my handbag, as we generally either left our luggage at the station till we called for it, or registered it on to our journey's end, with a pleasing uncertainty as to when we should overtake it.

First of all, then, at the bottom of the bag I put a pair of heelless slippers, the older and easier the better. Heels cannot be allowed, because they take up too much room in a small bag, and a more ornamental pair can be kept in the portmanteau, though it is hardly necessary, for one rarely wears slippers except in the bedroom, when travelling. Then a book of soap. Little books containing about fifty leaves of soap can be bought now for a few pence, and though they are not nearly so pleasant to use as a proper cake, which should by no means be omitted in the portmanteau, these books take up very much less room in a handbag, and one can manage with them quite well for a few days. There must also be at the bottom of the bag a brush and comb bag, a small bottle of Eau de Cologne, or some toilet vinegar, a small chamber towel, and a sponge bag, containing a sponge, which should be always thoroughly moistened before starting on a long journey. What a comfort this is, no one can quite appreciate who has not been a long hot journey without one.

How well I remember on one occasion when I had to take a long railway journey alone in Germany. I had settled myself in one of the comfortable ladies' carriages, and after a few hours was glad to eat some of the usual German sausage-sandwiches, with which the friends I had been visiting had supplied me. Having finished these most awkward and inelegant sandwiches I felt that my hands were extremely sticky and uncomfortable, and, judging by the appearance of my fellow-travellers, I knew I must be begrimed with dust; so I took out of my bag the sponge and soap leaves, and had a good wash. Never shall I forget the look of astonishment on the face of an old German lady opposite me. "Lieber Himmel," she ejaculated, "have you then your whole luggage in that bag? But take my handkerchief to dry your face, you will surely take cold; you are welcome," and she handed me her pocket-handkerchief, which honesty compels me to say was extremely dirty, and it was a great satisfaction to me to be able to produce my own chamber towel, and a little Eau de Cologne as a finish, at which she gazed in speechless surprise. I felt very selfish not to offer her the use of my sponge, but her face looked so very black; so I soothed my conscience by inviting her to help herself to my Eau de Cologne, which she did very freely.

All these toilet arrangements being at the

bottom of the bag, they are covered up by a nightdress-case, which also serves as a receptacle for sundry little things, such as tooth-brushes, in porcelain cases.

This leaves the upper part of the bag clear for a book, housewife (containing any needles and cotton they or their male companions are likely to require, and a few buttons, tapes, and elastic), a smelling bottle and a sketch-book; and, however little talent your friends have for drawing, they should not omit this, for the roughest sketches of quaint buildings or costumes will serve to recall them to their memories in after days.

The bag should also contain a double strap, unless it is fitted with one outside it. It is never safe to travel for even a couple of days unprovided with wraps of some kind, but one does not wish to wear them all the time; and it is the greatest comfort to be able to strap a shawl or mantle on to the bag, so as to have only the one thing to carry. One's possessions seem to increase, too, in a mysterious way on these short excursions; and my own experience is, that, before rejoining my luggage, my bag has generally overflowed, and the strap has to hold a good many things besides the cloak.

But I must not forget to mention umbrellas. If the girls have or can get sunshades with sufficiently short handles to go into a portmanteau, they had better take them and keep them packed up, except when they are in towns or anywhere else where they have to think a great deal about appearances. For other occasions I always take one of those small umbrellas, commonly known as "en tout cas," and use it for both sun and rain. It would be a pity for them to take good umbrellas, as they would probably either lose or break them; and the various uses to which they are put in travelling, not to mention the strapping up, inevitably spoils them.

I must not forget to mention those dreadful little torments, mosquitoes. In the south of Europe the beds are generally provided with mosquito curtains, and if one can contrive to get into bed without either setting fire to the curtains, or shutting two or three of the creatures inside, they answer very well; but in the few northern lands where they are troublesome they seem to be looked upon as one of the necessary evils of existence, and no such defences as curtains are provided. A lady with whom I travelled once in a land of mosquitoes, and who was exceedingly sensitive to their bites, always enveloped her head and hands in gossamer veils at night, which so far protected her that she was able to sleep, though it was by no means a complete shelter, as the more vindictive mosquitoes will sting through a veil. They are a real and serious hindrance to one's enjoyment; for the swelling caused by their stings on the face and hands is most unsightly, and the irritation sometimes becomes almost unendurable. The only precaution one can take is to keep the windows closely shut at night, as long as there is a light burning in the room. If this is neglected the room gets full of them at once. In a "Guide to the Alps" lately published, travellers are recommended to carry with them always a small bottle of diluted caustic ammonia. This is efficacious if applied to the sting at once, but is useless after any lapse of time.

I think that is all your friends will require to know. I would advise them not to neglect to take a small tin box of matches with them, and to be careful always to lock their bedroom doors on leaving the room, and give the key to the porter, or else hang it on the keyboard which is always found in the hall. If this is not done, the landlords will not be held responsible for the loss of any valuables; but they will understand, without my telling them, that the fewer valuables they take the better.

They should remember, too, that almost everything except their personal necessaries is liable to duty. Scent, jewellery, new dresses, and any other superfluities are likely to be taxed at one or other of the frontiers.

If your friends have really never been abroad before, they may be at a loss to know what money to take. There used to be an idea that it was a great safeguard against robbery to take circular notes, but now they are accepted by any hotel-keeper, and are really no protection at all; while they are infinitely more troublesome than bank-notes or gold, either of which can be changed anywhere into the gold of the country, without the least difficulty. Only, let them beware of tendering English money in payment at a hotel. There are always money-changers to be found who will give a good exchange, which hotel proprietors never do.

If there is any other information your friends require I shall be very happy to give it. I presume they will be travelling almost entirely by land; if they are likely to be much on the water they would require quite a different outfit.

Believe me to be
Your affectionate friend,
RUTH DANBY.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

LE LION DE FLANDRE.—The correct pronunciation (not "pronounciation") of the name you quote is "Natāl," accenting the second syllable, not the first. Say "It is I," not "It is me." "Nominative, I; accusative, me; nom., thou; accus., thee," and so forth. We regret that you received no reply to your last letter, for which we are unable now to account.

SHIP AT SEA.—We are sorry that three of your letters have been unanswered. You say you cannot "get attending classes." What are they? You want to "get" the benefit of music and other classes. As you require us to give an opinion on your composition, we must draw your attention to this style of expressing yourself, and to the fact that you form the letters "m" and "n" like a "u"; thus you have written "four mouths ago." In reference to the classes you require, could you not form one amongst your neighbours, and hire a master between you all? Geology or archæology would interest you, or ought to do so.

WORK.

DESIROUS.—See page 37, vol i., for a pretty edging in crochet work. Also see page 269, vol. iii., and "My Work Basket," pages 748 and 749, vol. iii. We may also refer you to the "Dictionary of Needlework" (170, Strand, W.), under the heading "Crochet," and at page 108 you will find "Crochet, Honiton, or Point;" "Crochet Insertion" and "Crochet Lace," page 110 and 111; "Crochet Raised Rose," page 114; and "Crochet Yak Lace," page 119. These designs are illustrated as well as described.

ISMENE.—We should advise your sending the fur to a good furrier; very white sand made hot is sometimes used to rub into fur, and perhaps might answer in your case.

BABY.—If the light-coloured silk will bear a careful sponging with tepid water, perhaps you might remove the stain thus. If not, you must alter the make of that part of the dress; make a pleat, or put on some description of trimming to cover the soiled spot. Ribbon or lace, or a piece of dress material, might be employed. You do not name the part so injured, so that we can only speak in general terms, and cannot advise you as well as we otherwise might. A silk dress should be protected by an apron whenever suitable to wear one.

HOUSEKEEPING.

HAZEL DUCHESS.—A paste, consisting of equal parts of washing soda, whiting, and borax, well powdered and wetted, and rubbed on the marble, and left on a few days, will be found to have taken out most stains on it. We could not answer your question unless we knew what was expected of an income of £100 a year; and how many it was supposed to keep.

PEARL VINCENT.—To clean a carpet, see page 282, vol. iii. A washing with a little oxgall and water, in the proportion of a wineglass of oxgall to a gallon of water, applied in the same way as described at page 282, is also excellent.

J. YETA.—To make furniture polish, see page 80, vol. i.; and to stain a floor, see pages 64, 80, and 399.

TOPSY TURVEY. — It is said that the new iron of stoves or ranges should be well rubbed with a little grease first, and not blackleaded until after there has been a good fire in them. You probably come into the heat from a cold outside air, and of course become flushed and uncomfortable.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COMBERBACH.—We regret to say that your verses need much revision. No two verses in the seven have the same number of feet in their corresponding lines, nor is any one verse correct in itself alone. This great irregularity throws out the beat in each. For instance, the second verse numbers its feet thus in the four lines, 7, 8, 10, 9. Were there any striking or beautiful and original ideas in the verses, we should advise you to study prosody, so as to correct the composition. Your writing is not formed yet.

A POOR MOTHER.—If you can afford to pay £13 per annum, you can place your child in the Cripples' Nursery, 14, Park-place, Clarence-gate, Regent's Park, N.W. Address Mrs. Kirk. The children have the benefit of a three months' sojourn at the seaside, as they have a branch at Margate at 10, Seaview-terrace. Both sexes are eligible in the homes.

CURIOUS MADGE.—What is called "anthracite" coal is non-bituminous, and is almost pure carbon. The faint blue flame which it produces is from the carbonic oxide which it contains. It has to be kindled with charcoal, and then gives intense heat without smoke. Anthracite coal is found in Wales, and is much employed in the preparation of iron; but it can be had in abundance from America. In Pennsylvania it is very abundant.

ALICE GLADSTONE.—If you have selected the place which you think offers the most advantages—in climate and otherwise—write to the English chaplain for his advice, and then take your son or daughter to that place and select the school for yourself after personal inspection and investigation. Oatmeal porridge is wholesome and nutritious, although of a rather heating character. Try it for yourself, and so judge for your own special case.

MONDAY.—Never send a visiting card in lieu of a personal visit. You should call as soon as possible; if not next day, at least within two or three.

MAY.—There is a society called the Bee Reading Club, of which the secretary and treasurer is Miss Rogers, 44, Henry-street, Limerick. Write to her for all information.

DECIDED DOLLY.—Read the articles called "Sketching from Nature" in vol. ii. You will find all the pages named in the index. But we think that you should first get a transparent slate, and draw on the glass what you see in the drawing behind it. When you have had a little practice in this way, you will be able to copy easy drawings without tracing them over a glass. You write very well for your age.

HIAWATHA.—You have forgotten that our rules forbid our giving addresses. Inquire for any instrument you require at a musical instrument shop, and for the music at a music publisher's. We regret that we cannot name any in particular. We thank you for so kind a letter.

GARDENER.—You could not make a lawn yourself; you must hire a gardener for the purpose. The ground must be prepared; a good foundation laid, mould thrown over that, the surface properly levelled, and properly cut turf laid down and well rolled. As to the flower-beds, read "Some Talk about Gardening," page 410, vol. ii.

TWO COIN HUNTERS.—Queen Victoria three-halfpenny pieces are worth 6d. to 1s.; a well-preserved guinea of William III. is worth from £1 4s. to £1 15s. if with the elephant and castle. You will find Gill's manual of coins an excellent one, published at 170, Strand, price 5s.; manual of value of British coins, 1s. The other coins you mention do not appear of value.

VERNA.—The best way to learn is by unfolding some paper rosettes and finding out how they are done. No date has yet been given.

STAUMUMS.—The whole of the lines, "Be good, sweet maid," will be found in the first volume of "Canon Kingsley's Life and Memories." You will find suitable texts in the New Testament.

M. C.—Shoulder-straps and braces can now be purchased, at nearly all ready-made linen shops, of much stouter manufacture than any made at home.

MIGNON. — 1. Inquire at any music-shop. 2. The "Flower de Luce" is the title of a poem by the poet Longfellow. The flower is referred to by Shakespeare, *Henry VI.*, part ii., act v., scene 1, and is believed to be the white lily, or *lilium album*.

A MISTRESS.—During the lifetime of the late Prince Consort there was an institution founded by himself to encourage servants by granting certain premiums and medals as rewards for faithful service during a certain number of years. We are acquainted with two servants who were recommended for them, and who also obtained them; one, if not both, still living. It would appear, however, that this society does not exist in its original form, although others, somewhat similar in character, have survived — for example, the Female Servants' Home Society, for the encouragement of faithful female servants, under royal patronage, which provides four homes, registries, certificates, and rewards, according to the length of satisfactory service. Secretary, Mr. Daniel Cooper, 85, Queen-street, Cheapside, E.C.

*** *The Editor is glad to be able to inform his readers that the next Monthly Part and Weekly Number will contain the opening chapters of a new and extremely interesting story by Sarah Doudney, author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc., illustrated by M. Ellen Edwards.*

EASTER DAY.

By ANNE BEALE.

In and out among the tombs
  Fearless childhood glances;
Underneath, in narrow rooms,
  Dull decay advances;
Sound on silence, swift on slow,
Life above and death below.

In and out among the graves
  Youths and maidens wander;
Lightly tread o'er solemn caves,
  On the head-stones ponder;
Flushing hope and loving trust
Pressing down the mouldering dust.

Round about the church they spread
  On this Easter morning,
These stern dwellings of the dead
  With bright hues adorning;
For they know that death and life
Cease to-day their mortal strife.

Christ is risen! a Conqueror crowned!
  Over Death victorious;
Bodies quicken underground,
  Souls in heaven live glorious:
Waiting to be joined alway
At the last great Easter Day.

VOL. IV.—NO. 171. APRIL 7, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

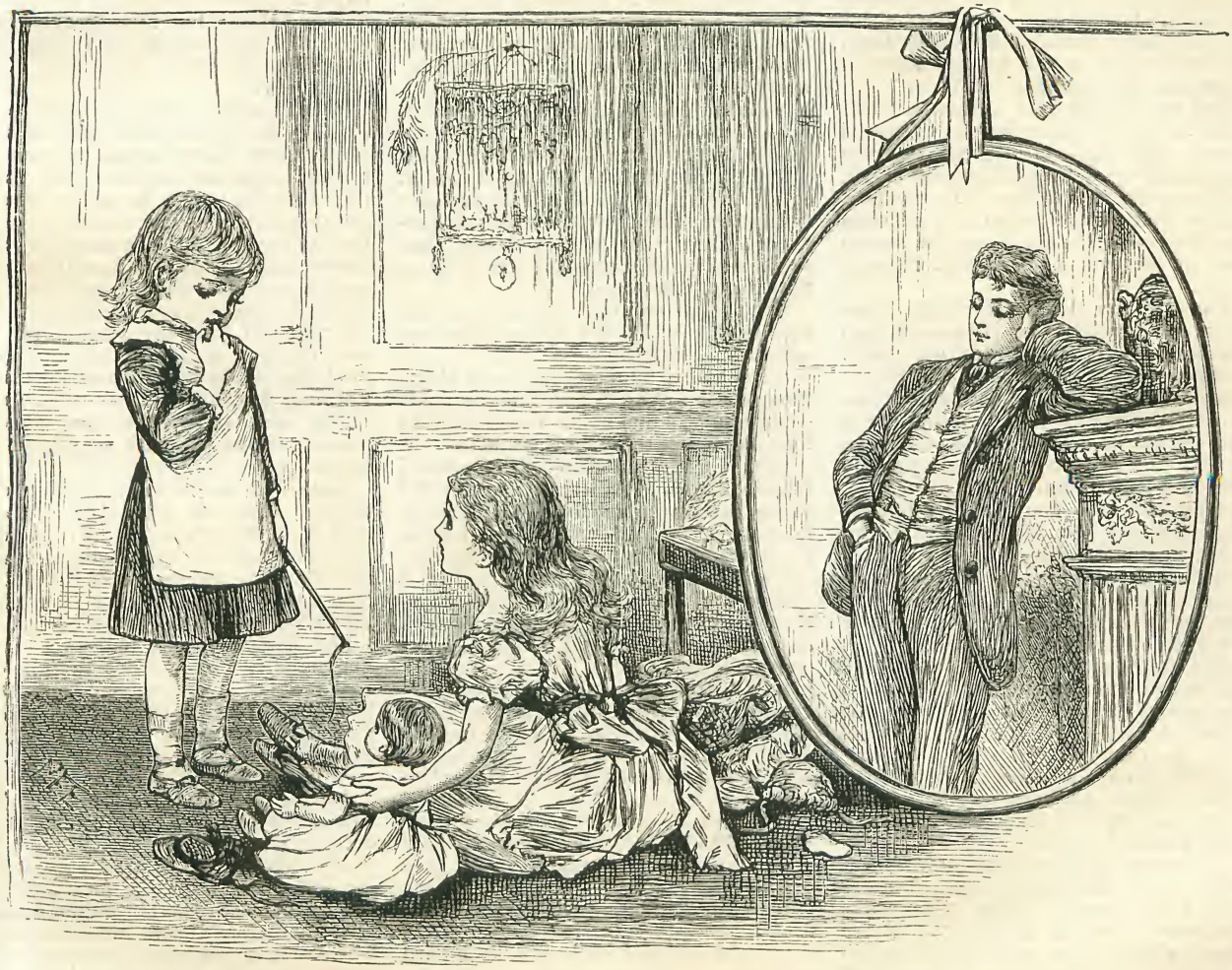
A LONG LANE WITH A TURNING.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"A YOUNG MAN WILL BE WISER BY-AND-BY."

THERE were not many people waiting on the platform when the train came creeping into the railway station of Yare. One of the passengers had had a long journey. At early morning he had started from a great southern seaport, and had travelled along the coast while the dawn was still fresh, and the kine were half asleep in the rich buttercup meadows. He had left the broad Devonshire moors before the sun had dried the night-dew or chased away the mists from the hills.



All rights reserved.] "HIS THOUGHTS WERE VERY BUSY WITH THOSE CHILDISH DAYS."

The train would only stop a few minutes at the market town of Yare, just long enough for Arthur Beachley to get out and claim his portmanteau. It was a warm May afternoon, drawing near evening, and the guards and porters were drowsy. Nevertheless the young man received a full share of attention. Caps were touched to him, and his baggage was speedily shouldered and carried out of the station and into the road, where a groom was waiting with a pony-carriage.

Only the groom! No one else had come to welcome Arthur after his three weeks' absence. Everybody knows how pleasant it is to be greeted by a well-known face at the end of a journey, and get a hearty hand-shake when you step, cramped and dusty, out of the train. It must be a stoical man who does not care for these things, and Arthur Beachley was far from being a stoic.

"Are they all well, Lawrence?" he asked.

"Quite well, sir," the man answered. And then Arthur seated himself and took the reins.

The sleek ponies started at once at a sharp trot, whisking their long tails to keep off the mayflies. Away from the railway station they went, and along a broad street, quiet and clean as the streets of country towns often are. Faces peeped out of windows and shop-doors as young Beachley drove on, for he was the only son of Theodore Beachley, Esq., of the Rookery, and a natural object of interest to the good folks of Yare.

But no thoughts of self-importance filled Arthur's mind as the ponies trotted along. His was one of those delicate faces which show every change of mood, and every shade of feeling. There was a shadow on the brow to-day, and not even the pleasure of the drive nor the sweetness of the evening air could chase it away.

The chaise rolled on through lanes where the hawthorn was in blossom, and the banks were blue with speedwell. Cottages became few and far between; the scenery grew more and more rural. At last the ponies turned gaily into a magnificent avenue of oaks, and performed the last mile of their journey with hearty goodwill.

The old Tudor mansion, standing on slightly rising ground, had been the home of the Beachleys for many generations. It was an expensive house to keep in repair, and there were not a few rooms in which decay was slowly going on.

But the outside of the place kept all its ancient grandeur, and if there were any seams in the dark-red walls the friendly ivy hid them from sight. Roses were in their early beauty; cream-coloured, pink, and dark crimson blossoms climbed as high as the second storey, and spread luxuriantly over the great porch.

Extensive gardens, gloomy with old cedars and chestnuts, stretched away behind the house. There were walks that went winding in and out of the dense shrubberies, and led you unexpectedly to little glades, where ferns flourished, and fountains kept them green and cool; and there were ivy banks, and shady beds of lilies of the valley, and still spots as quiet as the heart of a deep wood.

Two girls of sixteen were standing in the porch, and watching Arthur's approach. As the ponies stopped, they ran down the steps and came to the side of the carriage with beaming faces.

"Cassie,—Mary,—" said Arthur, taking the hands that were held out to him. "I am glad to see you here."

"The Rookery isn't half so pleasant when you are away, Arthur," cried the taller and elder of the two, who was called Cassie. "Captain Glendon monopolises Kate——."

She stopped abruptly in her speech. Cassie Decke was a sharp-sighted girl, and saw at once that her words had brought a flush into Arthur's cheek.

"Is Glendon here to-day?" he asked, trying to speak in an indifferent tone.

"To-day and every day," Cassie answered lightly. "And here's someone else coming up the avenue. James Listowe, I declare!"

"I've asked him to stay with us for a few days," said Arthur. "He is terribly hard-worked, he says, in Ranford's office; I don't see half enough of him. And if we need brightening up at the Rookery, James is the man to do it."

The girls retired into the house, leaving the young men to exchange greetings. Arm-in-arm, Cassie and Mary ascended the wide old staircase, and passed through a dim corridor to the room they shared together.

"Arthur doesn't approve of the Glendon alliance, that's very clear," said Cassie, sitting down to sew a lace tucker into the gown she was to wear at dinner. It was a very simple dress, for Cassie's means were small; but her hands performed their task with neatness and skill, making the most of the lace, as they did of everything.

"It will go on in spite of Arthur," she continued. "I have always foreseen what would happen."

"I'm not a bit like you," said Mary, thoughtfully. "I don't see things quickly—not things of that kind. You are always forecasting like the other Cassandra——"

"Oh, don't mention any of those horrid classical people! It's the greatest relief to be out of the schoolroom and away from them all. And really, Mary, I think it's a mistake for a girl to be too clever."

Cassie's rebuke was not given in a disagreeable manner. She was one of those people who can say unkind things in a pleasant tone, and Mary was not easily offended.

"I like the prospect of this marriage," Cassie went on; "it will be a good thing for us. When Kate is gone the old people will be lonely in this great house, and we shall be asked here oftener than ever."

"I can't be glad if Arthur is sorry," sighed Mary. "It was cruel to send him away to Devonshire while they settled the matter. I don't think he has ever liked Captain Glendon from the first."

"Perhaps they have been a little hard on Arthur," Cassie admitted; "but he will get over it, and take kindly to his brother-in-law, I daresay. And it is an excellent thing for us; we shall be as daughters of the house."

Always harping on one string, always looking out for anything that might be turned to self-advantage! As time went on, Cassie learnt to conceal her ruling passion even from her nearest friend, and in these days that friend looked up to her, and idealised her far too much to see her faults. She was only six months older than Mary Berrithorne, but her far-sightedness and worldly wisdom gave her a certain ascendency over one who was naturally a dreamer; moreover, she was calmer, and could never be shaken by the trifles that too often set poor Mary's nerves a-quivering. So Mary let her take the lead, and relied upon her judgment in most cases; and Cassie, who liked affection as she liked all pleasant things, gave something in return that was a good counterfeit of the genuine article she received.

They were a cheerful party at dinner in the stately dining-room; only Arthur sat silent and pale while the others laughed and chatted around him, and Captain Glendon and James Listowe vied with each other in telling good stories. Kate, who perfectly understood the cause of her brother's low spirits, troubled herself very little about him. It might have been more sisterly, perhaps, if she had give him a kind glance now and then; but Miss Beachley was one of those women who think that everything is sure to come right if you let it alone.

When Captain Glendon's visits to the Rookery became frequent, and his intercourse with Kate began to pass the bounds of ordinary acquaintance, Arthur had thought proper to make inquiries about him. Not very satisfactory to a brother's mind was the result of these investigations; in his own set the captain was known to be a gambler and a reveller; but he had been discreet enough to hide his real self from the outer world, and was therefore well received in society. So Arthur spoke his few words of timely warning, first to his sister, then to his father, and they were met, as such warnings often are, with scepticism and scorn.

Kate had shown more surprise than anger. Hers had been such a smooth path from the very beginning of her days that the first bit of roughness was a novelty. She skipped over it with light feet, and laughed at Arthur for thinking that it would stop her in her career.

She listened gaily, and even good-humouredly, to the tales that he had heard about her lover, and wondered how Arthur could be so foolish as to give heed to them. As her parents always saw things from her point of view, there was nothing more to be said or done. Mr. Beachley told his son that he had the fullest confidence in William Glendon; moreover, the captain was a man of aristocratic family, and in Mr. Beachley's eyes a long pedigree was of greater importance than a stainless character. There are some people who can never see beyond an escutcheon. Arthur knew his father's weakness, and began to fear that he had spoken in vain.

Just at that time, Mr. Beachley determined to sell some property in Devonshire which had been a part of his wife's dowry, and it was proposed that Arthur should go to see it, and make certain necessary arrangements with the would-be purchaser, a Devonshire farmer. The young man was not sorry to be entrusted with the matter; it broke in upon the severe course of study by which he was preparing himself for college, and was good for body and mind. He did his father's bidding willingly enough; spent three weeks among the rich pastures and rocky moors, and came back after bringing the business to a satisfactory close. And then on his return he was greeted with the announcement that Kate's engagement had been finally arranged and settled in his absence.

It was with a bitter sense of being hardly used that Arthur went up to his chamber that night. It was a small room on the third storey, but he had a fancy for it, preferring it to the larger apartments, and often choosing it as a study. The mansion faced the south, but Arthur's window was at the side of the house, and looked out towards the west. It commanded a full view of the old pine wood that had been the home of a colony of rooks for generations; at dawn they were wont to rise with a mighty clamour, and fly away to their feeding-grounds in the fields; towards evening they returned to their nests in the dark pine trees, on whose boughs their ancestors had been rocked to sleep. The pine wood belonged to the rooks as the house belonged to the Beachleys; the claims of long descent could be proved by the birds as well as by their human neighbours. And so high did the Beachleys esteem their feathered friends, that their own abode had come to be called the Rookery.

The stable clock was striking eleven as Arthur shut his chamber door and opened the window. It was a soft, quiet night, the sky was sown with stars, and the pine tops stood up black and tall in the half-darkness. As he leaned out of the casement, he could hear the ceaseless murmur that came from that wood, even in the stillest weather—a sound as eternal and solemn as the moaning of the sea. It seemed to harmonise with his mood to-night, and he listened, resting his head upon his hands.

Kate's ill-omened engagement was the first deep sorrow he had ever known. He had loved his sister with an intense brotherly affection, but he had never forgotten that a time must come when a stronger love would lay its claims upon her. Often and often he had pictured the kind of man who should be worthy of Kate—he must be a hero, *sans peur et sans reproche*, as true and chivalrous as any ideal knight of olden time. Alas! there was a bitter contrast between the dream and the reality.

He had done his best to be courteous to the accepted suitor, but Captain Glendon disliked and suspected him. Arthur was only too conscious that Kate's manner had changed under her lover's influence, and even his father and mother had been colder than usual. The young man felt just then as if he were entering an altered world; the old looks and tones were gone, and in their stead had come suspicious glances and formal words. Home was no longer home.

And was not this only the beginning of changes? The first shadow that falls upon a happy life is always looked upon as being the forerunner of others. "Things will never be the same again," we cry, under that first cloud. Perhaps they never are; and it takes years to teach us that this agony of change is absolutely necessary to creatures who have to live, and grow, and work in the world. Poor Arthur, leaning his head upon his hands, was very far from realising that anything good could come out of so much discomfort.

Already his father had given him a hint of a speedy marriage; in his own mind he was convinced that the money that was paid down for the Devonshire property would go with Kate to Captain Glendon. Let the money go—let them do with it as they would—but oh, that Kate might be saved from sacrificing herself in this fearfully rash way! And yet there was nothing to be done; any farther remonstrances would be worse than useless. With a sigh that seemed to be echoed from the pine wood, Arthur left the window and went to rest.

The apartment commonly used as a breakfast-room was smaller than the grand dining-room, and was oak-panelled like all the other rooms in the Rookery. Its windows overlooked a space of smooth turf, brightened by a circular bed of scarlet geraniums, set in a border of lobelia; then came two large chestnuts, hiding the ivy-grown wall which divided the grounds from the stables and outbuildings. It was a room in which people always felt at ease, and in earlier days it had been the place where Kate had kept her dolls' house, and set out her toy cups and plates. Here, too, Arthur had shaped the little wooden boats which were to sail on the pond in the stable-yard, and had mended the maimed animals that belonged to the big Noah's Ark. But times had changed; and somewhere in an old lumber-room the dolls' house and the Noah's Ark were going to decay.

Yet as Arthur stood alone in the breakfast-room on the morning that followed his return from Devonshire, his thoughts were very busy with those childish days.

He conjured up the image of Kate in white frock and blue sash, by turns petting and tyrannising over the little lad who was eighteen months younger than herself. He remembered just how the sunshine used to rest on her golden head, as she sat in her favourite spot in the middle of the floor, with her lap full of dolls' garments, and her largest waxen baby seated by her side. The old room was very little changed; there were the same pictures on the walls, the same blue china jars on the mantel-piece. But the girl with the blue sash had passed into a woman, and her boy-companion had learnt to put away childish things.

James Listowe, crossing the hall with boots that always creaked a little, strode into the breakfast-room, and gave his friend a morning greeting in a trumpet-like voice.

"You must rouse yourself, my dear fellow; you must, indeed," he said, surveying Arthur with a critical air. "I can plainly see that you are worrying yourself about Kate's engagement. Now, I really don't think Glendon a bad fellow—that is, for a man of his stamp."

"But as a husband for one's sister one wants a man of whom something better than that can be said," replied Arthur, slightly impatient.

"Don't get into the habit of expecting too much," cried his mentor, raising a warning finger. "Nowadays, one has to be satisfied with something below one's ideal."

"You never had a sister, James," said Arthur, sadly.

"But you will do me the justice to believe that I have a sincere regard for Kate. We were playfellows, and I think I can understand a brother's feelings; I always had a power of putting myself in another man's place, and realising all that goes on within him. You are a little unjust to Glendon; but I can make some allowance for that."

James rather liked to set people to rights; he believed himself born to be a sort of social reformer, whose mission it was to go about among his unreasonable fellow-creatures, and bring them into a better frame of mind. Arthur Beachley was his most intimate friend, and a good subject to practise upon.

Arthur had nothing more to say. What was the use of making disparaging statements about William Glendon now that the man was really to be his brother-in-law? He remained perfectly silent, and Listowe would have gone on lecturing for an hour, if Kate and the captain had not entered the room together.

Miss Beachley was looking as fresh and bright as one of the half-opened pink roses in her bosom. She had been taking an early walk in the grounds with her lover, and felt as triumphantly happy as any other rather self-willed young woman who has got her own way. Captain Glendon was a tall, slight man, with a delicately-cut face, and a Dresden china complexion. The eyes were sharp and piercing as a hawk's; but the mouth, — that tell-tale feature, — was entirely hidden by the tawny moustache that drooped over it. The speech was pleasant, but languid to the last degree, and to Arthur's not unprejudiced mind there was sometimes a touch of insolence in the languor.

Next came Cassie and Mary, and lastly the master and mistress of the house, he a stately old gentleman on the shady side of sixty, she a quiet, haughty-looking woman, one or two years younger. Then the party sat down to the breakfast-table, and Arthur, stimulated perhaps by James Listowe's reproving glances, made an effort to talk and seem at ease.

A little later young Beachley went down the avenue alone, gratefully meeting the soft breath of the hay-scented wind, and feeling almost glad to turn his back upon the Rookery. He had a two-mile walk before him to his tutor's house, and was scarcely sorry that James Listowe had not volunteered to accom-

pany him. Not that he was angry with his friend for failing to sympathise with his grievance, but he was conscious that it was better for him, just then, to be left to Nature, in her kindly summer mood. To commune with his own heart and be still, was what Arthur desired that day.

Quick footsteps pattered down the road behind him, and Mary Berrithorne's little hand was laid lightly on his arm. The large grey eyes that looked straight into his face gave him the frankest assurance of being perfectly understood by one person in the world.

"*Arthur, I am sorry,*" she said, simply. "I am sorry for you, and a great deal more sorry for Kate. O how I wish that she could borrow Ithuriel's spear!"

"Then you think that Kate does not see Glendon as he really is?" said Arthur, wondering at the girl's perceptive powers.

"Cassie would say I had no right to judge people," replied Mary, after a pause. "I may be quite wrong—I'm very young, you know—but I am afraid he is not what he seems to Kate."

"Well, Mary, I have tried to use the spear, but she will not have it."

"Never mind, never mind," said the soft, half-childish voice. "We can't always make people see how kind we mean to be, but God knows."

Without another word she turned and ran up the avenue again, and he stood still mechanically, to look after her. The sunshine, flickering and falling through the oak branches, lit up the small flying figure and flossy brown hair, that hung in waves rather than curls. On she went, neither pausing nor looking back, a sprite-like shape that almost seemed to claim kindred with the "good people" of long ago.

"A most unique child," he mused, as he passed out of the lodge gate. "Soon to be a woman," he added, striking into the high road; "Cassie is one already, I think, and they are nearly of the same age. Mary is a thinker as well as a dreamer, and one wonders sometimes what will come of the thoughts and dreams. Not so pretty as Cassie, of course, yet I like the large, clear, grey eyes better than Cassie's almond-shaped dark ones. Well, well, these girls will be like sunbeams in the old house when Kate is gone."

(*To be continued.*)

ABOUT GLOVES AND THEIR SIGNIFICANCE.

THERE are numerous associations clinging to the ancient hand-covering, more than you dream of, girls! The glove, as we shall presently show, was a symbol of power, a token of love, or a gage of defiance, according to circumstances.

We must go back to eastern history for the glove; but in those days when Ruth gleaned in the fields of Boaz the term "shoe" was used for the hand-covering. We have this title still preserved in the German language. There is good authority for saying that the "shoe" mentioned in the fourth chapter of Ruth was a glove, for amongst eastern nations no traffic was complete until the glove had been transferred from seller to buyer. "Over Edom will I cast out my shoe" has also been quoted in support of this theory.

The first form of the glove was without fingers, and the Persians wore gloves; but our word is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *glof*, a "hand-covering," and here we have testimony to the antiquity of this article of costume which in later years developed into such a costly adjunct, and even now tends to "sweetness long drawn out."

Gloves now have to pay duty when they are imported, but in the tenth century the manufacture was exclusively German; for five pairs of gloves was part of the duty paid to Ethelred II. by a society of German merchants for the protection of their trade, "a proof," says Strutt, "of their great rarity and consequent limitation to the most exalted personages."

In the Anglo Saxon times ladies used to thrust their hands into the ends of their mantles, which were conveniently shaped for that purpose; but when the Heptarchy was dissolved the German glove or "hand-shoe" came into fashion, and with the Normans came the warlike gauntlet. But the fashion was not immediately followed as fashions are nowadays.

It will not at first appear that gloves could be made instruments of vengeance, but the bold spirits of Norman days could devise poisoned gloves by which the life of an adversary was quickly taken. The costly and rare present infused the subtle poison into the veins of Conan, the Duke of Brittany, on the suggestion of the future "Conqueror," William of Normandy, who devised this very "handy" way of ridding himself of an adversary.

Jewelled gloves were worn in the fourteenth century as insignia of rank, and the clergy would change them according to the colour of their vestments. The beautiful gloves of William of Wykeham are still preserved at Oxford; they are of red silk embroidered with a "glory" on the back. Such hand-shoes were very costly, and naturally limited to the upper classes; indeed, it was not until the sixteenth century that gloves were so generally worn; in pictures of that period they are represented, and allusions to them are more frequent in literature.

So, in the time of "good Queen Bess," gallants used to swear by their gloves; and the Queen herself had a weakness, if we may apply the term to such a strong-minded sovereign, for perfumed gloves. We read that Edward Vere, the Earl of Oxford, on his return to England, presented the Queen with a pair of such delicately scented and embroidered gloves that she named the scent "Lord Oxford's perfume," and further honoured the Earl by having herself painted—in a picture only, please—with these gloves upon her royal hands.

We may here remark that Queen Bess looked upon the bestowal of her gloves as a mark of favour; and when bestowed thus as a token, it was worn in the cap of the fortunate recipient at all tournaments and jousts. Queen Elizabeth one day dropped one of her fine gloves, and the Earl of Cumberland picked it up. The Queen at once bestowed it upon him, and he chivalrously had it adorned with costly jewels and fixed in his helmet.

There is a story told of Shakespeare, who very cleverly avoided giving offence to his sovereign when favoured with her glove. This glove-giving seems to have been a favourite manner of rewarding her subjects, as we have seen.

On the occasion in question Shakespeare was acting the part of a king, and performed his *rôle* to Her Majesty's satisfaction. She thereupon threw her glove upon the stage, perhaps with a little desire to make him forget his assumed character, and exact his homage to herself as the "Great Queen." But the poet was equal to the occasion. He raised the dainty token, and gracefully returned it to the Queen with the words—

"Although now bent on this high embassy,
Yet stoop we to pick up our cousin's glove!"

Never forgetting the character he represented, nor the dignity (and vanity) of the lady Queen.

Do any of you girls remember the tale of the cruel lady in attendance at the Court of Francis of France? This high-born ladye was beloved by a worthy knight who had borne her name and token unvanquished in many a hard-won field. One day the King and Court were spectators of a contest between some wild beasts, and with a view to test her knight's courage, the lady heartlessly threw her glove into the arena, bidding him reclaim it from amongst the savage animals. Without hesitation the knight leaped down from the gallery, and recovered the gage.

"The leap was quick—the return was quick—
Soon he regained his place:
Then threw the glove—but not with love—
Right in the lady's face!"

The lady lost her knight, and we think, as did the King and his courtiers, that she was rightly punished for her heartlessness.

Gloves were customary New Year's gifts in the sixteenth century, and when in consequence (says Planché) of the expense they could not be purchased, "glove-money" was given instead. Sir Thomas More once gained a case for a lady, and she rewarded him with a pair of gloves containing fifty "angels." The Chancellor replied, "It would be against good manners to forsake a gentlewoman's New Year's gift, and I accept the gloves; the *lining* you will be pleased to bestow elsewhere!"

We must just refer to the use made of the glove as a gage of battle, and also in the part it has taken in regal and martial ceremonies. The gauntlet was the token of defiance as the lady's glove was of favour. A challenger threw his right-hand gauntlet upon the floor, or on the ground, and anyone who picked it up was understood to accept the challenge. At the king's coronation a knight casts down his glove as the king's champion. The English law for a long time permitted the "trial by battle," and, even so lately as 1818, the right of decision in this manner was demanded. It was in a trial for murder. The accused pleaded "not guilty," and declared he was ready to do battle with his accuser. The challenge was duly enforced by the prisoner throwing his glove upon the floor of the court-house; but the prosaic usher took it up, and the combat was forbidden.

A lady in olden time could choose a champion, and, casting her glove upon the ground, demand the ordeal of battle. This custom is illustrated by Sir Walter Scott, when Rebecca, the Jewess, names Wilfred of Ivanhoe as her defender against the accusations of the Templars.

Again, at coronations, the glove has its significance. The Duke of Norfolk presents our ruler with a right-hand glove supporting the arm while it is put on, while the Primate presents the sceptre. The Duke of Norfolk is the oldest title of British dukedoms, and accordingly has the privilege of making submission for his order. At French coronations gloves are blessed, and presented to the monarch.

Gloves have always been more or less expensive. The old proverb says three countries should make the proper glove—Spain to dress the leather, France to cut it, and England to sew it. At the Earl of Arran's sale in 1759, very large sums were paid for old gloves. Three pairs which were given by Henry VIII., James I., and Elizabeth to members of the Denny family, went for £38 17s., £22 4s., and £25 4s., respectively!

HENRY FRITH.

SPRING.

Words by SYDNEY GREY. *Music by* COTSFORD DICK.

Allegretto.

PIANO. *mf*

mf

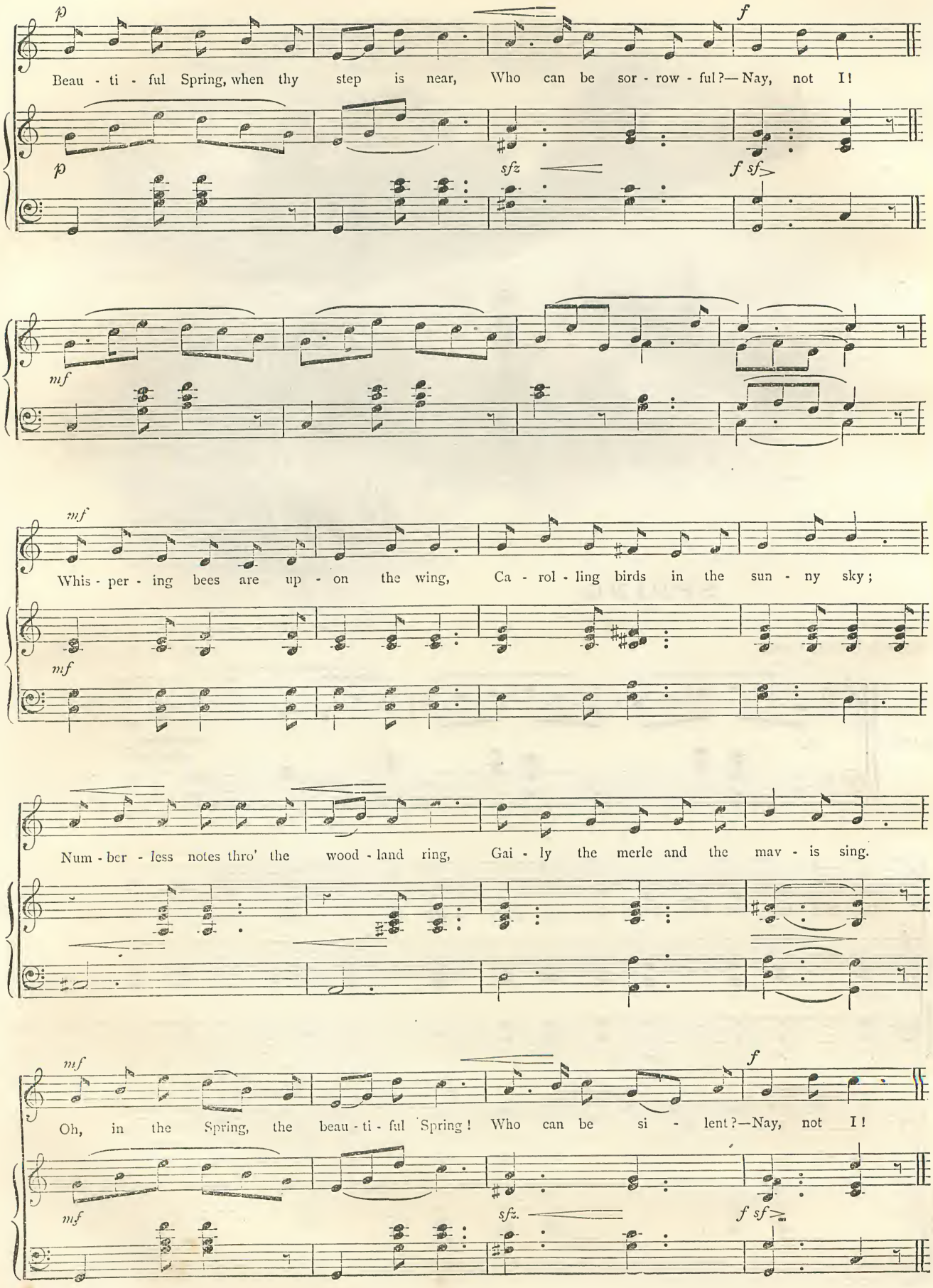
Up from the mea - dows the dai - sies peer, Down in the dell the vio - lets lie;

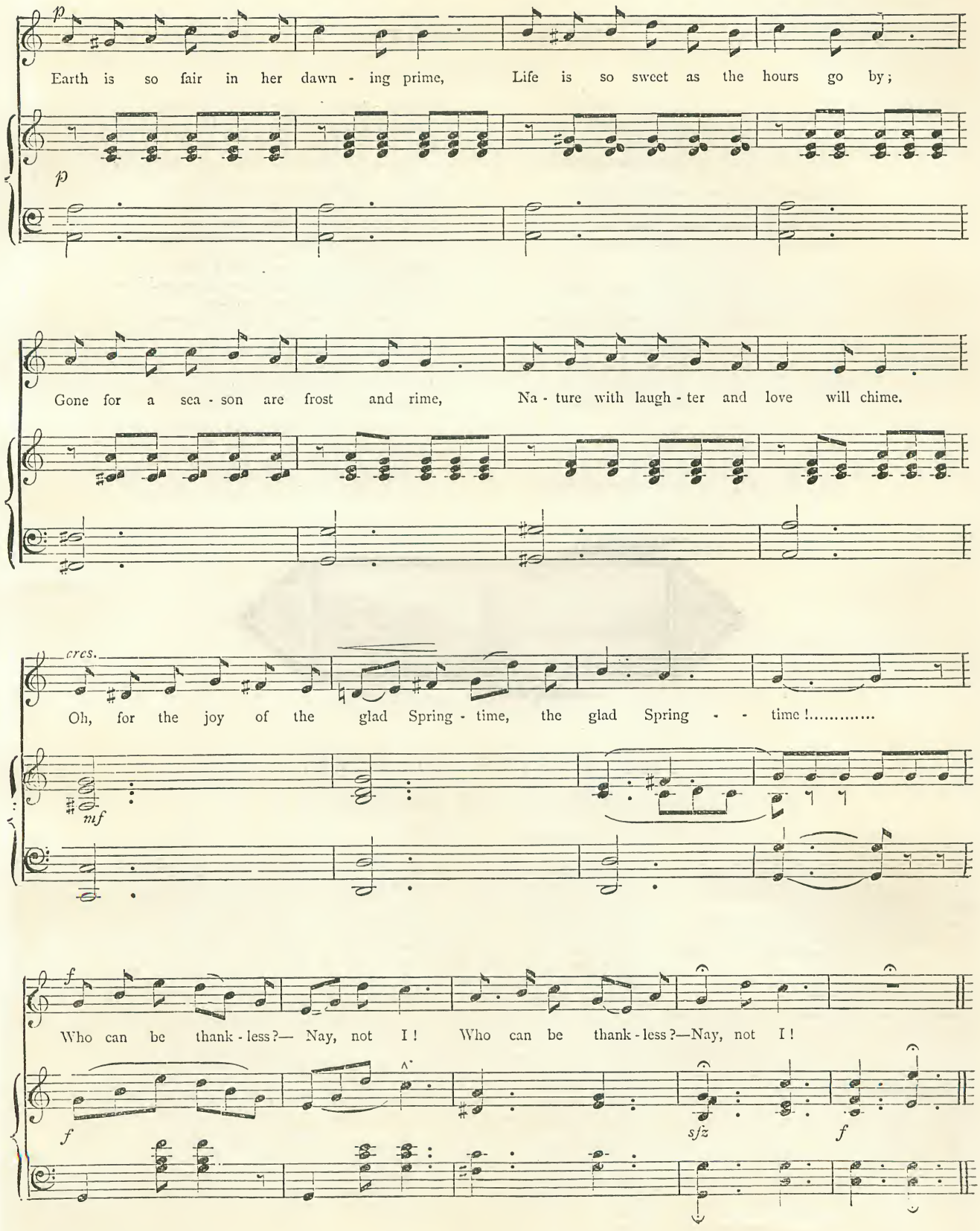
mf

f

Soon will the air grow balm - y and clear, Bring - ing the days that are e - ver dear.

f


p
Beau - ti - ful Spring, when thy step is near, Who can be sor - row - ful?—Nay, not I!
sfz
f sf
mf
Whis - per - ing bees are up - on the wing, Ca - rol - ling birds in the sun - ny sky;
Num - ber - less notes thro' the wood - land ring, Gai - ly the merle and the mav - is sing.
Oh, in the Spring, the beau - ti - ful Spring! Who can be si - lent?—Nay, not I!


p
Earth is so fair in her dawn - ing prime, Life is so sweet as the hours go by;
p
Gone for a sea - son are frost and rime, Na - ture with laugh - ter and love will chime.
cres.
Oh, for the joy of the glad Spring - time, the glad Spring - - time!.....
mf
f
Who can be thank - less?— Nay, not I! Who can be thank - less?—Nay, not I!
f
sfz
f

YOUR HEART.

By E. IRWIN.

PILGRIM of the thorny way
Are you weary, footsore, jaded?
Creature-worship throw away—
Give your heart to Him who made it!

Homeless, friendless, outcast soul,
Sin-defiled and shame-degraded,
Mercy would your name enrol—
Give your heart to Him who made it!

Mother of the buried boy,
Stand not weeping where you laid it,
Look above—your child's in joy—
Give your heart to Him who made it!

Child, of parent's care bereft,
Threading Life's highway unaided,
Think—you've still a Parent left—
Give your heart to Him who made it!

Woman, God's best handiwork,
While you're fair, your cheek unfaded,
Learn that cares in pleasure lurk—
Give your heart to Him who made it!

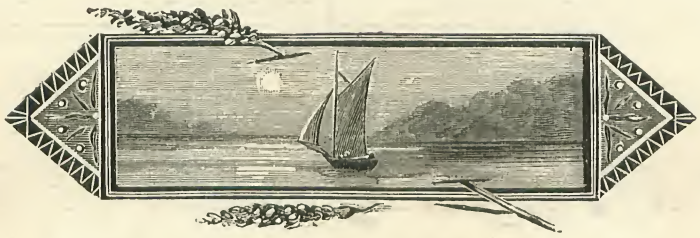
Youth, whose honest heart, as yet,
Sinful thoughts have not invaded,
Ere the fiend an entrance get—
Give your heart to Him who made it!

Man of might in mind and limb,
Life to you is bright, unshaded—
Oh! before your eyes grow dim—
Give your heart to Him who made it!

Hoary traveller down Life's hill,
Tell me—since you have surveyed it—
Is it not good counsel still—
"Give your heart to Him who made it"?

What is vigour, what is health?
What all worldly goods that aid us—
Glory, honour, wisdom, wealth?—
They're but gifts of Him who made us.

Dying, we must leave our gains,
And, when in the grave they've laid him,
Nothing to poor Man remains
But the love of Him who made him!



THE FOSTER SISTERS.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

By LOUISA L. J. MENZIES.

"So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition,
Two loving berries moulded on one stem:
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart."
Midsummer Night's Dream.

CHAPTER I.

"EILEEN, the child will die!" said young Mrs. Anderson of Dallamore, gazing in despair on the wan face of her infant daughter; and indeed the little creature lay still and waxlike in her mother's arms, her looks fully justifying the apprehension she expressed; for frail at the best is the tenure by which the little ones "whose angels daily beho'd the face of the Father" often hold to life. Mrs. Anderson herself looked very thin and pale beside the handsome cottar's wife whom she addressed, and who started up to receive her with eager affection, and who, when the lady entered, had been rocking a cradle with her foot, while her hands were busy with lovely crochet-work, which seemed to blossom into roses and leaves under her skilled fingers.

Eileen looked with much tenderness and compassion on the frail infant richly wrapped in silk and cashmere, and putting the young mother gently into the chair from which she had just risen—

"Ah, mistress, dear," she cried, "but ye must not take on so, ye're so weak yourself, and it's all with frettin' I verily believe, because the master is away. I could find it in my heart to fret, too, sometimes, for it's mighty lonely here of a night without Pat, but ye see, dear, I have not the time, and thin it wouldn't do Pat any good if I was to wear myself to fiddlestrings; then there's the cow to milk, and the pig to sort—good luck to him! and the fowls and the pigeons, and thin there's baby, God bless her! as is quite one person's work when she's awake."

"Ah, Eileen, your baby looks the very picture of health," said the lady, bending down to contemplate the rosy, peasant-baby. "Oh, if my little Geraldine could only look like that! only sleep like that!"

"Pretty pet!" cried Eileen, and the little baby, as if conscious of the commiseration it was exciting, set up a feeble wail most touching to a mother's heart. Mrs. Anderson turned very pale, and a look of agony came into her countenance as she tried in vain to still the little creature's cries.

"Why don't you feed her, mistress, dear?" said Eileen, watching her with much compassion.

"It's just no use, Eileen. We have had the very best milk from the Alderney brought up to the house, and nurse and Doctor Morton have tried all sorts of messes, but she can't take them, or if she does she is just sick a few minutes after."

"The poor lamb is starvin'!" said Mrs. O'Hara, decidedly; "you just give her to me. There, lie down on my bed and rest ye; ye are worn to death, poor darlin'. Give little missie to me; let's see if I can't quiet her!"

So saying, she took the child from the arms of the mother, who was unable to resist her, and fondling it, began to walk up and down the little parlour until, as the child's cries gradually ceased, the mother sank into a sleep of which she was sorely in need.

Eileen O'Hara's baby was just six weeks old, being one week older than Mrs. Anderson's, and was all that a mother's heart could wish, plump and rosy, and spending by far the larger part of its existence in sleep. Mrs. Anderson's infant, though small, had been at its birth plump and promising, but probably on account of the anxious state of mind of its mother, it had been daily getting thinner and weaker during the last three weeks, neither nurse nor doctor being able to hit upon any food which would supply the nutriment it required, until at last it seemed as if it would die before her eyes. In the agony of this conviction, as it forced itself upon her, Mrs. Anderson caught the child in her arms and ran down with her to the lodge,

where lived Eileen O'Hara, who had come with her when she left her father's house in Limerick, as the wife of Patrick O'Hara, Mr. Anderson's personal servant and now his bailiff.

Unhappily for the young wives, both their husbands were away in Dublin, detained by a vexatious lawsuit, at the time of the birth of the infants, and Eileen O'Hara was not slow to lay the blame of Mrs. Anderson's weakness and the infant's sickness on the anxiety she had felt and still felt for her husband—anxiety, indeed, by no means ill-founded, for a claim had been revived to his whole property by a person calling himself O'Donald Anderson, who pretended to represent an elder branch of the family. As to Eileen, she missed her husband, of course, but she felt that he was in his proper place, attending on "the master." She was naturally of a simple, humble temper, given to think much more of other people than of herself, and though she would have been heartily glad to see Pat's merry face peeping in at the door, she was too proud of her little daughter, and, as she said, too busy with her multitudinous household affairs to have much time to fret.

Eileen, indeed, was one of those women in whom Nature occasionally indulges, as if to show what she can do; her strong and supple frame was so well poised that every movement was graceful. Whether she were busy or whether she were still, though still she very seldom was, a painter might have taken her for a model; her springy step was a delight to watch, and seemed to keep time to the sweet abundance of "woodnotes wild" that rose like a fountain from her cheery heart. And then her face! What words can convey an idea of those bright, loving, hazel eyes, those rosy cheeks, ever ready to dimple into laughter, the kindly mouth, too large, perhaps, to be quite handsome (she must have stretched it when a girl by laughing so often), which never uttered an unkind word of or to any mortal thing, and the abundance of wavy chestnut hair, which would have rippled into curls all over her neck and shoulders if she had not gathered it strictly into a classic knot, *more Lacænæ*—a fashion adopted by Mistress O'Hara from a sense of expediency, and in perfect innocence of her classic prototype?

This face and this figure were the outward, visible sign of a soul as sweet and frank as ever tabernacled on earth. The child of peasant parents, reared on fare of the simplest but, happily, not too scanty, she had seemed always to take the good from her surroundings and eschew the evil; the eldest of seven children, she had been her mother's right hand until, the younger ones growing able to help themselves, she thought it right to seek a situation, that she might no longer consume any part of her father's earnings. She preferred this, and her mother preferred it for her, to joining the majority of the girls of her village at the lace factory, and esteemed herself most undeservedly fortunate when she obtained the situation of schoolroom-maid to Mrs. Malone of Sunmore, where she was occupied in the quiet duties of attending on the young ladies and their governess, and enjoyed the supreme happiness of visiting home pretty frequently.

Here she remained in perfect tranquillity of spirit, adding much to her knowledge and to the sweetness of her manners, until, Rachel and Anna Malone being grown up, the schoolroom was abolished and Fraülein Edelweis carried her beautiful methods and earnestness to a neighbouring squire's, only visiting at Sunmore henceforth as a friend; but the young ladies had grown so used to Eileen's gentle ministrations that she, almost

"GIVE LITTLE MISSIE TO ME. LET'S SEE IF I CAN'T QUIET HER."

as a matter of course, was promoted to the office of young ladies' maid, and cared for the proper setting forth of her young ladies during all the fatigues of their first season in Dublin. They were threatened with a second season in London, but, happily for their health, Mr. Desmond Anderson, the young heir of Dallamore, Co. Wicklow, appeared on the scene, and an attachment between him and Miss Rachel ensued, followed, at a suitable time, by an engagement which was acceptable to all parties; and when the wedding-day was fixed and Rachel proposed to Eileen that she should accompany her to her new home, Eileen confessed, with many blushes and some tears, that she had promised Patrick O'Hara, Mr. Anderson's own man, to share with him the lodge at the park-gates which Mr. Desmond had promised him, with the post of bailiff, when he could find a wife to his mind.

So before Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Anderson returned from their Continental trip, there had been a second wedding at Sunmore, with vast abundance of laughter and dancing, at which the bridegroom provided a suitable quantity of potheen, and contrived to keep all his guests in merry cue, even the half-dozen lads who had declared their readiness to "murther him for havin' the presumption to carry off the prettiest girl in the village." There were some tears, but more smiles and cries of "God bless ye both" as the wedded pair were whirled away in the train; and so when Mr. and Mrs. Anderson drove through the gate of Dallamore Park, the young wife's eyes were gladdened by the sight of the dear familiar figure of Eileen waiting to greet her.

The fact that they were alone in a strange place and among strange people no doubt strengthened the bond between the young women. The lodge was about half a mile from the house, and when Mr. Anderson was from home, or engaged as he often was—being a justice of the peace, besides the owner of a wide-spread property, a position of anxiety even in those days—it was easy for Mrs. Anderson to stroll down to the lodge and sit to rest and have a chat with Eileen.

They had been married near by a year when Mr. Anderson was startled by a letter purporting to come from a person signing himself O'Donald Anderson, who claimed the estate of Dallamore, as the representative of a certain O'Donald Anderson, an elder brother of Desmond's grandfather, who had been supposed to be drowned at sea, and who had led one of those wild, irregular lives which cause friends to regard their decease almost as a relief. The claim on the part of a son of this O'Donald had been set up in the time of Desmond's father, but the claimant had altogether failed in proving the marriage of the said O'Donald. Desmond therefore felt a good deal of annoyance at the matter, but at first little anxiety, and ran up to Dublin to put the matter into the hands of his solicitor.

The present claimant, however, was not so easily disposed of as he had hoped; the chain of evidence was much more complete than it had been on the former occasion, and was so critical that Desmond's presence on the spot seemed indispensable, the lawsuit threatening to become a *cause célèbre*.

Anxiety for her husband, and the loneliness which a young wife must feel parted from her husband in the first year of her marriage, caused Mrs. Anderson much suffering, and was, doubtless, the reason of her being unable to discharge to her infant the first duty of a mother; her sister, indeed, was staying with her, and did all that a sister could do in such a case, but nothing seemed to comfort or nourish the infant, and at last in despair the mother snatched it up and carried it, as we have seen, to Eileen O'Hara's cottage.

She was so worn out with grief and watching, that when Eileen made her lie down on her bed, she fell asleep almost immediately with the tears on her eye-lashes, and the evening sun was making the shadows long when at last she awoke.

All was still in the darkened cottage, the broad ivy-leaves tapped lightly on the lattice, and there came a soft evening perfume of flowers from without. The silence and peace seemed so strange to Rachel Anderson that she felt for a moment as if she had awakened in some other sphere of existence; but as she became more conscious, she recognised the latticed window, the low room with Eileen's pretty draperies and simple elegancies; she saw, too, Eileen herself sitting in her beehive chair with her crochet in her hands, but alas! where was the infant? where its low, weary cry?

"Eileen!" cried Mrs. Anderson, starting up in alarm at the stillness.

"Hist, Miss Rachel, darlin'," whispered Eileen, coming noiselessly to her, and she pointed to the cradle, where beside her own rosy infant lay Mrs. Anderson's poor little baby fast asleep.

"She was jist starved, the pretty lamb," whispered Mrs. O'Hara, in explanation; "ye must jist leave her with me, mistress darlin'! Who should take care of her but your own Eileen, and it's jist the Lord's appointment, I believe, that I should be fit to do it!"

"But your own child, Eileen? What will Pat say?"

"Little Nora 'll never be the worse for her mother doin' her duty. God bless her! and as to Pat, what business is it of his, I should like to know? and shure he'll be as proud as a pacock. It's fit and right that a O'Hara should give his life—blood if need be—to serve an Anderson, and ye know, mistress dear, ye know full well without my tellin' ye that Eileen would jist die to serve ye!"

"God bless you, Eileen!" said Mrs. Anderson, putting her arms round the beautiful young mother and kissing her. "If you will be a mother to our little Geraldine I will be a mother to your pretty Nora; but oh, Eileen! what can I do for her that will repay the service you are doing us?"

And thus it was that Geraldine Anderson and Nora O'Hara became foster sisters.

(*To be continued.*)

OCCUPATIONS FOR CHILDREN.

CHILDREN are naturally generous. To a child of an ordinarily amiable disposition, nothing affords greater pleasure than to give little presents to its mother or nurse.

But they are also naturally mischievous unless kept fully occupied, and it is the most promising children, those with the greatest amount of energy and enterprise, who are the most constantly in disgrace, because their energies, not being directed into a useful channel, lead them into perpetual mischief.

Both these characteristics can be dealt with at once, if the children have a patient elder sister who will not grudge an hour occasionally to teach them to make little ornaments and toys for presents. But the sister must make up her mind that her stock of patience shall not be soon exhausted, or the children will only be discouraged and no good done, for I know nothing which appears at first sight so hopeless an undertaking as teaching a child to cut out cardboard, for instance. In vain you may rule a pencil line to mark where it is to be cut, and hold both cardboard and ruler steady yourself; the young modeller flourishes his knife about, eager for the fray, and as soon as he begins to cut, the knife in a most incomprehensible manner wanders about everywhere but on the line, and if it does not suddenly stop its own progress by shutting up on the operator's fingers, by the time it gets to the end of the cardboard, if it has cut nothing else it will certainly have taken several pieces out of the ruler! But have patience; by degrees the little wrist becomes stronger and steadier, and the knife loses its eccentric habits, and one can superintend the work with less danger of being injured by the badly aimed weapon of the well-intentioned but too eager learner.

One piece of advice must not be overlooked, if you do not wish to dishearten both teacher and taught. It is, do not undertake too much at first; begin with a very little thing, and do not go on to a more difficult one till the child thoroughly understands how to make the first, and can do it alone.

Perhaps some girls who have not tried to teach the little ones to use their fingers may be glad of a few suggestions, and I will try to make clear to them some of the ideas I use most frequently to amuse children myself, and they can alter or adapt any as may seem most suited to their particular circumstances.

To begin, then, with the very tiny ones. Threading beads is always a delight to children, particularly to little girls, but it is much better to give them something definite to make, and a plan to work upon. As soon as they have acquired the art of threading them at all, they can make a very simple and pretty necklace for their dolls by having a long end of strong cotton, threaded through a needle at each end, and a supply of beads of two colours, say blue and white. Thread on three blue beads over each needle; then cross the needles through one white bead; then again three blue on each needle, again pass the needles in opposite directions through one white one, so forming a succession of loops, united by single white beads.

When this is mastered, and a few necklaces are made, two such strings can be joined together by laying them side by side; and, starting again with two needles, run one through the first three blue beads on the right hand string, the other through the first three of that on the left. Take a new white bead to cross the needles through, and on again through the next set of blues. A number of short strings united in this way makes a pretty little mat, which may be finished off round the edge with a kind of fringe made of loops alternately of the white and blue beads, with six beads to each loop.

Another favourite employment with the youngest children is pricking texts. A single capital letter, however, is quite enough to begin with; and the initials of the child's name would naturally be chosen. For the first attempt, write the letter in pencil, and mark ink dots at short intervals all along the pencil lines. The child must then prick a hole at each dot; after trying once or twice he will not need the marks, but can judge for himself how closely to place them. The most convenient pricker is either a stiletto or a strong needle with the eye end driven into a small cork. The paper must be laid on a folded cloth, or a cushion, or the little worker will make holes in the table. When he can do a single letter tolerably, give him a whole text, or his name in full, and as a variety on pricking holes, he can mark the dots with different coloured chalks. The next step is to prick the text in cardboard, and work it over with coloured worsted, taking a stitch through each hole. If these are done with pretty colours and of a rather large size they look very nice, and are quite worthy of a place on the nursery walls.

This kind of work is capable of endless variations, according to the age of the child. For those who are learning to write, it is a good plan to set words in large round-hand, and let them be copied over with coloured

pencils; or do them in printing style, but with double lines, so that the spaces between can be filled up with different colours. From these small beginnings they go on by easy stages till they learn the art of illuminating.

Little girls can make pretty pen-wipers of pieces of cloth or scraps of any material, with scalloped edges, sewn together in the centre, and ornamented with a bright button.

One of the most unfailing sources of amusement for a boy is modelling in cardboard; and they are always delighted to learn the process. The easiest way to teach a young beginner is to let him measure and rule lines for a large square. He should first watch you measure one on the ruler two inches square. Next time he can find the two-inch mark himself, and, with assistance, rule the lines; and you must not go on to anything more difficult till he can do this *entirely* himself. Your object is to teach him to make models by himself, and if you do all the measuring and ruling for him, he will never learn to be independent of you; so let him go on with a simple square over and over again till he thoroughly understands it, before attempting anything more elaborate.

Having mastered this, he can make a box next. Let him cut a square, four inches each way, then rule lines an inch from the edge (like fig. 1), and cut out the corners; then turn up the sides, half cutting through the under side of the cardboard at the dotted lines, and sew the sides together. The lid is made in exactly the same way, except that the whole square is an inch smaller, while the smaller square left in the middle, after the sides are turned up, is a fraction larger than the one for the bottom of the box. When your boy has had a little more practice he will be able to gum strips of paper inside the corners to unite the sides, instead of sewing them, but at present the improvement in appearance is not worth the sticky mess he would make of everything within reach. As he advances, oblong boxes can be made instead of square ones, and they may be decorated either by being painted all over or having pictures gummed on them.

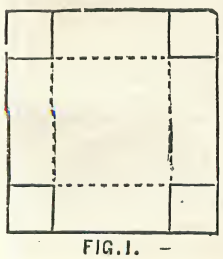


FIG. 1.

The next step will be making dolls' furniture; indeed, he can begin this from the first, as a square piece of cardboard, with four pins for legs, makes a capital little table. The next attempt should be a table with legs, for which an oblong piece of cardboard is required. Suppose it is seven inches long and two wide, lines must be drawn across it two inches from each end, and cut half through to bend down for the legs. When he can do this easily, a more elaborate one can be made with four legs, and flaps to turn down at each side; the dotted lines in fig. 2 show where the cardboard is to be only half cut through and turned down, as in the side flaps, and the two legs at each end, the rest being altogether cut away.

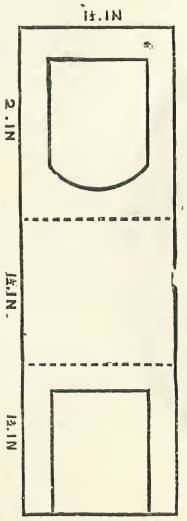


FIG. 3

Fig. 3 represents a chair made of a piece of cardboard, five inches long and one and a half broad. The seat and front legs are each one and a half inches long, the back two inches. Unfortunately, this pattern only provides two legs for the chair; the back ones have to be made of pins, which should be rather long ones, so that they may be run a little way up the chair back, to keep it upright and steady. If these articles of furniture are made of strong millboard, and carefully cut out, they will make useful playthings for the little sisters, particularly if they can learn to hem tiny tablecloths and antimacassars for them of coloured sateen. Boys' first attempts at furniture making should be in paper or thin cardboard; it is much more easily managed by little fingers than thicker cardboard, as scissors are used instead of a knife.

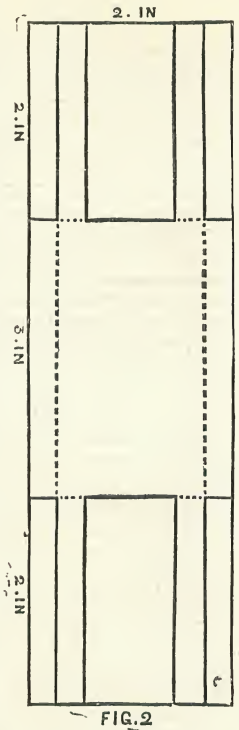


FIG. 2

When once the learner has clearly got the idea of a chair and a table, he can, with very little help, make anything he likes —sofas, bedsteads, or even houses. The latter give scope for endless ingenuity. They may have scraps of material gummed inside for curtains and blinds, and then fixed on to a foundation of cardboard, which is turned into a garden with a gravel path up to the front door, and grass and trees. A pencil line should be drawn to mark out the path; then it must be slightly gummed over, and sand sprinkled on the gum. Dry moss is crumbled over the well-gummed lawn, and little sprigs fastened on in an upright position make bushes or trees or whatever is required; while the house itself can be covered with ivy and creepers, represented by flat varieties of moss, dried and pressed.

The firmest way to secure the house to the ground is to leave a projecting ledge of cardboard turned up all round the bottom of the walls, which is well stitched down on to the base before any of the ornamentation begins. This makes the edifice much steadier than any other method.

The children's time may be employed really usefully in cutting out the foundation for photograph frames, in card or millboard. The way to make a circle is described further on; a square or oblong will require careful measuring. These are afterwards covered with velveteen or any scraps of material there are to be had; a backing of thick paper is gummed on, and a cardboard prop stitched on at the back, easel fashion. The delight of a child at making something really ornamental and of use in the house is unbounded.

As a boy gets on, he may by degrees begin to use a fret saw; and having learnt how to measure his own patterns on paper, he will have no difficulty in doing the same on wood; the only difference being that the legs of tables and all other pieces which, in cardboard, are bent, in wood have to be cut right off and glued on in place. Of course, when once he can do this, the transition is easy to more practically useful things, such as brackets, frames, book-slides, and the like. Ingenious boys, with a sharp penknife, can make pretty little models out of old winebottle corks. They first draw in ink, on the cork, lines where they are to cut. For instance, for an armchair, half way down the cork a line is drawn across for the seat, with straight ones down from it for the legs. Above the seat only the front and inside of the cork are scooped out, leaving the back and sides intact, and a most comfortable-looking armchair is formed.

Sofas are still easier to make. The cork is laid on its side, and an ink line drawn for the seat, stopping a little distance from each end. The front is then scooped out, leaving a back and two ends. The part under the seat is then cut out, leaving the two ends to form legs. In cutting cork a very *sharp knife must be used*, and the legs must always be left rather thick, or they will break off.

Boys who are old enough to learn netting will find employment for a great many spare hours in making tennis nets or hammocks. The string should be bought wholesale if possible, as it is rather expensive, and a large quantity is required; a mesh the width required will be made by a carpenter for a trifle. They should learn at first with soft twine and a medium-sized mesh; the thick string will hurt their hands till they get the knack of managing it properly.

Modelling is a favourite amusement with both boys and girls; and boxes of properly-prepared modelling clay are to be bought. The first thing they attempt should be an egg, or smooth fruit; then such nuts as require a little marking with the stiletto, as a walnut; then leaves, and so they go on gradually to figures of animals. Till they acquire some skill with the latter, they should be made rather roughly, without attempting to work out every particular in the clay. For instance, if the shape of the head can be obtained, for the first few trials it is better to insert beads or seeds for the eyes, and small pieces of stick, or shells, for the ears, instead of trying to reproduce these features in the regular way. The children should always have a picture or model to work from; a small old knife and a stiletto, or some other pointed instrument (a pointed stick will do), to make lines and marks with; also a bowl of water to moisten the fingers constantly, and a piece of smooth wood to work upon, with a little sand sprinkled over it to keep the wet model from sticking.

Girls should by all means be encouraged to make clothes for their dolls; it will teach them more easily and quickly than anything else how to make their own garments. It is a wise plan, as soon as a child is old enough to sew at all neatly, to buy her a good-sized doll, which she is not to take possession of till she has made for it a complete set of clothes. Not only should she learn to sew them, but to cut them out; and even quite tiny girls can learn to do this if they are taught slowly and patiently to make everything in paper first and afterwards in calico. It will not be considered at all a hardship—quite the reverse—and will save a world of trouble when they are older, and begin to make their own clothes.

These are only a very few of the occupations which can be found for the little ones, but they may suggest others; the point I want elder sisters to notice is, that it is not good for children to be idle. Let them play by all means, but they will be all the happier, and far less often in disgrace, if they have something definite to employ them for part of their playtime. It is not a good thing to force on their studies; their little brains cannot stand much learning without being overdone, but some occupation which will give them a taste for using their fingers not only makes them happier now, but adds much to their chances of becoming useful men and women.

DORA HOPE.

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.

REAPING WITH A HUNTING-KNIFE.

CHAPTER XXII.

HARVEST.

It was not until some time after the rain ceased and had been succeeded by days of sunshine, that I was able to begin my harvesting. As a matter of course, I took the cow with me, and, tethering her near the banyan trees, that she might be ready when required, I then began by collecting such fruits as were ripe, namely, cocoa-nuts, grapes, etc.

My barley looked beautiful, and I commenced my reaping on that, using my hunting-knife for the hook, and carrying my treasure so soon as it was ready to the safety of Cave Castle. During harvest I spent one Sunday on the isle in the lake, securing a fine fish *en route*, which had been caught on the line, and on my return bringing back some fowls to fatten on the gleanings of the cornfield.

My next occupation was collecting grapes for drying. I had several hundred bunches, which I left hanging in the sun whilst I turned my attention to the cotton plants. I was busily engaged with this downy produce when I met with another porcupine, which I killed for food, as I had been latterly living entirely upon fruits and breadfruits I had brought with me.

During this continued labour I dwelt in a hut similar to that which I had constructed by the gum tree. It was easily made, and was all I required, either for shelter at night or cooking by day; but when my work of gathering in the cotton was completed, I resolved to descend the river which flowed out of the lake, and making a circuit, come round by another road to my vineyard, where I should get a second load to carry to the cave.

Starting, therefore, in the cool of the early morning, and taking a few cooking utensils with me, I marched at a good pace, knowing I should be glad of rest later on. I could not but admire, as I wended my way along, the exceeding beauty of the land, where Nature followed unrestrained the laws by which her Creator governs her, and lost in meditation over these thoughts, I was startled by the sight of some most glorious hues. At a little distance from me, and partly hidden by the branches of spice bushes, which filled the air with their fragrance, brilliant colours flashed before my eyes; peering more closely, I observed two magnificent birds of paradise flitting about. I remained for some time gazing with admiration at their beauty.

Wishing to see if they were easily frightened, as I had heard that animals show no signs of fear where man does not exist, I looked about for a small object to throw at them. Not seeing anything very suitable, I gathered a few berries from a low bush near, and threw at the birds; but my attention was more given to the missiles themselves than to the effect they produced, for I recognised them as the coffee bean, and saw with delight that they grew in profusion around. I at once gave up all idea of pursuing my journey for the present, and remained on the spot some time, so as to add some of this newly-found treasure to my already rich collection.

I was very much at a loss for something in which to store the beans, but finding a reedy bed at the edge of the lake I made some of their long wiry leaves into rough-looking baskets. They were not very durable, but would suffice for the moment, and I promised to make better at my leisure. Renouncing my former intention altogether until I had placed the coffee in safety, I went to the Banyan Grove, where I had left the cow, and

AMATEUR BASKET-MAKING.

"I CAUGHT ANOTHER TURTLE."

fastening the two crates across her, I returned with her to the lake. Here I laid all the coffee at the bottom of the crates and filled them up with the cotton, of which I had such a supply that the cow looked as though she carried a small mountain of snow on her back.

I did not forget the porcupine quills, nor a goodly supply of reeds for basket-making.

We passed round the lake, returning home by the valley where Wolf had killed the hare. After depositing my goods, I lost no time in returning. This time I made a harvest of spices, and then continuing the walk I had arranged, and following the river, I came to a grove of palms. One or two monkeys were disporting themselves here, so I adopted the well-known plan of irritating them to throw down nuts, of which I took possession. Having gone as far along the river as I cared to, and not wishing to do more than collect in the rice, I made another hut, and remained in this spot for some days. In front of me, on the other side of the river, I saw my brick kiln, or rather the scene of my labour. I caught another turtle, which served for meat all my stay in this part, and I had also a feast of yams.

My work being finished, I turned my back on the river in order to reach the vineyards. Fancy my horror on approaching the place where my grapes were hung to descry a party of parrots quarrelling and disputing over them! Already many a bunch had been devoured, and their screaming and chattering could be heard far off. I was furious, but the sight of me quickly drove them away; and, packing up what remained, and adding some fresh fruit, I returned home. My last journeys were made for the purpose of bringing in the maize, and to replace my fowls on the isle, reserving a couple which had attained a tolerably good condition for present consumption. I secured another fish, and, thoroughly tired with my autumn labours, returned to Cave Castle for needed rest.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BANYAN HOUSE.

AND now, having once more entered into the calm of Cave Castle, and having set things in order, I began to think of the production and perfecting of certain necessaries, the first of which was soap. I had hitherto managed to get on pretty well with a small supply rescued from the ship, but it was only by means of great economy in the use of it that I had made it last so long, and soap is not just the article one cares to economise in. Being but a simple thing to manufacture, it gave me no trouble. Potash or soda I had no difficulty in producing, whilst of grease I had a large accumulation. Perhaps my greatest trouble was the want of a pot large enough for the boiling process. I was obliged in consequence to do but little at a time. This, although a long process, had the advantage of showing me any faults in the making or mixing of my ingredients, so that at length I got a very good quality of soap, and quantity sufficient to last me several months. For cooling, I poured it into a rough mould made out of broken box lids, etc., and the last boiling was improved for toilet purposes by the addition of some scented flowers and leaves which I had gathered in the intervals of harvest work. All the soap when made was piled on a shelf in the hall, excepting that designed for the toilet, this I placed in the recess which I dignified by the name of bed-room.

My next task was rope-making. In the two turtle-shells which I now possessed, I put the long leaves I had brought back from the lake, leaving them to saturate in water till the fibres became detached from the soft parts. In the meantime the fibre of cocoa-nuts drawn out and twisted by the hand produced a tolerable rope, which I strengthened when required by plaiting three or more together, so making a cable of any required length and strength.

THE FLOOR OF BANYAN GROVE.

This kind of work gave a week or two of repose, and I was able to prepare some fairly good fishing lines, and afterwards I employed the evenings in making nets with the long fibres of the reeds; hence I was able to extend my fishing operations to the sea, but of this later on.

Out of the snake skin, which had lain by all this time, I made a new set of harness for the cow, the old ropes having nearly worn out. The skin having shrivelled and dried, I softened it by steeping it for several days in a tanning preparation, after which it was easy to cut it into long strips, with which I could make excellent harness.

I now returned to Banyan Grove to complete my residence there, taking with me sufficient supplies for a prolonged stay, and a number of tools from the carpenter's chest.

My readers will remember that I had only succeeded in finishing the platform on which my house was to rest. The first thing I did was to make a ladder so as to facilitate the ascent, as so much labour was spent in climbing up each time. My ladder was simple; I chose two stems pretty close to each other, to which I nailed a series of cross-pieces, and, although it was very steep, it answered my purpose well. Much time was spent in felling trees and sawing them into lengths; for, my strength only permitting me to attack trees of a moderate growth, it took me some weeks to procure the required amount of wood. I varied my labours by carrying up from time to time the planks as they were ready, and attaching them to the four

BANYAN GROVE.

sides of the platform as walls, leaving one opening for the window and another for the door, taking care that the former should be on the side affording the farthest view, and nearest the ocean, for the sake of enabling me to keep a look-out. On the opposite side I left a round hole. A chimney I did not intend making; in a house constructed solely of wood, all cooking must be done below, the upper part serving as a night residence or as a place for rest and shelter.

The roof was my chief difficulty, owing to the thick mass of foliage which impeded my operations; but, observing a stout branch hanging over, I attached my rafters to it, quite indifferent to the fact that my roof-tree was not in the centre of the roof, and that it was decidedly irregular in form. The crevices and holes left by this picturesque irregularity I filled in with small planks, and at last one afternoon I sat down in comparative idleness to admire the work of my hands.

Do you want a description of my new residence? Well, from the outside it was scarcely perceptible, owing to the foliage of the banyans, which extended their growth on each side. It was only when in the very centre of the grove, and looking upwards, one perceived the flat platform or floor of my house, which was about fifteen feet square, and through which I had pierced one or two gun-holes in case of invasion. The greatest fault was want of more light; but I had already cut away as much of the foliage about my window as I dared, fearing to leave it much exposed; the house being so high and the grove of such large extent, the clearing for the window was now scarcely visible.

Nothing more was required but the furniture, and for that I must wait my return to Cave Castle, where I still had a few empty boxes left, which with a little ingenuity could be transformed into seats and tables. Shelves I had made by inserting longitudinal planks in the interstices of the wall whilst building. Packing up my tools, I set off on my return, going by the way of the gum tree, where I had left my cocoa-nut shells, as I was anxious to see how much might have flowed into them, and to secure it.

(*To be continued.*)

BOUND TO EARTH.

By the Author of "Phil's Fortune," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

It was after all through Mr. Mackenzie's agency that employment was at last found for Mr. Dalrymple, though no one but Grace suspected the means of its accomplishment. John was inclined to be jealous, for he was nervously anxious to please Helen, but on the whole he was deeply grateful. The great fear now was whether Mr. Dalrymple would justify the efforts on his behalf; whether the return to business in a subordinate capacity and the many slights and degradations this must necessarily entail, would be borne patiently, or whether the restless irritability he displayed so continually at home would be allowed to mar everything.

Some comfortable apartments were chosen in a neighbouring street, so that Mrs. Dalrymple could still spend much of her time with Helen. Mr. Mackenzie urged the advisability of this step being taken immediately, so that Mr. Dalrymple might feel the salutary responsibility of a home upon his shoulders, and at the same time he quietly advised John to let the drawing-room be established at once. "It is the truest kindness to throw him upon his own resources now," he explained.

John acquiesced readily. "Helen," he said, the next morning at breakfast. "Set to work to convert that room into the sweetest little drawing-room you can. There is something to amuse you. You must not spend more than fifty pounds, which will go a long way, as the piano is to be got on the three years plan. And, darling, now your father and mother are so happily provided for, we can go in for a little gaiety. We will have some society, musical evenings, or something of that sort."

"Who will come?" asked Helen.

"Oh, plenty of people, if you give nice little entertainments. We have not laid ourselves out for it yet. Now we are going to. Write and invite Fanny Leslie to stay with you. She will help about the drawing-room, and she sings well, you tell me. Then Grace Hardinge and Mr. Mackenzie are musical. There is a nucleus for you. Your first entertainment shall be a little dinner. Dr. and Mrs. Hardinge, Grace and Mr. Mackenzie, Fanny and Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple. I will invite one of my friends to pair with Fanny. That shall be by way of experiment. Then next time we will have a few strangers."

"Who will ask me if I was Miss Dalrymple, and eat our dinners while secretly they despise—me, at any rate," Helen replied, gloomily.

"My dear Helen, you are morbidly sensitive," John answered, impatiently. "Make the dinner go well and all will be right. It was a different thing when we had such poor arrangements. Besides, do you not see that the position your father is now in will make a great difference to people. You don't know the world."

"I know too much of it," Helen said, sadly, "but I will do what you wish, John. I do not mean to be ungrateful."

"Grateful! I do not want you to be that," he said, a little vexed. "I want you to be bright, and happy, and cheerful as you used to be. Why, that charitable Mrs. Grundy will start a report that I beat you, if you look so dismal. Try and interest yourself in the house, and look forward to the pleasant society we will gather round us. We will have a better house by-and-bye, when we can see the father and mother well established. I am not going to be a poor man always, Helen."

"I suppose if we were rich the world would forgive us," Helen replied. "But is it worth while to seek to conciliate those who evidently stand aloof?"

"We shall find some friends who will like us for ourselves," John replied. "We have stood aloof as much as others, but I do not mean to do so any longer."

John's heart was, in fact, set upon surrounding his wife with more distraction than her home afforded. For his own part, he could have found all his happiness in that little spot, but he saw that Helen was sensitively alive to every slight, fancied or real, and he concluded that during his long absences she had too much opportunity for reflection. "She will get over it in time," he said to himself; "but in the meanwhile she must have plenty of occupation, excitement, distraction, anything that will divert her mind." A continual round of social duties seemed to him to promise the best refuge, and he meant that Helen should at any rate try the effect of this panacea. It was a purely unselfish idea, though as the event proved a mistaken one.

Fanny accepted the invitation gladly. She was very anxious to see Helen, and desirous too of seeing and judging for herself how her sister was getting on, for she more than suspected that Julia was already repenting her rash act. Mrs. Leslie's curiosity on this point had induced her to yield a reluctant permission, with many warnings to Fanny that any attempt at a reconciliation would be useless.

So Fanny came and was considerably disappointed at the state of affairs she found. She was almost impatient with Helen for her folly. "I would care for nobody so long as John was content," she said, "or if I did I would set myself with determination to bring people to a better mind."

"But will John always be content?" Helen asked. "Will a time of regret never come?"

"You are going the way to bring it about," Fanny told her. "You have only to bid everyone defiance and he will respect and support you. And were I you, I would begin with Mrs. Woodward. She would soon tell a different tale."

"You cannot understand," Helen sighed. "Defiance! I have no spirit for it. Already the struggle of life seems too hard for me."

Fanny could not understand. The morbid sensitiveness of Helen's disposition, developed by the mental and physical strain she had undergone, was an un-

known depth to her. It was one of those dispositions of which people say that they make their own troubles. Yet such troubles are to the individual as real and no less hard to bear. This Fanny recognised, and agreed fully with John that plenty of distraction was the best cure.

To Grace she confessed that she was really very uneasy about Helen. "Her mind seems quite unhinged," she said, anxiously. "It is full of chimeras."

"It is her very conscientiousness that tortures her, I think," Grace replied. "She is worried by the thought that she has done John an injustice, which he will some day recognise, and which his friends and acquaintances already recognise for him."

"That is always the way in this world," cried Fanny, angrily. "One's best feelings are the scorpions for one's own back. Helen aggravates me. If she would but harden herself a little, she would do better. Look at the women who marry from every conceivable base motive and yet have none of these scruples. I believe Helen cares for John more than she is aware of, and I fear, I dreadfully fear she will alienate him by all this folly."

"I think she does," Grace replied. "The very fact of her present state of mind proves that. But, Fanny, she is less to be pitied than those women you spoke of. Surely you would not wish her to be like them? Forgive me for saying that I am afraid you are a bad friend for her, Fanny. She will never find happiness by cultivating indifference; nor do I think John's method is any better."

"Well, what is your recipe?" Fanny asked, cynically.

"The only true one, of trusting herself to God for help and direction, and seeking to guide her actions by His approval as her first motive."

"What is the good of prescribing an impossible remedy?" Fanny asked, impatiently. "John and I are, at any rate, practical."

Yet in her heart she believed that this higher life was the one thing needful for Helen—the only true source of healing and peace to her troubled spirit. But if it were not to be had, she argued, they must try and find the next best substitute.

"If you had behaved like Julia you might have cause to reproach yourself," she said to Helen. "She is the most unthrifty wife a poor man could have. I tremble to think how that marriage will end. They seem to be dreadfully in debt, and Julia does not care. She declares it is impossible to help it."

"Grace seems to be the only perfectly happy one among us," Helen said, sadly. "It makes one quite envious to see her."

"She has her parents to thank for that," Fanny replied. "The fact is, she is quite different from us. She has been brought up differently, and views everything from a different aspect; and, my dear Helen, she has never had your untoward circumstances to struggle against," she added, impatiently.

"Yet one always feels that if she had she would have met them well—perhaps turned them into blessings," Helen said, ponderingly. "I suppose it is just this continual inward struggling against everything that wears me out. The difference is that she would have yielded her will, and that I cannot do. All the time, though I have seemed patient, I am inwardly rebellious. I would alter everything if I had the power. I take my troubles because I cannot get out of them. I do not accept them. Grace would have had an anchor of peace and trustfulness; I have none. I cannot acknowledge any goodness or mercy in all I have suffered."

"You are not the only one who feels so, Helen," Fanny replied, with a desire to sympathise and console. "I cannot realise the much-talked-of goodness of God either. To me there seems to be more harshness than love in His dealings. If I could see you and John happy it would very greatly modify my ideas on this subject. It is a cruel thing that Grace should have such a perfectly smooth life."

"Ah, but," interrupted Helen, with some little inconsistency, "the smoothness is due to herself in a great measure. She finds her happiness where others would never dream of looking. What other girl among our acquaintances, for instance, would have appreciated or cared to have been appreciated by a man like Mr. Mackenzie. Then, her home life is the same."

"Well," said Fanny, "I do not admit that there is anything so very wonderful in all that. I would have been glad to find my happiness in a home life like Grace's, but it has been denied me. I crave for work, but cannot have it. But it is no good discussing these matters. Let me urge you to rouse yourself, Helen, and try to interest yourself as John wishes. You ought to endeavour to please him."

"I would willingly please him," Helen replied. "I wish for his sake I could be brighter and happier, but I cannot. Something seems to weigh me down as if the good had for ever gone from life."

"That is nonsense," said Fanny, briskly. "You have more good than many people. The best of husbands——"

"Whom I ought never to have married, but that I was weak——"

"Helen, tell me one thing," Fanny said, with a very grave face, "are you making yourself unhappy with regrets about the past? Do you—tell me honestly—dislike your husband?"

"Oh, no, no," cried Helen, quickly, the burning colour rushing to her pale cheeks; "I would not have done so wicked a thing as that. I cannot explain exactly what I feel about it. It is for John's sake I ought not to have married him. I have sacrificed him, his prospects, his position, and for what? I know it now. It was to please my parents, to find rest, not to give him happiness, or to bless him in any way. His goodness and patience are the bitterest reproach to me."

"Now we have touched on this subject, let me tell you the message Edward sent," said Fanny. "It seems cruel, but it is really kind to tell you. He rejoiced to hear of your marriage, for he would have been sorry to have stood in your light. He meant it kindly, Helen. It was the nearest point to unselfishness that he could attain. Unless I am very much mistaken, he will marry Miss Willoughby, and so give papa and mamma another bitter pill to swallow."

(*To be concluded.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

LEDA F. K. and A HAPPY YOUNG WIFE—1. The best way to improve your rude and ungovernable pupil is to set before her the highest Christian standard of life and living. Read over with her the Sermon on the Mount, and let her learn it by heart. When she is rude and gives trouble and "seems to enjoy it," take Christ and His sermon and read the suitable parts with her alone. Do not preach in any way, but say that her faults are so grave and sad that nothing but a higher influence will aid her to conquer them, and make her wish to do so. 2. We should think advertising the best plan, but in no case would we advise you to take a situation without careful inquiry. From £50 to £70, according to the number of pupils. You should certainly be able to teach the proper way of mending and taking care of their clothes to your pupils, but not do it yourself. And you should see that they are at all times tidy, both as regards their dress, hair, and hands. You should make a weekly examination of their clothes-drawers and wardrobes, and see that everything is in good order and repair. A finishing governess is also responsible for the manners and deportment of her charges, and should be able to instruct them on the various minutiæ of manners—how to leave and enter a room, how to sit at the piano, the dinner-table, and the writing-table, &c.

WORK.

JANIE.—1. See "Gloves, To Clean," in the index of vol. i.; "To Clean White Kid Gloves," see index of vol. ii.; and "Gloves, To Clean," index vol. iii. 2. Consult our three indices on the subject of freckles. Your handwriting is scarcely formed, but promises well.

METHODIST.—See "Mourning Attire," page 398, vol. ii., and likewise an article entitled "The Habits of Polite Society," page 162, vol. iii., in which every particular is given respecting the style and duration of mourning—amongst those able to afford it, without diminishing the comforts of life in a family—for the various relationships within its circle. As a rule, it is better not to change your baptismal name which has been duly registered, but you might all the same be able to bring witnesses to prove that you were the individual meant by the will or deed under a new name.

DAISY.—We are not surprised that you have discharged the dye from the back of your dress by adopting such measures. There are now but three alternatives open for your selection—cover the injured part with some kind of trimming, or folds of the same material; send the dress to a dyer's to be entirely re-dyed; or, lastly, put in a new back.

HOUSEKEEPING.

A YOUNG WIFE sends us a very kind letter explaining how she manages on a small income; and as her letter answers several queries we have received, we transcribe a portion of it. We should have felt glad, however, if she had been more precise in stating what she did with her £1 per week for housekeeping. "My husband and self," she says, "live in a seven-roomed house, for which we pay £24 a year rent and taxes. The washing is done at home by a woman who comes for one day once a fortnight, costing 1s. 6d.; materials, 6d. The ironing is done in the house by myself, and the charwoman comes in for half a day each week to do up the rough work—scrubbing, grate-cleaning, &c. We live very comfortably, and with plain, good food, allowing £1 per week for actual housekeeping. Last year our total expenses were £130, which included a fortnight at the seaside for us both. We do not pretend to entertain, but we can always welcome our friends if they come in a homely way. I think the great trouble of many young couples is that they begin by taking too large a house, and living in too grand a manner.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISS H.—We regret that your verses are not suitable for this paper. They need a little revision. Besides, "a to-morrow" may be "coming again;" but who knows whether for you? We hope it may be, and that it will be one of both grace and peace.

M. F. R.—You write a beautiful hand. We rejoice to hear that our magazine has proved a blessing and comfort to you, and we wish you all success in your calling, and in your personal life and circumstances.

A. C. G.—You may cut the claws of a canary a little when very long, as they are liable to be caught and become entangled between the bars of the cage, and thus endanger the bird's legs.

Toffy.—Doves eat any kind of grain, such as peas, barley, wheat, and crumbs of bread. Give them plenty of fine clean gravel, and a piece of rock salt. You give promise of writing well.

Daffodil.—Not to pray, and so to decline to obtain blessings and grace in God's own appointed way, is like refusing to enter in by the door provided for you, but to "climb up some other way." It is like the presumption of Cain, who offered a sacrifice after his own fancy, rather than that which (being an acknowledgment of sin, and a forfeiture of right to live) was of God's appointment. To give up prayer would be even worse than using a "praying machine," *i.e.* turning a wheel, round which a number of prayers are inscribed, like the Buddhists of Thibet, who lazily express their wishes thus to their divinity, without taking any trouble to exercise their thoughts and feelings in the matter. Not to pray would imply that you expected blessings as a matter of course, when God says that for these things He will be inquired of, and that you are to take the importunate widow as your example, and to "pray without ceasing," and thus to "let your requests be made known unto God." "The fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," and "God repented Him of the evil" with which He had threatened Nineveh, at the repentance and supplications of the king. No blessings are promised to any who do not pray for them in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, but who fold their hands, and expect them to drop down from the skies.

Twig.—Many thanks for your note; we quite agree with you.

M. H. I. K. D.—You must know perfectly well whether you love, or try to please, any human being, or whether you do not care about them. Just so you must know whether you both desire and endeavour to please God, and thus you "have the answer of a good conscience" "in yourself." We suppose that the writer to whose work you refer, refers to "conversion," in accepting Christ as both your Saviour and your Ruler, and giving up your own will to speak and act according to His, fighting against all known sin, and endeavouring to "bring forth fruits, meet for repentance," as acts of obedience, and tokens of gratitude, while relying on the death and merits of your Divine Redeemer as your only hope of salvation.

Costigan Smith.—The style of address between a writer and the editor which you describe—*i.e.*, in the third person—is that in general use, *excepting when they were* previously acquaintances, or friends, or in course of time they subsequently became so. We thank you for your kind letter, and for the good opinion you express of our paper.

Fancy.—Give your name, distinctly uttered, to the servant who is to announce you; do not send in your card.

Despondency.—Why despond? At your early age, only just out of the schoolroom, the chief part of your education is yet to be accomplished, and rests in your own hands, *i.e*, your moral training and discipline. A mere sense of the dignity of your human nature should be sufficient to prevent you from conducting yourself like a lunatic or a wild beast. But a higher aim than this should influence you, that of endeavouring to serve and glorify God in your whole conduct, words, acts and demeanour. Exercise a little strength of mind and principle. Take out your watch when tempted to be rude and ill-tempered, and utter no word until the hands point to an hour later. Meanwhile go to your room and look in your glass to see how ill-favoured you look when cross, and on your knees pray for the aid of God's grace to enable you to overcome your besetting sin, and to be courteous, longsuffering, gentle, forgiving; to help you to cultivate all the blessed, and blessed-making "fruits of the Spirit," which are "lovely and of good report." We by no means think anyone "a horrid creature," who deplores a fault, and seeks to triumph over it by the aid of prayer. Take heart, and may God bless your efforts.

Cressida.—The ends of the hair should be singed, and some nourishing pomade from a first-class hairdresser's rubbed into the skin. All drying washes should be avoided. We are much gratified by hearing that our paper has been the means of making you a member of the Christian Women's Education Union.

R. C. R.—The way to make lime-water is to take fresh burnt lime eight ounces, and pour one gallon of boiling water on it, to cover up closely, and when cold to keep the whole in a glass bottle, and pour off the clear when wanted. The Eucalyptus plant is considered beneficial in rooms, as anti-malarial.

Heads or Tails.—"Within our sphere of observation, there is no original motion. Bodies have no force nor momentum but what they derive from some transferred motion of another body in motion. Power or momentum in any body, or atom, is evidence that it is in motion, whether the power be massive or chemical." Your query belongs to statics, which is a branch of mixed, or applied mathematics.

Edith.—We do not understand your query. We should think "*Carpe diem*" was the best motto.

Laura Leigh.—We should consult a gardener, or go to some greenhouse. The room is probably too dry, or the plant lacks moisture. Try sponging the leaves.

Rosalind.—The lines are by Faber. With reference to your last query, unfortunately the majority of those who spell the most disgracefully are girls who have had the benefit of a good education. You would be surprised at the well-written and well-spelt letters of many self-educated girls who write to us.

Florence Hunt.—Thank you for your letter. We have had several "First Grey Hairs" sent us. The author of the one beginning, "The matron at her mirror," is Thomas Haynes Bayley. A shorter poem, beginning—

> "Silent warning, silent streak,
> Not unheeded dost thou speak,"

may perhaps be by your relative, Ellen Lovell, of Vermont.

Hobgoblin.—There is a book called "Castles and Abbeys of England," we believe, in which you would find what you require; or else in a guide-book of the county.

A Young Violinist.—Beethoven was born December 17th, 1770; died, March 31st, 1827.

Far from Home.—You had better write and inquire of the editor of the local newspaper in which it appeared.

Miss Clark.—We do not give addresses of the kind. Consult a London Directory. All prices of coins are taken from some recent list, which is as good an authority as can be given.

Demure.—You had better put the relics and autographs you mention into a sale—at Christie and Manson's, for instance. It is difficult to ascertain the value of such articles. They are really worth what they will fetch, either in a sale or through private purchasers and friends.

Scilla and Snowdrop.—You should frame the smoked picture, to prevent it being rubbed. Your writing is fairly good, though a little irregular.

Sein Liebchen.—If you wish to be far away from London, at a seaside place, yet cannot spend much on the journey, Ramsgate might suit you, as there is a great choice of lodgings there, a good open sea, small harbour, and very bracing air. Of course, in winter, it would be decidedly cold. We thank you for your kind letter.

Lysandra.—The Girl's Own Paper commences in October, each volume ending in September. We do not remember to whom you refer, as "not having had an answer lately." "I hope you won't serve me the same," is a very vulgar way of expressing yourself. We hope you will soon recover your health.

Elaine.—"The mills of God grind slowly, yet grind exceeding small," is taken from the "Sinnegedichte" of Friedrich von Logau.

> "No more; where ignorance is bliss
> 'Tis folly to be wise,"

is from Thomas Gray, "On a Distant Prospect of Eton College." We fear that the stain ground into the pale-blue silk brocade by leaning against a dark wall-paper cannot be removed. Try ammonia on a scrap of the silk.

Tipney.—We remember seeing in print somewhere the story that, "Coming thro' the Rye," refers to the river of that name, and not a field of rye; but we do not remember on what authority it was stated. Send for "Scripture Questions on the Old and New Testaments," price 1s., published by the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

Cryptogamia.—You will find an excellent account of cryptogamia in the "Home Naturalist," by Harland Coultas, price 4s. Published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

Totsy Tat.—The sheaf of arrows was of Spanish origin, and was a rebus of Aragon. It was the badge of Isabella of Castile, wife of Ferdinand of Aragon; also of our Queen Katherine of Aragon, wife of Henry VIII., and was used by Mary, her daughter, who impaled the Tudor rose and the sheaf of arrows as her badge.

Weymouth.—The 14th August, 1865, was a Monday; the 16th March, 1859, was a Wednesday.

A Wall-flower.—We should advise you to take a daily bath—not cold but tepid, or warm enough to prevent your feeling chilly. Take regular exercise, and do not eat too much meat, but more vegetables and fruit, and no beer. Make up the dress for next summer as it is, adding some satin of the colour of the ground to trim it.

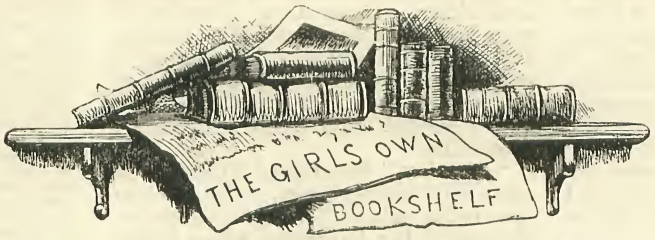
A Lonely Lassie.—We should be very sorry indeed to doubt the fact of the present existence of "true, noble, Christian men," any more than women of the same description. We feel sorry that you have not had the satisfaction as yet of meeting such.

Isla de Luzon.—The Latin words *veni* and *vade in pace*, mean "come" and "go in peace." You write a pretty hand.

Mildred.—One of our correspondents tells us that the word "light" does not occur in the Gospel according to St. Mark, and you now inform us that the word "wheat" is likewise absent. We thank you for the information, and are glad that our readers should take part in these searches.

Preston.—Sealing-wax may be liquified by spirits of wine, or by the action of heat. Melt it, and so remove it to some other substance, such as a sponge (see pages 64, 80, 319, vol. i.).

Lady-bird.—Dinner-mats are not now employed. Lay a thick cloth under the tablecloth to preserve the polished table, and let the dishes be well wiped underneath, so as not to soil the cloth.



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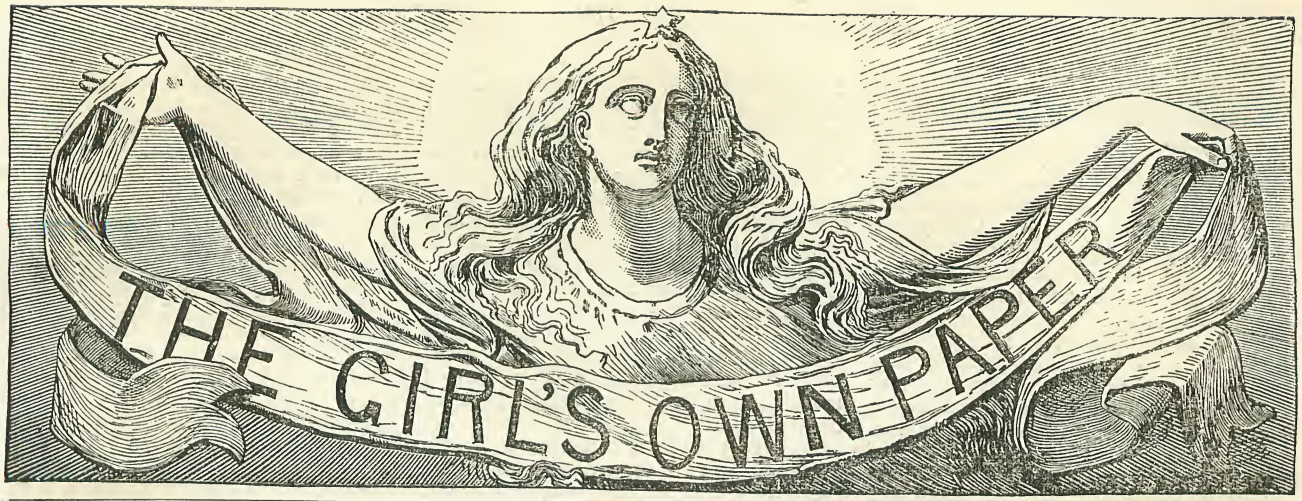

VOL. IV.—NO. 172. APRIL 14, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A LONG LANE WITH A TURNING.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

THE OCCUPANTS OF THE SQUIRE'S PEW.

CHAPTER II.

"WOOED, AND MARRIED, AND A'."

WHEN Mrs. Edney had come to Yare, bringing her little orphan niece, Mary Berrithorne, Mr. Beachley had extended a helping hand to her at once. He had known the late Mr. Edney in past times, and was glad that the chance of assisting his old friend's widow should fall in his way. And, clever as Mrs. Edney was, she would scarcely have succeeded so quickly in establishing a girls' boarding-school in Yare, if the master of the Rookery had not given her his countenance and recommendation.

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Mary was the child of her only sister, who had made a poor match, and had then gone quietly out of the world, leaving her little one to the care of the sole relative she possessed. Mrs. Edney showed no unwillingness to undertake the charge; she was a childless woman, and the four-year-old girl was made welcome in her home. But when Mr. Edney died in embarrassed circumstances, she felt the weight of her burden for the first time.

She was not, however, a woman who was likely to break down under any burden; and her little niece was very dear to her. Knowing herself to be far better educated than most of her sex, and conscious that she had a power of organising and governing, Mrs. Edney resolved to open a school, and fixed upon Yare, after receiving Mr. Beachley's promise of support. Her undertaking prospered; her pupils did her credit and liked her rule. She was not above taking a few day scholars, and amongst these were the daughters of her opposite neighbour, Dr. Varner.

The doctor's practice was large, and he was as much beloved by high and low as a good doctor always is. But he was a man who lived a hard life, and had such a load of expenses always clinging to him that people wondered how he could walk upright under the burden. Yet walk uprightly he did in every sense. There were ten children in that moderate-sized house of his, three girls and seven boys, to say nothing of little Cassandra Decke, the adopted daughter.

When George Decke, a Government clerk in Calcutta, had sent home his motherless baby to the Varners, asking them to bring her up for him, nobody imagined that he would die twelve months afterwards. It was soon found that he had saved very little money, poor fellow! A few trinkets and trifles were despatched to England, and then the doctor and his wife saw plainly that Cassie must either share their home or have none at all.

They kept the little one, and behaved to her as to their own children. She had the same advantages as the Varner girls, and went with them to Mrs. Edney's school. And there it came to pass that a friendship sprang up between her and Mary Berrithorne. Cassie was a good pupil, painstaking, if not decidedly clever, giving her mind to learn because it was impressed upon her that she might one day have to teach, and Mrs. Edney took a special interest in her progress.

Kate Beachley had graciously consented to finish her education with Mrs. Edney, and became a weekly boarder in the school at Yare. Mrs. Edney managed her better than anyone else had ever done, and really contrived to make some impression on the light heart and lighter brain. Kate, who loved pets, seized upon Cassie and Mary, and for them discarded the dogs and cats that had been her most cherished favourites; the little girls must spend all their holidays at the Rookery, they must be received at home as her *protégées*, and be welcomed as belonging to herself.

As time went on Kate proved herself a faithful friend. The girls were not forgotten when she left school; they still continued to visit her at midsummer and Christmas; they found favour in the sight of Mr. Beachley and his wife, and Arthur liked their presence in the house. As to the Varners, being unworldly and unselfish people, they never dreamt of envying Cassie; nor did they even say among themselves that Miss Beachley ought to have taken a little notice of Rose, or Lizzy, or Bertha. These young ladies thankfully accepted any small gaieties that came in their way, and made the most of everything that was to be enjoyed.

And they were a remarkably happy family, in spite of the strict economy and the struggle in making two ends meet. Plenty of lively talk went on amongst them, but snapping and quarrelling were almost unknown. The girls were human, and now and again there was a passing sigh for a silk gown or an ostrich feather; but they kept such vain yearnings to themselves, and looked as cheerful and as pretty as possible in their serge frocks and simple bonnets. Cassie had sometimes proposed that they should adopt the Sister of Mercy garb, as the best way of making poverty interesting; but this Mrs. Varner decidedly refused to let them do. And Rose would not have liked it; she was the eldest of the Varners — steadfast, uncompromising, with a hearty horror of anything like a sham.

In this crowded, cheery nest the dark-haired Cassie seemed not unlike some graceful foreign bird, whose tastes and habits could never quite assimilate with those of the others. To do her justice, she was scarcely ever known to be out of temper; her dexterous fingers were always ready to perform such services as could be rendered by needle and thread; and if she talked less than her companions, and was not so free in giving out her ideas, they never blamed her reticence.

"It requires a surgical operation to get an opinion out of Cassie," the doctor would say, playfully.

She did not get on quite so well with the boys as with the girls. Something in their natures—nobody knew what—seemed to be antagonistic to her. They did not pour into her ears any of those mysterious confidences which were so often imparted to Rose. And even when there was a net to be mended or a ball to be quilted, they did not apply to Cassie unless no other person was at hand to help them.

Yet they never called her names, nor made faces behind her back, nor displayed any visible signs of aversion. But among themselves they had passed a vote of want of confidence in Cassie Decke, and treated her with the quiet neglect that is more eloquent than words. If Cassie observed and resented this, she never showed that she did so. That close little red mouth of hers, which always looked as if it shut in secrets, seldom opened to speak hasty things. She went her way among them all, doing her duties with a good grace, and getting quite her due share of praise.

The parish of Rookfield, in which the Beachleys lived, had been little more than a straggling hamlet when Kate and Arthur were children; but the place grew with their growth. Bits of waste land were sold to speculative builders, who put up desirable villas and lured retired tradespeople to come and live in them. Mr. Beachley fretted and fumed, but his ancestors had parted with many an acre in days gone by, and the whole of Rookfield no longer belonged to the master of the Rookery. The pine wood was his, so were two or three fields lying near his mansion; but the pastures and slopes that the Beachleys had once possessed had now passed away to other owners. And as the villas went on increasing, Mr. Beachley was often heard to anathematise a certain reckless Theodore who had wasted the family property in the days of Queen Anne.

There was a portrait of this graceless Theodore hanging in the dining-room, a handsome man in a high-collared coat, frilled shirt-front, and full wig. Still handsome, was his short-waisted wife, whose rosy face and liquid eyes smiled down from the old canvas. She had a patch near the corner of her sweet mouth, and dark curls lying in little rings over her forehead. It was said that Steele immortalised her in the *Spectator* under the name of Eucratia. "Others are beautiful," he wrote, "but, Eucratia, thou art beauty!" Mary Berrithorne used to stand before this portrait and dream of all the scenes in which that fair woman had played her part. How she had flirted her fan, while Joseph Addison watched her with a cynical smile; how she had once danced a minuet with Prince Eugene; and how she had, perchance, had her days at home, when, like Clarinda, she shut herself up in her chamber to practise Lady Betty Modley's skuttle, or called for her flowered kerchief and worked half a violet leaf.

Rookfield church stood on the borders of a green meadow, a very small, dilapidated building that looked as if a strong push would knock it down. Its square tower showed an ugly rent from base to summit; its bell summoned the people to worship in a cracked and doleful tone. Inside it was decently whitewashed, and there was a harmonium in the little gallery where the singers sat. This instrument had been purchased by the vicar himself, whose ears had been tortured by the scraping of fiddles when he first came to the place.

Poor vicar! If he had had ample means at his command, he would have built a church that should have been the glory of the neighbourhood. His small income was nearly all spent in supporting a widowed sister and her family. He had had needy relations clinging to him all his life, and although he had taken honours at Cambridge, and was loved and esteemed by all who had the good fortune to know him, nothing better than the Rookfield living was ever likely to fall to his lot.

Between Mr. Wenlock and his pupil, Arthur Beachley, a strong friendship had sprung up. There were some points

of resemblance in the two natures; both were exceedingly shy and reserved, and both loved better to be about their Father's business than to sit at rich men's feasts. The sympathy that Arthur had looked for in vain in his home, he found in his tutor; they seemed to open naturally to each other, and the hours they spent together were, perhaps, the happiest in both their lives.

Mary and Cassie liked the Sundays at Rookfield; the first because Mr. Wenlock's short sermons always interested her, and the singing was sweeter and simpler than in the large parish church at Yare; the second because she gloried in being an occupant of the square pew, with brass rods and red curtains, that belonged to the Rookery family. It was not of much consequence that the humble village folk admired her; but the people who lived in the new villas came to the church, and doubtless envied her honourable position in the squire's seat. Cassie used to look at them over the edge of her prayer-book with a pleasant consciousness of superior rank and breeding.

If Arthur could have had his will, the red-curtained pew would have been cut up into three narrow ones. It took up a great deal too much space in the small building, and no stranger was ever allowed to sit on its sacred cushions. But a hint of this kind, incautiously dropped, had been enough to put Mr. Beachley out of temper for a whole week.

On the Sunday after Arthur's return from Devonshire, the red pew was almost filled; there were the father and mother, looking their stateliest, as they always did in church; there was Kate, her pretty face and golden hair set off by a blue bonnet, standing by Captain Glendon's side; there were Cassie and Mary, slim and neat as daisies; and lastly, there was Arthur, in his place by the door, with a ray of sunshine slanting across his pale brow and downcast eyes. It was strange that Mary, as she looked at him, thought of an ivory head of the Son of Consolation which she once saw set in an oaken frame.

Before that summer was over, there was a grand wedding in the humble little church, and Cassie and May were among the bridesmaids. So many people came to witness the ceremony that even the singing-gallery was quite crowded. Kate, in her white silk, rich lace, and orange-blossoms, was a lovely bride. The village children strewed flowers in her path, and there was a magnificent breakfast at the Rookery. Arthur, who was called upon to make a speech, performed his task so badly that Mr. Beachley was in a silent passion; and Captain Glendon smiled scornfully under his moustache. But James Listowe, who also had some speaking assigned to him, acquitted himself in such an admirable manner that his friend's failure was all the more keenly felt. The guests said to each other, in audible whispers, that this eloquent young man would surely make a name for himself, and be heard of in the world.

Three months after the wedding, Kate and her husband were on their way to India, and the parents sat grave and silent by their autumn fire, with hearts full of vain yearnings for the child that was gone.

(To be continued.)

A FEW WORDS ON MUSICAL TRAINING.

By A Head Music Mistress.

My dear Mr. Editor,—It occurs to me that those who have cared to follow the hints given them in my former letter, may ask me if I can help young and earnest students who have little opportunity to ask other advice, in the choice of the pieces they will find best to practise; and while I would earnestly beg them when they choose for themselves, to eschew ill-written and frivolous music as they would rouge, and to choose the very best of each kind as far as their feeling can guide them, I feel they may care to have what they might find difficult to get—a list of the music chosen for study at one of the great conservatoires in Germany. I would have added that of our own Royal Academy of Music, if it had published any. I have lettered the classes A, B, and C simply to distinguish them, but each class contains a progression of good music in difficulty—you will observe how the scales and Plaidy's technical exercises are prominent in all. I may add here a little hint of practical usefulness, which, though a very trifle, has saved much time and trouble to thoughtful little people, especially in cold weather. If you generally begin practising with stiff hands, two or three drops of glycerine, rubbed well into the hands at night, are sometimes of use to supple them; and in the morning before practising, if you stand with your arms straightened horizontally from the shoulder, and throw them back with a fling from the front for three or four minutes, it may warm and loosen your fingers as much as a quarter of an hour's practice.

Classes A.—Selection of music in the Dresden Conservatoire—Pianoforte Classes.—Scales all flat and sharp keys. Harmonic and melodic scales with different accent and time; scales, contrary motion; in thirds and sixths; also double thirds and sixths. Chromatic scales. Studies—Cramer, 1 to 25. Clementi (Tauzig edition), Henselt Studies, op. 2, Nos. 1 to 6. Pieces—Beethoven's sonatas, op. 2, Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Sonate Pathétique, Sonate Pastorale, sonata in E flat, op. 27; sonata in E flat, op. 32. Mozart, sonatas in F and A flat.

Classes B.—Technical exercises. Exercises for striking the note by one finger, the rest of the hand holding notes. Exercises for fingering, especially for rapidity of change of position of the thumb; staccato and legato exercises. Exercises on extension and contraction. Arpeggios.

Scales.—Scales in similar and contrary motion, in common and triple time, legato and staccato, with both hands; the one legato, the other staccato, crescendo and diminuendo in thirds, tenths, and sixths. Exercises on the chords belonging to the various keys, major and minor, in arpeggios also, and discords of dominant and diminished sevenths.

Studies.—Doring, op. 28; Duvernay, 15 études, op. 299; Czerny, op. 299; Bertini, op. 29, and Heller, op. 46, for the junior students. Bertini, op. 32; Heller, op. 45; selection, Czerny, op. 299; Koft, 3 and 4; Czerny, bit of fingering, No. 1 and 2. Cramer's studies. Pieces—Clementi and Kühlau, selection of sonatinas; Doring and Reinecke, sonatinas interchangeably; Haydn, selection of easy pieces; Mozart, sonatas in C, easy sonata in C; Beethoven, op. 69, G and G minor; Haydn, easy sonatas in C, G, D, E; Beethoven, rondo in G; Mozart, sonatas in D and B; Bach, Inventions in two parts; Beethoven, op. 79; Clementi, easy sonatas, A, G, B; Hummel, rondo in E; Clementi, sonata in E; Clementi, sonatas in E, B, great sonata in C; Mozart, ditto in A flat and D 6-8 time; Mozart, Fantasia in C minor, sonata in C; Beethoven, op. 2, op. 10, No. 2; op. 10, No. 1; Hummel, La Belle Capricciosa, sonata in E flat; Beethoven, op. 31 in G, E flat, op. 13, op. 26. Bach, three-part preludes and fugues.

Class C.—Technical Studies, flat and sharp scales in Nos. 10, 6, 3, contrary motion with accented grouping in divers rhythmical ways. Arpeggios.

Studies.—Doring, elementary piano playing, parts 1, 2, 3. Doring, op. 8. Doring, studies on shakes, octaves, on accent and chords. Czerny, Etude de la *Vélocité, of fingering.* Cramer's studies. Moscheles, op. 70. Bach, 12 Petits Preludes pour Commençants.

Pieces.—Kühlau sonatas, op. 20, op. 55, and op. 59. Clementi, sonata in B, G, D minor, No. 3; F, No. 4; A, No. 9; B, No. 12; D, No. 13; and A flat, No. 16. Beethoven sonatas in F minor, op. 2, E flat, No. 7; C minor, op. 10, No. 1; F, op. 10, No. 2; G, op. 14, No. 2; E, op. 14, No. 1; A flat, op. 26; Nos. 1 and 2, op. 49. Variations or "Nil cor piu," six easy variations in G. Rondo, op. 51. Seven *Bagatelles, op. 33.* Andante favorit., sonata, op. 24, for pianoforte and violin. Schubert's Impromptu, op. 90. Momens Musicals, op. 94. Impromptu, op. 142, Nos. 2 and 3. Weber, variations in C and F. Rondo in E flat. Polacca in E. Sonata in A flat. Mendelssohn, Lieder ohne Wörte, Capriccio, op. 14, op. 16, op. 33, op. 102. Schumann, Fantasie-Stücke, op. 12. Romanze, F. Hummel, Rondo, op. 11. La Bella Capricciosa, Sonata A flat (for four hands). Moscheles, Polonaise F. Hommage à Handel (for two pianos). Field, Nocturnos. Chopin, Impromptu, A flat; Polonaise A, and C minor. Chopin, Nocturno, op. 9. Jensen, Wanderbilder, op. 17. Rubinstein, Romanze, op. 46.

Repose of good playing.—Meanwhile, before I leave you, I would impress on you another thing which has often haunted me with regard to effects in art, both abroad and at home, and, with a little reflection, it must haunt you, also while thinking over, as you ought always to do, the expression of the music you are learning. I have spoken of the quietness of a really good touch. Have you ever noticed the repose of tone generally of a fine rendering of music? A sort of quiet command like that of which Hamlet says, "Use all gently, for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness." For there is the same result of weakness and mediocrity in music, which can be so easily seen in all art, when it is degraded. It is forced to exaggeration for effect because there is not the real power. Will you read Ruskin's tracing out the degradation of sculpture in the exaggerated and violent contrasts of the dying Renaissance; will you notice the harsh and turbulent effects of some pictures, when the artist has thrown mass after mass of the most brilliant colours on his canvas, and after that watch the exquisite dreamy tenderness of those soft greys and browns, so quiet a relief to the one sparkling bit of colour which rejoices in its setting in some of the old Dutch and modern Flemish and French masters, not to mention our own painters; or, for a grand example of quiet strength, will you see what our own Girtin (on stand No. 46

in the British Museum) has done, and with what power and self-command he has expressed a great thought, expressed it so quietly and unobtrusively that you cannot know till you carry it away in your heart how the master's power has told upon you. Think over these things, and take the outcome of this thought into your piano work. Restrain your fortissimos, and work up to them like a great groundswell of the sea, till the grand effect comes as a natural consequence of all that has gone before.

Imagination in Playing.—There is another very curious result of the finest playing, which will never be attained without the mo eration and self-command I have alluded to above, but it requires also other qualities. I mean the wonderful art with which a really great player and musician will, as it were, altogether obliterate himself, and be simply the life and soul of the music he plays, as Mendelssohn, when he played, made you forget everything but the one thought he was expressing. But that requires an entire unselfishness like his, an imagination which threw itself into the work he was interpreting, till it came out transfigured, as it were, and cast everything else into the shade. A singular instance of this sort of imaginative power came under my observation a little while ago at a concert where a very great artist played. There had been the usual routine of a morning concert, people and place becoming slightly uninteresting, while afternoon tea began to glimmer on the horizon with a pleasing excitement, when something began with a strange feeling as if of weird darkness, and then one seemed to see, by night, a great battlefield, the blackness and confusion, the horror and the pity of it; and in that dream all went on till the music ceased. The artist told us afterwards, when we exclaimed to her on the singular effect this music had produced, that she herself had heard this first when she was a sister of mercy, helping the wounded on a field of battle by night, and whenever she played it, that time and place seemed to come back, and she could only live again that terrible vision. How it came, and why it should also come to one of her hearers, is not perhaps so easy to explain; but if you throw your whole self into the thoughts you are trying to express in music, you will find out *then*, and not *till then*, what that music can say to you.

I will end by quoting a few words, which may interest you as coming from the pen of the Prime Minister.

"They who think music ranks among the trifles of existence are in gross error, because from the beginning of the world down to the present time it has been one of the most forcible instruments, both for training, for arousing, and for governing the mind and the spirit of man. There was a time when letters and inspiration had but begun to dawn upon the world. In that day music was not unknown—on the contrary, it was so far from being a mere servant and handmaid of common and light amusement, that the great and noble art of poetry was essentially wedded to that of music, so that there was no poet who was not a musician; there was no verse spoken in the early ages of the world but that music was adopted as its vehicle, showing thereby the universal consciousness, that in that way the straightest and most effectual road would be found to the heart and affections of men, and it is more than two thousand years since Plato wrote, 'To look upon music as a mere amusement cannot be justified—music which has no other aim can neither be considered of value nor viewed with reverence.'"(W. E. Gladstone, "A Plea for Music in Common Life.") May I trust to your interest in our noble art to read patiently these lines of loving advice to young students from one who has seen and sympathised very deeply with the difficulties and needless troubles which our young girls have suffered from want of exact and careful training.

Believe me, the same method and self-command, exactness in learning, and patience in getting at the root of the matter in hand, will be of infinite value to you hereafter, in many things besides the music you care for now, and will love and understand better the more thoroughly you practise it.

I think I may allow myself to digress so far as to tell you an anecdote of difficulties overcome by a slow and heavy child, which is related in the early life of a very eminent man. He was an only son and his mother a widow, and he was passionately eager to distinguish himself for her sake, but he *could not* learn. One morning at prayers the heavenly promise to those who "ask" haunted him suddenly, like an imploring voice, and on the long country road which led to his school he used, after that day, to plead that promise. That boy became one of the most eminent men in India. I might also, when writing of Haydn, have quoted a passage touching on this subject, for in his letter referring to the composition of the *Creation*—his noblest work—he says: "I knelt down every day, and prayed God to strengthen me for my work." How many have had their energies quickened, their courage revived by the same means will never be known here. I may revert to one more instance in the life of our own Charles Dickens, how "more things are done by prayer than this world dreams of"—for the world hurries on, and in its clang and clash and blindness, does not see the real powers, which, like the light, work silently. Well, do you remember a passage in his early life, when—a child, hungering and thirsting for the knowledge which would be to him power and strength—a very sword for the battle of life—he saw his young sister receive honours at the Royal Academy of Music? Like the monk who in old times saw a grand picture and felt at once the brotherhood of real greatness, saying, "And I, too, am an artist," so the child—the future golden link of sympathy and generous kindness between great and small in this our England, and all English-speaking lands—felt, "And I, too, would be great," and went home with a bursting heart, to kneel by his little bed and pray for help. If you read on, you will see how only a few short weeks flew by before that prayer had brought its answering blessing—a relation sent him to school, and this was the beginning of his future greatness. I might, again, quote Tennyson—

"For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend.
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

I thought to have ended long since, but one's pen runs on (I hope no smiling critic will say, "The less of weight it bore, with greater ease") when it writes on a subject one loves, and to people in whom one feels an interest. If anything I have written can be of the least use to you, it will rebound in a far greater pleasure to me; for it is not only "curses, like young chickens, that come home to roost," but every comfort and help to others is a real joy to give, and we may feel that such blessings come back in their own glowing sunshine to make our hours brighter and our memories sweeter.

C. A. MACIRONE.

THE FOSTER SISTERS.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

By LOUISA L. J. MENZIES.

CHAPTER II.

"COME home with me, Nora, darling; there's plenty of time, and you must see the new piano; it's in the music-room, and it's quite recovered from the effects of its journey now. Mamma says you are to come; mother will spare you, you know she'll always spare you to me, and when we've practised, she and father 'll come up and hear us sing 'The harp that once' and 'The best of all ways;' wont you, mother dear?"

"I'll come to see you, Miss Geraldine, piany or no piany," replied Eileen, looking fondly at her foster-daughter; "but to tell ye the truth, my darlin', I'm such an ignoramus that I'd rather hear Nora sing without the piany, and so would Pat, God bless him! The piany is a noble instrument, I'm not sayin' a word against it; it's all right for you, my pet, who are a precious golden canary, but for our Nora, she is just nothin' but a wild thrush that sings best on his native bough."

"Oh, Mother Eileen, dear, you are quite out there! Miss Baxter says that Nora's voice is just beautiful. I heard her talking to mamma about her only last night. She said if it were only cultivated, it would be a fortune to her!"

"But Pat and I cannot afford to lose Nora, Miss Geraldine darlin; and ye must not talk of 'cultivatin'' her voice and takin' her away to Dublin. It's dull enough when ye're all away as it is without a glimpse of your blue eyes for two or three months at a stretch. If Nora were to go away, too, to 'cultivate her voice,' me dear, Pat and I would jist be turned into a pair of dummies, like the Enchanted Prince of the Ebony Isles in 'The Arabian Nights' by the time ye all came back again."

"Now, you mustn't talk in that way, mother darling," said Geraldine, putting her arms round her foster-mother's neck, and patting her cheek. "Nora shall stay just as she is; I quite agree with you that any change would be for the worse. I'm sure I wish mamma thought the same about me; I'm always being trained and polished, having knowledge poured into me as if I were a sack (fortunately the sack's porous and let's a good deal out). I wonder," she added in a low, confidential tone, still caressing Eileen's soft cheek, "I wonder which is best: to let people be what nature intended them, or to make up your mind what they ought to be, and then try to build them

"THE RICH YOUNG VOICE OF THE PEASANT MAID ROSE CLEAR AND SWEET."

up, or smooth them down, or round them off to your model. Of one thing I am sure, Eilie darling, you and Nora are very fortunate not to be obliged to go to Dublin; it's a thousand times nicer at home here in Wicklow, you're obliged to put on a hat and a cloak if ye want to put your head outside the door. But I'm forgetting; mother, you know Dublin better than I!"

"Thrue for ye, Geraldine darlin', seein' I was there every season as the years come round with your grandmamma and the young ladies, whin they used to go to town for lessons, and aftherwards (and that was a fine time), whin they was introduced, and went to parties every night—concerts and parties, parties and concerts, and drivin' in the park in the mornin', drivin' or ridin'. There were no young ladies that could hold a candle to ours at the ridin', they was used to ride with yer grandpapa, ye see, to the huntin'. And yer Aunt Anna, she was the beauty on horseback—an amazon the gentlemen called her, and troth it was jist amazin', she'd ride anything barebacked, as light as a feather and as firm as a rock; yer mamma was always more gentle and timorsome, God bless her! But ye must not think, Miss Geraldine, that I'd be after decryin' the capital, which is just the honour and beauty of the whole land; or that I'm not grateful to you and the mistress for wanting to improve Nora, and cultivate her voice. It's jist a piece of selfishness; and I'm sure, me dear, I'm heartily ashamed of it, and so is Pat, but he's jist as bad as me, the faller, God bless him! Ye see, she's just our only one, not a bit of a brother or sister to call her own; and we can't bear her out of our sight, the lamb."

"Ah, Eilie, you're jist proud, and that's the truth; mamma says you like to have all the benefits on your side."

Eileen's handsome face was all rippled over with laughter. "Is it me proud, now? I like that; it's jist no one but the mistress that could have thought of such a thing, and me jist the most humble-minded creature in existence. It's Mrs. Anderson that is proud, good luck to her! and that would kill us intirely with her benefits. Now, darlin', you jist take Nora home with ye; for I'll be standing here talkin' all the live-long day, and the place like a pigstye; and hark ye, Miss Jarra, ask the mistress if ye may both come back to tea, and ye'll find the place as clane as a new pin, and me in the new print gown ye brought me from Dublin, and a potato-cake done to a turn on the girdle that would serve the Queen herself, if only she would come and use it."

Nora was anxious to stay to help her mother, but Eileen would not hear of it, saying that there was barely work enough for one; and with a kiss to daughter and foster-daughter she sent them on their way, standing outside her pretty porch to watch them as they tripped up the broad avenue. Her own Nora was scarcely more dear to her than the tall but rather pale Geraldine, and her motherly heart beat quicker with love and pride as she gazed after the fair young creatures until a turn in the avenue hid them from her sight.

"Nora," said Geraldine, as they pursued their rapid way, "tell me, what will you do when I am away, if mother will not let ye come with us?"

"Do, Miss Jarra, darlin'! Jist long for the time to be past till ye come back again; read over your letters, asthore; go up in the mornin' to the house, rin over the keys of the piany, and look into your books and try to fancy how you looked when you were readin' them. Ye see there's some use in my bein' at home, for ye don't suppose anyone but me would be afther keepin' your bits o'

things jist as you like to have them; and thin the canaries that have just begun to build, and the powny! Shure, it's a thousand times better, as mother says, that I should stay at Dallamore; for what would I do in the big city, while ye were out visitin'? Ye could not be afther taking me to your grandee friends, and I'd be jist like a bird in a cage if I was shut up in four stone walls."

"'Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage,'"

rang out Geraldine's sweet young voice; "but, after all, ye may be right, Nora. It would be horrid to have to leave you at home, and for my part I can't see the necessity. You are every bit as good as we are. I am sure Eilie is more beautiful than any fine lady I ever saw in Dublin, and fit to be a queen; and if she hadn't lost her pedigree, who knows, she may be a lineal descendant of Heber, son of the Spaniard Milesius, who flourished in this beautiful Erin three hundred years before the Christian era. Mamma's family tree goes up to the Conquest, and papa's to Longsword, but I feel convinced, if the truth were only known, that we are quite mushrooms to you; you have the brown eyes and the hair which is only not black, and that lovely clear dark colouring which makes us look whitewashed. Yes, Nora, take my word for it, you are the 'stocracy and we the *ignobile vulgus*, as Dr. Callaghan calls it; and if a slave-dealer were to come and carry us off, as they do the poor bodies in Africa, you and me, and mamma and Eilie, and if we were sold just for what we are worth—as animals, I mean, quite without regard to our usefulness, for then we should have no chance at all—it would be mother and you would fetch the big prices, and (who can tell?) mamma and I might just be shoved in as makeweights."

"Shame for ye, Miss Jarra, darlin', to be talking such arrant nonsense; it 'd have to be a great big barbarian indeed, not to know the difference between real, born ladies, that are the flower of the earth, and just a couple of peasant-women. It's a shame for ye to be suggestin' such an idea."

"Nora," said Geraldine, a sudden gravity coming over her sweet face, "do you know it sometimes occurs to me that if O'Donald Anderson, the man, I mean, who calls himself O'Donald Anderson, were to succeed in making good his claim, as it seems to me he may do any day (don't say anything about it, for, of course, it isn't nice for mamma and papa to think about); but if Mr. O'Donald Anderson were to complete his chain of evidence, and we had to turn out from the home of our fathers (which, by the way, would be the home of *his* fathers then)—if such a thing were to happen, what good would our gentility be to us? It'd be a case of 'dig I cannot, and to beg I am ashamed.'"

"Whist, Miss Jarra, mavourneen, shame for ye to be talkin' in that way, parvartin' Scripture, and takin' the shine out of a poor girl like me. If the big ruffian, O'Donald, bad luck to him, were to get the Queen in council and the Lord Chancellor, and all the barristers in their big wigs to come and swear that he was the grandson or great-grandson of Desmond Anderson, do ye think there's a man, woman, or child in Dallamore as 'ud ever acknowledge him, or pay him a stiver of rint? I heard father and Neil Mahony talkin' it over the other night; they didn't think I was listening, but I heard them well enough, and I wouldn't like to be in O'Donald's shoes, if he were to set his foot on this avenue."

"Nora, sweet, you must on no account talk like that," said Geraldine Anderson earnestly, putting her arm round her excited foster-sister; "if the law gives O'Donald the property, it will be because it has been proved to be his; and no one who loves papa must say a word against it. You should have seen how shocked both papa and mamma were once when I said something about the people not standing a change of landlords. I wish you had heard him, Norrie; it just made me feel how bad and how cowardly it would be—putting the land and the money before truth and honour; for you know, dear, if O'Donald is *proved* to be the representative of the elder branch, it is we who have been keeping him out of his rights all these years."

"Tush and nonsense," Miss Jarra; "if it wouldn't tire out the defince of a saint to hear ye takin' up the defince of your enemies in that way. If I could be angry with ye, I should jist hate ye for it, I declare."

"But ye cannot hate anyone if ye try ever so, Nora, you little goose, least of all me, your lawful lady and sovereign," laughed Geraldine; "so we'll talk no more about O'Donald; it's an ugly subject, and I haven't the smallest wish to be an outcast and an exile. Dallamore is not a bad place to live in, and it's very pleasant being an heiress. And now, Norrie, it is my sovereign will and pleasure that you come with me to the music-room and hear me play Bach's sonata in A on the new piano."

"If ye'd only play one of the Kerry dances, or 'Widow Malone'," sighed Nora, with a face of comical distress, as she followed her foster sister through the spacious hall to the music-room, where, amid all the appliances of luxury consistent with acoustic conditions, the new arrival held its conspicuous place.

Nora walked round the mammoth instrument with amazed delight at the polished beauty of the dark wood; but when Geraldine ran her fingers over the keys and waked the slumbering harmonies, a pleased wonder rose in Nora's brown eyes, and the colour in her cheeks deepened with wonder and delight.

"Now sing," commanded Geraldine; and the rich young voice of the peasant maid rose clear and sweet, while Geraldine kept the accompaniment tender and low.

It was clear that both girls had souls attuned to music, and if Nora wanted the regular instruction, which was making Geraldine Anderson a skilled musician, she was by no means ignorant of the science; in fact, she had been so continually the companion of Miss Anderson, that her natural quickness had enabled her to pick up a great deal in all subjects, and if anything presented difficulties to Geraldine, whose health was occasionally weak, Nora's devoted love urged her to apply her mind to it and endeavour to master it in the hope of being able to smooth over her young lady's difficulty; and this sympathy and the habit of talking over whatever was occupying their thoughts, had added not a little to their happiness and to the growth of their minds, each having been in a manner a teacher to the other; for there is nothing that enables one so clearly to understand and grasp an idea as striving to simplify and make it comprehensible to another.

But though her love for Geraldine left Nora no peace—if she thought anything were troubling her—she had many and laborious occupations of her own; but they seemed to them both play rather than work in comparison with grammar and arithmetic, those abstract sciences which demand so much of the brain and are so inexorable that there is only one way right, only one possible. Nora, though only sixteen, was a skilled and handy maid; she could milk the most cross-tempered cow in the farm; she could set the cream, and her mother declared that the butter "came" twice as quickly when Nora worked the churn; in fact, whatever the bright young creature put her hand to seemed to flourish as though it drew life and joy from her superabundant vitality.

Nora was her mother's own daughter, scarcely so handsome perhaps as Eileen had been in her girlhood, for there was a look in her face that reminded one of her father, who was only distinguished from other men by an incomparable temper, and hands that were apt to anything, but whose hair inclined to be red and fuzzy, and whose eyes were neither large nor lustrous. Geraldine Anderson, on the contrary, seemed to have idealised the family type; she was taller and fairer than her mother, perhaps almost too colourless, her straight features and closely-braided hair, which was of a golden brown, insensibly calling to mind a sculptor's dream wrought in spotless marble; but any look that would have been too ethereal was tempered by the sweet, smiling lips, whose rich red gave assurance of health, and by the loving eyes which sometimes seemed blue sometimes almost black, owing to the rapid dilation of the pupils if her feelings were stirred; and she was of such a sympathetic nature that she was ready to help, or if she could not help, to sorrow with every weak and suffering creature who came within her knowledge.

If either of the girls had had a sister of her own, or even a brother, it is very probable that the love of their infancy might have lost something of its force as they grew to womanhood; but it happened that each was the only child of her parents—the centre round which their affections gathered, the hope of the coming time, and, as was natural, they looked to each other for sympathy and companionship in their comparative isolation.

Of the two households, that of the O'Haras at the park gates, consisting of its three members, was at this time the freest from care, and consequently the happiest: their modest wants were more than supplied by O'Hara's wages, or salary, as Mr. Anderson called it, and whatever Eileen made by her dairy produce was laid up in the bank "against a rainy day," as she said; their trim little garden was an epitome of the big garden, for one great pleasure that Mrs. Anderson had in getting anything specially beautiful in the way of flowers was that she might give a present of a cutting or an offshoot to Eileen; so that the lodge was quite noticeable in all the country, and even the English visitors who sometimes came in the autumn to see the lovely Wicklow mountains, could not forbear an admiring comment on the ivy-grown latticed cottage set in bloom and verdure.

The Andersons, on the other hand, had for some time felt the pinch of means straitened in proportion to their rank; but for the simplicity of their tastes and great care in their expenses they would have suffered more, for the tedious lawsuit dragged its slow length along; O'Donald Anderson, indeed, had died recently, but he had bequeathed his claim to his son Grattan, who declared that he considered it a point of honour to make good his claim, and who was even now abroad prosecuting inquiries which he believed would issue in the completion of the chain of evidence necessary to establish his right.

That there was a lawsuit, which from time to time called her father to Dublin, and gave both parents anxious days, and that the adversary in the lawsuit was a kinsman, Geraldine knew, and so much indeed the O'Haras knew also; but this lawsuit had been going on ever since before she was born, sometimes dropped for years together and almost forgotten. It was only natural, then, that it should very seldom enter into Geraldine's calculations, and only be regarded as a disagreeable contingency, which might by possibility affect her at some future time.

(*To be continued.*)

A FEMALE CRUSOE.

HOSE of our readers who are following the lonely career of "Robina Crusoe," will be interested in knowing that one of our earliest travellers on the overland route, in search of the north-west passage, was Mr. Hearne, who, during the years from 1769 to 1771, made three several journeys towards the Copper Mine river, in full expectation of finding a northern ocean, the existence of which, it was inferred, would establish the fact of a sea route north of the great American continent. In those journeys he encountered the most frightful perils and underwent astonishing hardships, not a whit less cruel than the worst of those endured by modern travellers, and he manifested unparalleled fortitude in contending against them. The third journey to some extent established the fact, the verification of which was the chief object of his expeditions, and moreover corrected some important errors in the reports of preceding explorers. But we have nothing to say on that subject here. Mr. Hearne's expeditions have long been a dead letter; and we refer to them only for the purpose of introducing an episode in his adventures which strikes us as affording, perhaps, the most remarkable instance of female resources and self-reliance ever recorded.

When Mr. Hearne, with a company of Indian guides, was travelling in the arctic circle, not far from the Lake Athapuscow, one of the guides came suddenly upon the track of a strange snow-shoe. Astonished at the sight, in a region supposed to be hundreds of miles from any human habitation, the Indians followed up the track, and after pursuing it for some distance, arrived at a small hut or cabin, formed of snow and driftwood, where they discovered a young woman sitting alone. She understood their language, and did not need much persuasion to induce her to return with them to the traveller's tent. Here on being interrogated, she told her story; when it came out that she was a native of the tribe of Dog-ribbed Indians, who were, or had been, at feud with the Athapuscans, and that at an inroad of the latter, during the summer of 1770, she had been taken prisoner and carried off to slavery. In the following summer, when the Athapuscan Indians were travelling the country, she watched her opportunity, and, on arriving near the place where she was found, managed one night to give them the slip, intending to find her way back to her own people. In this, however, she was disappointed. She had been carried away in a canoe, and the twistings and windings of the river were so many and intricate, and so often intersected each other, and there were so many lakes and marshes, that she found it impossible to pursue her route. In this dilemma, instead of resigning herself to despair, she set about building a dwelling for a shelter during the winter, and having completed it, she calmly took up her abode and commenced her solitary housekeeping.

She had kept an account of all the moons that had passed; and from this it appeared that for seven months she had not seen a human face, and had subsisted in this desolate region entirely by her own unaided exertions. How had she contrived to sustain life? When asked that question, she said that when she ran away from her captors she took with her a few deer sinews. With these she made snares, and caught partridges, rabbits, and squirrels; she had also killed a few beavers and porcupines, and was not only not in want of food at the period when she was discovered, but had a tolerably good stock of provisions laid up for future use. When the snares made of the deer sinews were all worn out, she was ready with another stock manufactured with sinews drawn from the legs of the rabbits and squirrels which had fallen victims to her cunning. But this "exemplary female" had not only well stocked her larder by the exercise of industry and forethought, but had also taken equal care of her wardrobe. From the skins of the various animals she had caught she had made up an excellent winter suit, which was not only warm and comfortable, but, according to Mr. Hearne, was put together with great taste and exhibited no small variety of ornament. "The materials, though rude, were curiously wrought, and so judiciously arranged as to make the whole garb have a pleasing though somewhat romantic appearance." Her working implements consisted of the broken shank of an iron arrow-head, and a few inches of iron hoop roughly sharpened into a knife; and with these she had constructed not only her dress, but a pair of substantial snow shoes, and several other useful articles.

The keeping up the fire had given her most trouble. With two sulphurcous stones she could, by dint of violent friction and continuous pounding, raise a few sparks so as to kindle a handful of loose fibres of wood carefully picked small; but the labour was wearisome and long; and to avoid the necessity of it, she had not suffered her fire to be extinguished for many months. She was never idle. When fatigued with the toils of the chase, or when she was not under the necessity of hunting, she occupied herself in peeling off the thin inner bark of the willow trees with which the spot abunded, and twisting it into a species of twine. Of this sort of line she had already accumulated several hundreds of fathoms in length; and it was her intention to make of them a capacious net for fishing, as soon as the frost should break up and the streams become practicable.

Of this remarkable female, Mr. Hearne, in his journal, says: "She was one of the finest women I have ever seen in any part of North America." It would seem that his Indian guides were of the same opinion; and that, while they admired her for the comeliness of her person, they were by no means insensible of the value of her multifarious accomplishments. There was not a man among them who did not desire to have her for his wife; so, according to the custom of their tribe, they put her up to competition, and wrestled in the ring for her—the strongest of the party, after he had overthrown all the rest, having her duly assigned to him.

We might add a whole volume of reflections upon the cheerful, active, womanful spirit of this female Crusoe, uncivilized as she was, as contrasted with the desponding helplessness which we too often witness among women, and men too, who, with every motive to industry and activity, and every encouragement to exert both, lose all self-reliance under the first shock of adversity, and pass their days in useless indolence and repining. We forbear, however; such a history as this, or that of "Robina Crusoe," is better without a set moral, and carries its own comment.

NEW MUSIC.

PIANOFORTE.

GODDARD AND CO.

Happy Love. Quadrille. By Louis F. Goddard.—A simple and pleasing arrangement; very good as marking time and rhythm.

Fairy Freaks. Schottische. By Louis F. Goddard.—The fact of this schottische having reached a third edition speaks well for its reception by our pianoforte-players. The time is well defined, and the melody bright and inspiriting; no serious difficulty to overcome in reading or playing.

B. WILLIAMS.

Tel-el-Kebir. Valses. By H. J. King.—These valses are dedicated, by special permission, to General Lord Wolseley, G.C.B., G.C.M.G. The air is well marked, and the arrangement very easy; quickly learnt and committed to memory.

ALFRED HAYS.

Le Rossignol. Nocturne for pianoforte. By H. J. King.—A smooth little warbling nocturne, with plenty of light and shade; not at all difficult, but requiring careful attention to the character and use of pedals. The *finale* depicts the soaring of the bird, whose voice is lost in the distance. Our young friends will be pleased with this pretty little nocturne.

WEEKES AND CO.

Un Echo d'Ecosse. Fantaisie de concert sur l'air, "Charlie is my darling." Par C. A. Ehrenfechter.—Very stylishly arranged. The air is well sustained throughout. A moderately advanced performer, giving proper attention to the carefully-marked expressions, will find this fantaisie a most suitable piece for drawing-room entertainment. The pages of octaves at the end are brilliant and showy, easily played by a lissom wrist in good practice.

VOCAL.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

The Sprig of May. Song. Written by Helen M. Burnside. Composed by Jacques Blumenthal.—The music of this song (founded on a Hebrew melody) has been most feelingly expressed by the composer in his usual artistic style. The words are most touching, telling of a little street arab—cold, hungry, and neglected—tenderly raising a sprig of may carelessly dropped by a passer-by.

"Poor little lad! he is ten years old,
He sleeps in a cellar alone at night,
Always hungry and often cold,
And dreams of a mother with wings of white."

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

Boots and Tramps. Song. Words and music by Walter Spinney.—We were not prepared by the title of this song to find it wedded to such a pretty and pleasing melody. We think the words are totally unsuited to the drawing-room.

The Touch of a Vanished Hand. Song. Written by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—In some respects this song is not equal to many of its predecessors; at the same time, it develops much pathos and feeling. The delicate arpeggio accompaniment comes in most beautifully to the words:—

"And sweet as an echo from heaven,
I heard its music once more;
And the burden of life was uplifted,
And the pain of parting was o'er."

Nap. Polka. Composed by J. Lees.—A danceable polka, with introduction, trio, and winding-up with brilliant coda, by no means difficult.

APPLE BLOSSOM DESIGN FOR PLAQUE.

BARBOTINE POTTERY PAINTING.

IN TWO LESSONS.

First Lesson.

THE latest development of pottery painting is barbotine, or as some call it "slip" painting. "Slip" is a potter's name for thin clay, *i.e.*, clay of the consistency of cream, and barbotine painting is a method of painting with colours mixed with "slip" to make them opaque and give them body, so that a light colour can be painted over a dark one as in oil painting. Indeed, barbotine is very much like oil painting in character, all the colours being mixed with white (except in the case of a few transparent ones which can be used as glazes), and the design being painted on boldly and freely with broad, vigorous touches.

Enamel or overglaze painting, on the other hand, was similar to water-colours, the ware itself telling as the light, and the colours put on in thin transparent washes. Of course, very charming effects can be produced with enamels, and it would be unfair to hold up barbotine painting as something vastly superior to overglaze work. What we have to do is to point out what it seems to us is the province of barbotine, the kind of effects that can best be produced, with a few hints as to the method and practice of this new branch of pottery painting.

Those of our readers who paint china know that anything approaching the effect of an oil painting is impossible. The enamels require working finely and in thin washes, and the "touch" must be light, delicate, and careful, rather than broad, free, and rapid. The texture of the ware is glassy, and the colours are not absorbed but simply dry on the surface; and wherever a background is necessary it must be picked round the design, as the colours being transparent an underneath colour cannot be wholly obliterated by another painted over it. In barbotine all this is reversed, or nearly so. The colours can all be made opaque by the addition of the white, and consequently it is better to put the background on first, painting the design upon it. Then the surface is an absorbent one, as the ware is painted in its biscuit or unglazed state.

We have purposely drawn this contrast between the two methods of pottery painting because those who have been used to china painting will find that this knowledge of that method will not be of much use in barbotine, only in so far that any kind of painting gives one a facility for handling brushes and colours with the freedom that comes of use, and which practice alone can give.

Many people have failed as china painters because they say the work is too "niggling." This is especially felt by those whose style of work is free and bold and whose tint is broad. To these we believe the barbotine painting will be specially welcome, and we think that many who have failed as china painters may succeed in this, the latest development of pottery painting.

Materials.

There are twenty-two colours, of which the following is a brief description. Those in italics are transparent, and can be used for backgrounds or for glazing. Those marked with a star will be found the most useful :—

1. *Turquoise* (1s. 6d.).—A light bluish-green transparent colour similar to that seen on old Persian pottery. Should always be used pure or as a glaze, as with white it loses much of its beauty.

2. *Ultramarine** (1s. 6d.).—Similar in tint to the ordinary French ultramarine. Can be mixed with white, but is, perhaps, better pure.

3. Cobalt* (1s. 6d.).—Very useful for mixing with white for skies and for making greys with other colours.

4. *Intense Blue* (2s.). — A deep, rich, purplish blue; useful for dark backgrounds and for tracing ornamental accessories.

5. *Transparent Yellow-green** (8d.).—Should be mixed with plenty of white for the brilliant lights of foliage. When used pure it is apt to run, except when employed as a thin glaze.

6. Yellow Green * (1s.).—Makes very nice greyish-greens with white. May be mixed with browns, to warm it.

7. Olive Green * (1s.). -Has the appearance of being a dark, cold green before it is fired, but carries out its name very well when glazed. Dark when used pure, but can be lightened with white.

8. *Dark Transparent Green* * (2s.). — A rich, deep green; very useful for backgrounds when pure, and makes good dark tints with white.

9. Chrome Green (1s.). — A crude colour; pure, but, when mixed with a good deal of white, makes good, cold-grey greens.

10. Yellow* (8d.).—A light powerful colour, somewhat like pale cadmium. Can be used for toning greens, and with white for yellow flowers.

11. Orange * (8d.).—A strong colour, resembling deep cadmium. With white, makes good tints for flowers and autumnal foliage.

DESIGN OF IRISES FOR PLAQUE.

12. *Raw Sienna* (2s.). — A rich yellow-brown, making good autumnal tints with white, and for toning greens.

13. *Burnt Sienna* * (1s.). — Deep, rich, reddish-brown, producing charming tints with white, and with any of the greens.

14. Red * (1s.). — Between light red and vermilion. Makes a good poppy colour with white. Should not be mixed with yellow.

15. Burnt Umber * (1s.). — A deep, dark brown, perhaps rather inclining to madder brown in tint. Makes good tints with white.

16. *Black* * (1s.). — A very strong colour, rather greenish in cast, and, with white, makes good, dull greens. With more white and yellow, can be used for the shadows of white flowers.

17. Iron Violet (1s.). — Makes good purplish greys with white, and is useful in landscape painting for roads and shadows.

18. Light Flesh (1s.). — A light, salmon tint, and, with white, makes a good flesh tint, and for pinkish-white flowers.

19. Deep Flesh (1s.). — A deeper tone of the last-mentioned colour. This and the foregoing colour make capital flesh tints.

20. *Purple* (3s.). — Useful for purple flowers, and for fruits like the blackberry. In landscape painting makes good greys and shadows.

21. *Violet* (3s.). — With white, gives the bloom on fruit, and for mauvish flowers. Both this colour and purple are powerful.

22. Pink * (1s. 6d.). — Cobalt, umber and white, with touch of pink, makes good greys; and, as a glaze over white, makes nice apple-blossom tints.

The white for mixing with the colours is a fine powder, and is sold in quarter-pound packets, price 1s. 6d. It should be mixed up with a palette-knife until quite smooth.

The medium is sold in small packets for melting, and also in 6d. bottles. That in the packet should be put in a jar with about a pint of boiling water and kept in the warm until melted, when it should be of the consistency of thin starch. This is the only medium used in barbotine painting, no turpentine or oil being required, consequently the colours can easily be remixed after they have dried, with a little pure water.

The proportion of white with the colours is a matter that must be left to the discretion of the student. An endless variety of tints can be produced by the use of a greater or less quantity of white. All the colours will mix with each other, and all will mix with white. There are thirteen colours marked with a star, and for all general purposes these will be found quite sufficient. Boxes fitted with twelve colours, with white, medium in bottle and in packet, are sold for one guinea, but those who prefer the single colours can have them.*

Almost any unglazed ware does to paint on; Minton's tiles are very good, and the ordinary white biscuit plaques and vases do very well. Terra cotta does not seem to be as successful, the texture being too close to allow of the colour sinking in as it ought to do.

A very good plan for keeping the colours you have ground up moist is to purchase some penny china ink wells and fit them in a box with a lid. Mark the colour on each pot, and by putting a little medium on the top occasionally, the colours will remain moist for a considerable time. The white you had better mix up as you want it, though of course it can be put in one of the pots. In mixing up the white and the colours use medium only, and in painting use both medium and water. We need hardly say that the medium answers the same purpose as the fat oil in china painting, enabling the colours to be worked smoothly as well as to bind them on to ware. You need not be frightened in using plenty of medium, as it does not affect the colours like an overdose of fat oil in china painting. If you find the ware very absorbent (one piece of pottery is much more so than another, though both may be of the same make), use plenty of medium, enough in fact to prevent the colour sinking in as soon as it is applied to the ware. It is very important to get the colours the right consistency, for if they dry in as soon as they are painted on they are apt to look patchy, and the more you try to remedy this defect the worse it sometimes gets, as every touch of the brush deposits fresh colour. In putting in backgrounds where a large surface has to be covered this is especially the case, and it is most necessary to success to get plenty of colour mixed up, so that you do not run short, and sufficient medium to enable you to work it tolerably smoothly. We don't wish to infer that the chief thing to study in a background is flatness and evenness. On the contrary, the colour can be broken and varied as much as is desired, but the colour must thoroughly cover the ware in *every* part without being *very* much thicker in one place than another, and though it may be thicker in parts it should in no place be too thin. We refer here more particularly to backgrounds mixed with white. Backgrounds of pure colour will be referred to later on.

The brushes most generally useful are round camel hairs in quill, say three sizes, a larger flat camel hair, say one inch to one and a half wide, in tin, three red sable riggers in tin, sizes two, three, and four.

The Bisque tiles can be had at Minton's and the Campbell Tile Company, prices six inch 4s. a dozen, eight inch 10s. a dozen, or thereabouts. Vases vary from 5s. per pair upwards, but as we may refer to these in a subsequent article, we will defer more precise information till then. Plaques or round dishes run in price from 1s. 6d. for eleven inches in diameter, twelve inches 1s. 8d., thirteen inches 2s. 2d., fourteen inches 2s. 6d., fifteen inches 3s. 6d., sixteen inches 5s. Flat, oblong and upright plaques can also be had.

Backgrounds.

We will now commence the painting of a plaque, and we refer our readers to the design of apple blossom drawn for a twelve inch plate as being a suitable subject for our first lesson. It will be seen that the background goes from light into dark, which effect can be produced in blues, browns, and greens, whichever colour is preferred. We will choose brown, say burnt umber, and, having mixed plenty of white on a palette with sufficient medium to thin it, and your brown on another palette, start with the light colour by mixing a sufficient quantity of brown with the white to tint it. Take your large flat camel hair brush, and, having well filled it with colour, commence working it, so as to get the colour *out* of the brush and to cover *thoroughly* the portion of the pottery that is being painted. It is not a good plan to use your brush in broad strokes, covering a large surface at every stroke, as the colour in the brush soon gets exhausted, and the consequence is that little or no colour is deposited on the ware. Always work with a full brush to ensure that every part of the object to be painted is thoroughly covered. In order to deepen the background, add more and more brown, letting one tint blend into another without the change being perceptible. If in putting in the background the colour sinks in the instant it touches the ware, add enough medium to allow of the colour being painted on the ware without it drying in instantly. To get the colour the right consistency is half the battle, and this will only come with a little practice.

When the ware is covered with the background colour it may be desirable to tone it with some other tint, or to deepen or lighten it with the same colour. Use more medium than you did in putting in the ground, so that you can pass your brush over the surface without dragging up or disturbing the underneath colour, and at the same time depositing a thin film of the tint you are working over the original background. A good effect is often obtained by painting over your solid background with pure colours (especially the transparent ones), put on very thinly, instead of with colours mixed with white, and as long as you use plenty of medium there will be no fear of disturbing the ground.

We have dwelt rather minutely on the grounding of the ware, because when properly done the background is a very important part in the completed work. A rich, juicy, brilliant coloured background makes it less necessary to cover your plaque, vase, or tile with much work; indeed, the most successful barbotine painters put a very small amount of design upon their ware; and rightly so, as if the background is beautiful in itself it is absurd to smother it with the design. In the design of apple blossom before referred to, it will be seen that the bulk of the work is at the lower part of the plaque, and that the upper portion is more empty, and the contrast which is obtained between the mass of work in one place and the plain background in another greatly enhances the general effect of the whole, as the plain surface gives the eye the relief it seeks from the "busy" portion.

Painting.

The background being now complete, and we trust accomplished without very much difficulty, it becomes necessary to transfer the design to the plaque. Marking through with black paper is inadmissible, as the pressure necessary to make the black paper give a clear impression would damage the tender surface of the background. The only other method is to prick the design and pounce it on with powdered charcoal, and as this plan has been so frequently described in these pages, it is unnecessary to make further mention of it here. Those who have a correct eye or who merely wish to get the general spirit of the design, can paint it on at once by just sketching it on with a sable rigger and a little white. Of course, it will be understood that when a subject is taken direct from nature or painted from memory the background and the design would be treated simultaneously as would be the case in oil-painting, though it will be readily seen that it is much easier to paint a light on the top of a dark than to pick the dark colour round the light.

I should recommend the flowers and stems being painted in first, as the flowers being very distinctive points in the design, it is important to get these well balanced. To this end, in painting where no design has been prepared, it is as well to put in the flowers, fruit, or other striking objects first, and build the rest of the work around them. In painting white flowers a good grey can be made with cobalt, umber, yellow, and white; the proportion of each of the three colours must be varied according to the grey required. A nice warm grey can be made from black, very largely lightened with white and a touch of yellow. The truth is that greys are the most subtle tints used in painting, and the great thing is not to let it be seen how they are made. The best colourists are those who know how to tone each colour they introduce into a painting, weaving, as it were, a sort of invisible charm that binds all the colours together, and I have often been struck with the comparative few pure colours some men work with to produce the most charming and varied effects. The addition of a little pink in the grey is an improvement in the greys of apple and other pink blossoms. I always recommend pupils to put in their darks first; consequently, in light

* The colours, materials, and ware for painting on—such as plaques, vases, and tiles, can be obtained at 44, Devonshire-street, London, W. The works can also be glazed and fired there.

and white flowers, begin with grey, or your middle tint. This middle tint is the average shadow colour that runs through the whole effect. Dividing the scale of tones into "darks," "middle tints," "lights," and "whites," it will be seen at once that the middle tint should occupy by far the largest space, and the darks and whites the smallest. It is much safer to get the whole of the plaque put in without any of the brightest lights or deepest shadows, leaving these for the last, as they can then be put in crisply and not afterwards touched. I would lay some stress on this "crispness." The difference between what is known as "round" work—*i.e.*, work in which every sharp line, angle, light, and dark are smoothed away and softened down, and "crisp" work, in which the whole appears to have been dashed in at once right and then left, is very striking, especially in barbotine, for the glaze has a happy knack of softening and bringing together what may look at first somewhat harsh and disconnected, and consequently if the painting looks soft enough before it is glazed and fired, the probability is that when it comes out of the kiln whatever of vigour and crispness it originally possessed will have departed. The glaze does a great deal for one in pottery painting, and it is therefore essential to success to paint in such a way that your effect is enhanced and brought out by the glazing, and not, as is sometimes the case, softened down until very little is left to be seen. Broad, bold, free work pays best in barbotine; high finish and that painfully-stippled work that some water-colours exhibit are not the methods best calculated to bring success.

It will be noted that in the design of apple blossom the work is either dark on light, as in the upper portion of the plaque, or light on dark as in the lower part; and this system of darks on lights and lights on darks should run through all your effects on pottery, for unless you get relief in your painting half your labours are thrown away. I have frequently seen good, conscientious, carefully-painted work quite lost when glazed, simply because the division between the lights and darks had not been studied. Pottery is, generally speaking, painted to be looked at at a distance, and if the painting on a vase or plaque looks confused and indistinct when seen a little way from the eye, no amount of finish, careful work, and drawing will atone for this one general and great defect—*want of relief*. When the background is varied, one portion being dark and one light, as in fig. 1, more care is necessary to obtain relief than in a background either wholly dark or light. The difficulty in the former case is in the intermediate tones between light and dark; but by making the work distinctly dark on the light ground and light on the dark ground little danger in this direction need be feared.

Backgrounds of Pure Colour.

In the design of Irises, fig. 2, the background is dark throughout, though there is no reason why it should be the same colour all over. This is an instance of a background of pure colour without any admixture of white. Intense blue leading into dark transparent green would look well, especially if the Irises are made slightly yellow. In putting in background of pure colour more medium is necessary, as the colours must on no account be painted on thickly as in a background of body colour. Both intense blue and dark green are very powerful, and so long as you get the ground covered so as not to show much of the ware through you may be pretty sure your colours are on thickly enough. Ultramarine also makes a good background when used pure. Yellow-green or transparent yellow-green and dark transparent green going into the latter colour with a little burnt sienna make good green grounds. Be careful of the transparent yellow-green, as if used pure and at all thickly it will run and spread on to the work. It makes charming tones of transparent green when mixed with the darker colour. Instead of mixing one colour with another, you can paint a thin wash of one transparent colour over another. The dark transparent green or blue can be toned with transparent yellow-green, or burnt sienna, and this toning of one colour with another is perhaps even better than mixing the two colours together.

In painting the flowers and foliage it is sometimes better to glaze over a ground of white than mix the glazing colour with the white. Thus, the pink is much more effective and brilliant when washed on the flowers than mixed with white, and the sunlight parts of the leaves, pure white glazed with transparent yellow-green and yellow-green, is much more "sunny" than if the effect were produced with a mixture of transparent yellow-green and white.

When your painting is finished it must be sent to be glazed and fired. In our next article we shall deal with the more difficult branches of the art. Fred Miller.

VARIETIES.

At the Bar of Conscience.—When anyone stands condemned at the bar of her own conscience it is of small importance to her happiness to be thought innocent by all the rest of the world.

The Power of Necessity.—My garret window rises upon the roof like a massive watch-tower. The corners are covered by large sheets of lead, which run into the tiles; the successive action of cold and heat has made them rise, and so a crevice has been formed in an angle on the right side. There a sparrow has built her nest. I have followed the progress of this aerial habitation from the first day. I have seen the bird successively bring the straw, moss, and wool designed for the construction of her abode; and I have admired the presevering skill she expended in this difficult work. At first, my new neighbour spent her days in fluttering over the poplar in the garden, and in chirping along the gutters. A fine lady's life seemed the only one to suit her; then, all of a sudden, the necessity of preparing a shelter for her brood transformed our idler into a worker. She no longer gave herself either rest or relaxation. I saw her always either flying, fetching, or carrying; neither rain or sun stopped her. A striking example of the power of necessity! We are not only indebted to it for most of our talents, but for many of our virtues!—*Souvestre.*

A Fundamental Truth.—Our Saviour's great rule, that we should love our neighbour as ourselves, is such a fundamental truth for regulating human society that by it alone we might, without difficulty, determine all the cases and doubts in social morality.—*Locke.*

How to Make any Day Memorable.

I do discover a fallacy, whereby I have long deceived myself, which is this:—

I have long desired to begin my amendment from my birthday, or from the first day of the year, or from some eminent festival, that so my repentance might bear some remarkable date. But when those days were come, I have adjourned my amendment to some other time. Thus whilst I could not agree with myself when to start, I have almost lost the running of the race.

I am resolved thus to befool myself no longer, I see no day to to-day; the instant time is always the fittest time. . . . . Grant therefore that "to-day I may hear Thy voice." And if this day be obscure in the calendar, and remarkable in itself for nothing else, give me to make it memorable in my soul, thereupon, by Thy assistance, beginning the reformation of my life.—*Thomas Fuller.*

The Choice of Companions.—It was a saying of Lord Clarendon's father, that he never knew a man arrive at any degree of reputation in the world who chose, for his friends and companions, persons in their qualities inferior or in their parts not much superior to himself.

The Holiness of Home.—What is man without home affections, which, like so many roots, fix him firmly in the earth, and permit him to imbibe all the juices of life? Energy, happiness, does it not all come from them? Without family life where would man learn to love, to associate, to deny himself? A community in little, is it not it which teaches us how to live in the great one? Such is the holiness of home, that to express our relation with God, we have been obliged to borrow the words invented for our family life. Men have named themselves the sons of a heavenly Father! Ah! let us preserve these chains of domestic union; do not let us unbind the human sheaf, and scatter its ears to all the caprices of chance, and of the winds; but let us rather enlarge this holy law; let us carry the principles and the habits of home beyond its bounds; and, if it may be, let us realise the prayer of the Apostle of the Gentiles when he exclaimed to the new-born children of Christ: "Be ye like-minded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind."—*Souvestre.*

A Collection of Anagrams.

Golden land	Old England.
Great help.....	Telegraph.
Sly ware	Lawyers.
Moon starers	Astronomers.
To love ruin	Revolution.
I am an unreal plant..	Annual parliament.
There we sat	Sweetheart.
Ten madmen	Amendment.
Rare mad frolic	Radical reform.
A nice cold pie.....	Encyclopædia.
Nine thumps	Punishment.
Real fun	Funeral.
Christianity	I cry that I sin.
Best in prayer	Presbyterian.
Comical trade	Democratical.
'Tis ye govern	Sovereignty.
No charm or March on..	Monarch.
Hard case	Charades.
Ten large men	Enlargement.
Nay, I repent it	Penitentiary.
Guess, then, our sin....	Unrighteousness.
Queer as mad	Masquerade.
Ten tea-pots.....	Potentates.
Got as a clue	Catalogues.
Evil fast	Festival.
Caution	Auction.
A magic tale	Enigmatical.
Lo! I dress	Soldiers.
Spare him not	Misanthrope.

A Warning to the Selfish.—Wrapped up in selfishness, Peter the bookbinder lived alone and friendless; and he died as he had lived. His loss was neither mourned by any one nor disarranged any thing in the world; there was merely a ditch filled up in the graveyard and an attic emptied in our house.—*Souvestre.*

Good Breeding.—Good breeding shows itself most where to an ordinary eye it appears the least.

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A GREAT ALARM.

PASSING the river, and drawing near Mount Desire, I found the ground slightly hilly, and the vegetation less luxuriant than in the valleys; but I discovered here a most useful tree which had hitherto escaped my observation, and which is no great favourite with my young readers, I am sure. I allude to the castor oil plant. As I knew it was considered a valuable medicine, I thought I would procure some to add to my medicine chest; therefore, I tapped the tree, leaving a cocoa-nut shell to catch the fluid, and then resumed my way until I arrived at the hut beneath the shade of the india-rubber tree.

As I proposed remaining here a day or two, I let the cow go free, and established myself, as well as circumstances would permit, in the little wigwam. You may be sure it was not the most luxurious of residences, but, being pretty well inured now to a hard life, I found nothing to complain of in a bed of dry leaves, with raisins, breadfruit, and water for my usual meal. The next day on going to examine my bowls I found a good supply of gum had flowed, which I collected in a leaf and replaced the shells, adding a few more, as I hoped to derive great profit from the discovery.

The remainder of the day I spent in wandering up the mountain-side in search of cork trees, which I knew grew here; and having found a suitable one and stripped it of its bark, I again retired to the shelter of the hut.

My life had been hitherto so free from alarms that I usually went to rest at night with a calm feeling of security. Judge my terror, when, in the middle of the night, I was awakened by a low growling near my hut. Fortunately I was always ready for an emergency, but I did not at all like my feeling of security being shaken. It was strange that I had not yet met with any large animal, but that there was one in my immediate neighbourhood I now very much feared. It is true this side of the island was but little known to me as yet, and therefore might contain creatures whose company I could well dispense with.

My dog was on the alert in a moment, and would have rushed out at once; but making him a sign to keep silent and still, I peeped through a chink in the wall, not wishing to expose Wolf to a probably most unequal encounter. I could not see anything moving, although the moon was shining brightly, bringing everything out in relief, and I was returning to barricade the entrance more effectually, as I could distinctly hear footsteps as though the animal was seeking to enter the hut, when suddenly a most terrible screaming and yelling sounded over our heads, and a scratching and scrambling noise upon the roof. Horror-stricken, and not knowing in the confusion what misfortune was befalling me, I tore away the barricade, and the dog and I rushed out just in time to escape being buried by the total collapse of the hut, from the ruins of which the same terrific snarling came forth. Fearing some animal of the panther kind, I levelled my gun, firing at random, which had the effect of putting an end to the scrimmage, in which evidently two had been concerned; for one combatant took to flight, managing to extricate itself, but the other was left a prisoner. Then my fear was turned into pity, as I could never enjoy the sight of suffering; but, approaching the poor creature, I found it more frightened than hurt. The charge had not even reached it, but all escape was prevented by one of the supports of the hut having fallen across the body, and so detaining it captive.

Seeing it was not of formidable proportions, for it proved to be a wild cat, not much larger than one of our household pets, and being a very handsome specimen of the race, I resolved to keep it and tame it. I secured it by tying its legs together whilst still a prisoner, and I then enveloped its head in a cloth, and raised the post which held it down. Its growling and swearing were no impediment to my farther efforts to render it perfectly powerless to do any mischief, and I left it to exhaust its rage as best it could. My rest was over for that night, what with the demolition of my house and the excitement I had undergone; but I was thankful the enemy had turned out to be nothing more terrifying.

After rebuilding the hut the next day, I harnessed the cow, and, putting pussy in one of the crates and the gum in the other, I set off for Cave Castle, taking in some breadfruit on the way; for until I could make bread *this* was its most useful substitute.

CHAPTER XXV.

I AM SAD.

ARRIVED at home, my prisoner was confined in a crate, where after some time I succeeded in taming him. He was a very magnificent animal, resem-

"MUCH FUN I HAD IN TEACHING IT TO SPEAK."

bling a fine tortoiseshell domestic cat. He learnt to know me so well in time that he would welcome me on my return home by loud purring and by rubbing his head against me, and he rendered me the great service of ridding me of a rat that had taken up its abode in the lowest part of the cave. I liked Tom very much, and was glad of any additional companionship in my solitary life, which at times weighed heavily upon me.

I have often felt that even the blessing of needed daily work would have failed to keep my mind from giving way altogether at this period of my history had it not been for the silent yet unmistakable sympathy of my dear dog, Wolf. Two years had passed since I had exchanged a word with any human being, the first feelings of insecurity and anxiety had calmed down, some of my most laborious work was completed, and the intense excitement was followed by reaction. I looked around upon the beautiful land, and felt a terrible depression as I realised the fact that in all probability the remainder of my life would be spent here, parted from all whom I still loved so truly.

Often in my melancholy wanderings I would cast myself down by the graves of my fellow-passengers, and, shedding bitter tears, regret that I had not shared their fate. But this sad mood was mercifully dispelled, my mind gradually grew more peaceful, I again proved, as I had before done, that "strength is given for the day," and that the "Friend above all others" was as surely with me in my loneliness as He would have been were I in the busiest of cities and surrounded by loved and loving ones.

It was fortunate for me that I had such a natural *penchant* for dumb animals, as my two four-footed animals were a real comfort to me. I had much difficulty and considerable amusement in trying to quell their mutual animosity. Poor Wolf was wofully jealous for a long time, and grew so despondent if he saw me stroking puss. I had to exercise a great amount of tact and persuasion before I could make him understand that I cared for him as much as ever, and my young readers would smile were I to repeat to them the tender conversations we held, I with caressing epithets, he with expressive, pleading eyes raised to my face, every now and again turning with a sideway glance at Tom, as though nothing but his habit of implicit obedience to his mistress kept him from waging deadly war with this upstart rival.

Tom had to be dealt with in a more summary manner. A little corporal punishment was found the only effective way of putting a stop to his *abusive language* to Wolf, and his menacing attitude with arched back. But evidently they both were convinced apparently that it is best to kill your enemy with kindness, and ended by living together on sufficiently amicable terms.

Puss was the means of providing me with a third companion. True to his feline propensity, he not unfrequently caught some poor unwary bird, and one day had seized upon a fine young parrot. Happily I was at hand to rescue it, and I found to my joy that a broken wing was all the harm done. Taking poor Poll and nursing it until well, I determined to keep it as a pet, and much fun I had over teaching it to speak. It sounded strange to my ears now-a-days to hear my words repeated!

"POOR WOLF WAS WOFULLY JEALOUS."

Recovering from the depression of spirits from which I had been suffering, I began again to think of more active work; and, curiosity to know all I could of my surroundings once more asserting itself, I planned another sea voyage.

(*To be continued.*)

A PLEA FOR VEGETABLES v. DRUGS.

By Medicus.

A MEDICINE CHEST, or the key of anybody else's medicine chest—pardon the insinuation—is one of the most dangerous playthings any girl between the ages of ten and twenty could be possessed of. There are several little handy books published as guides to the use of the drugs contained in the medicine chest. Armed with one of these, written as they are in plain English, one might imagine a girl of ordinary talent would be safe, and that she might proceed forthwith to physic herself or her brothers and sisters with the most beneficial results. I doubt it very much; and my advice to all girls who are fond of acting as embryo physicians is to try their apprentice hands on the cat, and, for pussy's sake, to administer nothing more powerful than bread pills.

Before meddling with a medicine chest, even an old girl should know the properties and composition and medicinal uses of every drug it contains, and she should never give a dose of even the most seemingly simple medicine if the advice of a doctor can be obtained easily. And this for many reasons; I will only mention one or two. First, then; before giving medicine, one ought to know something of the trouble it is meant to alleviate or cure. Now, say for instance that your aunt or your grandmamma has a cough, and you are wishful to give her something to relieve it. Well, armed with your medical companion or guide, you retire to the room where the medicine chest is kept, and you look up the word "Cough" in the index. You are referred to half a dozen different pages. This is just as confusing as looking-up a place in a hurry in Bradshaw, and finding there are apparently nineteen different ways of getting there. However, you are not going to be frightened at a little extra trouble, poor grandma's cough being so bad. It never strikes you to inquire what that cough is caused by, and you do not know, or you do not trouble to remember, that there are at least a dozen different causes for cough, and that a doctor always makes a real point of going straight to the root of any ailment, and removing the canker there, the canker meaning the cause.

"Cough: *vide* pages 15, 18, 22, 29, 40, 59."

You turn to these, and here is what you find. Page 15.—*Tincture of Benzoin* (compound), or Friar's Balsam, an old-fashioned but excellent remedy for winter coughs; dose, thirty drops to sixty drops in a cup of tea, or mixed with a dessert-spoonful of egg-yolk and sugar.

"Capital," you think, and you begin to imagine the delight of the dear old lady, when she drinks the tea and finds how soothing it is. But you are busy turning over the leaves of the guide all the same and at page 18 you find: *Ipecacuanha Wine*, ten to twenty drops in a little sherry, with the addition of fifteen drops of paregoric. You notice, however, that the ipecac. is also an emetic, and as you have no wish to make your patient sick, you turn away with a sigh to page 22, and find—

Paregoric Elixir, which you are informed allays and soothes irritating coughs and chronic bronchitis, and that the dose is from thirty to sixty drops in hot water sweetened with sugar. This sounds very well; besides, the medicine has a nice name, "paregoric elixir." The word "elixir," especially, is very "fetching;" but then here is a drawback. You find there is a deal of opium in its composition, and you are old enough to know that opium is a poison if incautiously administered, so you try again.

Page 29.—*Muriate of Ammonia:* a stimulating expectorant, enables the patient to get rid of the phlegm. Well, that is what grandma always complains about; is it not?

The dose is ten grains in a wineglass of cold water, taken frequently. "No, no," you say, "that may be a good remedy, but cold water always gives grandma the shivers."

But on the same page your eye falls on *Mindererus's Spirit:* dose, twenty drops in a basin of gruel at bed-time. A capital remedy for recent colds. You turn down a leaf there. "It is a providential thing," you say to yourself, "that I happened to notice that, for it isn't in the index."

But here at page 40 is *Chloric ether*, a nice cordial for allaying spasms and fits of coughing, in doses of fifteen to thirty drops in camphor-water, to which is added a few drops of sal volatile.

Well, at page 59 you find, as a cooling remedy for a cold, *Spirits of sweet nitre;* sixty drops of it in a basin of gruel before going to bed.

"Heigho!" you sigh. "I really wonder what I shall do for the best! I wonder what Medicus would do in a case like this?"

But Medicus not being forthcoming, after a deal of cogitation, your treatment resolves itself into something like the following, and you carry it out too, that is if grandma professes herself willing to submit to it.

You won't let her eat much supper, you tell her there is "something coming," and you send her up to her room, where an extra big fire has been burning for hours, long before her usual bed-time. You make her bathe her feet in strong hot mustard-and-water, you clap a mustard poultice to her chest, and you make her steam her poor old head over boiling water. Then as she cannot stand the poultice any longer, you dress her, and put her to bed with an extra covering over all. And next comes the pill and then the gruel, a nice big basin of it well sweetened with sugar, and not particularly knotty. There is Mindererus's spirit in it, you tell her, and spirits of sweet nitre. Probably she thinks this doesn't improve the flavour of the gruel, but she drinks it all, and lies back to dream of the black draught you have told her she is to have next morning.

Well, there is one thing to be said in favour of your treatment—if she is not quite well next day it is no fault of yours.

The difficulty in knowing what to prescribe lies in the fact that it is almost impossible for the uninitiated in the science of medicine, to tell for a certainty what is the matter with the ailing one.

There are many dangers attached to an injudicious use of the drugs contained in the medicine box. I need only mention the more common of these. First comes the danger of giving the wrong drug, next that of not taking into account the age of the patient, the hour of the day at which it is given, and the state of the stomach, &c. Then the danger of prescribing from a wrong bottle, many powders and tinctures quite harmless in their nature closely resembling those which are poisonous. Again, familiarity in handling medicines is apt to lead the amateur to recklessness, particularly in the use of those dangerous drugs so commonly used now-a-days for the purpose of producing sleep or alleviating pain. Another danger lies perdu sometimes in the very contents of the bottles themselves. There are compound mixtures that ought to be shaken, and this may be forgotten, and, what is worse, compound powders which are never labelled with the caution "Shake the Bottle," but the contents of which do, if left to stand for weeks or months, separate, the poisonous portion as likely as not coming to the top.

Medicines that in over-doses are poisonous often, indeed I may say invariably, find their way into the medicine chest without caution labels attached. I have before me a list of remedies recommended by a house in town that shall be nameless, as useful for family dispensing. Perhaps they all are so, but many of them are not safe, for all that. For instance, we have antimonial wine, bimeconate of morphia, belladonna liniment, calomel, chloral, chloroform, laudanum, santonine, sulphate of zinc and copper, nitrate of silver, Hoffman's anodyne, tincture of belladonna, tincture of henbane, and many others, that cannot be handled with too much caution by the amateur.

Now having told you some of the dangers of the family medicine chest, and the difficulties attached to prescribing drugs, let me say a few words about the medicinal virtues of the vegetables that grow in our gardens and are served up to us at table. In vegetables we have all the medicine that under ordinary circumstances is needed to retain the body in a state of health, the blood in a state of purity. I am neither a vegetarian nor an herbalist, I can afford to smile when I see advertisements extolling the virtues of vegetable remedies, as wholly different from mineral medicines, well knowing that the vaunted virtues of the vegetable depend often on the mineral constituents afloat in its veins. But at the same time, if I want a remedy for any complaint, I would rather have it direct from the great laboratory of nature than from the shop of the most experienced of chemists. The salts of potash keep the blood pure and prevent scurvy at sea; these salts are found in many kinds of vegetables, and in this form the remedy is simple, safe, and most effectual.

It is a pity that vegetables of all kinds are not more used at table than they are. Too much meat is stimulating, and renders the body hot and uncomfortable, puts too great a strain on the powers of digestion, produces sleepless nights, and induces decay of the nervous system.

In order to be as practical as possible in my remarks, I will now tell you the classes of people—old girls or young girls—who are specially benefited by the use of plenty of wholesome vegetables eaten at meal times.

1. Those who have been born not over strong, whose blood may not be over pure, in other words, the constitutionally delicate, for not only are the systems of such girls more easily thrown out of healthily working order, but they suffer more than others when any irregularity does take place. 2. Girls of a nervous temperament, or those subject to either excitability or emotionalism. 3. Those who suffer from want of good wholesome sleep at night, and who awake in the mornings feeling unrefreshed. 4. Those who suffer from inactivity of the liver as evinced by torpor of body and mind, and the absence of a clear complexion and bright pure eye. 5. Girls who lead a too sedentary life. 6. Those who are much confined to either the house or workshop, and do not get a sufficiency of fresh air and exercise. 7. Those who are troubled with indigestion; although these ought to be careful only to eat the kinds of vegetables that they know agree with them.

Many of my readers have the ordering of their own dinners, and, therefore, can get whatever vegetables they have a mind to. They will know easily enough what agrees with them best; and I may add that one's taste is generally the best guide in this respect; but it will be well to bear these two cautions in mind: (1) While eating freely of any vegetable which you really care for, be most careful to eat in moderation, and (2) change the kind of vegetable from day to day, for human beings must subsist on a mixed diet, and variety tends to healthfulness.

Many vegetables are used as condiments, and aids to digestion; but we should be careful how we indulge in these, for the very nature of condiments is to give a temporary zest to the appetite, and they may therefore lead us to eat to much. The capsicum or chili pod, from which we obtain our cayenne pepper, comes under this head, so do horse-radish and mustard. Both the latter are valuable adjuncts to roast beef or to beef steak, and both are capital stomachics. The various kinds of radishes are of a similar nature, and in spring are very valuable to the health; they are apt, however, to disagree with a delicate stomach, so they should be used sparingly, and only the very youngest and most tender of them should be eaten.

Onions—and among these I include leeks, chives, shalots, &c.—must be partaken of very sparingly by some people, with others they agree excellently well. The Spanish onion is far milder, and can generally be eaten by those with whom our English onions disagree. All the onion family possess a beneficial medicinal action on ailments of the chest, and are invaluable in cases of recent colds. No, dear reader, I admit that in some ways of looking at it, the onion is not a very aristocratic vegetable, and it is not advisable to eat of it if one is going out to spend the evening. Albeit chewing a bit of parsley has the effect of removing the disagreeable odour from the breath.

Water-cresses can hardly be too highly extolled. Sometimes they are cooked and eaten as spinach, but I think they are better raw. They are tonic, stomachic, and cooling, and if people could only be convinced of their value they would be more often cultivated, and found more frequently in our markets than they are. Garden-cress possesses the same properties, but in a much less degree. Spinach is an excellent vegetable, but should be used in summer time as an adjunct to the breakfast-table, instead of at dinner. It should be eaten simply by itself, well cooked, mashed, and with the addition of a little butter, pepper, and vinegar.

Beetroot is very cooling, and owing to the amount of sugar it contains; it is also highly nutritious, but it should be partaken of sparingly.

Parsley is cooling and purifying to the blood, whether it be eaten raw or cooked. As a vegetable, it is far too much neglected.

Turnip tops are too often thrown away. When young and tender they are far better for the system than even spinach. The green tops of the young nettle shoots if gathered in spring, and cooked precisely as spinach, form a most delicious and most wholesome blood-sweetening dinner vegetable.

The usual roots served up are potatoes, parsnips, carrots, turnips, and artichokes. They are all highly nutritious if properly cooked, and all have more or less medicinal properties. Potatoes are more nourishing than any other root vegetable. They are fattening too, and this should be borne in mind by girls who are slightly inclined to *embonpoint*—indeed, they ought to avoid them as if they were poison. But to the nervously inclined, or those who do not sleep over-well at night, potatoes are really beneficial and most wholesome.

I am not writing an article on cookery, else I could a tale unfold, about the unscientific way that potatoes and, I may add, almost all vegetables are cooked and served at our tables in this country. But I will just mention one mistake our cooks so often fall into: it is that of cooking vegetables too long, so that all medicinal value is drained out of them. To human beings are then served up the inert mass of vegetable fibre, the virtues of the succulent herbs find their way into the pigs' tubs or more likely down a drain.

Tomatoes are but rarely used in this country, and more is the pity. Whether eaten raw or carefully cooked, a more wholesome, purifying, health-giving vegetable does not appear on our tables.

Celery, if very tender, may be partaken of raw, but it is apt to disagree.

Lettuces are most delicious vegetables, and so wholesome. They are also, in some degree, narcotic, so that one eaten for supper is often a capital preparation for a good night's rest. Lettuces for supper do not actually send one to sleep, but they lull and calm the mind, and this conduces to healthful slumber.

Asparagus is very cooling and easily digested, and I may say the same about sea-kale.

All ordinary green vegetables, such as cabbage, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, broccoli, Scotch kale, &c., are cooling, nutritive, laxative, and purifying to the blood, and, I might add, indirectly tonic. They should not be indulged in to too great an extent in summer, especially by delicate people.

Pickles of all kinds come under the head of vegetables, and I have only to say in their favour that when fresh garden produce cannot be obtained, they come in very handy as temporary substitutes.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOUSEKEEPING.

An Ignorant Girl.—Make a paste of soda, whiting, and soft soap, and spread it over the marble, leaving it on for some days, and washing it off with clean water. Repeat till the marble be clean. Fuller's earth and hot water is also used.

Gladys and Iolanthe.—There are several answers to correspondents which may be of use to you at pages 447, 591, 798, vol. iii. The answer from "Mater" is especially clear about meat, and the use of soup, if possible, daily. "Iolanthe" should divide her £200 as follows:—Rent, £40; one maid, £10; gas and coal, £8; clothing, £25; living, £50; insurance, doctor, &c., £10; incidentals, £10,—£153, the remainder of the income should be laid aside for a rainy day. Mrs. Charles Dickens is dead.

A. H.—It requires two ounces of coffee to a pint of water to make coffee strong. You may calculate from this what you would use in the week. We should think that the yellow wax candles, called "primrose" by some people, would suit you, twelves for bedrooms, sixes for sittingrooms. Use dips in preference to lamps.

Fraulein Lillah.—We should think that about £3 10s. per week would be a fair allowance for the household expenses, for seven people living as you describe.

A Scotch Blue Bell.—The expenses of housekeeping should be about £100 per annum on your income for five people. As you have no house rent to pay out of it, it really amounts to nearly £200. Clothing £25, education, insurance, etc., £25. We think your letters have been already answered.

Edith.—Out of an income of £300 per annum, about £40 should be allowed for rent, and £150 for housekeeping, which could be divided into—wages £15, gas £4, coal £8, and laundry £3 or £4. Of course, the majority of the washing must be done at home. The average weekly expenditure should not exceed £2 5s. an week.

A Constant Reader, A. B.—The housekeeping expenses with such a large family would be half the income if not more. Of this, servants' wages must not exceed £28 per annum, coals £10, gas £6, and as much of the washing as possible must be done at home. The allowance for clothing will not be less than £100 per annum for the whole family, and £30 for education. Insurances, medical attendance and savings bank, £60. This would leave a margin for incidentals also.

WORK.

Whitebait.—To make a crochet shawl, see the directions given at pages 477 and 478, vol. iii. We are thankful to hear that our paper "helps you so much in striving after higher things;" and we wish you god-speed in such efforts.

The Star.—Your "trumpeter is not dead" if you think you have selected a suitable name. We have given an article on "Swiss Darning" at page 314 vol. i. We have not as yet given "coral stitch," but an article describing it will shortly be published. Meantime, any one who has done embroidery on "ticking" would direct you.

Minnie, Lilian, and May.—Wear a small, white cap as much like those of your companions as you can. Endeavour to look as little conspicuous as possible on such an occasion. If in mourning, remain so; there is no reason for taking it off, but you can wear a white cap all the same; and if you need an extra wrap you might throw a white shawl round you if you liked to do so. "Lilian" and "May" write well.

Pleiades.—1. There are several good kinds of knitting silks suitable for socks; the needles we recommend for them are 16's. 2. For a gentleman's embroidered slipper, see page 140, vol. iii.

Rosa Dartle.—We have answered your question so often and at such length that we regret we cannot inflict the old story on our other readers again.

Sunflower wishes to know "what stars were in the ascendant on the 25th of January, 1867." She had better procure an old almanack for herself. That date fell on a Friday. Her writing is good, but she writes with too thick a nib or point to her pen.

Romantic Jess.—An article on the subject of stains on dress will be given shortly. Those produced by the juice of dandelion had better be covered by some trimming. We do not advise you to meddle with them, or you may ruin your dress. Avoid making those flourishes at the beginning and end of each word, as they spoil your handwriting.

S. A. D.—For directions respecting the cleaning of chip bonnets, see page 559, vol. iii.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ruth.—The lines you have sent us are, we think, worth submitting to the editor of some other magazine. We have read them and your letter with much pleasure. We thank your daughter for the lovely violets, so welcome to us in dreary London. As they stand in one of the flower-vases on our office table the room is permeated with their perfume, and we feel benefited by their presence.

Ina, Pussy-cat, Charlotte, &c.—We gave the last good recipe for taking out ink-stains on page 410, vol. iii., in "Useful Hints."

Ilfracombe.—We should advise you to send it to a cleaner's, as nothing but disappointment would result from your own attempts to clean and bleach.

Clematis.—An excellent recipe for cleaning white shawls of all kinds is given at page 33, vol. iii.

May Blossom.—As a rule it is not usual to shake hands when first introduced at present, but "circumstances always alter cases," as the proverb says; and with some people you may desire to be particularly cordial, and you will use your own discretion.

Robina Crusoe, Misunderstood, and Bundelia.—The letter "j," although used in other tongues, is a new one to the English; in fact, the distinction between "i" and "j" is less than a century old, and there is always an inclination to think them the same letter. In many dictionaries you will find the two together, and in the Bible the two are constantly synonymous in proper names. The 6th January, 1688, was before the change of style; it would be "O. S.," or old style. Cleaning the teeth with flowers of sulphur is said to prevent toothache.

Poppy.—The last battle fought on English soil was that of Sedgemoor, in Somersetshire, July 6th, 1685. The Duke of Monmouth rose in rebellion against King James II., was defeated by the king's forces, and being taken prisoner, was executed on the 15th in the Tower.

Nannie Seaton.—Cyprus was taken, not purchased, by Richard I. of England in 1191. In 1878 Cyprus was taken possession of by Great Britain, and she is to administer the government so long as Russia retains Kars and Batoum. The island still forms a part of the Ottoman Empire by the treaty of 1878.

Pearla, to be.—Polish the tortoise-shell with rottenstone and oil. If finely-carved ornaments, send them to a jeweller's.

Flow.—Inquire at the agent-general's office, Victoria-street, S.W., London.

E. E. J.—The result of the various scientific observing expeditions has been generally successful, and the reports and photographs will probably be soon available to the general public. You should have read the daily and weekly newspapers at the time.

Agnes Irene C.—Take a tepid morning bath and regular exercise, and avoid heating food. If you have taken any pledge, you should keep it. We do not understand your last query.

Marian J. Tifard.—We cannot insert your advertisement; besides which we do not approve of the nuisance to which your neighbours would be subjected by hearing girls practising for "two or three" hours daily. If you must devote so much valuable time on one accomplishment, unite with friends to hire some empty house, far out of hearing of busy, studious, or delicate people, who may be troubled with headaches easily provoked, and with whose feelings music may jar very painfully, more especially when inflicted upon them day after day for two or three hours at a time.

Royal Marine Artillery.—If you wish to avoid sea-sickness, lie down as much as possible during the first week of the voyage, that you may become accustomed to the movement and all the disagreeable combinations of bad odours on board ship, before you attempt to stand up and walk about. To persons who may be attacked with spitting of blood or excessful sickness, such as to endanger life, an indiarubber ice-bag is to be recommended, to be filled with ice broken small, and laid all down the spine; and a small piece of the ice, about the size of a filbert, should be swallowed immediately before and after taking any nourishment.

Anxious Subscriber.—You ought to consult a doctor, as we could not prescribe for you without seeing you and knowing something of your constitution, habits, surroundings, etc. You can procure this magazine in Canada; you have only to order it of any bookseller there.

Shamrock.—We recommended Tenby, South Wales (Pembrokeshire), not long ago. Read what we said of it when it appears in the correspondence. Llandudno is also a pretty place, and offers a large choice of apartments. The climate is by no means severe in either locality.

Dorette.—We regret that we cannot give addresses. You could procure those you want by inquiring at any artists' colourman's shop. They might also send for what you wish to order, if they have not got the articles nor instruction-manuals themselves. They are to be had in Oxford-street, Regent-street, and numerous other places in London.

Forget-me-not.—When you find it no longer necessary to continue taking the charcoal, leave it off for a time, and resume it if desirable. We cannot be judges of your progress towards a better state of the digestive powers.

E. H.—We thank you for the information that the "Children's Hospital," or "Home for Incurables," at Cheltenham, has been removed from Sherborne-place, and that the full address now is, Belmont House, Winchcomb-street, Cheltenham.

Ada.—Such situations, when not to be got by private recommendation, are best obtained by advertising in the *Times*, or any other first-class newspaper.

Mystery.—You had better consult a doctor as to the cause of your sufferings, and endeavour to remove the unhealthy nature of your surroundings by which they are most probably originated.

Dorchester Polly.—Apostle spoons were spoons anciently given at christenings, so called because a figure of one of the apostles was placed at the top of the handle. There were sometimes twelve spoons, representing the twelve apostles, sometimes four only, representing the four Evangelists. We still give a silver spoon at christenings, though the old apostle spoons are now more objects of curiosity and value than of ordinary presentations. "Fidelity and justice, the greatest of any names," is the translation of the sentence.

Violet Lascelles.—The name Donatus is derived from the Latin verb "dono," to give.

One Who Suffers.—You need a dry situation, warm clothing, high living, change of air, and a tonic; but the latter should be prescribed by a doctor, as we could not recommend one without a personal acquaintance with your constitution.

Bridget.—Your circulation is bad. Avoid going straight from cold to heat, or the surface of the body will be heated suddenly apart from the flesh beneath, and the quickening of the circulation. Try to keep your feet warm; rest from all study for an hour after dinner, and half an hour after breakfast. Hold your head up, and attend to your digestion.

Cetewayo should lay a piece of hard pasteboard under the sheet on which the scraps are gummed or pasted, and place an even flat weight on the top of them, having carefully pressed out from the margins all the superfluous paste. 2. There is no change in the form of little girls' mantles and jackets this year, so far.

Warrington.—The new address of the "Bible Learners' Union" is The Ferns, 131, Malpas-road, Brockley, S.E. The Secretary, Miss Brine. There is also the "Society for Learning Scripture," Miss G. Jakes, 14, Paul-street, Tiverton, Devonshire.

Frisk.—We should think there was no origin save the popular fancy for such a superstition. There is a long list of obnoxious people, who were not considered lucky to meet or to enter the house, in Brande's book on "Popular Superstitions," but no reason can be adduced.

B. B. de V. and Gina are both thanked for their kind joint epistle. We regret that their kind contributions are of no use to us.

Sally Rainbow.—Take plenty of gymnastic exercise, and ask your doctor for a suitable tonic.

Olive A.—We do not know of any such competitions. Write for the General Catalogue of the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

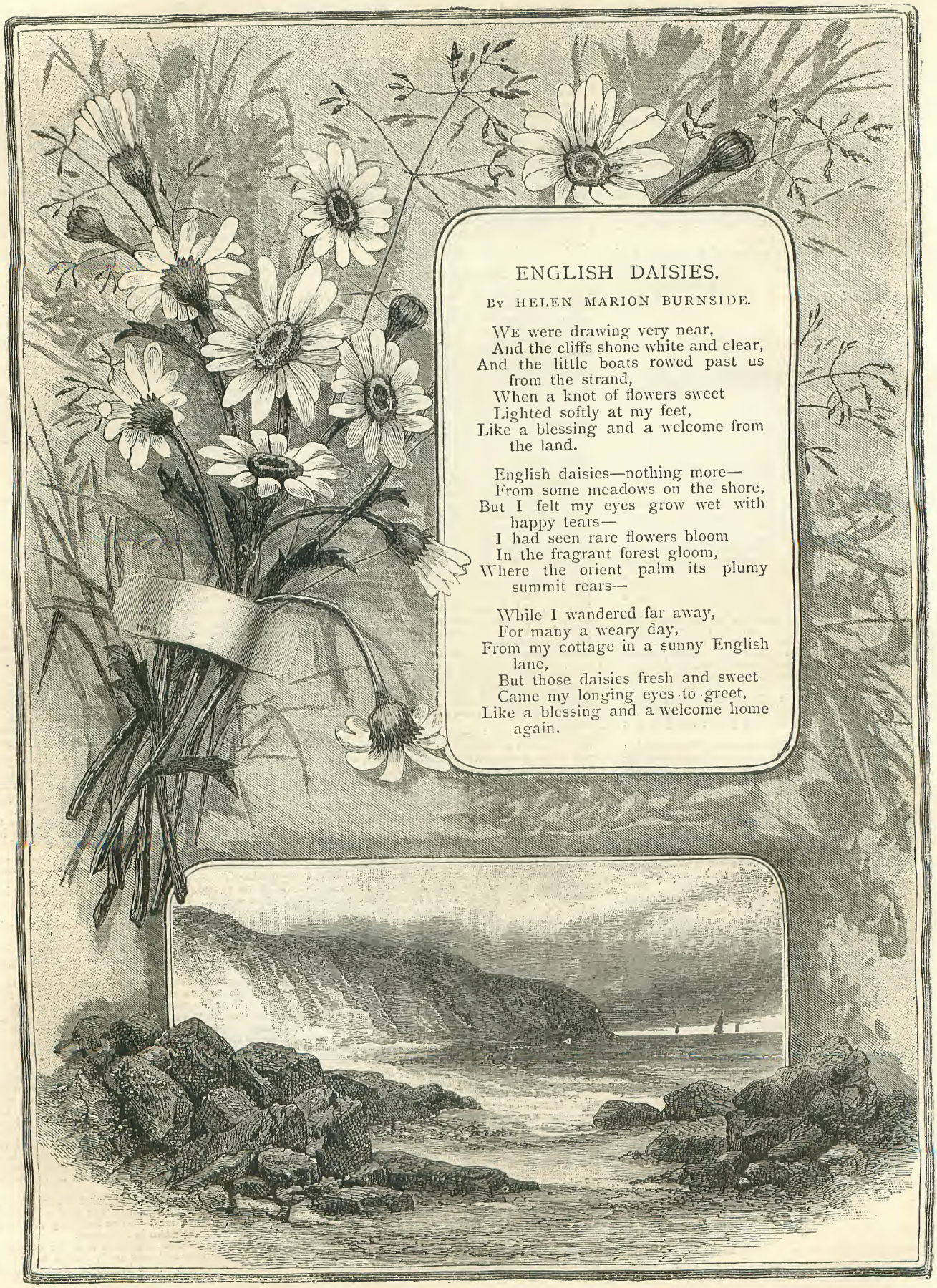
A Delicate Snowdrop.—We should advise you to emigrate to one of the Australian Colonies, New Zealand or Tasmania, where the climate is suitable. Write to the "Women's Emigration Society," New Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.

Lady Saphir.—We doubt if your dress would bleach entirely white. You might try a small piece first, boiling it in a solution of soda, or steeping it in a solution of chloride of lime. An article on making Barbotine designs on pottery is given in this number.

Fatty.—By no means make any experiments with quack medicines, nor by poor living, much less "starvation." You would only thin your blood and produce disease of which you might die early. But you may avoid eating much butter or fat and the drinking of beer or porter, and you should take a walk daily without fail, though not one that would fatigue you. A sedentary life would be unsuitable for you.

E. Franklin.—We regret to say that we are already overstocked with MSS., and our staff of regular writers is full, so must decline receiving the story you offer for publication in this paper.

Anxious Topsy.—Your digestion and the condition both of your liver and your teeth should be investigated by a doctor. Your breath is affected by one or other of these.



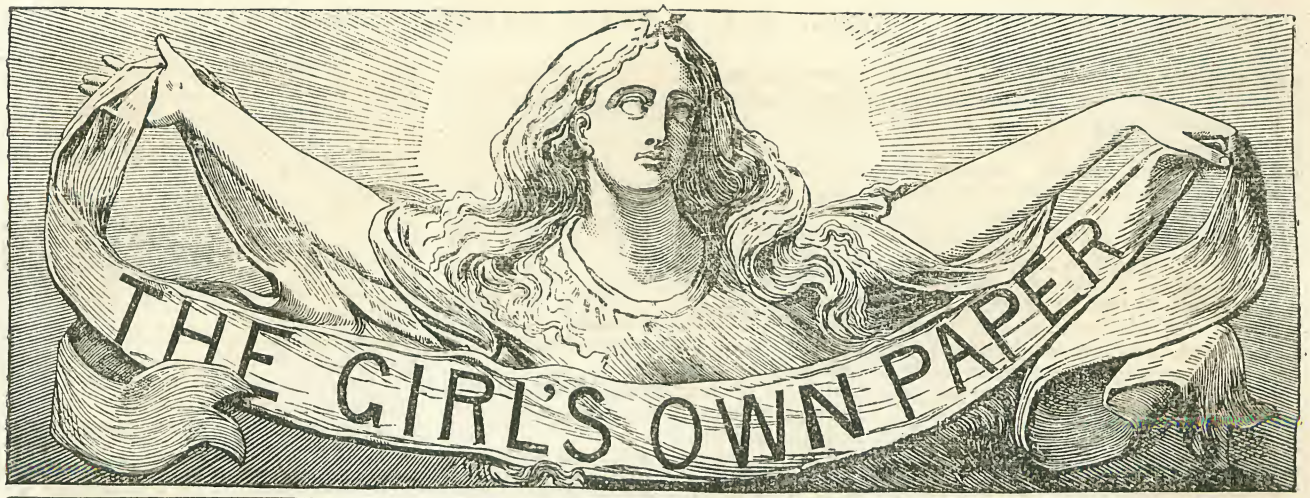
ENGLISH DAISIES.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

We were drawing very near,
And the cliffs shone white and clear,
And the little boats rowed past us from the strand,
When a knot of flowers sweet
Lighted softly at my feet,
Like a blessing and a welcome from the land.

English daisies—nothing more—
From some meadows on the shore,
But I felt my eyes grow wet with happy tears—
I had seen rare flowers bloom
In the fragrant forest gloom,
Where the orient palm its plumy summit rears—

While I wandered far away,
For many a weary day,
From my cottage in a sunny English lane,
But those daisies fresh and sweet
Came my longing eyes to greet,
Like a blessing and a welcome home again.



VOL. IV.—NO. 173. APRIL 21, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A LONG LANE WITH A TURNING.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER III.

"THE CREEPING HOURS."

FIVE years had come and gone since that summer afternoon when Arthur Beachley had returned from Devonshire.

Again it was summer and evening, balmy and golden. The scent of roses drifted along the old High-street of Yare, and its trees waved softly in the wind as Mr. Beachley's high-mettled grays trotted up the steep slope of the street. The ponies and chaise were sold, Kate was gone, Arthur no longer lived at home, and there was no one who cared to drive them. They had been Kate's

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"BY THE OPEN WINDOW."

pets, and the sight of them had grown painful to the old couple at the Rookery.

In the barouche sat Arthur and his friend James Listowe, each with a portmanteau in front of him. Arthur was now a curate, working hard in the large straggling parish of Yare, and seldom taking a holiday. As for James, he had become Mr. Ranford's junior partner, and was, as everybody said, one of the most promising young lawyers in the country. He was such a big, broad-chested man, blue-eyed, and fair-haired, that he seemed to throw his companion completely into the shade. Arthur occupied only a little corner of the carriage, and listened, with his usual quiet smile, while James did all the talking.

The carriage rolled along the familiar road, and came at length to the oak avenue. There stood the old house, outwardly the same, although the silent work of decay was still going on within its walls.

Just as of yore, the roses crowded over the front and porch. The terrace was strewn with their petals, all day long the full-blown blossoms were falling, and yet there were no blanks, other buds were always opening, and spreading, and filling up the gaps. Those lovely, soft masses of colour, standing out against a dark background of ivy, were just now in their richest flush. The old mansion, its doors and windows open, was enfolded in sweet, changeful lights, and shadows, and perfumes. There was a silence about the place that reminded one of the sleepy palace in the fairy tale; even the birds were still, only now and then a leaf rustled, or there was a faint sigh before another shower of petals came drifting down.

The sound of hoofs and wheels rudely broke up the stillness. The young men got out of the carriage, just as two young ladies were descending the stairs, and the four met in the wide hall. Instantly, the quiet of the house was changed into busy life; servants appeared; young voices exchanged greetings; there was a pleasant bustle and stir. The old couple, sitting in the drawing-room, heard it, and said to each other that it reminded them of former times—before Kate went away.

Arthur had spoken truly when he had said that Cassie and Mary would be like sunbeams in the Rookery after Kate was gone. They were looked upon almost as daughters of the house, and came to stay there as often as they could be spared. Mary was now a teacher in her aunt's school, and Cassie's services in the doctor's household were invaluable, so that neither of the girls led an idle life. Midsummer and Christmas always found them at the Rookery; Kate's pretty chamber was entirely given up to their use; the faces of the old servants brightened at their coming, and even the master and mistress, sadly quiet in these days, were roused into something like cheerfulness as the young footsteps went lightly through the silent rooms.

That evening the dinner-table was as gay as pleasant tones and sweet laughter could make it. The girls had dressed the épergne with roses; they wore roses in their hair and bosoms. After dinner there was music in the drawing-room, Cassie being the chief performer, and singing in a high, flute-like voice. They sang on until the host and hostess slumbered in their chairs, and the dusk crept like a grey mist into the room, and then they lit the wax candles on the piano, and made a soft illumination in the music corner.

"We miss Kate's voice," said Cassie, pausing, with her hands on the keys, after trying a bit of an old duet. "When shall we hear her sing in this old room again?"

"Hush!" whispered Arthur, casting a quick glance at the two arm-chairs near the window.

"They are asleep," she went on, softly. "Why do they never speak of her, Arthur?" What makes them always grave and sadder after the Indian letters have come?"

"I don't know; they tell me nothing," he answered, sadly. "They say that she and her children are well; that is all."

"Do you think she will send the children home?" Cassie asked. "No little ones can be safely reared in India. I was sent to the Varners when I was quite a baby, you know."

"I believe Kate is living in a tolerably healthy place. I wish I knew more about her," said Arthur, with a sigh. "But my father and mother evidently dislike being questioned. It is very strange."

"Not at all strange, my dear fellow. There you are with your morbid fancies again," said James Listowe, in his old tone. "They have never recovered from the shock of parting with their only daughter, and they cannot trust themselves to talk of her. Their silence does not surprise me in the least."

"Does she not write to you, Arthur?" Mary asked.

"Very seldom. I get a brief note now and then, that tells me absolutely nothing. She does not write with her old spirit," he added, thoughtfully.

"The climate, Arthur—the climate, and the natural anxieties of a family; you forget all that," said James. "Now I am sure you are trying to persuade yourself and us that Kate is unhappy; but it won't do. We will not let you lead us into Doubting Castle."

"James always speaks wisely," said Cassie, still softly moving her fingers over the keys. "When people are away we are very apt to imagine dismal things about them. And after all, perhaps, they are better off than we are."

Her last words were spoken a little plaintively. Listowe bent down and looked inquiringly into her face.

"Why, Cassie," he said, "are you getting out of humour with life?"

"Oh, no," she answered; "I find it hard work to make the best of everything sometimes; but that is nothing."

"Yet you live in a very cheery little world of your own," he persisted.

"I do not complain of it; everybody is very kind," she replied, meekly. "The dear boys are a little spoiled, and my fingers are glad to get a holiday now and then. I am tailoress and dressmaker and milliner all in one. But it is right for me to be busy; I can never forget that I am a dependent."

"The Varners try to make you forget it, Cassie," Mary said, with sudden earnestness. "They love you as one of themselves."

"They are very kind," Cassie repeated; "but, of course, dear Mary, you can never realise what it is to be left without a single relative—to have nobody on whom there is the merest shadow of a claim."

She struck a few soft chords, and then spoke again in a lighter strain.

"And you don't know how I envy another of her blessings. How delightful it must be to have that nice airy garret all to yourself! While Rose and I have to squeeze ourselves and our belongings into a little cupboard of a room, you can have plenty of light and space, and dream your dreams and write your poems in solitude."

"Does Mary write poems?" asked Arthur.

"Yes," Cassie answered, a little maliciously. "She means to astonish the world by-and-bye."

It was impossible to contradict this statement. Just as Mary, with hot cheeks, was going to speak, Cassie broke out into a bird-like warble, trilling "Auld Lang Syne" so sweetly that Mr. Beachley was gently aroused from his slumbers. Then the little party in the corner was broken up; an hour later the girls retired to rest, and there was an end of the evening.

Upstairs in Kate's old chamber they moved to and fro for some minutes without speaking to each other. Mary was the first to break the silence.

"I almost think you like to vex me, Cassie," she said. "Why did you say anything about my poor scribbling?"

"Is it to be kept a profound secret?" Cassie asked, innocently.

"You know I do not like it talked about. I am sorry I ever told you that I wrote things."

"Why do you make such a fuss about a trifle?" said Cassie, in a coaxing tone. "Nobody will think of it again."

There was moonlight out-of-doors so broad and bright that the tapers on the toilet-table were hardly needed. After Mary had laid her head on the pillow, Cassie extinguished them both, and then sat down in her dressing-gown by the open window, with all her heavy dark hair hanging over her shoulders. She was very still; the light silvered her head and face, leaving the rest of her figure in shadow. Scarcely a breath of wind stirred the climbing roses; but their rich scent filled the room, and mingled in a mysterious way with Mary's dreams. She dreamt that somewhere in a strange place she was walking between banks of flowers—flowers were under her feet, every step pressed out fragrance—and all around there arose a murmur of many voices, soft and pleasant as the hum of bees. Very far off she saw, through a haze, the faces of her own familiar friends—her Aunt Edney, Cassie, James, and Arthur. Not one was near. She stretched out her hands towards them with vain yearning, and awoke.

Her eyes fell at once on the motionless

figure by the window, its uplifted face white in the moonshine, the dark veil of hair reaching nearly to its waist. Who was it? Mary started, and uttered a little cry.

"What is the matter?" asked Cassie, speaking as if she too were awaking from a dream, and slowly turning her head.

"Oh, it is only you!" sighed Mary, in a tone of relief. "But isn't it getting very late? Why don't you come to bed?"

She was now thoroughly aroused, and raised herself, leaning on her elbow.

"Are you ill, Cassie?" she asked, anxiously.

"No," returned the other, with a sigh.

Mary watched her as she rose languidly, and knotted up her long hair. The stable clock struck one.

"You must be very tired," she said, as Cassie lay down by her side. "I have been sleeping and dreaming while you were sitting there by the window."

"Not more tired than I am every day of my life! A weary, sickening, miserable life it is."

"I am sure you are ill, dear Cassie. What can I do?"

As Mary spoke she laid her hand lovingly on her friend's cheek. But the hand was quickly pushed away.

"Don't," said Cassy, shrilly. "I do not want your kindness; I am tired of everything. I hate it all: the detestable house in Yare, and all that goes on in it. I loathe the eternal sewing and pinching, and making the best of old clothes. I can't abide the Varners' ways; always laughing when there's nothing in the world to laugh at; always contented with their stupid lot. And I am sick to death of those idiotical boys, with their bats, and pegtops, and noises. Oh, I wonder if I shall have to live on like this for ever and ever?"

There is always something startling in the passionate outbreak of a reserved nature. It is like the sudden leaping up of a volcanic flame, darting forth from a spot which men had deemed safe and quiet. For a few moments surprise kept Mary silent. She could hear Cassie's quick breathing, and feel the quivering of her frame, and she longed to speak soothing words, but at first none would come to her lips.

"Don't you take any account of the blessings, dear Cassie?" she said, at last.

"Blessings! I own I'm such a monster of ingratitude that I can't enjoy my crust while others are feasting on the cake. Why doesn't the cake fall to *my* share?"

"But Cassie, Bishop Taylor says we must be governed by our needs, not by our fancy; and——"

"Bother Bishop Taylor! What should he know about any needs of mine? Go to sleep, Mary; don't speak to me again. You are more exasperating, with your dry old divines, than all Job's comforters put together."

Poor Mary! If she and Jeremy Taylor failed, of what use was it to try any more? And yet there was such an intense desire in her heart to comfort and strengthen all those who were in trouble, that she could not be easily repulsed. Hers was a ministering spirit, and such souls sometimes suffer more in serving than those who are served. While Cassie lay, panting and dry-eyed, her companion's cheeks were wet with tears.

At last the rapid breathing grew slower and steadier, the restless limbs lay still, and Cassie fell asleep. But the birds were waking up and twittering in the ivy, and the early sunlight had made its way into the chamber before Mary could compose herself to slumber. She woke with a vague sense of having some burden on her mind; Cassie was already up, and moving about the room.

"Make haste, Mary," she said, in her clear, matter-of-fact tone. "You will be late for breakfast."

Her coolness astonished and almost shocked her friend. How could she seem to be the same as ever, after saying such dreadful things? There she stood before the toilet-glass, coiling up her dark hair, and looking as tranquil as if no passionate outburst had escaped her lips last night.

"Cassie," Mary said, after a short pause, "you almost frightened me before you went to sleep. Are you quite your old self again to-day?"

"It wasn't Cassie that frightened you; it must have been some evil spirit in her likeness. I believe I was over-tired and excited, dear, and did not rightly know what I was saying."

That was the only explanation that she ever gave of what had passed. Looking at her, and seeing her so calm, Mary was almost tempted to think that her own fancy had exaggerated that strange outbreak; all that day, and for many an after day, Cassie was the cheerful companion—the loving friend whose goodnature and good temper never seemed to fail.

Later on, the four young people went straying down the avenue; the mossy roots of the great trees were pleasant resting-places in these sunny morning hours; there was just wind enough to set the leafy shadows trembling over their heads. Not far from the house stood one oak whose mighty size made it an object of admiration to the whole countryside. Centuries ago, so ran the tradition, a certain Mistress Katherine Beachley lost her lover in the wars, and instead of retiring to a convent and praying for his soul all the rest of her days, she continued to live a maiden life in the world—a life of charity and almsgiving. In binding up broken hearts she found comfort and peace; the work of her hands always prospered, her very touch seemed to bring a blessing. And one day, when time and patience had somewhat soothed her sorrow, she planted a tree on the very spot where her dead lover had first avowed his love.

It grew and flourished, taking deep root in the soil; and, long after Katherine's faithful soul had entered into rest, it went on thriving and spreading. Other trees were planted by other hands, until the beautiful green aisle lengthened, and the boughs strengthened and thickened, stretching over the road to clasp and cross, and making at last a wonderful roof through which the summer light could scarcely penetrate. But Katherine's oak was the patriarch of the avenue—a king among its brethren—held in honour by the house of Beachley from generation to generation.

"Grand old tree," said Arthur, laying his hand upon the rugged bark; "I remember the day when my father brought Kate and me to this spot, and told us Mistress Katherine's story."

"It is merely a legend," James remarked.

"Never mind; I like to think about the lesson it teaches. Don't you believe there would be more happiness in the world, if men and women planted a good deed on the grave of *a dead hope?* Don't you like the notion of something great and beautiful springing out of our sorrow, and growing and flourishing long after we have done with this life?"

"It is grand to think of leaving a name behind one," said Cassie, lifting her dark eyes to Arthur's face.

"It does not matter about the name," he answered; "let that perish, it is the deed that ought to live."

"Of course," said James, in his oracular way, "a man ought to make his name honoured; he should leave behind him 'footprints on the sands of time.'"

"So long as the prints are well stamped in, I don't think it signifies much who left them," Arthur replied. "They are the prints of human feet like our own, and that is all that need be known."

Mary, too, was looking at him as he spoke. For a few seconds the four stood in silence, with the leaves rustling above them, and the cool, tempered light falling on their faces. It was James who broke the pause.

"Some of us are busy making footprints," he said, glancing at Mary, and smiling. "We are working hard at the Institute; the men crowd in to hear the lectures."

Her clear grey eyes came from Arthur's face to his. Cassie spoke at once, quickly and brightly.

"Oh, James, your lecture on Heroism was beautiful! All the Varners talked about it, and praised it; and Dr. Varner says that it ought to have been delivered in the Mechanics' Hall in Petersport."

"I am content with my small sphere," said James, humbly. "Let them get London lecturers for Petersport. My next lecture will be on Woman's Influence," he added, looking straight at Mary again.

Mary Berrithorne was no beauty, and yet there were moments when Cassie was conscious that her friend outshone her. One of these moments came now. Cassie stood by and saw the face beam and flush as no face ever can do unless there is a bright spirit looking through it. As to Mary herself, she little knew that in that instant her future fate was decided.

Just then Mr. Beachley came down the avenue and joined them. He smiled on Cassie, and drew her arm through

his, while he talked to his son. James strayed away a few paces by Mary's side.

"You will come to my lecture?" he said. "You will find that I think it almost impossible to over-estimate woman's influence, Mary. It is a subject that is not duly considered."

He was very solemn and impressive. The clear eyes looked up at him almost reverently.

"We are to have luncheon early," said Cassie, coming up to them. "Mr. Beachley says we shall drive to the sea-side this afternoon."

(To be continued.)

THE FOSTER SISTERS.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

By Louisa L. J. Menzies.

CHAPTER III.

"Do not speak to me yet if you love me! Let me try to understand what it means."

So spoke Geraldine Anderson one morning in the late autumn, three months after the day when she had fetched Nora to hear the new piano; she sat in her own room on a low sofa, her hair pushed from her forehead, and her hands holding a letter from her mother, which from time to time she tried to read.

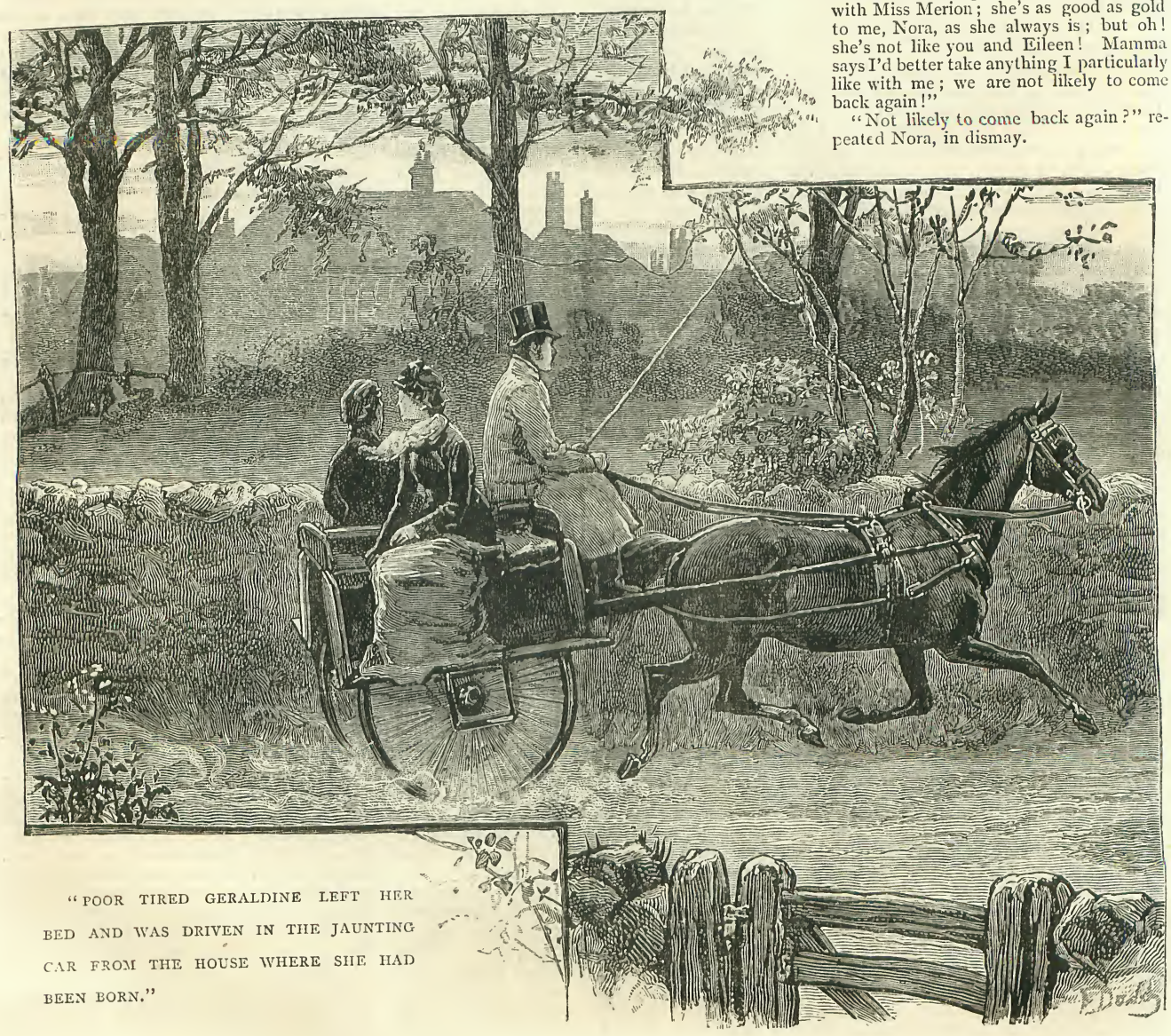
Nora sat on the ground at her feet, her hair dishevelled and the tears standing in her bright eyes; any one who had come in might have supposed that it was she who was in trouble, but her sorrow was all for Geraldine.

"It means," said Geraldine presently, in a low and very gentle voice—"it means that I am not to have this room for my room any more; that papa and mamma are not to live here any more; that I am not to ride Bessie or go with you, Nora, to milk the Alderney, or to catch your hand, darling, to save me from slipping when we are crossing the brook by the stepping-stones; it means that I am not to see the primroses come out in the wood next spring, or help you to look for the four-leaved shamrock. Oh, darling! why did we never find one, it might have turned away this ill-fortune from us! and it means — oh, it means—that some one else will live here and listen to our birds and hear these trees, and drink of our wells and walk in our paths—think of it, Nora! just think what that means to papa and mamma."

"Never talk of it, Miss Jarra, darling," said Nora, with a great sob, throwing her arms round Geraldine, and hiding her face in her lap, "ye just break my heart clean in two. Dallamore without the master and mistress! it's just not to be thought of! But only let them come home agin; just let us get them within the park gates, and we'll see who'll try to take them out again. Miss Jarra, dear, there's not a man, woman, or child within five mile of the house that won't turn out to defend them. I'd just like ye to see the heap of flints Rory O'Neil has piled up behind his pig-stye. I wouldn't be Mr. Grattan Anderson whin he comes to enter into possession of his estate, bad luck to him! Rory says he'll be so disfigured his own mother wouldn't be able to identify him."

"Nora," said Geraldine, fairly aroused by this alarming declaration, "you must tell Rory and everyone else that if they love us there must be no throwing of stones, no violence of any sort. Poor lads! no doubt it would be a great relief to their feelings to have a good shindy; but it's just the one thing that'd make me ashamed of them. Tell them so, Nora mavourneen; tell them we are all in sore trouble, and they must not make it worse for us. I am to go to Dublin to-morrow with Miss Merion; she's as good as gold to me, Nora, as she always is; but oh! she's not like you and Eileen! Mamma says I'd better take anything I particularly like with me; we are not likely to come back again!"

"Not likely to come back again?" repeated Nora, in dismay.



"POOR TIRED GERALDINE LEFT HER BED AND WAS DRIVEN IN THE JAUNTING CAR FROM THE HOUSE WHERE SHE HAD BEEN BORN."

"Be a brave woman, Nora!" cried Geraldine, alarmed at the deathlike pallor that suddenly took possession of Nora's countenance. "Papa says all will go on just as it has done; Mr. Grattan Anderson is a gentleman, and he'll be only too glad to have such good people as dear mother and father about him. He'd not find it easy to get such a bailiff, and I'm sure there's not such a dairywoman in the kingdom."

"Thank you for your good opinion, Miss Geraldine Anderson," said Nora, drawing back, and eyeing her foster-sister with flashing eyes. "If Grattan Anderson were to go down on his knees and beg Patrick O'Hara to accept golden sovereigns at his hands where your father pays him shillings, do you think Patrick O'Hara, who has eaten your father's bread for this twenty years, would be mean enough to dirty his hands by taking it, or that Eileen O'Hara would set a bowl of cream for him or churn a roll of butter? No, Miss Geraldine Anderson; we are your humble servants, ma'am, but we are not bound to the soil; we are free born, and cannot be handed over with the estate. If Dallamore is no longer a home for the Andersons, the O'Haras 'll be tryin' a moonlight flittin' ere long, I'm thinkin'."

"You must do nothing of the sort, you naughty Nora; you must just stay here and set a good example. Why surely, dear, you'd never let it be said that Desmond Anderson's people are no better than wild Tipperary lads! You must show reverence for the law, dear—the law, which is the Queen's own person. It is the law that has put Mr. Grattan Anderson in papa's place, and we are bound, all of us, to obey it. And after all, Nora, darling, if you come to look at it, ye see, if the law is right now, it's we who have been in the wrong all these years. So ye'll help me pack up some of my things, and ye'll take care of what I can't take, and send them on. But oh, Nora, my own sister! whatever you do, do not breathe a word to father and mother that I'm going away. I cannot say good-bye to them—it would break my heart! I'll write, dear—I'll write as soon as ever I get to Dublin, tell mother. I'll write, and ye'll all three be able to come and see us. Tell mother all about it to-morrow, when I'm gone. It is cowardly of me, but I can't bear to say good-bye."

And the poor girl's courage fairly gave way at the thought of Eileen; she broke into great sobs, and wept so long and so violently that Nora, who had never seen her so troubled, became composed from very fear, and promised whatever she wished.

Late in the evening Nora returned to the lodge. Eileen and Patrick were still ignorant of the result of the lawsuit; Mr. and Mrs. Anderson had intentionally kept them a little in the dark, knowing how intensely their feelings were interested; so that, though they were very anxious, they were not as yet overwhelmed with a sense of calamity, and when Nora said on her return that Miss Jarra was going to Dublin to-morrow with her governess, Eileen said it would be better for her to be with her mamma, and that she would run up in the morning to give her a kiss before she started. But poor tired Geraldine left her bed and was driven in the jaunting-car from the house where she had been born, through the dewy morning air, before the sun smote the tops of the Wicklow mountains, or brightened the classic waters of Avoca, with no one but her governess and a groom, making a considerable round in order to avoid passing the cottage where Patrick and Eileen were beginning to bestir themselves about their early duties, and where poor Nora lay stiff and cold with sorrow, listening for the coming of the wheels, which were going in quite the opposite direction.

To anyone in sorrow a journey always seems long, and, if there be added to the sorrow the expectation that those who are the best-beloved are to be met under new conditions of sorrow and trouble, the sensitive mind is so tortured by the anticipation that it feels almost as if the calamity were in some mysterious manner to be attributed to them. By such emotions poor Geraldine in her long and silent journey had been largely tortured, but when the car stopped in Dublin and she beheld her father and mother waiting to receive her, both looking very much as usual, half the misery vanished, and she unconsciously asked herself whether a trouble which left her these dear parents were so great after all.

In one respect, at least, Geraldine found herself a gainer by the altered circumstances of the family; hitherto her parents had treated her as a child, from a wish to keep her in ignorance, as far as possible, of the anxieties which troubled their happiness, believing until the very last that Grattan Anderson would fail in making out his case, as his father and grandfather had done.

Desmond held faithfully to the belief in which his father and grandfather had lived and died, that the O'Donald Anderson, in whose right the claim was put in, had died in Italy early in the reign of George II., a bachelor, after a life spent in political intrigue, which caused his brother and successor to be a little too ready, perhaps, to accept the evidence that was offered him of his death in a duel, a mode of exit from the troubled stage of the world at that time too common to high-spirited young men to attract much attention; and the claim put in fifteen years after to the lands and tenements of Dallamore in behalf of a youth called O'Donald Anderson, and claiming to be the son of the said O'Donald, supposed to have died without issue, was so unsupported by documentary evidence, that the lawyers regarded it as a mere attempt to extort money.

From that time the claim, renewed at intervals, had seemed not to have sufficient weight to disturb seriously the proprietor; but since the present Desmond Anderson had been in possession of the estate it had been a constantly recurring worry; and when, through the persistent energy of the young Grattan, the evidence of the marriage of O'Donald Anderson with Lucia Saparone in the city of Florence was put into court and accepted as genuine, Desmond could have found it in his heart to rejoice as at a deliverance from a burden, if it had not been for the thought of his wife and daughter. But Mrs. Anderson relieved him of half his trouble by the cheerful spirit in which she received the news.

"We have lost a home that many happy years had made dear to us, Desmond," she said; "but I am sure neither of us could have lived in it with pleasure if we thought it belonged to some one else; and I will confess to you that I have sometimes been vaguely troubled by the thought that perhaps we ought not to be living there; and really, of late you have been so constantly worried with calls to Dublin that I feel as if we had got a deliverance and were free at last to do as we like."

"Free as the winds, Rachel, and more homeless. What hole or corner is there that will give us shelter?"

"Nay, Desmond, things are not so bad as that! Even a criminal could not speak more gloomily; and you, dear, have never done anything to make you ashamed or your people ashamed of you. Poor we shall be, and must do our best to learn to help ourselves. I only wish I were as good a dairywoman as Eileen, or even as little Nora; but I do know some things and Geraldine is quite clever."

"What do you mean, Rachel?" said Mr. Anderson, regarding his wife with a mystified air.

"Desmond, do you remember when we read Alphonse Karr's pretty book, 'Voyages hors de mon Jardin,' how amused we were at the self-gratulation with which the poor fellow accepted his sentence of exile? 'Now, at last,' says he, 'I am free; the emperor has done me the honour to liberate me entirely.' I don't answer for the exact words, but they are to this effect: 'All these years I have belonged to a certain set of chairs and tables, to a house, to a garden; they were clogs about my feet, despots for whose safety and good keeping I was bound to provide. Now another has taken this charge upon himself, and I can go, if I like, to the uttermost ends of the earth.' It seems to me, Desmond, that we might with as good reason accept our change of fortune in a cheerful spirit and look to the good that may come to us out of it, rather than depress ourselves with forebodings of evil."

"It is very good of you, Rachel, to take it in this way; but when the pinch of poverty comes, how can I bear to see you want?"

"You shall not see me want, Desmond. You have a small fortune that came to you through your mother."

"A mere *bagatelle;* it did not pay the expenses of Geraldine's education."

"But remember, sir, I have such another *bagatelle* in my own right, and the two together will be quite enough to buy a bigger estate than Dallamore, in a new country, and stock it."

"Do you really mean that you would emigrate, Rachel?"

"Why not? We Irish are said to do better anywhere than at home: let us leave our ungrateful country, and found a principality in Australia."

Desmond Anderson could not at first believe that his wife was in earnest, but once convinced that she meant what she said, he eagerly caught at the idea. To sink from the rank of a county magnate to that of a very poor gentleman, whom everyone would respect, indeed, but whom everyone would pity, had been a prospect which might appal even a brave man; his wife's suggestion was like a breath of mountain air to a man long pent in a crowded city, it stimulated his imagination, provoked his energies, and the days passed as quickly as a schoolboy's holidays, while they read up statistics and sought information from all quarters.

Such was the frame of mind in which Geraldine found her parents. They had been impatient for her coming, but, in spite of Mrs. Anderson's assurances to the contrary, her father had still misgivings as to the spirit in which the girl might receive what would necessarily be a very startling proposal to her.

She was now past seventeen—on the very brink of taking her part in the gaieties of which, from time to time, she had had glimpses; she was elegant, if not beautiful, accomplished—fitted, in fact, in all respects to shine in society; could it be expected that she would regard it as other than a calamity, and a calamity of the most depressing kind, that she must exchange the character of an heiress and a queen of society for that of an emigrant's child?

If Geraldine looked sad, if a word of regret escaped her, the kind father felt that his heart would sink, and that all the charm would be brushed off from his new-born pleasure. But Geraldine did neither; she was too good, too unselfish, to feel anything but complete delight at being once more with her parents, and at finding them the same dear father and mother, unaltered by their trouble, who had loved and cared for her ever since she was a little child.

"Geraldine," said her father, when dinner was over, and the three were quite alone, "mamma has told you what has happened?"

"Yes, papa," and Geraldine drew her chair close to his, took his hand in both of hers, and patted it tenderly.

"It seems, my little maid, that we have been interlopers all along, and that Grattan Anderson is the true Anderson of Dallamore, and Desmond only an impostor."

"A most innocent one," put in Mrs. Anderson.

"True, Rachel, but, nevertheless, an impostor; the chain of evidence is complete, and declared by the highest authorities to be irrefragable. I may think myself fortunate not to be required to refund anything. Grattan has behaved handsomely, he declined to put in any claim, and even desires that we should consider Dallamore ours as well as this house, *till we can conveniently leave it.* To Dallamore I could not go, so I told him it should be given up to his agent at once; but I accepted his offer of this house until such time as we three poor penniless creatures can see what we are to do."

"It is a great comfort, papa, that Mr. Grattan Anderson was not nasty about things," said Geraldine. "Of course, it was quite natural that he should like to have what is his own."

"It was his duty to clear his grandmother's good name," said Mrs. Anderson.

"His great-grandmother, my dear," said her husband with a smile.

"Anyhow, Desmond, she was a sort of grandmother, and a very ill-used woman by all accounts."

"True, Rachel, peace be to her ashes! I have no doubt there will be a beautiful monument set up to her memory in Dallamore Church beside that thing of her husband by Nollekens. For my part, if it were not for you and Alda, I could find it in my heart to be grateful that the fellow is to be credited with one sin the less. He was small credit to the family at the best, a wild rip who thought of nothing but the pleasure of the moment; trouble enough he has given us, but we'll talk no more of him. The question that concerns us is what are we to do? where are we to live?"

"Have we really no money at all?" said Geraldine, slowly trying to realise what that meant.

"We need not quite starve, Alda, we can buy bread to eat," said Mr. Anderson, smiling sadly.

"*There is a little money, Alda,*" broke in Mrs. Anderson, "a little of papa's and a little of mine; it seemed almost nothing when papa was rich, but now it is a mine of wealth, and will buy us all we really want."

"But we must live hard lives, Alda; no music, no parties. I am afraid, dear mamma hardly knows what she is willing to encounter. Those dainty hands were not made for hard work."

"What does mamma want to do?" asked Geraldine, eagerly; "if mamma wants to do it, it must be right."

"Thank you, my daughter. Now, listen. With papa's money and mine, that is his, of course—I have not spoat it because I never wanted it, papa was so generous, but it's all the better now, for it is nearly twice as much as it would have been. With this money papa will buy land in one of the great new countries on the other side of the world, and we shall have a Dallamore once again quite new, and all our own, and we shall be able to keep all together."

"If we do that," said Geraldine, slowly, "we shall want the servants to keep things in order. That will be very nice. If we have our own people it will only seem like being in the country without visitors."

"Poor little maid!" said Mr. Anderson, looking sadly at his wife; "how can one expect h r to take in what it all means."

"She will learn soon enough," said Mrs. Anderson, cheerily; "and never fear, but she will do her best to bear her part bravely. Now, let us have a little music."

Two hours later, when Geraldine lay in her pretty bed, glad to be at rest, and trying with all her heart to comprehend the duties of her new position, her mother came softly into the room and sat down beside her.

"Mamma," said Geraldine, raising herself to kiss the kind face that was now darkened by a shade of anxiety, "you will help me to know what I ought to say and do, so that I may not trouble papa, or bring that sad smile to his lips."

"You will soon understand, darling. It is all so new and strange, so very difficult to adapt oneself to. It is hardest to papa, who has always been so generous and so indulgent. To me it seems that the trouble is really small, if we can only keep together, an unbroken family."

"But, mamma, what could have parted us?"

"Alas, my child, a thousand things! It is one of the saddest trials of poverty, that it breaks through the bonds of family life, and drives the young and the tender from the haven of home to dependence on strangers. At least, my dear, we shall be spared from that trial."

"Oh!" said Geraldine, softly; "if Nora and Eileen and Pat could only come, wouldn't it be fine."

"Ah! we must not think of that. It would be easy to unsettle them, no doubt; but Patrick will be well-to-do, better off than ever. Papa spoke to Mr. Anderson about him, and he'll be only too glad to keep him on. You must, on no account, Alda, breathe a word of the possibility of their going with us; remember how kind and good they have always been, they'd be for leaving Dallamore at once."

"And must we go right away, where we shall never see them again?"

"We must go in the first instance alone, dear, for everything is uncertain and difficult. We are like ivy plants torn down from the old wall against which we have grown. I hope we may be able to strike root elsewhere; but it would not better our chance, if we were to uproot neighbour plants, would it, dear?"

"No, mamma; but how can we live without Eileen and dear Nora?"

"We must try, at all events, dear;" and Mrs. Anderson kissed her daughter, and bade her "Good night."

"Live without Eileen and Nora!" sighed Geraldine, weary of limbs and heart. "Live without Eileen and Nora! Can it be done? Oh, to think of never seeing them again!" The tears came flooding to her eyes, and she sobbed till for very weariness and sorrow she fell asleep.

(*To be concluded.*)

MARGARET'S NEIGHBOURS.

By Dora Hope.

"Is it not provoking, girls? Ann has just been telling me 'The coals is very low,' and on going to look I find that means that there are just about two spoonfuls of coal dust left, so I suppose we must have some more in at once," said Winnie, coming hastily into the room where her two sisters were sitting.

"I hope you will not buy any more dust; it is about a month since we saw a real lump of coal," said Evelyn.

"I am afraid that is owing to our bad management. Ann's mother came to see her last night, and when I went down to speak to her I found her in the middle of giving Ann a long lecture on the subject, so I begged her to go on, as I should like to hear what she had to say too. It seems we ought to have used the small and the lumps together. I knew we had not very much coal left, so I asked her which she thought was the best kind to buy; she did not seem to know from her own experience, as she says poor people only buy a sack at a time, as they have to keep it on the landing, if they live in upstairs rooms, and it is rather in the way if they have much of it; and it costs so much, that very often they can only afford to buy a few pennyworth, instead of a sack. But she gave me some good advice about it. She says that the lady with whom she lived when she was in service was very careful with her money, but liked things very nice, and she used to buy the best Wallsend coals; but she always had at the same time some coke, and a sack of slack; but then, as Mrs. Jones beautifully explained, they want mixing with brains, by which I suppose she means using with discrimination."

"Will coals keep any length of time?" asked Lulu, looking up from her employment, which appeared to be some sort of illumination upon a large white card.

A chorus of laughter greeted the query. "How absurd! You might as well ask how long flint stones will keep."

"Oh, well, I don't see the absurdity of it; for salt is a mineral, too, and that goes wet and nasty if you are not careful, so why should not coals? But I was going to say, if it will keep, I should say it is a very good thing our coals have come to an end now, instead of in the winter. They are sure to be cheaper now, for I have noticed the advertisements, at summer prices."

"I did not think of that; but I believe you are right, Lulu. I remember now that we used to always have our coal cellar quite filled in the summer, as to last through the winter. You are certainly improving in domestic matters. Where did you say you had seen an advertisement at summer prices? Let us look how much Wallsend costs. I wish we could get peat here; I have always heard that where it is to be got, peat and coal together make the cheapest and pleasantest fire. Dear me!" and Winnie stopped abruptly.

"What is the matter?" said Lulu, looking up.

"Why, I never thought of it before; of course, it is the end of the Great Wall."

"What is? My dear Winnie, is your mind wandering? Do you feel ill?" And with an air of great concern, Lulu snatched up Evelyn's Eau de Cologne bottle, and made as though she were going to bathe Winnie's temples with it.

"Don't be alarmed, you silly child; I have not quite lost my senses; but don't you remember, in that book we used to have about England in ancient days?"

"Never read it," interrupted Lulu; "it looked so dull."

"That it described a very ancient colliery, somewhere between Newcastle-on-Tyne and the sea, at the end of the great Roman wall. Well, don't you see, that is how the coal found there got the name of Wallsend, because it was at the end of the wall."

"Oh, Winnie, Winnie," exclaimed Lulu, laughing; "I always knew you were an incorrigible bluestocking, but I didn't think even you could squeeze history out of our empty coal-cellar. But I must go out, it is getting late, and I feel myself becoming as blue as you are, through being in your company too long."

"What is that you are doing?"

"Oh, I thought I would write out a fresh copy of the notice Cronetyki has up in his window, the old one is so dirty, and almost invisibly small too. Now, do you think this style is likely to attract and charm the public

eye?" and she held up her work for criticism. The bold and graceful lettering met with general approval. "It is finished now, so I am going to take it to him at once, before my good resolutions fade; though I don't know whether he will not be offended."

"Do not forget that the three children and Julius are coming to tea at five o'clock; you must be back for that, as I want to retire with Miss Baines into the kitchen; she has promised to give me a few ideas, and Evelyn will never be able to manage all four children alone."

Lulu set out on her errand of mercy with rather a trembling heart. She was truly anxious to befriend the poor man, and yet his extreme reserve and evident dislike to any conversation, more than was necessary between buyer and seller, rendered it very difficult.

The idea of making a better notice for the shop window had struck Lulu as a possible way of beginning, and she had at once acted on her happy thought. Her courage almost failed, however, as she approached the queer little shop, and she paused outside the door to consider the best way of making her little offering; but, at last she went boldly in, and plunged at once into the subject of her visit.

"Oh, good morning," she began; "I have not come as a customer exactly, but to tell the truth—I hope you will not be offended—that little notice in your window is rather small and dirty, one can hardly see it, and I am so fond of illuminating, and I had nothing particular to do, and I thought I should like to write out a fresh one, if you will let me put it in the window instead of that;" and with much hesitation, and many blushes, she produced the card which she had been carefully hiding behind her.

If Lulu was embarrassed, the man was more so; and in the pause which ensued so many varying expressions passed over his face, that Lulu heartily wished she had not obeyed her charitable impulse. At length he appeared by an effort to banish the haughty displeasure which had at first showed itself in his face, and he answered, quietly and gently—

"Madam, your kindness is too great, it exceeds all thanks. My little Audine already looks upon the days of your visits as the bright spots in her life, so friendly have you shown yourself to the little friendless one."

His thanks were so fervent that Lulu was glad to break in: "Oh, do not thank me, it is nothing at all; I should be too glad if I could make her happy, or help you in any way to get on. I am afraid there is not much custom here for a music shop; the people are so very unmusical."

Again she was afraid she had offended him, for he flushed up painfully; but he answered with his constant melancholy smile, "Yes, it is a struggle here, and —— Madam, you show yourself to have a kind heart, and I may say to you, it is well, nay, it is necessary, that I should make progress with my business; for though we might live, my Audine and I, upon our little income, there is an object ever before my eye for which I work and strive, and work and strive again, and I must succeed. Yes, it is necessary I must succeed, and I shall, it is my belief, if it be God's will," he added, reverently, with a patient sigh; and, as though forgetting Lulu's presence, he stood for a few moments wrapt in anxious thought.

Lulu's curiosity was greatly aroused, but she feared to betray how much she longed to hear the story which she felt sure this strange, suffering man could tell. Some day, perhaps, he would be more confidential, and tell her what the one object of his life was, she thought; but for the present it seemed to be her duty to try and ease the burden of poverty and illness which pressed upon him and the little girl, if possible; and with this reflection she took her departure, revolving in her mind a scheme for giving lessons to the child in her spare time. She had previously mentioned to him her aunt's suggestion that he might learn wood-carving. He had accepted her order for brackets with evident delight, and in the execution of it had manifested not only considerable talent as a wood-carver, but sufficient artistic skill to produce very novel designs, which had so pleased Margaret that she had given Lulu several further orders, and obtained others from her friends.

When Lulu reached home she found that the children had already arrived, and were anxiously looking out for her, as they were eager to begin tea. Miss Baines had suggested that she should begin giving her cookery lessons at once, so, leaving the children under the charge of Evelyn and Madeline, who had just come in from school, they had gone straight into the kitchen.

"First you said you wanted me to show you how to make batter," said Miss Baines. "Have you anything we could fry in batter? It seems a pity to mix it if you cannot use it."

"I am afraid not," said Winnie, pondering over the probable contents of the larder. "But if you would not mind just looking round; I really am so very ignorant I do not know what would be suitable."

Miss Baines assenting, Winnie led the way to the larder, and was beginning to apologise for the emptiness of the shelves, when Miss Baines interrupted her, saying, "Why you have just the very things we want; how fortunate! May I take some of this nice-looking rhubarb? and there is actually some boiled rice; I thought no one used that but ourselves. These two things will be plenty for you to practise upon, but that cold leg of mutton would make a delicious dish cut in slices and dipped in batter and fried."

"Now we want a little butter, flour, salt, baking powder, and half a pint of milk. As you really want to learn, I am not going to do anything myself, I shall only watch you. Put three good tablespoonfuls of flour into this basin, and pour the milk on to it, gradually mixing it smooth as you go on, till it is perfectly free from lumps; now add a pinch of salt and a teaspoonful of baking powder, stir it well, and then it can stand till we are ready for it. What shall we make first?"

"Oh, let us have something simple, Miss Baines, that the children may have for their tea. Aunt Margaret will never forgive us if we give them anything unwholesome."

"Well, suppose we try some rice fritters then. Fritters are not exactly a suitable dish for five o'clock tea, but as it is the only time I ever have at liberty to show you how to do them, and the children are not likely to be particular, we may as well try. Have you a lemon, and some clarified dripping?"

"We have some lemons, but I am afraid there is no dripping; our servant always uses lard."

"My dear Miss Lancaster, excuse me, but that is very extravagant. If you are making anything for a very special occasion, it would be worth your while to use lard, or, better still, oil; but in that case you could make a better batter, too, according to the recipes given you in cookery books; but for ordinary home use, when you wish to be economical, this batter is quite good enough, and well clarified dripping is just as nice as lard. For almost all cooking purposes, you can use dripping and baking powder, instead of butter and eggs."

"But, Miss Baines, we never have any dripping; where ought I to get it from?"

"Whenever you have roasted joints, there are the real 'drippings' of the meat; but in addition to that you often get joints on which there is more fat than will be eaten. These fat ends should be cut off, and put into a covered jar in the oven till the fat is all melted, then it should be strained, and can be used for all kinds of pastry, or cooking of any kind for which butter would be employed; and if you insist upon having all the surplus fat on the joints rendered into dripping you will find a wonderful difference in your outlay for butter and lard. But as you have none to-day we must use lard."

Winnie brought it, and watched Miss Baines as she cut off some thick pieces and put them into the frying-pan; but after observing in silence for some time she could not help remarking what a large quantity Miss Baines used, considering that she had condemned the use of it all as extravagance.

Miss Baines explained that this was not really an extravagance, as the fat could be strained and put aside to use again, and it was essential to have a good quantity to prevent either the fritters or the fat itself from burning. She also showed her how to make sure that the lard was sufficiently hot, the most important point in the whole process of frying, as the substance to be fried must be immersed in the boiling fat at the moment when it is hot enough to brown and slightly harden the batter instantly. The best way to test this is to dip a piece of bread into it for two or three seconds, and if it is not crisp when it is removed the fat is not hot enough. It will not be ready to use till it has ceased bubbling, and has no steam but a sort of bluish vapour rising from it.

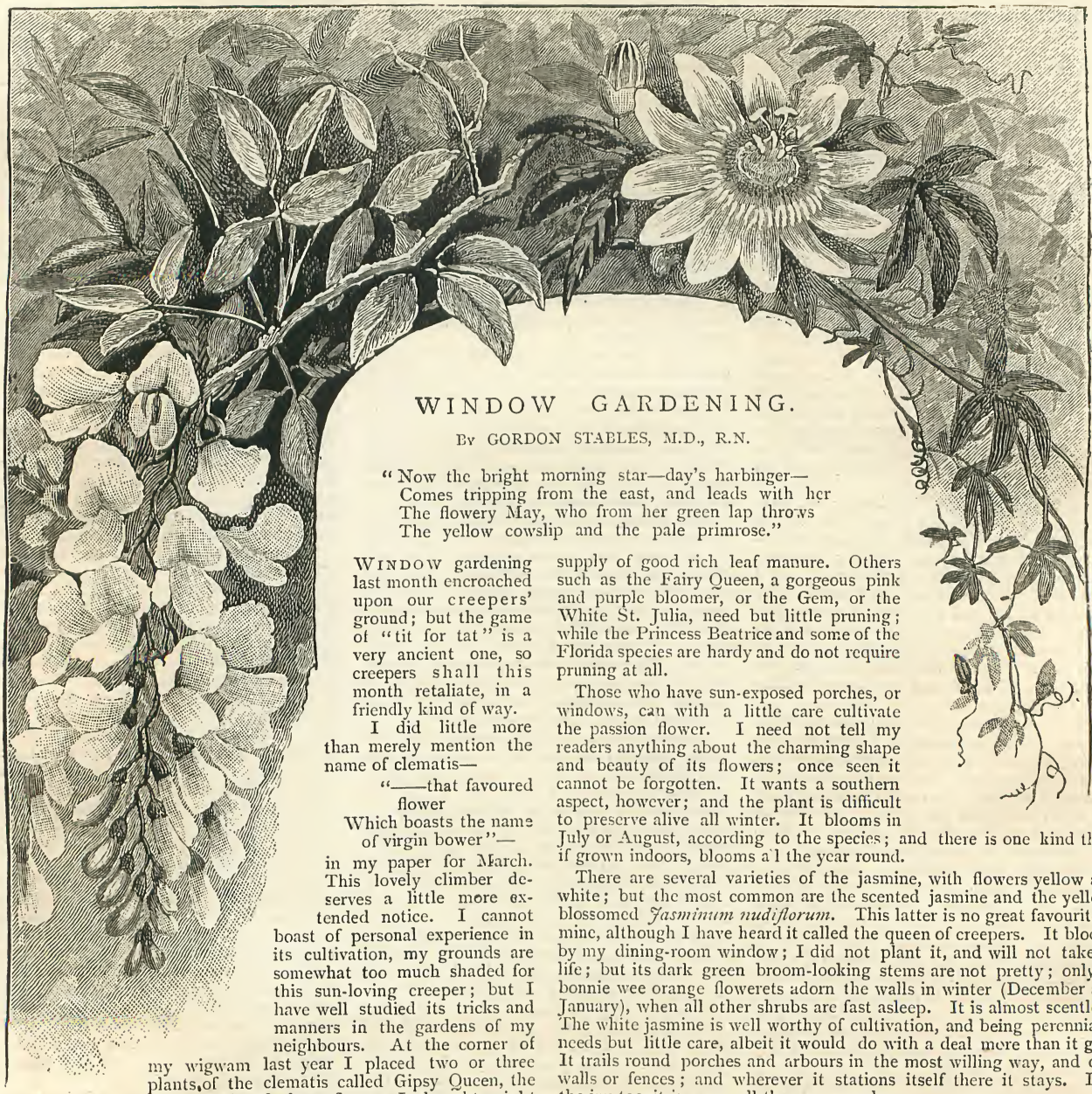
"Now for the rice," went on Miss Baines. "To make the fritters properly the rice should be only partially cooked, so as to keep the grains separate; but this will do to try with. We must sweeten it with a little brown sugar, and flavour with lemon juice, and then it can either be formed into small round cakes, which are dipped into the batter, or else the rice may be stirred into the batter, and dropped in to the boiling fat as you would do with pancakes. You should send a lemon to table with them, as some people like an extra squeeze after they are cooked. You will hardly care to make more than two or three rhubarb fritters, as we have a good dish of the rice; but that will be enough to judge if you like them. First of all, we must pare this rhubarb, and cut it into pieces about an inch and a half long."

With Winnie's help this was soon done, and each piece, as it was pared, was thrown into the basin of batter. They were then taken out with a fork, and put into the boiling lard for five minutes. When sufficiently cooked they were taken out and put in front of the fire on a sieve for a few minutes, as Winnie's resources did not include any kitchen paper to drain off any superfluous fat which might adhere to them. The rice fritters were served in the same way, and both dishes met with general approval.

"Now you know the whole secret of frying," said Miss Baines, when they had done their work. "You can make fritters of almost anything; slices of cold cooked meat, potatoes, fruit, or anything else you want to use up, can be dipped in batter and fried; only remember the great essential that the oil or fat must be hot enough, or your dish will be certainly spoilt; and while we are on the subject, let me advise you, when you can, to buy a wire frying basket. It is more convenient in every way, if you are cooking fish, or anything else not dipped in batter, to arrange it first in the wire basket, so that it can be immersed altogether in the pan and lifted out without any trouble."

The visit of the children was a great success. The change in Julius' conduct since he had been under Miss Baines' charge was extraordinary; Lulu always affirmed that previous to his going to his aunt's he had been "brought up by jerks," like Pip, in "Great Expectations," and that it was the change from the jerking system which had so improved him.

(*To be continued.*)



WINDOW GARDENING.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

"Now the bright morning star—day's harbinger—
Comes tripping from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose."

WINDOW gardening last month encroached upon our creepers' ground; but the game of "tit for tat" is a very ancient one, so creepers shall this month retaliate, in a friendly kind of way.

I did little more than merely mention the name of clematis—

"——that favoured flower
Which boasts the name of virgin bower"—

in my paper for March. This lovely climber deserves a little more extended notice. I cannot boast of personal experience in its cultivation, my grounds are somewhat too much shaded for this sun-loving creeper; but I have well studied its tricks and manners in the gardens of my neighbours. At the corner of my wigwam last year I placed two or three plants of the clematis called Gipsy Queen, the dark purple of whose flowers I thought might mingle charmingly with the snowy blossoms of the wild convolvulus. They did well for a time and threw out a profusion of promising branchlets, with heart-shaped leaves of tenderest green. Suddenly, one by one, they faded and died, as if snipped at the root; and I'm not sure that my weasel had not something to do with it.

It is not too late now to plant the clematis, close by porches, unshaded by trees. You can buy them in the pots, so that there is no danger of their dying (unless you cultivate weasels). Let the ground be well dug up and very rich; remove the plant carefully, and when it is in the ground gently tack it against wall or wood-work with some bits of soft cloth, and as it grows train it; do not leave the branchlets to be swayed about by the wind. They will bloom this summer or autumn, and amply repay your care and attention. Protect tender plants at night from easterly winds and frost.

When it has been well done by, the clematis throws out quite an ocean of bloom, and the flowers are charming. There are, I should think, well on to a hundred different species of this creeper; and they are of very many colours, shades, and tints. There are, for example, the violets — purple, mauve-shaded, blue, puce, and crimson violet. Then there are mauves, and whites, and lavenders, and lilacs, and all kinds of minor colours, barred and striped.

You can buy them from a shilling to two shillings each plant. If you have some of the Jackmannii species—such as the Guiding Star or the Gipsy Queen, the Victoria or the Pride of Tunbridge—when done blooming it is best to cut them down to about one foot, and give a supply of good rich leaf manure. Others such as the Fairy Queen, a gorgeous pink and purple bloomer, or the Gem, or the White St. Julia, need but little pruning; while the Princess Beatrice and some of the Florida species are hardy and do not require pruning at all.

Those who have sun-exposed porches, or windows, can with a little care cultivate the passion flower. I need not tell my readers anything about the charming shape and beauty of its flowers; once seen it cannot be forgotten. It wants a southern aspect, however; and the plant is difficult to preserve alive all winter. It blooms in July or August, according to the species; and there is one kind that, if grown indoors, blooms all the year round.

There are several varieties of the jasmine, with flowers yellow and white; but the most common are the scented jasmine and the yellow-blossomed *Jasminum nudiflorum*. This latter is no great favourite of mine, although I have heard it called the queen of creepers. It blooms by my dining-room window; I did not plant it, and will not take its life; but its dark green broom-looking stems are not pretty; only its bonnie wee orange flowerets adorn the walls in winter (December and January), when all other shrubs are fast asleep. It is almost scentless. The white jasmine is well worthy of cultivation, and being perennial it needs but little care, albeit it would do with a deal more than it gets. It trails round porches and arbours in the most willing way, and over walls or fences; and wherever it stations itself there it stays. Like the ivy too, it is green all the year round.

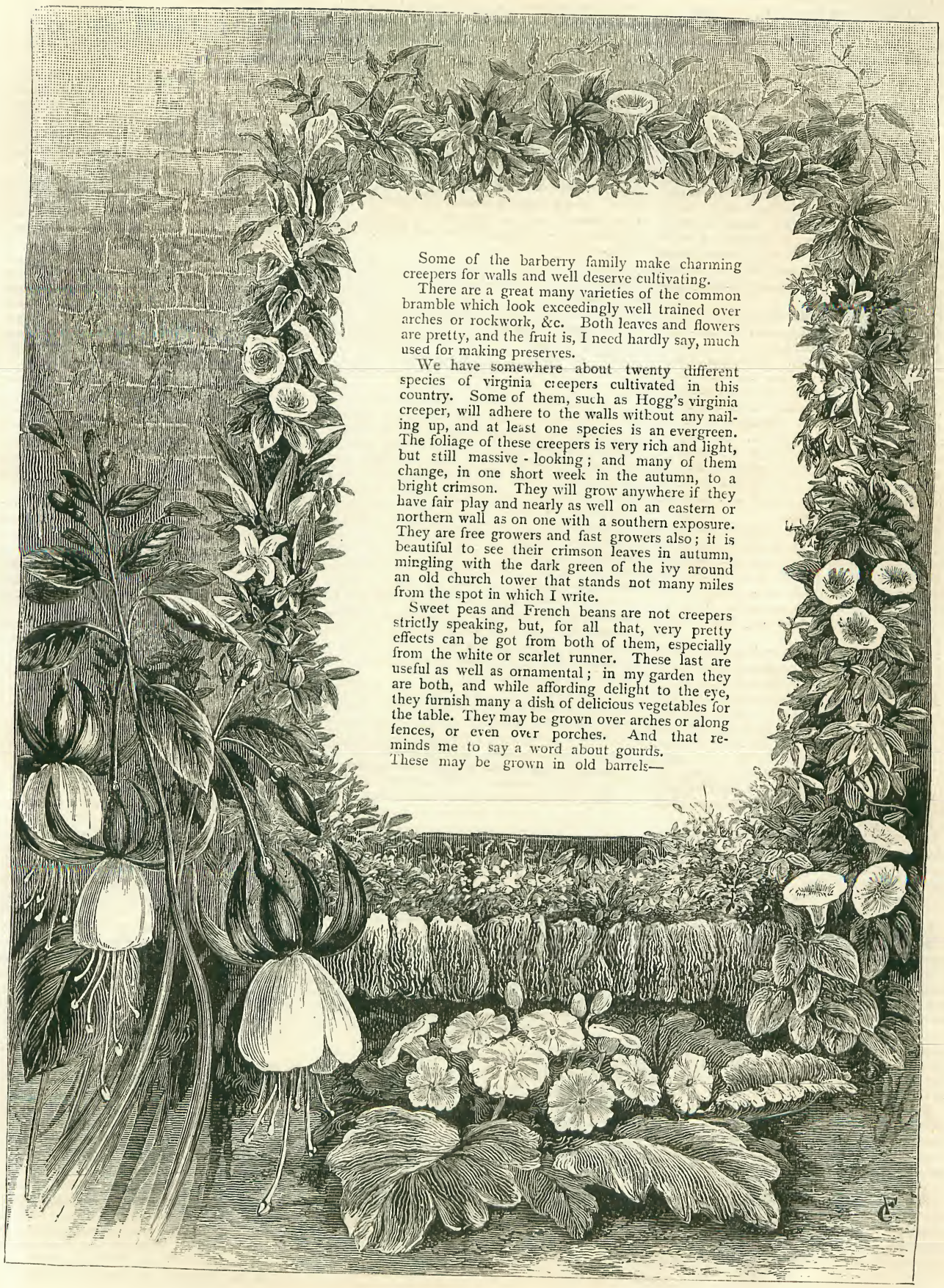
The perfume of its fairy-like flowers is most rich and delicious. Hear what the poet says—

"My mild and winsome jasmine tree,
That climbs along the dark gray wall,
Thy tiny flowerets seem in glee
Like silver spray drops down to fall.
I ask not, while I near thee dwell,
Arabia's spice or Syria's rose,
Thy light festoons more freshly smell,
Thy virgin white more freshly glows."

This is very pretty and very truthful; it is a pity, though, that the flowerets of the scented jasmine fall, like silver spray-drops, so quickly as they do. It is somewhat annoying, after you have innocently bedecked your hair with a blossom or two, on looking into the glass about an hour afterwards to find you have nothing left but a naughty morsel of green. But I am extremely fond of the flower, nevertheless; and the perfume it sheds round the porch after a summer shower is exquisitely sweet. Yes, it is a charming creeper; but what a pity the earwigs think so too.

The bignonias are very engaging, but want a deal of sun and shelter. They are rich in beautiful colours and profuse in bloom.

The hop is a pretty climber and very easily cultivated, and while it lasts makes a beautiful shade for an arbour; or it may be trained in arches along the garden walks.



Some of the barberry family make charming creepers for walls and well deserve cultivating.

There are a great many varieties of the common bramble which look exceedingly well trained over arches or rockwork, &c. Both leaves and flowers are pretty, and the fruit is, I need hardly say, much used for making preserves.

We have somewhere about twenty different species of virginia creepers cultivated in this country. Some of them, such as Hogg's virginia creeper, will adhere to the walls without any nailing up, and at least one species is an evergreen. The foliage of these creepers is very rich and light, but still massive-looking; and many of them change, in one short week in the autumn, to a bright crimson. They will grow anywhere if they have fair play and nearly as well on an eastern or northern wall as on one with a southern exposure. They are free growers and fast growers also; it is beautiful to see their crimson leaves in autumn, mingling with the dark green of the ivy around an old church tower that stands not many miles from the spot in which I write.

Sweet peas and French beans are not creepers strictly speaking, but, for all that, very pretty effects can be got from both of them, especially from the white or scarlet runner. These last are useful as well as ornamental; in my garden they are both, and while affording delight to the eye, they furnish many a dish of delicious vegetables for the table. They may be grown over arches or along fences, or even over porches. And that reminds me to say a word about gourds. These may be grown in old barrels—

well drained and filled with very rich soil; they will then grow luxuriantly and can be trained over arch or porch, where the splendid fruit they bear looks quite wonderful.

Scarlet runners may be planted to climb up even such a seemingly useless affair as an old withered Christmas tree. It gives one pleasure to see the dead shrub the children danced around in bleak December's festive week, arrayed in summer in white and green and crimson.

Honeysuckle is too well known to need description; but there are a great many different kinds of it, and sweetly fragrant and pretty they all are. Some bloom in January, others in April and May, and some later on still. They look beautiful spreading over trees, such as our dark, needled pines; but, indeed, it would be extremely difficult to say where they will not grow, and what they will not beautify.

Then there is the Japan honeysuckle, which makes a splendid archway over a gate. It is kind, and contented, and an evergreen, and makes a nice arbour. The wistaria is a gorgeous creeper. I believe the mauve or pale blue-flowered species is the most common in this country. My readers must know the plant, though it is more usually seen in the southern counties of England. Its flowers hang from the woody stems in immense drooping racemes, in shape and form like the laburnum. It looks most lovely as I have seen it in America, growing around and adorning tall pine trees in the forest.

The laburnum is not a creeper; but to a certain extent it can be trained. Now the wistaria and this flowering tree are both out in bloom at the same time. I mean to plant one of each at each side of a gateway, and bring them over to form an arch. Will not the combined blooms look very handsome in early spring?

But, indeed, there is no end to the charming effects that can be produced from tastefully-arranged and well-cultivated creepers.

About ivies I have only space to add that they are quick and willing growers, and will thrive anywhere and beautify anything; and they are always green. Their little bunches of yellow blossoms have little to recommend them, but the berries look pretty. They may be grown in boxes and trained over wooden or wire screens, which can be moved about at pleasure.

How they love the light, those creepers all. Their march is ever onwards; their gaze is ever upwards. May yours be the same, girls!

* * * * *

I believe some of my readers have taken the advice I gave in my last, and have got ready boxes for growing outside window flowers in. Well, I shall now tell them what to put in these, so that they may make a nice show all the year round. By the way, though, if you have a brother, and he is a reader of the *Boy's Own Paper*, as all brothers ought to be, you might do worse than take a glance every month at the little article on window gardening appended to "Doings for the Month" in that periodical.

I told you that the mould ought to be rich—refer back, please; and it is as well to keep renewing it, now and then, with a few handfuls of good garden mould, or a mixture of that with leaf, peat, and a little fine sand. I find it a good plan with sickly plants or flowers to treat them sometimes to a spoonful or two of Condy's fluid, or, what is cheaper, a large bottle containing a dessert spoonful of the permanganate of potash, dissolved in water by simply filling the bottle up and shaking.

Bear in mind that you should never overcrowd your flower-box; bear in mind, too, that when you are transplanting a flower of any kind out of a pot, it is best done in the afternoon, or early morning; but for the first day or two it should have plenty of water and shade from the direct rays of the sun; and it will be as well on very bright and hot days to extemporise some kind of shade over your flowers, else they may get killed.

This is now April, or rather will be when you are reading these lines. Early spring flowers are past and gone, tulips are now growing all to leaf, and crocuses and snowdrops are no more; you must prepare for summer, and exercise a little patience. But if you want a show of bloom all at once, and if you have a garden, you can remove a few of any that are in bloom, but do not fill up with these.

The question now comes to be: What is it best to put into our window-boxes to make a nice summer show? The difficulty I have in replying to this question depends on the fact that there is such a multitude of flowers to choose from. And not only on that alone, for I must not forget that my readers may not wish to spend too much money on the window-box.

For early summer show, then, you may with advantage get a few roots of the golden pyrethrum or golden feather, as it is usually called, the foliage of which is very pretty; also get about a dozen blue lobelias, and plant these in your front row alternately; they are both dwarfs. About the end of April or beginning of May will be time enough to plant calceolarias, and pelargoniums, zoned or ivy-leaved, mixing the former artistically according to foliage or flower. Well, with lobelias, a few yellow-pouched calceolarias, and these geraniums, which by the way ought to have different coloured flowers, and not be too tall or shrubby, you have quite a summer show. But quite a common one you may imagine. Nothing new about it. Well, I confess there is not, but these flowers look well and last a long time.

I am not finished yet, however. The ivy-leaved geraniums have a pretty wee flower; but this is not all, they trail over the box so nicely and hang down, and they need not interfere with the sweet, blue-blooming lobelias. Besides ivy geraniums to trail over the box, we have the tropœolums. Get the sorts that have a small flower of a bright crimson colour; they will form a perfect cascade of beauty. The scarlet and lucifer tropœolums are pretty, and I must not forget the lesser coccineum, quite a lovely dwarf.

In addition to these, when you go to a gardener's or seedsman's greenhouse to have a look around, do not forget to have a glance at the bignonias; you will be charmed with some of them.

The less bushy heliotropes are nice window plants; so are the balsams, some being very superb; so are many species of petunias; and last but not least come the fuchsias, and later on in the season asters bloom. So that really you can dispense entirely with geraniums if you think them common.

The two ends of your box must be reserved for your creepers. If you want a show quickly, get a few bits of wild convolvulus, and plant them under the window—not in the box, the roots spread so. In the box itself you may have the Scotch tropœolum—I believe it is called *Tropœolum speciosum*—or the canary creeper; or you may have creeping roses or maurandyas.

So much for summer blooms, but many of these will last far into autumn; and if you have room you may put a little mignonette or musk with them, or you may keep them for the smaller flower-box on the sill of your bedroom window.

For autumn we have a variety of asters, especially the dwarf kinds, primulas (Chinese), the autumnal flowering stocks and the dwarf stocks, dahlias, the smaller kinds, and that charming flower the zinnia.

Towards winter we can have Christmas roses and chrysanthemums, and ferns of various kinds.

Now, in the beginning of winter, or, say, the latter end of October or November, is the time to get in your spring bulbs. Buy good ones, but do not overcrowd the boxes with them. Snowdrops come first up, then come crocuses, and by and by tulips, hyacinths, and daffodils, etc.

If you are careful to make a nice selection of these, your window-boxes in springtime will be one mass of gorgeous bloom; and this is the season of the year above all others when flowers are appreciated.

It must be confessed that hyacinths and tulips cost a little money to begin with, that is all; for remember that when they are done blooming you take them carefully up to make room for your summer flowers, and pot them, and then the bulbs go on increasing in number every year, so that you might have some to sell or give to your friends.

The crocus and snowdrop and wild hyacinth of the woods, that bonnie scented bluebell, are certainly cheap enough. But if you wish to have a show of early spring flowers in your window-box, independent of bulbs, what can you have better than primroses, polyanthuses, forget-me-nots, crimson silene, and later on auriculas and phloxes (dwarf).

Violas and pansies look charming in window-boxes, so do marigolds and linums, and candytuft. But space warns me to stay my pen. Just one or two concluding words—in your hanging baskets put moss, then mould, and plant a fern or two, a trailing tropœolum, some trailing rose and blue lobelia, or the lovely hanging abromia.

Grow your own seeds in flower-pots, and put them in your window-box when ready to plant out. Your accessory flower-pots thus become your reserve forces, from which the regular army in the window-box is recruited.

CHATS ABOUT THE CALENDAR.

MAY is said by some authorities to have received the name in honour of Maia, the mother of Mercury; while others state that the name was assigned to it by Romulus, the founder of Rome, in honour of his nobles or senators, who were called Majores, or Maiores. The Anglo-Saxons gave the appellation Trimilchi to the month, with reference probably to the improved condition of cattle, from the benefit of the spring herbage as food. The first day of the month, May Day, is a very remarkable one in our calendar. May-day festivities are supposed to have originated with the Romans, who worshipped Flora, and celebrated her festival by rejoicings and offerings of spring flowers. In our own country, in former times, the lads and lasses left their houses at break of day, and joined in procession to some neighbouring wood or green, where stood the maypole, painted with various colours, dressed with garlands and streamers, and surmounted by a large crown. There was the village fiddler, seated upon a cask, vigorously scraping away for the dancers to trip joyously round the maypole. These good old times have long since passed away, and are merely honoured now in the remembrance. The last maypole in London was taken down in 1717, and conveyed to Wanstead, in Essex, where it was fixed in the park for the support of an immense telescope. Its original height was upwards of one hundred feet, and it stood

on the east side of Somerset House, where the church now stands. A relic of these pastimes has come down to us in the sports of the chimney-sweepers on the 1st of May. Jack-in-the-Green originally consisted of a man dressed out with flowers and ribbons, carrying a long walking-stick with a wreath of flowers twisted round it. This strange character danced away at the festivities, whisking his stick about, and keeping up the spirit of the games.

The third day is the "Invention of the Cross," being the anniversary of the alleged discovery by Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine, of the cross on which our Saviour suffered.

The twenty-ninth day is memorable for the restoration of King Charles II., in 1660, to the throne of his ancestors. In some parts of the country the custom still holds of wearing oak leaves and apples in the hat, thereby to perpetuate the remembrance of Charles' wonderful escape, by concealment in an oak tree at Boscobel, after the disastrous battle of Worcester. The allegorical figure of the month is a young man, clad in green, wearing a garland of white and damask roses. In one hand he holds a lute, and on the forefinger of the other is perched a nightingale. The sign of Gemini, or the twins, accompanies him, alluding to the sun's entry into that sign on the 20th of the month.

VARIETIES.

A Strange Story.

A gentleman, followed by a servant in livery, rode into an inn in the West of England one evening a little before dusk. He told the landlord that he should be detained by business in that part of the country for a few days, and wished to know if there were any amusements going on in the town to fill up the intervals of his time. The landlord replied that it was their race and assize week, and that a very interesting trial for a robbery would come on the next day, on which people's opinions were much divided, the evidence being very strong against the prisoner, but he himself persisting resolutely in declaring that he was in a distant part of the kingdom at the time the robbery was committed.

His guest manifested some curiosity to hear the trial; and accordingly, next morning he went into court, and was shown to a seat on the bench presently after the trial began.

While the evidence was given against him, the prisoner had remained with his eyes fixed on the ground, seemingly very much depressed; till being called on for his defence, he looked up, and seeing the stranger, he suddenly fainted away. As soon as he came to himself, on being asked by the judge the cause of his behaviour, he said, "Oh, my lord, I see a person that can save my life: that gentleman (pointing to the stranger) can prove that I am innocent, might I only have leave to put a few questions to him."

The eyes of the whole court were now turned on the gentleman, who said he felt himself in a very awkward situation to be so called upon, as he did not remember ever to have seen the man before; but he would answer any question that was asked him.

"Well," said the man, "don't you remember landing at Dover at such a time?"

The gentleman answered that he had landed at Dover not long before, but that he could not tell whether it was on the day he mentioned or not.

"Well," said he; "but don't you recollect that a person in a blue jacket and trousers carried your trunk to the inn and told you a story of his being in the service; that he thought himself an ill-used man; and that he showed you a scar that he had on one side of the forehead?"

During this last question the countenance of the stranger underwent a considerable change; he said he certainly did recollect such a circumstance; and on the man's showing the scar he became quite sure that he was the same person.

A buzz of satisfaction ran through the court; for the day on which, according to the prisoner's account, this gentleman had met with him at Dover, was the same on which he was charged with the robbery in a remote part of the country. The stranger, however, could not be certain of the time, but said he sometimes made memoranda of dates in his pocket-book, and might possibly have done so on this occasion. On looking into his pocket-book he found a memorandum of the time he landed from Calais, which corresponded with the prisoner's assertion.

This being the only circumstance necessary to prove the *alibi*, the prisoner was immediately acquitted, amidst the applause and congratulations of the whole court.

Within less than a month after this, the gentleman who came to the inn attended by a servant in livery, the servant who followed him, and the prisoner who had been acquitted, were all brought back together to the same gaol for robbing the mail!—*Holcroft's Memoirs.*

Thoughts of Mortality.—To smell a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul. "Earth thou art, to earth thou shalt return."

A Wise Liberality.—Sure, none need be more bountiful in giving than the sun is in shining; which, though freely bestowing his beams on the world, keeps, notwithstanding, the body of light to himself. Yea, it is necessary that liberality should as well have banks as a stream.

Prudent Counsel.—It is not good to exasperate any—though far inferior; for, as the fable tells us, the beetle may annoy the eagle and the mouse befriend the lion.

Fire! Fire!—A gentleman who was in love with a lady and had no opportunity to unfold his passion, appeared before her house and cried out "Fire! fire! fire!" upon which she threw up the window and asked where. He placed his hand on his heart, and said, "Here! here! here!"

Our Examplar.—They say that, at the sight of the Apollo, the body erects itself and assumes a more dignified attitude: in the same way, the soul should feel itself raised and ennobled by the recollection of a good man's life!—*Souvestre.*

Double Acrostic.

If mineral springs be your object in life,
For the health of your daughter, yourself, or your wife,
I advise you to visit the two I name here,
But be careful to choose the right time of the year;
In each water the various min'rals combine—
One, ferruginous sulphur, the other, saline.

1. A Lombard of piety, learning, and worth,
   Who wand'ring away from the land of his birth,
   Was known as an ecclesiastic of fame
   In a country remote from the scenes whence he came;
   He became the adviser of monarch and peer;
   His words were decisive, though rarely severe,
   And 'twas he who rebuilt, while thus holding the helm,
   The grandest cathedral that stands in the realm.
2. The earliest instance of "changing her name!"
   When a northern princess to a southern throne came,
   She surrender'd the name that had once been her own
   And by that of her mother-in-law is still known.
3. A province that lies on the frontier between
   Two powerful countries and lately the scene
   Of pillage and fighting, of sieges and strife,
   Oppression by war and destruction of life;
   And was giv'n, in part payment, when peace was declar'd,
   To th' invaders who 'mongst them th' indemnity shar'd.
4. We know that the saints'-days commemorate those
   Who have conquer'd the world, with its wants and its woes,
   But there's one glorious saint who did more, for he hurl'd
   To perdition the spirit that masters the world.
5. The popes, it would seem, this appellative lov'd,
   But alas! a misnomer too often it proved.
6. In the French Revolution, as ev'ryone knows,
   Men framed a new calendar: this term they chose
   For the month in which winter brings hail-storms and snows.
7. A horrible thing, which the Grecians of old
   Imagin'd! Instead of fair ringlets of gold,
   Her head was with venomous serpents o'ergrown,
   And her one eye could strike the beholder to stone.
8. The promise of lovers; the test of a man;
   The aim of historians; attain it who can!
9. By Catherine founded, her trade to increase,
   This town has since flourish'd in commerce and peace,
   Till the Crimean War, with its shot and its shell,
   Caus'd such wanton destruction wherever they fell.
10. Two mystical letters: the puzzle has been,
    Very often, exactly to know what they mean;
    But I think the transcriber the error has done,
    When in writing two letters, he made them like one.

XIMENA.

Answer to Charade (page 371).

Star-ling.

Answer to Double Acrostic (p. 407).—

E S H C O L (*a*)
V A S C O (*b*)
A D R I A N (*c*)
N I D R I N G (*d*)
G O L F
E R C I L D O U N E (*e*)
L A U R E L
I S A B E L (*f*)
N I N G P O
E L B O W

Evangeline. Longfellow.

(*a*) In Hebrew signifying "a cluster."
(*b*) In 1497 Vasco de Gama sailed round the "Cape of Storms," and changed its name to "Cape of Good Hope."
(*c*) Pope Adrian IV. (Nicholas Breakspear) was choked by a fly.
(*d*) A Norse epithet, signifying "utterly worthless."
(*e*) The abode of Thomas the Rhymer, called in the Border ballads "True Thomas."
(*f*) Isabella of Castile furnished Columbus with the means of embarking on his expedition to discover the Indies.

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.

"I REMARKED A JUICE OOZING FROM THEM."

CHAPTER XXVI.

DANGER.

BEFORE starting I made another mattress for Banyan Grove, filling it with cotton; I also made a beautiful palliasse with straw from my harvest. Finding a large packing needle in the carpenter's chest, and having plenty of the long fibres of the reeds, I quilted the mattress in grand style, just as I had often made mattress pincushions in early days. This palliasse was designed for Cave Castle, the rocky floor there needing a thicker covering than was necessary over the flooring of Banyan House.

This occupied me until the wind had attained a favourable quarter, when I started to coast the part least known to me, hoping, should everything turn out propitious, to circumnavigate the island. I proceeded without adventure or stoppage of any kind to where the land jutted out in a rugged promontory of no great elevation, and the coast line turned abruptly. Being near the sand hills, I landed to procure a rabbit for my evening meal, and at night I rested hidden among the reeds at the entrance of the river for which I had not yet found a name. Continuing my voyage on the next day I followed the coast, which was for some distance not very interesting, being almost an unbroken line of forest, and towards evening landed at the mouth of the Nile.

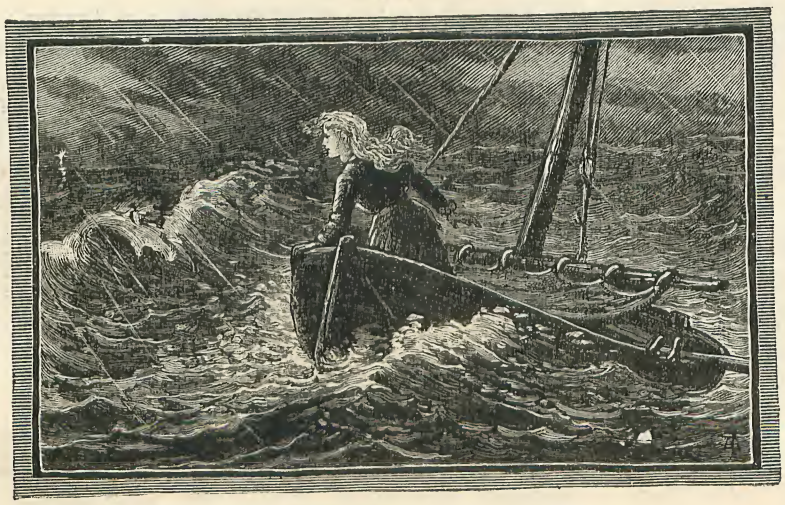
Making my boat headquarters for the time being, I set out the following day for a walk, being glad of the little change. All this part of the land being more or less marshy, I tried to gain the seashore; but progress at last became impossible from the mass of reeds surrounding me, and I was obliged to have recourse to my knife to cut a passage through. After cutting down several reeds, I remarked a juice oozing from them, and, putting my lips to it, found it was the sugar cane that offered such a formidable barrier to my onward way.

Succeeding at length in overcoming this hindrance, I came out on higher ground, the sea not far distant; but seeing the clouds look lowering and tempestuous, I hastened back to my boat, going along the shore so as to avoid the tall sugar-canes.

On the succeeding day the weather was not very inviting, and the wind was rather higher; still, as it was in a suitable quarter, and I was by this time a very good sailor, I determined to profit by it. I ventured farther from land than I had done before, urged onwards in hope of capturing a beautiful nautilus, which with sail outspread skimmed gracefully along. Lost in admiration of the manner in which it danced from wave to wave, I did not remark the change of wind, which was taking me far out to sea; but my alarm was great when raising my eyes I could perceive no trace of land. At once lowering sail, and taking to the oars, I sought to retrace my way; but, having no compass, nor anything to guide me, two hours' rowing left me as far as ever from land. Tired out, I laid down my oars in despair, and saw the sun go down behind a bank of gloomy and menacing clouds.

"A BEAUTIFUL NAUTILUS."

Unless I had strayed very much from my course, the land must lie between me and the setting sun; but this heavy curtain of cloud prevented me verifying the fact, and I dared not proceed in any direction lest I should get still farther astray. With the wind rising higher and higher, my frail vessel driven I knew not whither, all I could do was to resign myself into the hands of Him who had before so mercifully rescued me. Such were my feelings now danger was present, although not many weeks before I had ungratefully wished I had been



"I SAW A LIGHT APPEAR FOR A MOMENT."

POTTERY MAKING.

left to the will of the pitiless sea. The night deepened, and I could not but find comfort in the thought that my boat was beyond the risk of being dashed to pieces on the rocky coast. The rain, which descended in torrents, had drenched me to the skin, and I sat a miserable, shivering creature in the bows of the boat, when, suddenly rising on the crest of a wave, I saw a light appear for a moment, then disappear; again, as I rose, it was before me, moving steadily from left to right and not as a ship's light would rise and fall. After catching a glimpse of it a third time it was entirely lost to view, leaving me in mingled dread and amazement as to what it might be. One thing was certainly plain to me, namely, that the wind was driving me in a wrong direction, as I had no light in my island, and were this light on any land, as its steadiness of motion seemed to indicate, I was rushing on to danger.

Hastily seizing the oars, and fear lending me strength, I brought the boat round, and never ceased rowing till morning dawned and I was able to rest and gaze eagerly round in search of the island. The grey dawn breaking showed me where the sun was rising, and as the light from which I fled was behind me, I judged it wise to continue in the same course. And so it proved; for, after rowing some time longer, I could make out the well-known outline of Mount Desire, already illuminated by the early rays of sunshine. Hungry, tired, and wet through I landed in the subterranean cave, and resolved never again to allow a nautilus, or any other wonder of the deep, to entice me out of sight of my own land.

CHAPTER XXVII.

POTTERY MAKING.

FOR some time after this adventure on the water I was less at my ease, for I could not cease thinking of the strange light I had seen, and pondering on what could have been its origin; but to one solution only could I come, namely, that at some not too great distance from my island there existed land, and that inhabited. This was sufficiently proved, as I have before remarked, by the steady motion of the light, being totally opposed to the undulatory motion of a ship, above all of a ship in such a sea.

I therefore passed through a time of alarm and a feeling of insecurity akin to what I had experienced when first I landed on these shores. Each day, as I proceeded to the allotted scene of my labours, my eyes from time to time wandered seawards, dreading to meet with signs of human life, whilst I started at every sound, fearing to meet a foe. Nevertheless, I resumed my usual avocations, which served to distract my thoughts; and as time passed on without anything farther happening to create apprehension, my tranquillity returned, and I came to the conclusion that, as I had been evidently drifted much farther by the tempestuous wind than I had at first imagined, the unknown land might lie at such a distance as to render the journey an impossible one for the frail barques of savages; and indeed it seemed probable that the very existence of my island was unknown to even my nearest neighbour, or surely so beautiful and fertile a region would not have been left without inhabitant. Reassured by such arguments, I regained my former comparative content, and the mysterious appearance faded in great measure from my mind before the arduous duties of daily life.

I shall no longer chronicle the events of each day as it passed. Much of the necessary routine was cheerless enough, having to be performed not only by, but for myself; and I sometimes felt, as I set about any customary work, as if I were becoming little better than a machine, having no one to share it with me, and no one to take any pleasure in my success or sympathise with me in failure.

Being now tolerably comfortable, and having a store of provisions against a rainy day shut up in Cave Castle, I was able to regulate my doings, so as to leave me many hours of leisure. I had found one or two books in the traveller's box, but they were soon perused. I then began to ransack the library of memory, which, thanks to my parents' wise teaching, was not badly stocked, although its contents had been somewhat turned topsy-turvy, and I needed a little quiet time to set them in order. I hoped to find there information on some practical subjects which might tend to render my life more pleasurable. Bare necessities I certainly had, and, compared with my first weeks after the wreck, I might be said to be living in luxury; but after all, the meanest hovel in Britain would not be worse provided with such things as in civilised life are deemed necessities than I was.

Thinking of my brick-kiln, I began to wonder if I could not manufacture pottery as well as bricks out of the red clay which was so abundant. Pleased with the idea, and already, in imagination, seeing my house and table ornamented with plates, cups, &c., I started for a lengthened sojourn at the other side of the island. It was winter time when I undertook this work, and I carried with me a supply of flour to last for the season; in short, I emigrated for three months, shutting up Cave Castle for that period.

Some time was passed in making a kiln of bricks in the form of an oven in

"MY POOR JAR RENT FROM TOP TO BOTTOM."

which to burn the pottery, and whilst this was burning, I proceeded to mould the different vessels, doing it by the hand. Having formed half a dozen articles, I placed them in the oven and awaited anxiously the result. As might be expected at a first attempt the success was not great, one thing only, a plate, which, from its shape, had been the easiest to mould, was of any use to me, and that was spoilt in colour, being much over-burnt. Still it was serviceable, and therefore set aside with care, as something precious. Of the rest, all were more or less cracked, and my next trial was more successful, and by degrees I learned better how to regulate the heat of the oven, and became the proud possessor of pots, jars, bowls, cups, and platters *ad infinitum;* but my *chef d'œuvre*, and one which exacted a great amount of patience, was a large vessel which I required for a purpose hereafter to be mentioned. It was capable of holding two gallons of water, was larger at the top than at the bottom, and was pierced with a hole at the lower end. I made three of these before I was able to draw from the oven one which was without crack or blemish. One day, when I was anxiously watching the burning of the second of these jars—and indeed what I am about to relate was the cause of its failure—I was startled by a peculiar noise overhead, and, looking up, perceived a swarm of bees on their way in search of a new settlement. Being desirous to learn the place of their choice, with a view to appropriating some of their sweet store, I left the kiln and followed them, trusting to be back soon enough to withdraw the jar when ready; but excitement urging me on, I lost count of the time, and having seen and marked the spot where the swarm descended I returned, to find my poor jar thoroughly spoilt—rent from top to bottom.

(*To be continued.*)

BOUND TO EARTH.

By the Author of "Phil's Fortune," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

In due time the drawing-room was successfully established, and Fanny bent all her energies, which we know were of no common order, to carrying out John's scheme. She herself knew, more or less well, several people in London. These she hunted up and induced to call, easily managing to procure invitations for herself and the Woodwards. Julia, too, was enlisted in the undertaking, and proved a great help, for at present she was greatly admired and sought after as a brilliant and attractive addition to parties and entertainments of all sorts. By Fanny's advice, Helen instituted an afternoon "at home" on Saturday, when John was able to be present, and Fanny took care that plenty of people came. As a matter of course, similar cards of invitation began to collect on the Woodwards' mantelpiece. The little dinners proved successful, mainly owing to Fanny's spirited management. It was she who had the bright idea of hiring a cook for the occasion, and drilling the domestic of the establishment to proficiency in waiting upon guests; she who discovered a cheap florist, and bargained with him to supply plants and flowers for decoration on a hiring scheme of her own suggesting; she who hunted through the cookery book for pretty dishes, and overcame the prejudices of the cook against them; she who designed menu cartes, and insisted that Helen should paint them herself in order to give a tone to her entertainments; she, in fact, who was the life and soul and directress of everything.

But Christmas came, and Fanny was obliged to go home. Helen drew a long face. She did not know how she would get on without her.

"I will try to come back again," Fanny said, regretfully, "but I must not think of staying, for papa and mamma depend upon me, I believe, although they never own it. There will be nothing much going on for a week or two, and then the real time will come. You will have no difficulty. I would go in for one or two children's parties, if I were you. It will please the parents and deepen their friendship."

"Yes, I might try it; it will please John," Helen replied, in a half-hearted way. This was really her only interest in the matter. Both John and Fanny were wrong in supposing that all this gaiety had touched the real spring of her sadness. It might be a distraction, but it was no cure.

It happened unfortunately, as, to our eyes, such things generally do happen, that on the day of Fanny's departure John too was called upon to go on a long journey. His aunt, for many years an invalid, with whom his mother had lately spent much of her time, was seized by an attack of illness which soon threatened to terminate fatally. Two days before Christmas Day he received a letter requesting him to come at once, as the old lady very much wished to see him.

"I will return to-morrow without fail," he said when he bade his wife good-bye. "If by any chance I am detained, I will send you a telegram, but I quite expect to be back early to-morrow afternoon. You must go and ask Grace to stay with you while I am gone."

This advice Helen very gladly followed. It was a great treat to get hold of Grace alone. To her delight Mrs. Hardinge suggested that Grace should remain until John returned."

But the afternoon of the next day passed away without his coming, nor did any telegram arrive to explain his absence. "There is so much traffic on Christmas Eve that his train is no doubt delayed; I will wait until he comes," Grace said, cheerily, perceiving that Helen was inclined to be nervous.

The afternoon closed in with a thick, black fog. Grace drew the curtains, made up a bright fire, and set herself to interest Helen in conversation. They talked of Mr. Dalrymple. John had been right in supposing that a return to the active duties of life would prove beneficial. Already he was wonderfully altered, much more like his old self. "Although he will never be the same, I think he will learn to be happy again, to look upon the past only as a sad memory," Helen said, thankfully.

Then they talked of Fanny. "How much good there is in her," Helen remarked. "What a splendid wife she would make, yet others are preferred before her, Julia, my unworthy self, who are not half as good as she."

"She is a girl who will be far happier unmarried than married to any ordinary man, she has a very high ideal," Grace replied. "And I should not be surprised," she added, "if she eventually does some very notable work in the world."

"She is cut out for it," Helen replied, enthusiastically. "Only a day or two ago she was telling me she craved for some active share in the world's work. She feels the power she has in her. Nothing would please her better than to have to support herself. Do you know she positively regrets our unfortunate little school. She would love to try her hand at hospital nursing, anything for real self-denying work, but Mr. and Mrs. Leslie scout the idea."

"Her work at present seems to be endurance. Less glorious, but much harder to her than actual toil," Grace replied.

"She has several missions on hand," Helen remarked. "You have no idea how much she thinks of. She is bent upon reconciling Julia and her parents, and that is no light task, for Julia will have to alter very much before it can come about, but she does not despair. And do you know, Mrs. Leslie has quite turned to Fanny lately. She feels that

Fanny is really good and dependable. I think Fanny has a distinct mission at home and begins to see it. She speaks so much more considerately of her mother than she used. And I am sure she has been a help to me. Her mission in the world seems to be to help everybody."

They sat talking until the clock on the mantelpiece struck seven. Helen started up and went to the window. "I wish John would come," she said, uneasily. "It is such a bad night. You will hardly be able to go home, Grace. If only I had the telegram I would not mind."

"He is delayed, you may depend," Grace urged, but she too was growing uneasy. She knew his great thoughtfulness for Helen.

Several more hours passed, and still he did not come Helen had ordered some food to be placed on the table and dismissed the servant. The two girls sat silent now, neither daring to own to the other of what she was thinking. They made up the fire again and again, and waited. At last the sound of bells came faintly through the heavy air. It was Christmas Day.

"Grace," Helen said, starting up with a very white face, "I know something has happened to him. He would never have stayed away on Christmas Day without sending me a word."

"What can have happened?" Grace nerved herself to ask. She too was full of alarm.

"Perhaps he will never come home again," Helen cried with trembling lips, "and, oh, Grace, I have been such a bad wife. He has been so good and I so selfish, and now—now it is too late to make amends. I married him unworthily, and have been a curse rather than a blessing."

"Dear Helen, all may be well," Grace said, trying to overcome the sickening fear at her own heart. "He is in God's hands."

"If He will but spare me this, I will thank Him, I will bless Him, I will love Him," Helen cried, wildly. "I will believe then that He is merciful and just. Any trouble but this, Grace."

"We may not make such a bargain as that with God," Grace said, solemnly. "But we may ask Him for help, for ourselves, and for John. Try and think, dear Helen, that your husband is in Almighty hands."

"Ask God to spare him, and me," Helen moaned. "I cannot lose him like this."

Grace fell upon her knees by the couch. Presently Helen came and knelt down softly beside her. Grace put her arm round the trembling girl, and drew her close to herself, praying long and earnestly, that whatever was in store, Helen might be enabled to bear. As she knelt there, a great calm fell upon her own spirit. The sense of fear and dread died down, she began almost to feel hopeful. "Helen, dear," she whispered, "take courage; I think he is safe."

A low sob was the only answer. An hour had passed and still they knelt there together in the awful silence of the night.

It was broken at last by a sound outside; Helen rose to her feet and listened. Both stood watching the door with hearts that seemed to stand still in that moment of fearful suspense.

It opened and he entered. Helen sprang forward to meet him with a cry that betrayed all her anguish.

"Thank God you have come, John!" she exclaimed; "I was thinking you were dead."

"Yes, thank God, Helen," he said, solemnly, taking her in his arms. "I have seen the dead and dying all around me, and I knew I was not fit to die. I shuddered at what might have been my fate. Darling, have you been uneasy? I hoped to find you in bed and made haste to get home before you rose in the morning, as soon as I had given what help I could."

It was more almost than she could bear, his unselfish thought for her, always paramount. In her heart she was praying silently, "God make me more worthy."

Grace slipped out of the room and left them alone. "For," she said to herself, "this is the turning-point of their lives."

Early in the morning Helen came softly upstairs into her room. "Grace," she whispered, "God has been good to me. Will you teach me how to thank Him?"

[THE END.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

DIX-SEPT.—We do not give addresses, and we do not think, considering the style of French you write, that you would find a French magazine of any service to you for a very long time. In preference to reading at present, you should do any amount of French dictation, as it is evident you have not yet caught the *sound* of the language.

A. W.—"Rudiments" are the first principles or rules of a language. In taking a governess who professes rudimentary French or German, one understands her powers are not conversational, but confined to the rules contained in the primary books on the subject.

FLORENCE DYAS.—We thank you for the information you give for the benefit of our inquiring correspondents in reference to schools abroad—that there are good ones at Bonn, and that there is a good resident English chaplain, of whom more particular information on such subjects might be obtained.

ALPHA.—At the Manchester Infirmary nurses are trained for one year for a fee of £10. For further particulars apply to the Lady Superintendent, or the Clerk of Guardians, Poor Law Offices, New Bridge-street. See our article on "Nursing as a Profession," pages 454-5, vol. i.

CONSTANCE.—You may obtain information and materials for the "kindergarten," and also instruction, from Miss Frost, 57, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W.

NEW READER.—Classes for book-keeping are given at 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W. Address the secretary of the Society for the Employment of Women.

B. B.—We fear from your handwriting and spelling that your education is not sufficiently good for the profession of nursing. Nurse probationers are received at most hospitals, and you might go to one of them, such as the London Hospital, Whitechapel-road, E., or the Middlesex Hospital, Mortimer-street, Berners-street, W., and see the matron, who will soon discover whether you are qualified.

HOUSEKEEPING.

TOM'S HOUSEKEEPER.—Chloride of lime in water is used to clean the enamelled saucepans. Orange marmalade may be made at present.

EMILY CROSS.—Clean the marble with a mixture of soda, whiting, and milk, made into a paste, and let it remain on for some time. Copal varnish should be used for the purpose.

ALICE FREEMAN.—The spots of paint may have grown hard. Try spirits of wine and turpentine; a little soaking will soften them. Use cold water and a clean house-flannel for the sides of your stairs, and rub up afterwards with a clean, dry cloth.

BRIGHT-HAIRED NELL.—Diagrams and sketches for folding table-napkins in different shapes are given in many cookery books, which you may obtain at a moderate cost.

IGNORAMUS.—White of egg is said to be a good restorative for leather-covered chairs. We do not think your writing is good enough for such a position.

FLOSSIE COAL.—Place a piece of clean blotting-paper over the grease-spots, and use a hot iron to bring the grease through the paper. By doing this repeatedly you will take it all out. Your writing is not good enough for an office of any kind.

COOKERY.

INQUIRER is referred to pages 80 and 176, vol. i. for directions how to make orange jelly. Gooseberry jelly is made like any other jelly, for which we refer you to many recipes already given. Observe how to spell "gooseberry." Your writing is spoilt by the flourishes you make, especially after terminal letters.

BROTTNIE.—We thank you much for so kindly sending us a good and comparatively inexpensive recipe for orange marmalade, which we are glad to give to our readers. All the preceding volumes of this magazine are to be had by those who failed to take them in at the commencement. Take twelve Seville oranges and three lemons; slice very thin, remove the pips, and then place in a crock in six quarts of cold water, and let them stand for twenty-four hours. Then boil them in the same water for an hour and a half until quite tender, and after that add ten pounds of coarse white crystallised sugar and boil for an hour, or longer, if necessary, until it will jelly when cold.

CLARA.—A "Spanish charlotte" is made thus: Place a layer of crumbled stale cake in a well-buttered pie-dish, on this a layer of sliced apples (or other fruit or preserves), then one of crumbs, then of fruit, and so on alternately, the top layer being of the crumbs. Then pour custard over it and bake.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.—The following recipe will answer for a wedding cake, and could be made at home. Take one pound butter, twelve eggs, one quart flour, one pound moist sugar, half pound mixed spice, three pounds currants, one pound raisins, half pound almonds, half pound candied peel. Beat the butter to a cream and stir into it the yolks of the eggs, well-beaten already with the sugar; lastly, add the spice and the almonds chopped very finely. Stir-in the flour, add the currants and the raisins chopped fine, and the candied fruit cut into strips. Beat the cake either with the hand or a wooden spoon; line the cake-tin with buttered paper, pour in the cake, and bake two hours, or more, if required.

MUSIC.

MIMA.—We do not think that any special pieces of music would help you. The only way to make yourself a good timeist is to count aloud when practising, and to yourself over all doubtful passages when playing before people.

Q. IN THE CORNER.—We do not know any way of making use of old music save by selling it. We see that some magazines have an exchange column, where lists of music are printed for exchange between the subscribers. You might try that method.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—As you are coming to England in May, and the New College of Music is to be opened in that month at South Kensington, we think you had better wait until the particulars be published and enter yourself there. We hear that fifty pupils are already promised.

QUATUOR.—The "Farewell Symphony," by Haydn, is the one for which you inquire.

ETHEL.—We do not know it under that name. A quarter of an hour for scales and exercises, another quarter for refreshing your memory with old pieces, and half an hour for learning and perfecting new ones. This is the rule observed by an excellent player of our acquaintance.

SUNFLOWER.—What are called the ancient ecclesiastical scales or modes, are in reality nothing but modifications of the common major and minor scales, and differing from them in nothing but the disposition of their semi-tones. The four most ancient among them were the Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian, and the Myxo-Lydian. The formula of these scales and cadences may still be found in many old church chants, and even in national melodies.

MANOURI.—We can only advise you to inquire at other music publishers and musical instrument makers, or else ask some violinist to advise you on the subject. We should have thought that you could have obtained the information you need from the friend who gave you the mandolin.

GOOD TEMPLAR.—Perhaps you have over-strained your voice, or you have begun to sing too early. Until the voice has gone through a certain amount of skilled training, there is often a sort of woolly tone in a young girl's voice—the "bird's nest" in the throat, as it has been called. Perhaps, however, you are suffering from relaxation of the throat, and tannin- or glycerine lozenges might be of use to you.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DORRIE.—*Quantum libet* is the Latin for "As much as you please." We thank you for your kind letter.

BIRDIE.—Cats are liable to take bad colds, and to consumption. Do not hang over yours, nor take her breath, as their colds are exceedingly catching. Some of the worst, that often run through a whole household, may be traced to that of a cat. In a case of bronchitis, when the cough is troublesome give a few drops of paregoric occasionally, and a dessertspoonful of Mindererus's spirit every night. Tie a piece of woollen cloth or flannel round its neck. Your writing is pretty.

ERIN.—Your friend should do nothing of a clandestine character. Let her openly tell her mother, or aunt, or her chaperone, whoever she may be, of the letter received, and the existence of the correspondence arising from it. Should any serious objection be raised to it, she should then act accordingly—endeavour to remove it by her explanations, or else desist in writing.

BIG FOOT.—You should order THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER from Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., before you leave England, and it will be sent to you to Germany or anywhere else. We have been perpetually giving our opinion of writing backwards and so large. At least, you make a proper distinction between the letters that should respectively be united above or below. The "moist colours" are the best for everyone's use.

WANDERER.—1. Your first question has already been answered, and opens too extensive a subject to be dealt with properly in a few lines. Take a concordance and look out all the passages connected with it, and include that in the book of Job, chapter xix., verse 26. 2. We are expressly told that God ordains that He is to be "entreated," that prayer should be the medium through which His blessings shall be called down upon us, and He bids us by prayer and supplication to make known our wants to Him, and not lazily to hold our tongues, and, while giving ourselves no trouble to obtain what we need, to take chance for receiving it or not. "Pray without ceasing." "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." Think of the story of the importunate widow.

M. A. J.—The festival of Easter moves backwards or forwards, according as the full moon next after the "vernal equinox" falls nearer or further from the equinox; that is to say, it is always the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon or next after the 21st of March. You will find fuller information in "Milner's Universal Geography," published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. You would have found this answer at page 576, vol. i., but as it is so long ago, and we have many queries on the subject, we have thought it wise to repeat it.

LADY AURIOL.—The 17th August, 1867, was a Saturday.

JIM.—A hair mattress is usually considered the most wholesome bed for young people; certainly not a feather bed.

JESSIE BROWN.—There are four hospitals in or near town for the benefit of sufferers from hip disease and cripples from other causes. Inquire at 18, Queen-square, W.C. (having seventy-one beds specially for cases of hip disease, and having a branch hospital in Lansdown-road, Bournemouth). Otherwise you might apply to the secretary at the hospital, at The Vine, Sevenoaks. We advise you, however, to ascertain beyond doubt whether the case be one of dislocation, as we have known a case at once and completely cured by simple resetting of that joint, which had been pronounced and treated as "hip disease" by more than one distinguished medical man. The best and most experienced are not infallible.

LILITH.—According to the Jewish Talmud Adam had a wife before Eve, whose name was Lilith or Lilis. She refused to submit to Adam's authority, and left paradise for a region of the air. She is fabled to haunt the night still as a spectre, and according to the "Cyclopedia Metropolitan," our word "lullaby" is a corruption of "Lilla abi," "Lilith avaunt," as she is supposed to be especially hostile to infants. Lilith is introduced into Goethe's "Faust." The author of the book has apparently made a mistake in placing Eve before Lilith.

MAGNUM BONUM.—Your quotation is from Tennyson's "Enone."

GLADYS.—We do not recognise the quotation. The second question appears to refer to the shirt of Nessus, the story of which will be found in a classical dictionary.

MARIE DE MALIKOFF.—A post-office order might be sent without difficulty to either of the addresses given in the article for the benefit of the "Girl's Own Home." We are glad you feel so anxious to help in the matter.

TYNE.—"Cleanliness is next to godliness" was quoted by Wesley in one of his sermons on dress, from a phrase in Lord Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," Book II.

EDYTHE.—When a visiting card is doubled down at one end it means that it is intended for a second person (usually a daughter), and that the visitor had only one to leave. On the Continent it implies that the card was left in person, as it always ought to be, if possible.

MARGUERITE.—The term "silent" was descriptive. A "rural dean" is a very ancient office in the church, and seems to have been originally, as these deans are now, deputies of the bishop, armed with an inferior degree of judicial power. We are glad to hear that at a meeting of the Religious Tract Society in your town THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER was spoken of in such terms of approval, and so strongly recommended We are also pleased to hear that the articles on Dressmaking are so very useful to you.

MISTRESS MARJORY.—We do not know of any place, but think you might make the lint yourself, after soaking the starch from the linen. It would be really "charpie," or ravelling, not the scraped lint. Making "charpie" is very suitable and pleasant work for old ladies.

THREE STUDENTS are advised to purchase an alarum; but the great element in early rising is a determined will, and the "first turn should be a turn out" on waking, as the Duke of Wellington advised. We like numbers 1 and 2 the best.

HOPEFUL SNOWDROP.—We thank you for your mother's very nice verses, which show much Christian feeling. We truly sympathise with her and you in reference to the great affliction of blindness from which she suffers. But to such as she appears to be the season of darkness will be but brief, and "in the evening time it shall be light," when "the eyes of the blind shall be opened and tongue of the dumb shall sing." We regret that we cannot insert the verses, but send a kind message of good wishes to the writer.

CARSON.—Much depends on the character of the soil and of the season at the time. The rose trees "transplanted in November and moved again in March or April" will be rather severely tried, but may flower perhaps "the same year." Do not expect much of them at first; and keep as much earth about the roots as you can when you move them next.

JULIA H.—The apostle St. John died at a very advanced age, reaching, according to history, a hundred years and upwards. We read that he submitted to the ordeal of martyrdom by immersion in a cauldron of boiling oil, but which failed to do him injury, and he was then banished to the Island of Patmos, where the wonderful visions recorded in the book of Revelations were granted to him.

S. T.—We were much interested in your letter and MSS. They do you great credit. The translations from Russian into English are excellent, the "Song of Harold the Bold" more especially; and we were sorry when we came to the unfinished termination of "Hawthorndean" in prose. The story is well related, although there are some funny mistakes (yet very natural ones) in spelling, as, for instance, "ruffly" for "roughly," "peaps" for "peeps," and "wrighting" for "writing." We cannot help in so far setting you right. We shall always be glad to hear from you, and consider that you write a beautiful hand.

JUDY.—There are two versions of the old verses which you partially quote. That about which you inquire runs thus, or with little verbal difference—

> "Monday's child is fair of face,
> Tuesday's child is full of grace,
> Wednesday's child is born for woe,
> Thursday's child has far to go,
> Friday's child is loving and giving,
> Saturday's child must work for a living,
> But the child that is born on the Sabbath day
> Is bonnie and happy, and wealthy and gay."

The 14th of April, 1863, fell on a Tuesday. Try to spell the days of the week correctly; to write "Saturday" "Saterday" is a disgraceful mistake.

MARGUERITE H.—Your handwriting is a fairly good one, but you would improve it by writing more words in a line.

PAUL.—"Good temper" is very generally a hereditary gift, passed down from parent to child; and it is usually the result of good health, especially as regards the liver and digestive organs. But for those who have not had the benefit of this valuable inheritance, we recommend them to exercise a little strength of mind and self-control, and to ask God's grace to aid them in their efforts. Ill-tempered people are the pests of society, and much more so at home.

NITA.—With reference to mourning, see our article entitled "Habits of Polite Society," page 162, vol. iii. Plain silver or gold jewellery may be worn in mourning. We never promise to answer letters within any space of time. We answer as may be convenient, and as soon as possible, according to circumstances. Some questions need research and inquiry, and works of reference have to be consulted. Your writing is fairly good.

YELATS.—A bride is not expected to provide anything beyond her trousseau. It is a matter of free choice when she does. Amongst Frenchwomen of the lower class it is the custom for every girl not only to prepare her trousseau, but the house linen of her future home, before forming any engagement to be married. This work is accomplished gradually, as every girl expects to be married, because marriages are arranged for them between the parents on both sides, and no one is so silly as to enter into that state without making all possible preparation for it. The man is expected to provide a house or rooms, and all the furniture and household appliances.

LADY LAURA.—You desire a "light situation," but in asking our advice you say nothing of your educational attainments, nor of your social standing and circumstances. "Light work" that is also remunerative is not easily obtained—with the exception of rag-picking. If good, and somewhat hard work would suit you, and "leaving home" be desirable, why not offer your services to the Deaconesses' Institute, The Green, Tottenham, London, N., or else inquire for work at the Society for the Employment of Women, Secs., the Misses King and Lewin, 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street; office hours from 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. You will need references from two householders. If you wish to be a "lady help," inquire at Mrs. Crawshay's office, 163, Oxford-street, W.

QUERY.—We thank you for your acrostic, of which, of course, we approve. In all kindliness, we advise you to give a little attention to your spelling, grammar, and writing. The word "its" is a possessive pronoun, and should not be confounded with "it is" in the verb "to be."

JULIET.—The redness of the newly-healed spot will grow pale and quite disappear in time; but it seems that your digestion needs attention, for which you should have advice. Your letter shows much good feeling, and deserves our commendation.

AN UNKNOWN has made herself known to us in a very interesting manner, and in a pleasing light; and if at the tender age of fourteen years she can express her feelings in such easy and correct rhythm, she promises to write well when a few years older. We sympathise very sincerely with her on her early trials, and rejoice that she should have found comfort and encouragement in our paper, especially in directing her thoughts and aspirations to that great hereafter, which will bring ineffable bliss to the children of God. You are but in the early spring-time of life, dear young friend, and you should endeavour to see the sunny side of it. Possibly your state of health is at fault, and we should recommend you to consult a doctor. Select some special work or study for your leisure time as soon as you have left the schoolroom "for good." Meantime, you want to be out in the fresh air and sunshine, and you would be the better of change of scene to some bright place.

STEPHANOTIS.—Tell the servant your name to be announced, and if you be admitted there is no occasion for leaving your card. Should your brother be unable to call, make an apology for him, and on going out leave his card on the hall-table.

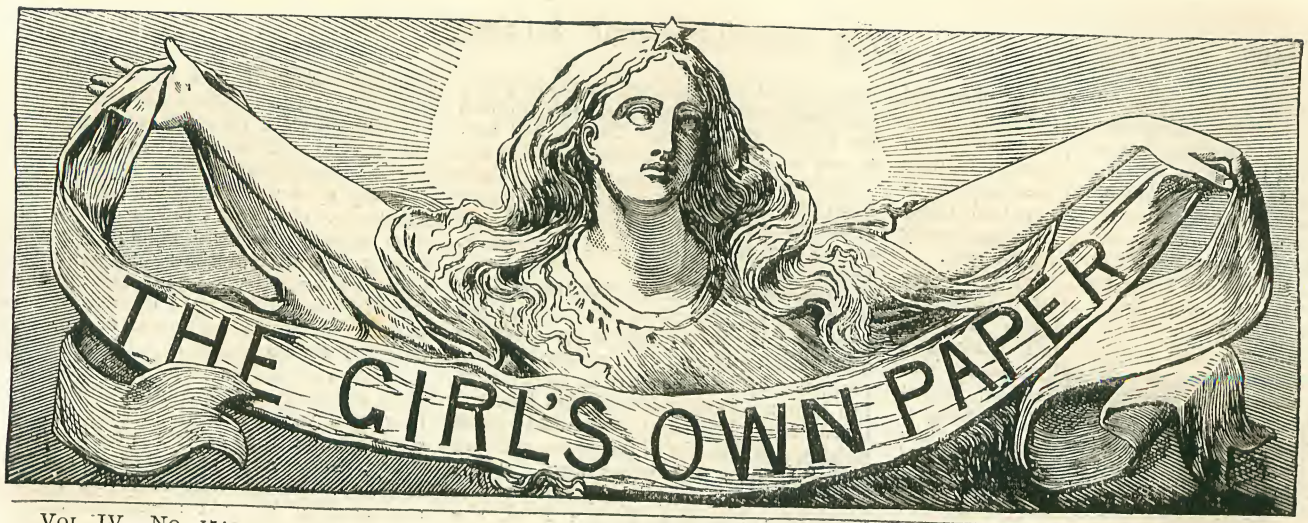
K. E. C.—Apply to the Universal Beneficent Society, 15, Soho-square, which assists by loans, gifts, and pensions, gentlemen as well as ladies in reduced circumstances, whether by inability to continue working or otherwise, after investigation of the case. There is a convalescent home for men and children at 21, Hyde Gardens. Address Miss Mason, or G. Thurlow, Esq., 58, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, W. Invalids received for three weeks. The weekly charge varies from 9s. to £1. Also there is St. Andrew's Convalescent Home for Men, Guildhall-street, Folkestone. Invalids received for three weeks. Address the sister in charge. The charge is 10s. 6d. weekly, or if by letter or nomination, 2s. 6d. Perhaps that at Seaford, near Newhaven and South Downs, would suit the friend you name. There are 66 inmates, and the cost 5s. a week. Invalids taken in for a month. A certificate would be required, either from Dr. W. Lomas, 99, Gower-street, W.C., or Dr. Eustace Smith, 28, George-street, Hanover-square, W. The office of the home is at 36, Southampton-street, Strand, W.C. At Worthing there is also the Banting Memorial Home, Parade Lodge, Marine Parade, for clerical and professional classes. There are only eight inmates; they are taken in for three weeks, and free of any charge. In reference to the kind offer, a bouquet of skeletonised leaves, etc., for the benefit of the Princess Louise Home, for which we have a sale of work, please write to the address given at page 242, in our number for January 20th, 1883. Miss Tidd will give you all necessary instructions.

"EUROCLYDON."—The Universal Beneficent Society, 15, Soho-square, assists by loans, gifts, or pensions, ladies or gentlemen in reduced circumstances, after investigating the case; also the National Benevolent Institution, 65, Southampton-row, W.C., pensions on election persons above sixty years of age belonging to the upper or middle classes. There is the Friendly Female Society, East View, Church-road, Upper Norwood, S.E., for women who have seen better days. Temporary help and annuities are given by the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, 32, Sackville-street, W., or at the home and office, 47, Harley-street, W. See our article on "Earning One's Living," page 74, vol. i., and apply for work at the office of the Society for the Employment of Women, 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street. The secretaries are the Misses King and Lewin, and the office hours between 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. See our answer to "Lady Laura."

LITTLE NANCY.—You would find the epitaph in a life of the poet.

LUCY D.—It is contrary to our rules to give addresses. Inquire for them at any shops where surgical appliances, such as ear-trumpets, are sold. You will find them in all directions—in the Strand, in Oxford-street, and elsewhere.

E. COLEMAN.—1. Up to the present period we have measured time by counting the years from a year after our Lord's birth. One year from that event completed the "year one." But new light has been thrown upon our chronology, and we find that mistakes have been made. 2. There was only a difference of months, not years, between the ages of our Lord and St. John the Baptist.



VOL. IV.—No. 174. APRIL 28, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A LONG LANE WITH A TURNING.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"AND THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH ARE LONG, LONG THOUGHTS."

THOSE sunny holidays were drawing to a close, when Mr. Wenlock got up a school-feast at Rookfield. The Beachleys were liberal contributors; but the vicar asked for something more than bun and tea-money. He wanted the musical services of the four young people for the evening entertainment. The long schoolroom was to be decorated with flowers and evergreens; the harmonium would be placed on a platform at the upper end, and when the Rookfield choir had done its best, then Cassie and Mary, James and Arthur were to sing their quartettes. Mary was the only person who raised an objection to the plan.

"I am afraid I shall break down and spoil everything," she said, with real timidity.

"Nonsense," Cassie rejoined; "you will do well enough if you only make up your mind to succeed, and don't think about the audience. You see, we can't get on without you, and you would be sorry to disappoint everybody."

The last argument overcame Mary's reluctance, and she nerved herself heroically for the ordeal. All four practised diligently, morning and evening their voices might have been heard from the old drawing-room. "As pants the hart" they sang; the butler hung about outside the door to listen, and the house-

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"'TAKE THESE,' HE SAID."

maids, in respectful ecstasy, hovered between the kitchen and the hall.

Cassie's flute-like soprano led the way, and James's trumpet-notes excited bursts of subdued applause. When the eventful day really came, Mary had fairly conquered her misgivings, and was ready to do her part as bravely as the rest.

Both girls looked their best as they came out of their room that evening; Cassie, in a white muslin, slightly sprinkled with scarlet, and Mary in a transparent gown of palest blue. The carriage was waiting at the door; James Listowe, in the porch, was selecting a rosebud for his button-hole, and Arthur stood in the hall with a little bouquet of forget-me-nots in his hand.

"Take these," he said, offering them to Mary. "You have time, I think, to put some of them into your hair before we start."

"Oh, thank you, Arthur," said Mary, frankly and brightly; and she turned and ran upstairs again.

"I must get some tea-roses and scarlet geranium," remarked Cassie, going out into the porch. But Arthur did not follow her; he stood at the foot of the wide old staircase till the little figure came flying down.

One cluster of blue flowers could be seen under the brim of her straw hat, and another bunch was fastened into the bosom of her dress. She gave Arthur a grateful little smile as he handed her into the barouche.

"Shall we send the carriage for you to-night?" asked his mother, coming to the drawing-room door.

"No, dear Mrs. Beachley," answered Cassie's voice, "we have decided to walk home in the moonlight."

On rolled the barouche, past the rows of new villas, and along the pleasant road; the heat of the day was over, but the light had not yet begun to fade, and over the quiet pastures hung a sky that was but faintly coloured with gold. You could hear the grating note of the corncrake from the meadows, and the clear chirping of the crickets in the cool grass. Even the decayed little church borrowed a kind of solemn beauty from the sweet vesper lights and shades; there was a velvety greenness about the graveyard, and the hard white of the newest tombstones was softened by the tender evening. Close to the church stood the vicarage, an old red house whose front windows overlooked the churchyard. It was a dull-looking house with rows of narrow windows, but it had a well-stocked garden sweet with homely, old-fashioned flowers — stocks, sweet williams, southernwood, lavender, and balm flourished there in abundance. Poor folks knew the spot where the horehound grew, that sovereign remedy for coughs and colds. They might carry home handfuls of sage, and thyme, and marjoram; for the pot-herbs delighted in the soil of that old wilderness—the vicarage garden.

The tea and bun-feast was over, and the children were scrambling for toys and sugarplums in the field, while the old people sat in a line on a bench under the churchyard wall; the venerable dames in large bonnets and clean caps, and the grandsires in smockfrocks, curiously embroidered, and only donned on festive occasions. There they sat, a row of harmless, cheerful old souls, with faces like wrinkled apples that have been kept long in the store-room. Every countenance brightened as Arthur came up to the bench and said a word to each.

They were only words of commonplace kindness, yet something in the speaker's tone and manner made them inexplicably sweet. He was not a very brilliant man, nor had he the art of showing to the best advantage among his fellows; but as Mary looked at him and listened to him, she thought of the name she had secretly given him years ago. "The Son of Consolation;" yes, Arthur was more of a Barnabas than a Paul, she said to herself. The gift of great eloquence was not his; but he had the gracious spirit of him who "having land, sold it, and brought the money, and laid it at the apostles' feet."

There were several of the new Rookfield people standing in groups and watching the games. These lookers-on were of the class that Mr. Beachley heartily disliked—retired merchants and shopkeepers, who had come to live in the obnoxious villas, and dared to breathe the same air as the owner of the Rookery. Their wives dressed as handsomely as Mrs. Beachley herself; their daughters were as fresh and pretty as Kate had been long ago. Silk gowns and blooming faces were an offence to Mr. Beachley's eyes; but one delicious morsel of satisfaction remained to him—he still had the great red pew all to himself, and could see them, Sunday after Sunday, squeezing each other in the little church which no Beachley had ever yet thought it worth his while to enlarge or restore.

But Arthur was not a thorough Beachley. He went freely about among all the people, shaking hands, and bestowing frank and kindly greetings right and left. James Listowe, bethinking himself of future clients, was not slow to follow his example; and the good vicar, looking round upon all these smiling faces, said that this was a festival indeed.

"The earl and countess are coming to hear the music to-night," said James, whispering to the two girls. "Mr. Wenlock has just told me that they have promised to look in upon us."

The Earl of Claymoor had a small country seat about four miles from Rookfield, which he visited at rare intervals. James's announcement brought a flush into Cassie's cheeks, but Mary scarcely heeded it at all. She was busy with a little child who had had a fall, and stood in need of cosseting and comfort.

"Don't you hear, Mary?" asked Cassie, with a touch of impatience.

"Yes," said Mary, looking up from the rosy, tearful face that she had just kissed. "I will try to do my best," she added, simply.

"That little thing has rumpled your dress," Cassie was beginning to say. But Arthur came up with another toddler of three, who had been in the wars, and Mary took the second weeper on her lap. Even James seemed almost offended at the indifference with which his tidings were received, and strolled off with Cassie to look at the decorations in the schoolroom.

Many eyes were watching Mary and the young clergyman that evening, as they went to and fro among the old folks and the children; many kindly whispers were exchanged, and good-natured prophecies were uttered. And Mr. Wenlock, in his heart of hearts, believed that a great hope of his was near its realisation. The two he loved were drawing nearer and nearer together, and yet one of them seemed unconscious of the other's preference—Mary, busy and happy in her own fashion, and ignorant of love's ways, saw nothing but old friendship where others recognised a deeper feeling. Others could see, even at the first glance, that nature had paired those two souls; but sometimes nature's intentions seem to be singularly frustrated.

It was past eight when the singers took their places on the platform in the schoolroom. The village choir had creditably performed its part, and had got to its very last bars, when there was a rustle in the doorway, and all heads were turned. The earl and his lady had really presented themselves at last. There were tapers fixed into tin sconces just above the heads of the singers, and as Cassie and Mary stood up, the light fell softly upon them both; Cassie's dark hair was decked with scarlet geranium; her colour went and came; she was radiant. Mary's little brown head showed Arthur's forget-me-nots among its ripples; she was pale, and kept her eyes fixed upon her scroll.

The quartette was a success; it was loudly applauded, aristocratic palms led the clapping at the doorway; the great people preferred to sit where they could get plenty of air, and resisted all attempts to draw them nearer to the platform. There was a second quartette; and then came "God save the Queen."

The earl and countess did not retire without shaking hands with Mr. Wenlock, and saying civil things to the four friends. Cassie was honoured with especial notice; her beauty, and her pure, clear voice had really produced an impression. How bright her dark eyes looked, as she turned back to the platform to collect her music!

It was nearly ten o'clock; the moon was up, shining over the fields as they all went out of the schoolroom. The cattle, lying here and there, looked strange, uncouth creatures in the mysterious light; there were solemn shadows in the old churchyard. A chill wind came blowing up from the distant sea, and the girls shivered in their thin dresses.

"My chaise is here, sir," said a short, stout man, addressing Arthur. "Perhaps the ladies would like to be driven home. There's room for two besides the driver; I'm willing to walk, myself, and you or Mr. Listowe can take the reins."

Nearly all the people had gone home. The good-natured little man had lingered to make his proposal.

"Thank you, Mr. Dixon," said Arthur, promptly. "I believe the young ladies are more tired than they will own."

"And I am ready to be charioteer," cried James, putting Arthur in the background as usual.

The chaise, drawn by a pair of handsome ponies, was brought to the schoolroom door. Cassie's plan of walking home in the moonlight was overthrown, but she was, just then, really too tired to regret it.

"Jump in, Mary," said James, in an authoritative tone. "We must not keep the ponies waiting here all night," he added, as she hesitated for an instant.

And then Cassie, who had been saying a few last words, and receiving a few last compliments from the vicar, came forward, and found her friend already established in the front seat. There was no help for it, the place of honour was taken from her; but she climbed into the back part of the chaise with a good grace.

Mr. Dixon and Arthur agreed to go into the vicarage for a few minutes before turning homewards. Mr. Wenlock had a hearty liking for honest Dixon, who had come to live in one of the new villas close to the Rookery, and was far too good-natured a man to give the Beachleys credit for the animosity they really cherished. But Arthur, having seen his father snub his good neighbour on several occasions, was glad of any chance of accepting a kindness from him. Dixon was one of those men who are never thoroughly happy unless somebody is making use of their belongings.

Off went the ponies, stepping briskly together, pleasantly conscious that their heads were turned towards home. James Listowe had not been quite in his element at the school-feast. He could lecture admirably to working-men, but he had nothing to say to old women and babies. Arthur had taken the wind out of his sails that evening. James had had to listen to all the kind speeches made about his friend, and it might have been that certain whispers, coupling the names of Arthur and Mary, had reached his ears. But as he drove homeward his good humour was gradually coming back. Mary sat quiet and happy by his side, going through "Midsummer Night's Dream" in her own mind, and peopling hedge and meadow with the Mustard-seeds and Cobwebs of Shakespeare's fancy. Cassie's voice broke in sharply and suddenly upon her musings.

"My parasol!" she cried. "Oh, James, I have left it behind!"

"Are you sure you have left it?" asked Listowe, pulling up the ponies.

"Quite sure," she answered, penitently. "I am very sorry, James; let me get out and run back to the schools."

"We must drive back," he said, with some impatience in his tone. "The school will be shut up for the night; and, perhaps, the master and mistress are gone to bed."

He turned the ponies, and they greatly resented the proceeding, going sulkily over the ground they had already trodden, while Cassie sat vexed and humiliated. The school stood a hundred yards or more from the church, and was approached from the road by a path leading across a field.

"Just as I thought—gone to bed!" muttered James, as they came in sight of the school-house, and saw that all the lights were extinguished.

He put the reins into Mary's hands, and got down from the chaise. Making all speed, he ran across the field, and knocked sharply at the closed door. But the good couple within had worked hard that day, and were already sound asleep.

"Was there ever anything so provoking!" exclaimed Cassie. "Here is the parasol; it was lying under my feet."

"Then jump out, and run after James as quickly as you can," said Mary, promptly. "He is battering away at the door, and can't hear if we call."

Cassie acted upon the suggestion at once. Mortified beyond measure at the trouble her own heedlessness had caused, she sprang down from the carriage, and followed Listowe as fast as her feet could go.

The ponies were little disposed to stand patiently in the silent road, with their heads turned away from their comfortable stables at home. Their stamping and scraping tried Mary's nerves in no small degree. But it would soon be ended she thought. Already Cassie had come up to James and he had ceased to batter on the door.

Suddenly, there was a strange rustling and crackling in the hedge by the roadside. And then a white cow forced her way through the gap she had made, and leaped clumsily into the highway. If the ponies had wanted a fair excuse for running away they had it now, and off they started at a wild gallop that swayed the light chaise from side to side.

Poor Mary, who in all her simple life had never had anything to do with horses, was almost sick with fear. Her hands mechanically kept their hold upon the reins, but she had no power to control the fiery little steeds which galloped as if they were pursued by a legion of fiends. On and on they went through the still summer night till her brain grew dizzy, and her sight began to fail.

A heavy waggon came rumbling towards her along the narrow road. The driver, more than half asleep, was letting his horses take their own way while he sat at ease under the tilt. In an instant there was a shock and a crash; one of the hind wheels of the chaise struck against the wain, and Mary was jerked out of her seat. Carriage and ponies lay in a confused heap by the wayside.

(*To be continued.*)

GIRL'S OWN HOME.

Brought forward, £131 4s. 3d.; Katie, 1s.; Daisy, 1s.; A Servant, 2s.; Miss K. M. Smith, 2s.; A Reader of the G. O. P., 2s.; A Trifle from Taffy, 5s.; M. M. M., 1s.; "Une Sincère Aide," 1s.; Fleurange, 5s.; A Yorkshire Girl, 10s.; E. A. S., 1s.; Luna, 1s.; Collected by Miss E. M. Butcher, £1 1s.; The Misses Weatherley, 2s. 6d.; K. E. N., 1s.; Collected by Miss E. J. Brumwell, 7s.; Hettie, 1s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Mary F. Code, 6s. 6d.; Two Scotch Lassies, 2s. 6d.; Annie C., 1s.; Collected by Miss Rose Basnett, £1; Collected by Miss May Woodcock, £3 17s. 6d.; Collected by Mrs. Esslemont, £1 8s.; Collected by Miss E. A. Boden, £1 13s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Helen Jeffrey, £4; Miss Jessie Dexter, 10s.; Renfrewshire, 1s.; Two Sisters, 2s.; Veronica, 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss B. Alexander, 19s. 2d.; Collected by Miss Rose L. Hodsall, £2 8s.; The Misses Hunt, 2s.; Miss Kate Johnson, 2s. 6d.; A Reader of the G. O. P., 1s.; Six Stamps, 6d.; Penny Postage, 12s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Kate Fordham, £2 3s.; Collected by Miss Edith Rowe, 16s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Lucy C. Mackay, £2 12s.; M. E. S., 1s.; For Jesus' Sake, 5s.; Miss D. Moore, 1s.; Collected by Miss J. M. Richards, £2; Collected by Miss Lillian Cooper, £1 7s.; Miss Anna Symm, 1s.; Cissie L. R., 1s.; Collected by F. M. D., £1; Daisy, 1s.; Farnham, 3s.; Collected by Miss Mary Allen, £1 10s. 7d.; Collected by Miss Pauline M. Haddock, £1 3s. 3d.; Jessamine, 2s. 6d.; Miss Elizabeth Peyton, £1; Collected by Miss Sophie Coales, £2 18s. Total, £169 5s. 3d.

VARIETIES.

The Contented Shepherd.

I have heard how a gentleman, travelling in a misty morning, asked of a shepherd (such men being generally skilled in the physiognomy of the heavens) what weather it would be.

"It will be," said the shepherd, "what weather shall please me." And being courteously requested to express his meaning, "Sir," said he, "it shall be what weather pleaseth God; and what weather pleaseth God pleaseth me."

Thus contentment maketh men to have even what they think fitting themselves, because submitting to God's will and pleasure.—*Thomas Fuller.*

A Gift Withheld.

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
"Let us," said He, "pour on him all we can,
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span."

So strength first made a way;
Then beauty flowed; then wisdom, honour, pleasure;
When almost all was out, God made a stay;
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

"For if I should," said He,
"Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of Me,
And rest in nature, not the God of nature—
So both should losers be.

"Yet let him keep the rest—
But keep them with repining restlessness—
Let him be rich and weary; that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast."

George Herbert.

Three Wonders of Women.—A pleasant young lady, aged twenty, and possessed of no small share of personal attractions, said to us the other day, "She wondered why she had not got married." This put us in mind of the three wonders of beautiful women. First, at fifteen they wonder who they shall take; second, at twenty-five they wonder why they are not taken; and third, at thirty-five they wonder who they can find that will take them.

Self-Praise.—She whose own worth doth speak, need not speak her own worth.

A MISSIONARY

THE MESSENGER GOING TO WORK.

ON THE RIVER.

THAMES CHURCH MISSION.

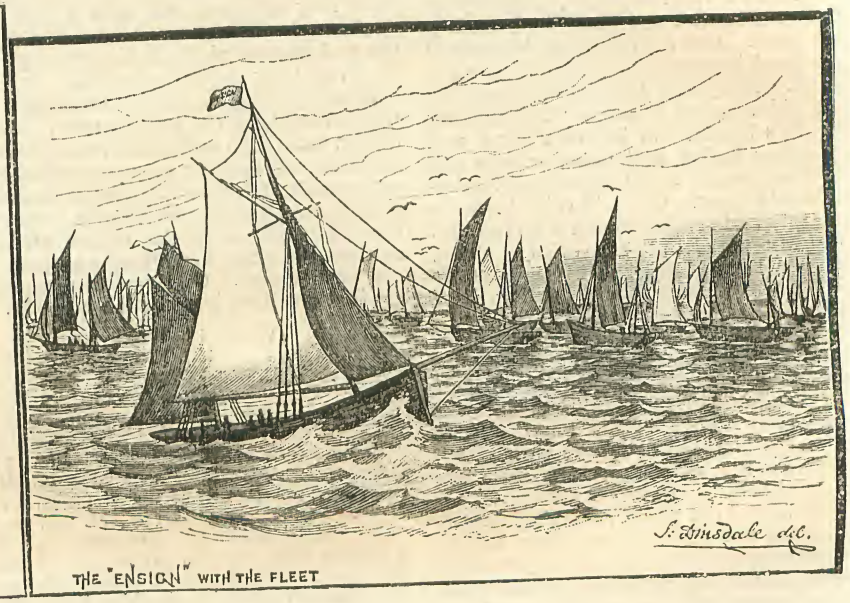
By Anne Beale.

"Mon Dieu, protégez-moi, mon navire est si petit, et votre mer est si grande!"
Breton Fisher's Prayer.

Shall we all go together to the offices of the Thames Church Mission, at 31, New Bridge-street, Ludgate Circus, and learn, *viva voce*, what is being done for our sailors? Silence gives consent; Mr. Mather, the secretary, accords us a hearty welcome, and is well pleased to direct our attention at once to two rows of sailors' library bags, which are suspended against the wall, and reach the whole length of the room. The readers of The Girl's Own Paper will remember how hard many of them worked about two years ago to manufacture these or similar articles, and will rejoice to learn that their handiwork has gone to all points of the compass, and has been fully appreciated by Jack Tar. Indeed, the embroidered bags with their motto, "Thames Church Mission," are well deserving of admiration, and are calculated to attract the attention of their owners to the sacred literature they are intended to contain. Many ladies have followed the good example set them, and library bags continue to reach the mission, beautifully embroidered in crewel work, or marked with appropriate texts. Too many cannot be sent, and anyone desirous of contributing can obtain a pattern as to size from the very specimens we are contemplating.

We learn that so great are the vigour and industry of women that not only do they supply numbers of our sailors and North Sea fishermen with these bags, but also with comforters, two yards long, and with cuffs of suitable dimensions. These must be very welcome "when the stormy winds do blow," and when their wearers are ploughing the tempestuous waves. Quite lately the telegraph messenger boys of the Notting-hill post-office have presented a goodly number of these useful articles, and we congratulate them on utilising their leisure so well. Books and

A COLPORTEUR



THE "ENSIGN" WITH THE FLEET

magazines also arrive from numerous kind donors, and are added to the Bibles and Prayer-books with which each bag is furnished. One likes to think of the sailor, in the intervals of his dangerous labour, taking some instructive book from its pretty receptacle, and reading maybe of his Creator and Redeemer. And he greatly needs these reminders, for there is "only a plank" between him and greedy ocean, and he may be in a moment launched into eternity.

It was this consideration that induced five Christian gentlemen to assemble for prayer nearly forty years ago in order to devise some means that should correct the ungodliness of the sailors and boatmen on and about the Thames. The result was a floating and cruising church, a picture of which hangs above the library bags. This was a vessel called the "Swan," lent by the Admiralty, and provided with a chaplain and crew ready to "do battle for the Lord." She cruised from London to Gravesend, or lay alongside the tiers of colliers waiting to be unloaded in Bugsby's Reach. The object was the holding of services for the seamen, and sending forth missionaries wheresoever they were needed. We can imagine the chaplain and his pious crew and helpers welcoming the seamen from ship, barge, or boat, to his church in the hold of the "Swan," and praising God for the many conversions from darkness to light, which, happily, owed their birth, under God's grace, to the ministrations therein. She was ultimately returned to the Admiralty, and younger vessels were employed to do her work; indeed, so surely has that work grown that now it is prosecuted from and on the shore by boats and mission rooms; and not only chaplains, but lay missionaries, Scripture readers, and seamen colporteurs visit all the vessels in the Thames, and even extend their visitations to that dangerous waste of waters known as the North Sea.

Now we must glance from the picture of the "Swan" to that of the "Ensign," a trim little smack, lent by her owner to enable the mission to send the blessed Gospel to the thousands of fishermen always seeking their hazardous living in the North Sea. The "Ensign" holds services especially among the 1,200 fishermen employed by Messrs. Hewett and Co., of Yarmouth, in the deep sea fisheries off the Dogger Bank, and men from some 120 smacks come to her in their boats for religious teaching, which is given daily when the weather is favourable. Seven steamers ply constantly between this fleet and Billingsgate Market to feed the huge shark called London with all sorts of fish, and the fishermen remain all the year round, with an interval of a few days every two months, risking life to earn a poor wage. Many of them perish annually, and there are six similar fleets in the North Sea! Hitherto religion could not well reach them; but now our "Ensign," bearing the Thames Mission flag, not only holds her services on board, but sells and lends books and tracts, supplies "library bags," comforters and cuffs—when sent them by the women who "stay at home at ease"—and even, thanks to a generous lady, has a medicine chest for the sick. A harmonium, also, leads the hymns that ascend to heaven amid the roar of waters.

So much for the "Ensign;" and we can only glance at the remaining wall-ornamentation. Here is a picture of a service held on board ship, and here a curious piece of crewel-work, representing a North Sea smack, done by a sailor who employs his stray moments by embroidering ships at sea.

But our contemplation of the wall-pictures is suddenly arrested by the entrance of about a score of men. They seat themselves quietly

A MISSIONARY AT WORK.

at the long table, upon which we have already silently remarked that a substantial tea is spread. The secretary takes its head, and kindly invites us to share the meal. The guests consist of the missionaries, Scripture-readers, and colporteurs of the Thames Church Mission, all of whom have been sailors, but are now engaged in carrying the Gospel they love to their brethren of their craft. About two-thirds of them are in sailor dress; the rest are the missionaries, and wear some sort of black. Each earnest face is a study, and we regard with admiration men who have passed their lives in facing the dangerous elements, and desire to end them in the service of God and their fellows, but still on the troublous waters.

One elderly man particularly attracts us. He is tall, thin, white-headed, bronzed, and clad in blue jersey, with the initials T.C.M. on his breast. His soul seems to speak through his calm, reverend face. But all look, what they are, in earnest; and their talk is of the souls they would fain help to save, and the blessings they humbly hope that have followed their labours. They seem to eat sparingly, and the missionary who sits next to us says he "gets his meals when he can, and having eaten nothing since breakfast was obliged to have his tea before he came." These quarterly teas bring all the workers together, and tend to knit man to man. Mr. Mather knows them all intimately, and has a word for each. All wear the blue ribbon, and thus mutely advocate the sobriety they wish to see practised by the sailor everywhere.

"We preach it," says one, "but the practice is difficult, for even in the North Sea, vessels called 'copers' cruise about among the boats bringing drink. They are mostly Dutch, and the liquor they sell is so cheap and fiery that the men get frightfully intoxicated, and have been even known to leap overboard in their frenzy."

When we have finished tea, and thanks for the meal have been offered to "The Giver of all good things," Mr. Mather reads a portion of God's Word; we unite in singing a hymn, and prayers ascend to heaven for a blessing on the work and the sailors. But we scarcely know what that work really is, until we hear what the workers have been doing from their own lips. Five minutes is the time allotted to each speaker, and we are astonished at the amount of information given in so short a period. But these missionaries speak naturally from an overflowing heart. Each stands to speak, and this is what they say:

"In dealing with the sailors," begins the first called upon, "I had great difficulties to overcome. Having got aboard the ship or barge, I first proceeded to obtain leave from the captain to speak to his men. This was generally granted. Frequently most of the men were below in their hammocks. I used to shake them, accost them cheerily, pull them out, and get them to go ashore to the mission house. One Sunday morning I boarded a large ship lying in the river. There was a young man in his hammock to whom I spoke, who said, 'Why should you trouble yourself about me? You will not bring me out to-day.' 'I will try,' said I. 'Listen to me. What would you do if you had the watch and saw anyone sinking? Would you not try to save him?' 'Well, I wouldn't be such a heathen as not to do that. What do you take me for?' 'My friend,' said I, 'I am in the same position. Men are in great danger of being lost for ever, and would I not be a heathen if I didn't try to save them? That's why I come to press you and to save you.' He came with me and brought three others, and I can assure you he never wanted pressing again. One morning I boarded a ship lying off Gravesend about eight o'clock, and asked to be allowed to speak to the seamen. 'It is no use. They will do for you,' was the reply. 'Why, they won't eat me?' But they were the roughest fellows I ever met, using oaths and asking me all sorts of questions to puzzle me. I said to them, 'Did you ever hear how marbles are made? They are put together in an iron tube, and wheeled round till they get smooth by repeated contact. Men are influenced in the same way. You should not despise me, but let us mix and see if we can't rub off one another's roughness.' After much perseverance I got their attention.

"'Come and see us again,' they said, and I did so, when I had seventeen to speak to. The chief officer was there all the time, and held up his hands in surprise at the result. A day or two afterwards I met seven of the men quite comfortable, and they said, 'The time you spent with us was the best time we ever had.' It proved so, for the change in the ship was remarkable. But I am afraid I am exceeding my five minutes."

The senior missionary speaks next. "Seventeen years ago," he says, "I boarded the 'Granton' and said to the captain, 'Well, I am a Thames Church missionary, will you give me admission?' 'Sailors don't want speaking to; they are too rough.' said he. 'Look here, captain,' said I; 'anyone who knows sailors, and has love and sympathy for them, ought to have weight with them.' 'You can go forward,' said he. The men received me very roughly. I began, 'Well, lads, I am a missionary come to speak to you about your souls. God has sent me.' 'Give us some grog,' was all my answer, and I could get no hearing and left. Shortly afterwards I went again, and by patience and kindness succeeded in holding some very interesting services amongst them. Some time ago I boarded a ship and was suddenly surrounded by negroes. I accosted them with, 'Brothers, how are you?' 'We ain't your brothers,' was the reply. 'All men are brothers, for "God made men of one blood," &c.,' I said. They grew attentive. I held a service, and sold three Bibles amongst them. On board another ship I was told there was a man who was the worst fellow ever met. 'That is the man Jesus wants,' I said, and went to him in the forecastle. 'Bill, will you have a word of prayer?' I said. 'No, I won't—I don't want to pray,' he replied. 'Better men than you haven't scorned to pray to God,' I said; and he owned I was right. I succeeded in gaining his attention, and spoke seriously to him. Before I left, he appeared deeply impressed. Two days after, I heard he had been going to fight with another man; but when he reached the appointed place, he said, 'I can't fight that man; I feel God is going to call me.' He continued some time under deep conviction of sin, till a clergyman was the means of pointing him to Christ and showing him the way of salvation. I met him soon after in this way. I boarded a vessel, and asked for the master. When he appeared, I was astonished and delighted to see my friend again. After some conversation, he said, 'I have been saving up to buy a good large family Bible, and I want you to mark for me the text you spoke from to me on the river, which was blessed to the saving of my soul.' I marked the verse, and he was greatly rejoiced."

The next speaker, who has been sailor and fisherman all his life, is singularly interesting, both in appearance and manner. "While out in the North Sea, I was anxious that my brother fishermen should hear the sound of the Gospel. Two other men and myself agreed to have a 'Bethel.' We prayed for years that the Lord's work might be stirred up amongst us. While met together one evening, two of my companions said, 'Harry, the Lord must send the blessing directly.' That summer about thirty men came out on the Lord's side, and not a few of them are still going about preaching the Gospel to others. Once when we were off Grimsby, a poor young fellow was at death's door. He sent for me and said, 'I am dying; take me home.' We made sail for Grimsby. 'Master, pray for me,' he said. I did so, and asked him to pray for himself and look to Jesus. 'I have thrown away so many opportunities; He will not receive me.' Yet he cried to the Lord in the most earnest, piteous manner. Well, he got better, and I shall never forget that when I met him, some time after, he was standing up and preaching to others the Gospel that had saved himself.

"Many of the men in the North Sea are great, strong, burly fellows that you would not, maybe, care to meet in the dark; yet they are often broken down at the preaching of the Word, and 'Weep their way to the cross.' Becoming Christians, they are devout, God-fearing men. I will now relate something about the present master of the mission smack, 'Ensign.' I knew him as a great enemy to the cause, and he never spoke civilly to me. But one day he came to our service. I spoke on the words, 'There is now, therefore, no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus.' He was very attentive and looked miserable. It was laid upon my heart to pray for him. After the service I said to him, 'I hope next time you will be rejoicing.' I met him soon again. He grasped my hand with a sailor's hearty grip, and he told me of his peace and joy. I had a letter from him to-day, and he writes of the work of the Lord among the North Sea fleets, and reminds me of that dear text, 'There is no condemnation,' &c. Bless the Lord there are many on the North Sea now that not only know the Lord Jesus Christ as their own Saviour, but are trying heartily and earnestly to make the glorious Gospel known among their fellow fishermen, and the greatest boon that ever has been conferred upon them is the mission smack, 'Ensign,' now stationed in the North Sea; and may God bless her."

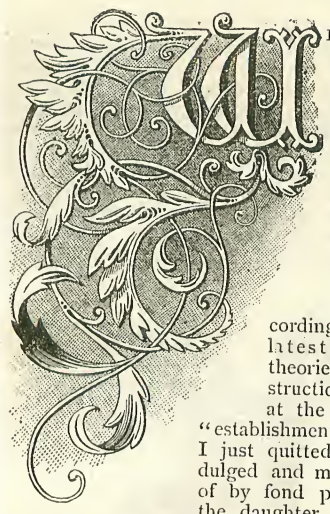
The Tilbury missionary is next asked to speak, and this reminds us that the editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is getting up an entertainment for the navvies at Tilbury, so we will reserve this missionary's testimony till we all accompany him to the scene of his labours, and see how his navvies like the entertainment, and what is being done for them at the great docks in course of formation at Tilbury Fort.

We have now only to wind up our pleasant and profitable evening by listening to a stirring and kindly address to these, our sailor friends, given by a friend, and to join in Mr. Mather's earnest prayer for a blessing on us all. Finally we unite in singing, "All hail the power of Jesu's name," and are able to conjecture what must be the volume of praise arising from the ship "Ensign" in the North Sea, if a handful of sailors on land can thus loudly and heartily proclaim that they "Crown Him Lord of all."

(*To be concluded.*)

"IF I WERE YOU!"

A CHAT WITH GIRLS WHO HAVE JUST LEFT SCHOOL.



WHY, if I were you, I should be eighteen, full of youth, and hope, and eager aspirations—"highly educated," probably, according to the latest modern theories of instruction current at the expensive "establishment" which I just quitted, and indulged and made much of by fond parents, as the daughter newly arrived from school so generally is! Golden age! If I were you how should *I* employ it?

Well, first of all, *I would be happy*. Yes, I would make up my mind—just the way "enterprising people" and "pushing men" (so the energetic ones are called) make up their minds to "get on in the world"—to be happy, and I would accomplish it. "A selfish determination, truly!" Quite the reverse, for there is no truer element of sunshine in a household, a family, or a community than a thoroughly cheerful, happy-minded woman. Her pleasant face radiates good-humour, her very tone of voice inspires courage and hope, and the secret of her serenity lies deeper than any external circumstance; come storm or fair weather, she can meet with either a brave and cheery composure. It is needless to remind you how essential to this tone of mind is peace of conscience; the axiom that a good conscience brings happiness is so universally acknowledged that we are rather in danger of overlooking its syllogistic inversion. Happiness is the rightful companion of a "conscience void of offence;" and why, then, is it a painful fact that too many professors of religion allow themselves to fall into a gloomy, complaining disposition? For too often the lips that have just been asserting their hopes beyond time's transitory shadows are opened next to bewail dolefully the thousand and one small mischances of everyday life—the shortcomings of servants, the cares of household management, or (oh, shame!) the happier lot of some brother or sister whom we enviously grudge better fortune than our own!

Obviously unchristian, you will say, and springing from "little sins" more reprehensible than the mere lack of a sunshiny temper; and you will be right; yet the sedulous cultivation of such a temper will help mightily in our fight against these very sins of murmuring, discontent, and envy. Look on the bright side, "take everything by the smooth handle;" if need be, *make* brightness and smoothness rather than stumble mournfully on in this perpetual fog of misery.—Yes, I say, make it! There is such a thing possible to whosoever will keep a just and equable rule over mind and body. Shall we talk it over together?

Mind, first; since it not only comes first in natural precedence, but because, even where that sometimes unruly servant, the body, happens to be in unavoidable revolt of the description generally called "pain," or "illness," the mind can still so retain its proper sovereignty and headship, as that happiness shall be possible to us. And the very first condition of mental happiness is—occupation, sufficient and wholesome. Sufficient, above all other things. *Idleness is unavoidable misery, unmitigated wretchedness.* Do, pray, open your eyes to that fact; this is not the place to preach to you of the wickedness (the senseless folly, the crime even!) of throwing away the one gift of which God Himself, to speak very reverently, cannot give us any second chance of improvement, since time gone, is gone for ever; the minutes or hours you waste will never recur—others like them, perhaps, may seem to pass over you to-morrow, but they are not the same; each instant is unique, and utterly different from its fellow, and is—oh! awful thought—the imperishable sowing of an eternal harvest. Well might the motto "Who hath despised the day of small things, he shall fall little by little," be inscribed over the record of gradually squandered days and years! But this is graver talk than befits our promised colloquy, you may think; and what I wish to fix in your minds, now most likely left for the first time to choose and regulate their own course, is that inaction and happiness are incompatible from their very nature. To enjoy even rest, we must feel the fatigue of honest exertions, these wonderfully endowed spirits of ours *will* have something to employ themselves on, and enough too, or they either rust into dreary torpor, or wear themselves out with yet more dreary self-inspection. Now that your time is your own to dispose of, determine that it shall be put out to usury as the most precious of all talents, and improved a hundred-fold. But you will remonstrate, "We have only just left school, and all its drudgery of continuous toil; mayn't we enjoy a little leisure and amusement now? It were but a poor ideal of happiness to enter upon an immediate fresh course of hard work as you propose! "We are young, we want to enjoy life, and 'have a little fun!'" And so you should, if I had my wish for you, girls; believe me, I only want to make it doubly pleasant for you. Idleness won't do that. A few weeks' thorough holiday will do you all the good in the world, but after that, you will assuredly find that amusements begin to fail. The mind needs work of some kind, as surely as the body requires bread and meat; nothing but pleasure will surfeit the one just as certainly as nothing but pastry would the other. Take my advice, and at least consecrate your mornings to useful occupation, make it a rule that is not lightly to be broken through, that immediately after breakfast you will go promptly to some useful occupation. Don't waste time, dawdling about the breakfast-room—gossiping over the day's news—beginning half-a-dozen different employments and then changing them. Settle beforehand what you intend to take first; a little time-table, with a list of pursuits suited to different days of the week, is a useful companion for saving minutes. Go straight to whatever you have resolved upon as the most important, and "do it with all thy might." The three or four hours between breakfast and the mid-day meal is by no means too long to be given to real *work*, and you will find that it sweetens the afternoon recreations—the amusing book or the nice visit, or whatever it may be—with a wonderful zest and freshness of enjoyment. Only try it, and see if your days prove not twice as short and a hundredfold more agreeable. Nor should the rest of the day be *lounged* through if you wish it to be happy; even in your amusements be industrious, "do it heartily"—you know the rest, the principle that was to ennoble even our eating and drinking, according to Apostolic precept—heartily as if you really cared to do it, putting industry and vigorous perseverance into it; that is the secret of even a game or a recreation. There is a fashion in certain circles of affecting an extreme of indifference to all things; to show excitement or enthusiasm is called "bad form." It seems to me a detestable fashion—as foolish as it is false, and most especially false and foolish, when aped by the young, who are naturally eager and enthusiastic. Be gentle and self-controlled, girls, but pray be natural; and that means at your age a certain amount of excitement even. Life is full of surprises, enthusiasms, delights for you; take them as they come, and be thankful you are young; an involuntary lassitude and indifference comes all too quickly, unless, indeed, we study assiduously that secret of "eternal youth," that Keble so beautifully pictures—

"Who, but a Christian, through all life,
That blessing may prolong?
Who, through the world's sad day of strife,
Still chaunt his morning song?"

And what is this perpetual *youthfulness* of heart and spirit but the "childlike" disposition inculcated by our Master after all? Cultivate it, cherish it, instead of affecting to despise it; its freshness of enjoyment and interest are a wisdom far removed from what is foolish in "childish things," and should be put away.

But our time must not only be continually and heartily employed, but must also be filled with suitable occupation. Now, is the indulgence of one favourite accomplishment, the extensive reading of sensational novels, and the occasional alteration of dresses to a yet newer or more striking mode than the dressmaker has succeeded in constructing by her paid labours thereon—is an industrious succession of such trifling as this "suitable" food for an immortal human-being, and likely, as its graver tasks, to fill her mind with satisfaction? Most certainly it is not! It is barely one degree removed from the bathos of entire idleness, in fact, in its tendency to foster vanity and a variety of poisonous mental weeds, it is almost worse. No, the occupation must really be work, something worth doing and useful to ourselves or others. If you have talent, and have been given the chance of cultivating this or that accomplishment, by all means give a certain time daily to improving it; but do so in earnest—don't sit trifling over it as long as it amuses you, and give up at the first difficulty, but set yourself a genuine task, and put all your powers to overcoming any obstacles that may arise as a matter of duty. This will be the way to make progress, and thereby give pleasure to the parents or friends who have spent money and forethought to procure for you these advantages. And accomplishments are not the whole of the education for which you are responsible as a talent to be improved. Pray make it a rule to also keep up at least one of the foreign languages you have been acquiring with care and cost; and above all, let nothing prevent at least half-an-hour's daily solid reading of English authors, acquaint yourself with the standard writers of this and other ages, and fortify your minds against the folly that fiction will put into your heads, by the sober sense of Locke and Milton, Macaulay and Bacon, Hooker and Paley, Ruskin and Arthur Helps. Would that I could induce you to abjure fiction of the present mode altogether! It is no reading for you, if you would but believe it, and make a vow against these alluring doses of library mental poison! But if that be vain asking on my part, at least let me implore—yes, girls, *implore* of you this much wise self-restriction—1st, that you will never touch a novel before luncheon, and secondly that you will only read such as your mother, or motherly elder sister, approves and permits! These two rules may seem absurd in their childish definition, but they will prove invaluable—the one by setting a limit to quantity, the other to quality, of the mental poison imbibed.

CORRECT CLOTHING, AND HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

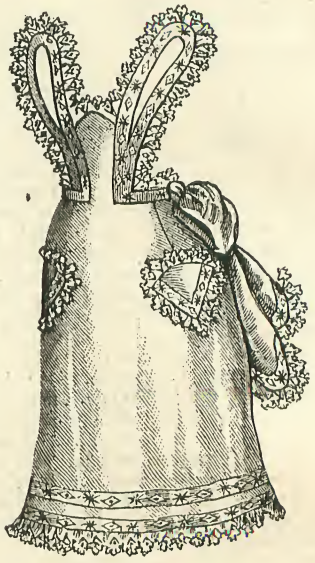
THE other day, in the course of my reading, I came upon the following quotation, which is part of an address given by Mr. Ruskin; and, as it is full of wisdom, and is a valuable contribution to the subject upon which I am writing, I jotted it down with pleasure, as I do anything which seems calculated to give my girl-readers true ideas and right estimates of the things which surround them. Mr. Ruskin's address above-named is "To Young Ladies":—

"Do you want to be better dressed than your schoolfellows? Some of them are probably poor, and cannot afford to dress like you; or, on the other hand, you may be poor yourself, and may be mortified at their being better dressed than you. Put an end to all that at once by resolving to go down into the deep depths of your girl's heart, where you will find inlaid by Christ's own hand a better thing than vanity—pity. And be sure of this, that although in a truly Christian land every young girl would be dressed beautifully and delightfully, in this entirely heathen and Baal-worshipping land of ours not one girl in ten has either decent or healthy clothing; and that you have no business now to wear anything fine yourself, but are bound to use your full strength and resources to dress as many of your neighbours as you can. What of fine dress your people insist upon your wearing take, and wear proudly and prettily for their sakes; but, so far as in you lies, be sure that every day you are labouring to clothe some poorer creatures. And if you cannot clothe, at least help with your hands. You can make your own bed, wash your own place, brighten your own furniture, if nothing else. 'But that's servants' work?' Of course it is. What business have you to hope to be better than a servant of servants? 'God made you a lady?' Yes; He has put you, that is to say, in a position in which you may learn to speak your own language beautifully; to be accurately acquainted with the elements of other languages; to behave with grace, tact, and sympathy to all around you; to know the history of your country, the commands of its religion, and the duties of its race. If you obey His will in learning these things, you will obtain the power of becoming a true 'lady;' and you will become one if, while you learn these things, you set yourself, with all the strength of your youth and womanhood, to serve His servants, until the day come when He calls you to say: 'Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

MANTLE WITH DOLMAN SLEEVES.

The "beauty of service," about which so much is written in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, is beautifully praised and set forth in this extract; and also the true uses of the clothes we wear. In all things they must minister to our well-doing and well-being, not to our vanity and uselessness.

The immediate object of my writing at this moment, however, is to help "our girls" practically to the choice of their spring dresses and bonnets, and to give them the best advice in my power. One hardly knows where to begin, there seems so much to say; although in reality the changes are not many, and, fortunately for those who are not rich in this world's goods, are mostly in the way of small things. The bonnets of the spring are bright and lively, and we seem quite emancipated from the æsthetics and the low-spirited style they most affected. The newest are very fine Dunstable straws, dyed in manifold shades of colour, and bearing names which fairly distinguish their hues, which are most generally



reddish and peculiar. Thus we have "crushed raspberry," raspberry, strawberry, terra cotta, mulberry, "brick red," and "Pharaoh;" all these will be worn with black or grey dresses. Verdigris, sapphire, beaver brown, bat grey, and "gillyflower brown" will probably be worn with dresses of the same or of a darker shade. The trimmings of these bonnets very generally consist of velvet of the same colour but of a darker shade, and some large tortoise-shell pins with fancy tops are run through the folds of the velvet. These pins are made in both clear and dark shells, and in the most fanciful shapes. Hats are also made in these coloured straws, and will sometimes match the dress and sometimes contrast with it, being trimmed with velvet of a darker shade of the same colour. The shapes are very much larger than those that were seen in the winter, and there is a great demand for feathers, and none at all, apparently, for flower trimmings.

The most fashionable bonnet, as well as the newest in shape, is called *Toit de Maison*, ("Roof of a house,") because it follows the pointed shape of a roof, but it really and truly resembles most the shape of about twenty years ago, which was called a "spoon" shape, I think. Now, as then, it is a decidedly becoming shape to nearly all faces, but especially to the young; and its outlines are softened by lace frills, both on the outside and on the inside, over the head, or else a small bow of velvet fills the space below in the "roof." A bunch of either flowers or feathers constitutes the trimming placed on one side of the head. They should be selected to match the varying colours of the straw which they are employed to trim.

The coloured laces of every shade are greatly used to trim bonnets, and are arranged

in single and double pleatings; they form one of the most novel of the season's fashions, and are used as well at the wrists and necks of dresses instead of the white frills which have been so long worn—a most happy change for the economical. Some of the prettiest of the bonnets have only crowns of straw, the rest being made up entirely of lace ruches, and wreaths, and sprays of flowers. Some straw bonnets are woven in a basket-twist, and have no trimming save a twist or *rouleau* of straw at the edge, and a bouquet of fruit or flowers at the side.

The strings of the new bonnets are of double material and very narrow, the width being one inch only, and the narrow ones a little over half an inch. They are fastened together with a jewelled pin. The summer weather will probably cause these narrow strings to be tied behind, under the coil of hair, and in that case they will be finished with a bow or a spray of flowers. Lace strings are still worn, but principally by elderly ladies, who are fond of drapery on the head and neck.

The long, plain Redingote pelisse is still more worn than any other style of garment, and in the spring ribbed silks will be used for them. The new ones are quite closed up the back, and are plain, without either bow or sash ends. Cords are used to trim them both on the fronts and on the shoulders, in the coachmen's style, with the left sleeve run through them. The shape used for waterproof cloaks is still the Colleen, and some are much gathered at the back and have long sleeves. This shape, only made much shorter, is worn as a simple morning wrap by old and young. Large checked tweeds are used for waterproofs, and small checks for the cloaks or mantles. Short jackets continue in favour for all youthful figures; the spring jackets are very tight-fitting, and are braided *à la militaire*.

The largest of this month's illustrations, with three figures, gives, perhaps, the most complete idea of the newest styles in dressmaking, and in millinery as well. From the dress of the centre figure it will be seen that plaids are as much used as ever, and so are braided dresses. The only difference in the former consists in the fact that a plain material is more used with them than it was, and the plain bodice often replaces the plaided

SPRING WALKING COSTUMES.

one, or a waistcoat is worn, like our illustration. There is an immensity of choice in the way of plaids to suit all tastes and styles. There are small checks of grey and brown, with a few threads of brighter hues, and also larger ones composed of two decided colours, contrasting with each other, such as maroon, ruby, or blue, with grey, mastic, and browns. The least pretty, to my mind, are the very large, broken plaids, which seem to require a very large personality in the wearer to show them off. All these woollen and serge dresses are made with jacket bodices, or long Redingote jackets, and in the colder days of spring a fur cape can be put on as an additional covering; while for milder days we have capes of plush velvet, or woollen, to match the skirt, draped across the chest—as our illustration shows in the braided dress—and fastened on the shoulder with bows and ends. A charming style for young girls, velvet and silk, mixed with cashmere, have capes of the heavier material of the dress, which are cut so as to fit closely to the arms, and are slashed upon the shoulders, and corded with the coloured lining, and laced with ribbons tying at the elbows. They are also made of the same material and bordered with marabout; a muff is worn to correspond, and deep cuffs are added by the chilly, to protect the arms, of the same soft feathers.

Braided costumes, as I have said, are as popular as ever. The extra wide braid is no longer used, and very small feathery or coral designs are used, with exceedingly narrow braid; this method of braiding is shown in the last illustration. The first figure in the picture wears one of the long "Redingotes," made quite plainly, and trimmed with lace only. She also wears one of the new "Toit de Maison" bonnets.

Our second illustration, with two figures, shows the new Spring mantle, with "dolman" sleeves, which has succeeded the "Colleen." The figure in the house-dress shows one of the newest French models, with a very short upper skirt, and an exceedingly full lower one; forming one deep puff, gathered at the lower edge, over two small flounces. The materials of this pretty dress are of cashmere, serge, or fine cloth; and plush or velvet forms the front plastron, and the deep puff of the skirt. This is an excellent style to "do up" an old dress, which needs renewing in the skirt.

Perhaps some of our readers may recall the days when another new old fashion was in vogue, viz., about the year 1863, when ribbon-velvet was used to trim all kinds of dresses, run on in rows, one above the other, either of different widths, ranging from wide to narrow, or of many rows of medium width. This idea has just returned to us and is used on a large proportion of the handsomest cashmere dresses, as well as on silk. Satin ribbons also are used in loops over flounces, or run on in Vandyck patterns round the edges of flounces and kiltings.

Gloves are now usually worn to match the colour of the dress. Tan gloves, however, still hold their place, and so do the black; while those of a dark shade of lead-grey are seen with black dresses.

Some very pretty yellow or undyed silk parasols, lined with red, have appeared for spring and summer use, furnished with large handles, and huge crooks at the end. The most foolish of all the novelties in this way seems to me to be the velvet and broché velvet parasols, with large dogs' heads for the ornament on the handles. I cannot fancy that velvet is a suitable material for a parasol, if only for the reason that it spots when rained upon.

Although so early in the season, a number of cotton materials, sateens, zephyrs and prints have appeared in the shops, and, judging from them, the summer dresses of 1883 will be the prettiest, when compared with those of the last few seasons. The designs are remarkably fresh and novel, and the colouring resembles the best dyes of silk materials. The sateens are beautiful, the grounds being generally light and the patterns dark—the whole surface being well covered with it. Nuts, such as walnuts and hazel, in their natural colours, are scattered on grounds of pale pink and pale brown; pansies, arranged in different ways, on the loveliest of cream foundations, and rose-leaves in all shades, forming a pattern of their own. These flowered sateens will probably be made up with polonaises or a kind of *sacque* of Watteau origin; and I think the under-skirt will be of plain sateen. Other dresses will be of the flowered sateens with plain sateen bodices and scarves over them, in the same style as has been used for plaided dresses during the winter. There are plenty of zephyrs, or, as they are more properly called, ginghams, all of the new ones being striped or cross-barred, two colours, such as pink and grey, being generally used; and it seems probable that they will be much in request for the summer.

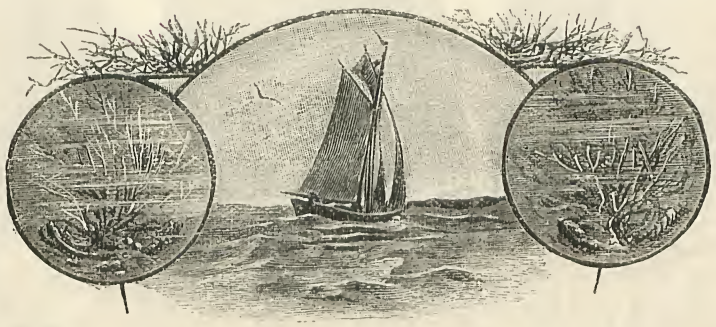
The little gathered bonnet shows what head-dresses our tiny maidens will wear this season; the material of the coat and cape is cream cashmere, the velvet bands being ruby. The bonnet is of cream-coloured satin, with a pointed front, after the most approved style worn by their mothers. The illustration shows they are not difficult to make at home, and they will be worn to match the little sateen and cotton dresses for the summer.

I spoke some time ago of the pretty fancy muslin aprons now used for evening wear by young ladies, and I am now able to present an illustration to my readers. They form a most economical addition to the wardrobe, as they turn the plainest and most essentially morning apparel into an evening dress, and with the addition of coloured bows in the hair and clean frills at neck and wrists, any young girl's appearance becomes as dainty, fresh, and ladylike as need be.

Before I conclude I must just mention that we are already promised a revival of entirely plain and untrimmed skirts at a future period not very far off. As yet those I have seen are neither pretty nor graceful, so I hope they will not be adopted; for I certainly think that, for graceful appearance and generally-becoming character, we have rarely been so well off in our styles of dress as we are now.

Some very pretty new collarettes of velvet have gathered lace above and below, and a gathered *jabot* of the same in front. The Alsatian hair-bows, of a colour to match the dress, are worn by young girls; they are generally made of velvet, and sometimes have steel buckles and beads.

Very pretty sets of collars, cuffs, and handkerchiefs with coloured edges are sold for morning wear, at moderate prices; and plain white linen collars appear to have quite returned to fashion.



MAIDENHOOD

By SYDNEY GREY.

FAR from the care that may later possess thee,
Near the child fancies yet loth to be gone;
Maidenhood! bright are the visions that bless thee,
Sacred the feelings that wait on thy dawn.
Gazing on life with a jubilant wonder,
Marvelling what shall the future reveal;
Recking so little how soon it will sunder
Youth's fair illusions from things that are real.

Maidenhood! He who thy beauty created,
Gave it in wisdom farseeing and sure;
Meant that thou mightest, with innocence mated,
Leaven the world by an influence pure.
Thine in its fulness the rapture of living,
Thine to bring weary ones comfort and joy;
Give of thy sweetness, and blest in thy giving,
Win a delight that time cannot destroy.

THE GIRLS OWN PAPER.

56, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

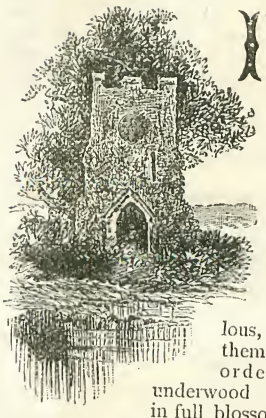
Maidenhood.

THE FOSTER SISTERS.

A STORY IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

By LOUISA L. J. MENZIES.

CHAPTER IV.



IT is Christmas Day, but there is no snow on the ground, no ice on the river, no fires in the house. The house is low, built of wood, and covering a considerable strip of ground, well set in trees, which are all in full leaf, tremulous, lovely, many of them of the acacia order; while for underwood there are roses in full blossom, peaches with the bloom on them, ripe for eating, and all the wealth of a midsummer garden, though many of the flowers are strange to European eyes.

The principal room opens by a French window on to the garden, and in it are gathered the family for the great Christian festival. The meal has been discussed and the tables cleared. There are piles of fragrant fruit on the table, which make it look so unlike December.

"This is our third Christmas in the colony," said Desmond Anderson, who was a trifle browner, a trifle stouter, and much brighter than when we last saw him, "and I don't think we have any reason to regret that we took mamma's advice and came here, eh, Geraldine?"

"Oh, no, papa," replied Geraldine, heartily; "I should dearly love to see old Ireland again, but we have found a happy home here, all the happier, I think, that we all have to work and help each other."

"I am sure," said Mrs. Anderson, smiling, "no one can have the least excuse for being anxious about Geraldine's health now; I used to be afraid that her first season would knock her up, she sometimes looked so frail and delicate; now she is almost as brown as Nora, and getting quite vulgarly stout, isn't she, Eileen?"

"Miss Jarra is always the best darlin' in the world," said Mrs. O'Hara, heartily; "and maybe, ma'am, it has not been altogether bad for her health that she's been up in the mornin' helpin' with the cows and sorting the poultry, and not quite so much buried in her books and her music."

"No treason against books, Mrs. O'Hara," said Mr. Anderson, cheerily; "remember we are to have a Shakespearian recitation tomorrow. How could we keep ourselves and our friends from relapsing into aborigines, ma'am, if we had not a few ideas brought from the old country?"

"True for ye, Mr. Desmond, dear," said Eileen, her comely face all dimpling into smiles; "and it's myself that loves to hear ye and the girls recitin', as ye call it, or the mistress playin' the tunes of the ould country on the pianny there; it's as good as a play, and no wonder all the neighbours like to come and hear ye, I'm sure for my part it makes the tears come into my eyes, and I can see the lakes of Wicklow and the seven churches, and sometimes it is the cottage where I was born, and mother nursin' the babies just as she used to do before I ever went to live with your grandmamma, Jarra, darlin', or saw the blessed face of the misthress."

"You're right, Eileen," said Mr. Anderson, "there's nothing like the old tunes for making one young again. It was a grand idea of Pat's bringing out the piano; whatever put it into your head, old man?"

"Well, ye see, masther, dear, when Eileen heard as ye were afther leavin' the ould country, ye may be sure she took on a like a goose becase you were goin' off without sayin' with your leave and by your leave, and Nora there she turned the colour of the inside of a cabbage and couldn't be spoken to, but she must burst out a-cryin'; ye needn't look at me, both of ye, ye know it's just as thrue as gospel, but Lor love ye, sir! I knew what to do from the very first. Then there was lots to be done, for Mr. Grattan he was comin' down to take possession, if you please, and the masther had commanded me to give up the kays and to see that everything was proper and in order, and I did just as you commanded me, masther dear. I met him at the hall door with all the servants in full fig, and I says to him says I, 'You're welcome home, Mr. Grattan,' says I. 'Mr. Desmond Anderson as was the proprietor of Dallamore House and all the lands appertainin' thereunto, leastways as we believed him to be, it was he that wished me to wait upon yer honour, and to give up the kays and all the property that's in my charge, and give any explanations yer honour likes to ask.' 'Mr. O'Hara,' replies he, as civil as a orange, 'Mr. Anderson spoke to me about you, and I'm mighty glad to see ye, sir.' Then he took me into the house, and we had a mighty long palaver about the land and the stock; and he was in fine feather, ye may be sure, having gained his suit, and in the humour to be plazed with everything; and we went over the house, and when he came to the misthress' burdore—as might sarve Queen Victoria herself—he seemed touched like, lookin' at the picters and the gimcracks, and he said he would like the misthress to have them, as I told your honour before; but I said as your honour had told me as ye'd no place to put 'em in, and that ye'd rather they stayed where they was."

"But, Pat, darlin', ye're forgettin' all about the pianny, and Mr. Grattan makin' ye such a handsome offer," said Eileen, looking admiringly at her husband.

"Shure, Eileen, the masther knows all about that, and how we sold up and took our passage in the 'Silver Queen' and got out to Melbourne jist ten days before the family arrived; and when the masther set his foot upon the shore and was lookin' about for a porter, who should he see waitin' for a job but a boy jist the very moral of Patrick O'Hara that he left behind him in the ould country."

"Ah, ye took me in completely, Pat, you rogue!" said Mr. Anderson, laughing heartily at the recollection, with your red beard, your close-clipt hair, and the patch over your eye, as if ye were a regular fightin' lad."

"And me, too, Pat; how could I think it was you when I had left you so comfortable at home?"

"I'm sure I hadn't the least idea it was dear old dadda that was helping us so nicely," chimed in Geraldine, going up to her swarthy foster-father and giving him an affectionate hug. "And yet I felt that I had seen you somewhere before; but who could think of dadda in Melbourne?"

"Ah! ye little mischief, it was your sharp eyes I was most in terror of—it was all I could do to help giving you a hug. But oh! it was fine when ye were all safe in the hotel, and ye looked so strange and solitary, and I made bold to ask *if there* was anything more I could do; then the misthress looked me through and through with those sad eyes that I never could stand.

"'God bless ye, my man,' says she; 'we are just poor emigrants goin' up to a place called Marchfield, near the river Darlin',' says she. 'Did ye ever happen to hear of it?'

"'No, madam,' says I, 'not that particular property,' said I; 'but if you and the young lady are goin' up into the country ye'll be wantin' servants belike.'

"'I thought you called them "helps" in this country?' cried the misthress. Ah, ma'am, dear, ye nearly had me there."

"I hadn't the least notion it was you, Pat. How could I think that you and Eileen would bring little Nora out into the wilderness just to comfort us?"

"And what were ye at, misthress dear, to suppose that we'd find any comfort in stayin' with Mr. Grattan while you and the masther and our own darlin' Miss Jarra were above ground? If we'd had to go all the way on our bended knees and cross the big Atlantic in a washin' tub, faith we'd have tried it. Ye won't find it so easy to get quit of the O'Haras."

"Ye've jist taken away half the sorrow of exile, Pat—you, your good wife, and little Nora; you have helped us in a thousand ways, and have always made us feel at home. But tell us, now, exactly how it was that you came to think of bringing out Geraldine's piano?"

"Well, ye see, ma'am, dear, we was in the schoolroom, Mr. Grattan and me, and there was the poor thing standin' against the wall, and Miss Jarra's chair and her books and her broidery-frame, that it made one's heart sick to look at them; when it came into my head what a treasure that pianny would be out on the other side of the world, as 'd *only be standin'* gettin' rusty there. So I made bold, and I said to Mr. Grattan, 'That pianny ain't much good, sir, I've been told, and you'll excuse me if I make you an offer for it. It's not the commercial value of the article as I look to, sir; it's jist a bit of sintiment. Many a time and oft I've heard sounds come out of that old noise-box that have made me skip for joy or brought the tears into my eyes, and my young lady's fingers have played on them bits of bone since they was not the length of that [here O'Hara indicated about a couple of inches of his own masculine hand]; so if you'd be good enough to name your figur for it, sir, I'd take it, and esteem it a bargain.' Then Mr. Grattan laughed—shure, misthress, dear, he has the true Anderson laugh, and a fine set o' teeth, he has, like the masther—and, clapping me on the shouldher, he says, 'Ye must take it in a present, sir, and you're heartily welcome.' At first I thought I'd rather have paid money down, but when I came to reflect what it would cost gettin' it out, and that there would be such lots of things to buy afore we could settle down comfortable, I jist thought it best to let him have his way; and when I made a clane breast of it and told him I was agoin' to foller you, I do

think, masther, dear, he'd have given me anything I chose to ask for."

"I am glad he is so nice," said Geraldine; "the people won't miss papa so much if he makes a good landlord."

"Niver a word of that, my darlin'; they'll miss ye mornin', noon, and night, father, mother, and daughter—shame to them if they didn't. Oh, if they could have jist come out, like the children of Israel; but ye see the Atlantic is not jist like the Red Sea—it'd take a mighty big wind to blow a passage from here to Ireland; but we'll be having some of the young folk before long, please the Lord!"

"There's room enough, and to spare," said Mr. Anderson, cheerily. "If those who are overcrowded at home could only get out here, there'd be no cry about over-population."

"No," said Geraldine, laughing; "we are certainly not overcrowded here. Why, see what a business we have had to get an audience for our Shakespearian recitation to-morrow, and I don't think we shall count more than a round dozen. We are six in the house, then there are the boys, Tom and Edward Drewry—they must leave the sheep to take their chance for once; and then there is Mr. Edward Garrold and the two naval cadets staying with him, and our next-door neighbours (five miles off), the Smiths, the perennial Smiths, of Great Britain."

"They're all sure to come, Jarra, darlin'," said Nora, who had been looking anxiously out of the window for some time, "but would ye mind comin' down to milk the cows, now; the poor beasts have been lookin' over the fence for the last hour, they're just in mortal suffering."

"Why didn't you tell me before, Nora dear?" said Geraldine, starting up; "I always forget everything when dear father begins to talk about your coming over, it's as good as a book. But he didn't tell us to-night how he brought you down to Marchfield, and introduced you to us as 'cook and housemaid.'"

"That was fine, wasn't it?" laughed Nora.

"Yes, Nora; but it wasn't in nature that we could believe that there were two Eileens and two Noras in the world, though we had been stupid about Pat."

"But ye didn't know us the first night of your comin', Miss Jarra, dear."

"Not know ye the first night? I knew ye the first minute, in spite of your big cap and your braided hair. How could I not know my own dear sister? Oh, Nora, I think I should have died if you had not come, I did so want you, dear; and I am sure we could never have been so completely and heartily sisters at home as we are here in Australia, where everyone has to stand on his own merits, and you, mavourneen, are a queen, as you deserve to be."

[THE END.]

"'WE HAVE FOUND A HAPPY HOME HERE.'"

THE COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

By MRS. BREWER.

THE WEST INDIES AND CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.—*Continued.*

AFTER a most pleasant trip we find ourselves in Belize, quite unlike any place we have hitherto seen. There are some beautiful public buildings, and the private houses,

which are mostly built of wood, are raised ten or twelve feet from the ground on pillars of mahogany. The streets are shaded by groves of cocoanut, palm and tamarind trees. The river, on which the town is built, is navigable by small boats for 200 miles. We hardly care to go out of the town, it is so pleasant and beautiful.

There is an unlimited demand for fruit of all kinds in the United States, and there is no country which offers greater facilities for such a trade than Honduras. A steamer will take you within four days to New Orleans, from whence you can get to all parts of the United States by railway communication; so that fruit can be gathered in Honduras and sold at Chicago and distances greatly beyond this within a week. The soil seems to be adapted for every growth. In 1880 bananas, pine-apples, pears, mangoes, and limes were exported to the United States for the first time; and you can guess how each year will see an increase when I tell you that now a full cargo of fruit for a steam vessel of 500 tons burden goes there once a fortnight throughout the year.

Sugar, of course, is largely cultivated, nearly 1,800 tons being annually exported to the United Kingdom, and 1,100 tons to the United States.

Land may be purchased from the crown at 5s. an acre; the higher lands towards the interior afford abundant pasturage for cattle. In 1880, 1,462 acres of land were sold to persons of small means, who intend to settle and cultivate their own land, fruit cultivation being the favourite form. There are blocks of fifty acres and upwards which can be leased for agricultural purposes.

Having heard that most of our mahogany came from Honduras, we were particularly anxious to see the trees and learn something of the occupations in connection with it, but we were quite unprepared for the size; the largest of our oaks at home would be quite insignificant beside it. It throws out such massive arms, and the shade of its shining green leaves spreads over such an immense surface as to strike us all with the utmost wonder—one log alone weighs often six or seven tons; but we hear that the largest log ever cut in Honduras weighed fifteen tons; it was 17 feet long, 57 inches broad, and 64 inches deep.

The transport of these trees is very expensive and troublesome, the road cutting being the chief. The work is done by gangs, each under a captain who directs. Having got the logs to the rivers, which are much swollen in the middle of June, they float down, followed by the gang in a kind of flat-bottomed canoe to disengage them from overhanging trees, until they are stopped by a boom placed at some convenient spot near the mouth of the river. Each gang knows its own cuttings by the marks at the end of the logs, and forms them into large rafts, in which state they are brought down to the wharves of the proprietors. Here they are taken out of the water and undergo a process by which the surface is made smooth, when they are ready for shipping. We have seen several clear out from Belize, and finding most of them are going to dear old England we send our love with them. One year's export of this wood to England is valued at £21,967.

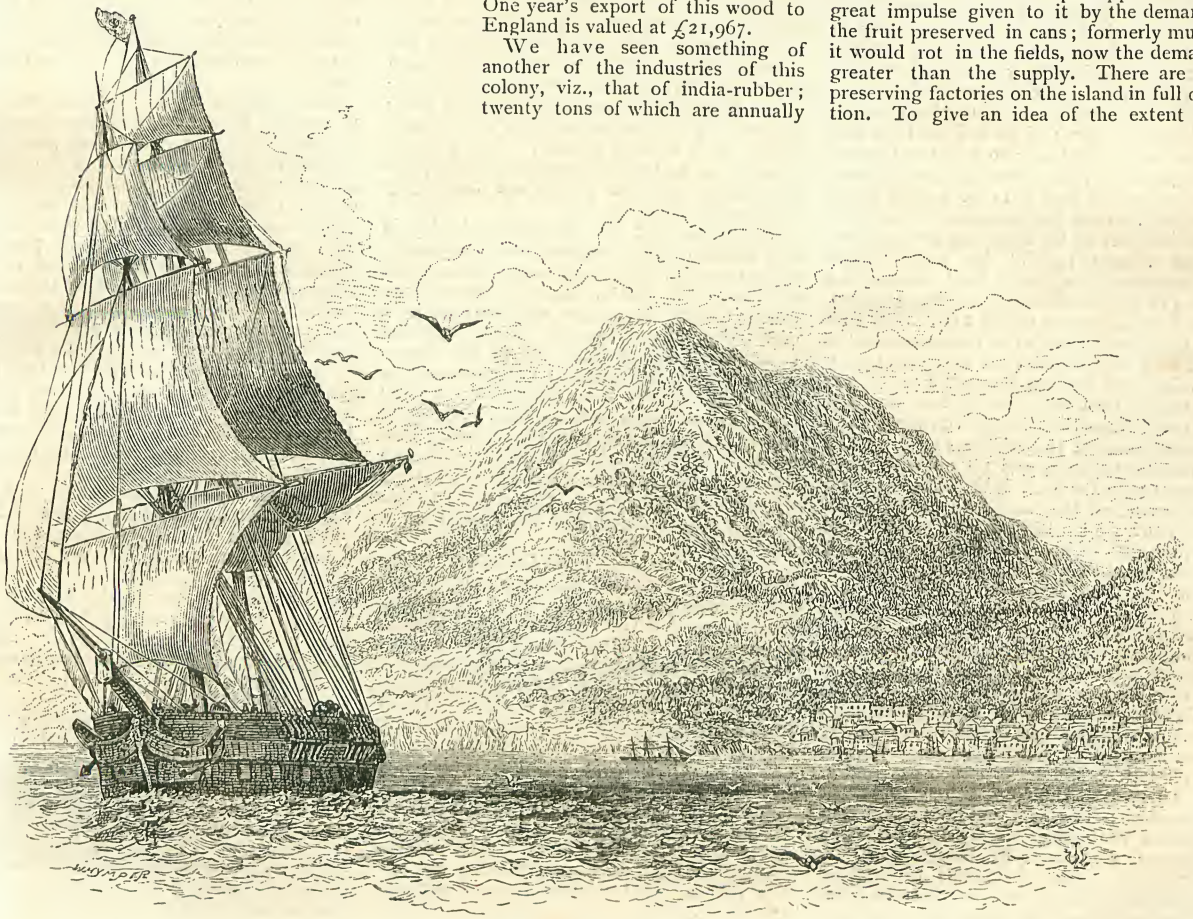
We have seen something of another of the industries of this colony, viz., that of india-rubber; twenty tons of which are annually exported. Special trees are punctured, and a milky juice flows out, which, on exposure to the air, thickens into a substance of pure white colour, having neither taste nor smell. The hue of that we commonly use is black, but this is owing to the method of drying it. The Indians make boots of it, through which water cannot penetrate. We have been into some of the schools in Belize, and have been allowed to examine some of the children; and, if the schools throughout Honduras are as good as here in Belize, we can quite believe the report "that education is steadily progressing and crime diminishing." The savings bank has been so largely made use of at Belize that branch banks are being established throughout the colony.

We are quite sorrowful at leaving Belize, but unless we are prepared to lose our return fare and stay another month we must go on board and return to Kingston.

Again we are on board our own vessel with the intention of seeing some of the Bahamas, which consist of a large number of small islands situate on two banks of sand and coral and surrounded by reefs. As seen from our deck they are low, flat, and verdant. Only about twenty are inhabited, but these are productive and prosperous.

Most of us have seen pineapples hawked about the streets of London and tasted them without thinking to ask where they came from. Most of them are exported from these islands, but as they are cut while unripe to enable them to outlive the voyage they lose much of their beautiful flavour, and we are apt to consider them inferior to those grown in an English hothouse, an opinion one would never dream of giving who had tasted them here.

The cultivation of the pineapple has had a great impulse given to it by the demand for the fruit preserved in cans; formerly much of it would rot in the fields, now the demand is greater than the supply. There are three preserving factories on the island in full operation. To give an idea of the extent of its



BASSETERRE, ST. KITTS.

cultivation, Pope Hennessy, when Governor, declared he saw at one glance as many as 200,000 pineapples growing in New Providence Island.

Beside this fruit, the Bahamas export largely oranges, cocoanuts, bananas, melons, turtle, salt, and nine kinds of sponge.

We are staying for a day or two at Nassau, the capital of New Providence, in one of the largest hotels in the West Indies, called the "Victoria." It is quite a fashionable sea-bathing town, patronised mostly by the people of the United States. There are as many as eleven hotels and boarding-houses, most of which are full. One thing has greatly surprised us, and that is to find a public library with 7,000 volumes in this far-off place.

Particular islands have special productions, and necessarily the occupations of the people vary; some are agriculturists, others fishermen or spongers, many also are engaged in the salt trade, but all seem industrious and prosperous. Education is greatly appreciated; we see the children trudging four or five miles a day to and from school, and that through rocky, rugged paths. There are thirty schools in operation, and payment is by results. There is no telegraphic communication, but a good mail service fortnightly between these islands and New York, as well as a regular sailing schooner which carries the mails to and from St. Thomas. Between six and seven thousand letters are annually despatched, and nearly 8,000 received, showing they are not cut off from the world beyond.

Turk's Island was separated from the Bahamas by the express desire of its inhabitants, and is erected into a presidency under the control of Jamaica. It is said to have received its name from the abundance of a beautiful species of cactus which grows there, resembling a turban, or turk's cap. It is a very prosperous settlement, and exports a large quantity of salt to America and to Canada, the latter using a great deal in their fisheries. Sponge and coral also are part of its productions.

We are now on our way to the Leeward Islands, and as some of us had an idea that girls at home might like to come out to us, we telegraphed to Mr. Silver of Cornhill, who knows everything that is to be known about the colonies, to ask him how it could be done, and he has sent us the following information.

"Our friends could," he said, "leave Southampton by a Royal Mail steamer on the 2nd of the month and proceed to Jamaica, where it would be due on the 21st. Stay four days there, and meet us in Barbadoes on the way back; the second-class fare being £20, and a first-class between £30 and £40."

A second plan suggested by him was that they could leave Southampton on the 17th of the month and get to Barbadoes on the 1st of the following month, and go on with us to Demerara or to Trinidad. If little sisters should accompany them they would be charged half fare. The last plan will suit us well. Should any of the girls at home be able to afford it, Mr. Silver said they could have a four months' tour in the West Indies at a cost of about £120, first class; but we are sure they would rather meet us in Barbadoes and see everything with us. Our intention is, therefore, to get to St. Thomas, the largest of the Virgin Islands, and take up our residence in the "Hotel du Commerce" to await a telegram from home. At this island all vessels from England stop at least twenty-four hours to take in coal, send off letters, and disperse their passengers, etc. This island does not belong to us, but to Denmark; this will not matter, as our Princess of Wales makes everything belonging to Denmark pleasant to English girls.

The Virgin Islands belonging to England have, we think, but little of interest to offer, and the inhabitants themselves seem to be of the same opinion, for emigration is very constant to places of greater industrial activity; they only import supplies of food and clothing sufficient for the wants of the people from day to day, and these are mostly obtained from the Danish island of St. Thomas.

Having received a favourable message by the West Indian and Panama Telegraph Company, we leave St. Thomas, intending to touch at most of the Leeward Islands. How sweet and balmy the air is! giving us all a dreamy sense of content and delight. How beautiful the little island of St. Kitts looks as we approach its shores! We do not wonder that Columbus so named it, as it does really look like the old statues of St. Christopher carrying the Saviour. A central ridge of volcanic origin traverses the length of the island, its southern extremity being called Monkey Hill. It deserves its name, for the monkeys though small are numerous and very mischievous amongst the sugar canes, of which they are very fond. As we landed we were offered such pretty baskets of fresh fruit. How we wished we could have sent them home by telegraph to some of the girls working in the hot rooms of the East End of London!

The chief town is Basseterre, or, as it is called by the people, Bassetar. Here we have been to see the Wesleyan and Moravian Schools, and exceedingly good they are; the children so bright and intelligent. It is a busy, active town; water is laid on, and the inhabitants number about 8,000. But we have something on our minds—the children of the labouring classes are thoroughly well taught, but there is a class of children which do not possess this advantage, viz., those of the middle classes. The parents of these children are the overseers, managers, and upper tradespeople who have not time to teach their children, are too poor to send them to England, and too proud to permit them to be educated with those of their servants; the consequence is they grow up uneducated and ignorant. Now, if there are any girls, themselves thoroughly educated, desirous of occupation, why not come out here and open a middle class or high school? As a place to reside in it is beautiful, and very healthy for Europeans, and the people are thoroughly kind and hospitable.

We think that the Basseterre Valley is like English village scenery, with its windmills, cottages, and sugar works embowered in trees. Of course, the wild flowers are different, so are the hedges, which are of aloes, and the woods of seaside grape and the beautiful cabbage palms; but we are always suggesting resemblances to home even where none exist. We have tasted some very delicious tamarinds in this island. Although sugar is the chief article of export, every kind of fruit and vegetable flourishes. Before leaving we are anxious to discover what are the crimes that fill the jails, and hear to our surprise that smuggling is the special sin of the island.

Nevis is separated from St. Kitts by the "Narrows," which are only two miles across, but frequently so rough as to delay visitors from crossing. We are, however, fortunate in having fine, calm weather; the island looks like a single mountain or cone rising from the sea in an easy ascent to the height of 2,500 feet. This is bordered by a fertile strip of level and highly cultivated land. Formerly Nevis was covered with dense forests, and even now it is well supplied with fine timber and well watered by clear streams. An American being asked what he thought of Nevis replied, "I guess I could write a book about the wornoutedness of the place." Girls may be allowed to differ, we hope, with this opinion. We find a great deal to interest us; the island, small as it is, is divided into five parishes, each of which has a church; one, that of St. John's, called Figtree Church, is situate halfway up the mountain, and is most picturesque. At this very church Nelson was married to Mrs. Nisbet. We asked to be allowed to look at the register and read, "1787, March 11, Horatio Nelson, Esquire, Captain of His Majesty's ship the 'Boreas,' to Frances Herbert, widow." Prince William Henry (Duke of Clarence) was best man. On walking into the burial ground we saw a monument erected by Viscountess Nelson, who was born on the island, to the memory of her father.

Sugar is here also the principal article of commerce. A gentleman from Barbadoes, who has bought an estate in Nevis, has greatly increased the exports by the introduction of improved machinery. While eating and greatly enjoying the oranges and pineapples, some of the girls ask if we remember the funny passage of Coleridge about the fruit of Nevis, and having to confess ignorance, one reads aloud, "In Nevis a man is always placed as sentinel in a pinery; for otherwise those dogs the monkeys, who are very good livers and know a ripe pine to a day, are sure to take an evening walk from the mountain, and fairly pick, pack, and carry away all the eatable fruit in the garden at one visit. You may offer your fine green Seville oranges to him by handsful; deuce a bit of the rind of ten thousand of them will Jacko touch. No, no! massa, dem monkeys savey what bitter as well as buckra (or white man)."

Fifty miles' sail to the eastward brings us to Antigua. Except on the south, navigation along its coasts is dangerous, owing to the rocks and shoals which lie about it. Its shores are deeply indented with creeks, bays, and coves, some of them running into the plantations like canals; there are no rivers in the island and only a few springs, but the soil retains the moisture; there are also no mountains worth mentioning, but towards the sea the cliffs, crowned with lofty trees, are magnificent.

There are two capital harbours, and it is a matter for discontent that the Royal Mail steamers do not make use of one of these instead of the Danish port of St. Thomas. As the "Girl's Own" sails into the harbour of St. John's, one of the best in the West Indies, we get a view of the chief town (St. John's), and are struck with its picturesque appearance; the streets, in which there are many fine buildings, decline towards the harbour. The Government house is large, and has beautiful gardens; the people speak very highly of the governor and his hospitality. Formerly here, as elsewhere, the people depended upon rain water preserved in tanks; but since 1869 an abundant supply has been brought into the city by iron pipes from a long distance; the reservoir, which is a magnificent one, is built above the town.

Nowhere did religious teaching do more for the people than in Antigua, which has the great honour of having been the British colony in which the slaves were first emancipated.

We have been to see the Mico Institute, founded forty years ago by Lady Mico, and now a first-rate training-school. A great many of our old English families have estates in Antigua, several of which have representatives living on the island.

Sugar, the cultivation of which is the one great industry of the island, is sent over to Europe in a hard solid mass and refined there. Everything grows luxuriantly in Antigua; its pineapples have a wide reputation. From June to September you can purchase the finest and most delicious for a penny each. Mr. Berkeley, who speaks of what he knows, declared last year that the soil was equal to any that he had ever seen. We have been greatly amused at seeing oysters growing on trees;

they are called mangrove oysters. This is a very healthy island for all but little children, whose mortality is so large as to cause the Government serious anxiety.

Here, as in most of the islands, guinea-grass grows in great abundance. It affords excellent fodder for cattle. Its introduction into the West Indies was very odd. A man in Jamaica had some caged African birds and sent over to Western Africa for some seed for them; the seed arrived, but the birds were dead, and the man having no use for it threw it away; it took root and became so acceptable that it has since been generally cultivated. We are constantly hearing such anecdotes, but for want of room we are obliged to charge our memory with them for the future.

Our next visit is to Montserrat, the loveliest and healthiest of all the West Indian islands. It was first colonized by a few Irishmen in 1632, who were discontented with St. Kitts. Only one-third of its surface is considered capable of cultivation, the remainder being very mountainous or barren; the difficulty of making roads is great, and so travelling is not easy. There is only one town on the island, that is Plymouth, whose houses are built of good grey stone and embowered in trees.

Sugar is grown here as on the other West Indian islands, but for the last few years the cultivation of lime trees has been carried on extensively, and has done much to give suitable and healthful employment to men, women, and children of the labouring class; and as the Royal Mail steamers call here, the export to England of fresh green limes in boxes has commenced. Each lime is wrapped separately in paper. Living is cheap here, and the island abounds with fruit and vegetables.

We were very curious to learn the truth of the statement, "that the prettiest women in all the West Indies were to be found here." We won't subscribe to that, but we will say that the children are simply charming; they are healthy, good-natured, and full of life and fun. From the age of seven they may be seen regularly fetching water for family use from the springs and wells, or tying out, bringing in, or driving the ponies, sheep and goats to the drinking places; every labourer possesses some of these. They may be seen also carrying round the vegetables and fruits for sale which grow on their parents' land. As they grow bigger they are employed by the planters at good wages. It is difficult to get these children to school unless the teachers are pleasant and the education attractive. If we except the Virgin Island, the whole of the Leeward Islands are succeeding well in the education of their children.

We set sail now for Dominica, the largest and most south-easterly of the Leeward Islands. It was formerly so covered with dense forests that it was not possible to see an ell space of bare earth or stony ground. It is abundantly watered by streams, supplied, it is said, by a large fresh water lake situated on a mountain summit nearly in the centre of the island, and these streams are well stocked with fish. Part of the island is beautiful, and the rich coffee plantations perfume the air far over the sea. Sugar is the chief article of commerce, although here, as in Montserrat, the cultivation of limes is most successful.

Prince Rupert's Bay on the north-west is three miles wide and sheltered by two mountain-ridges. Here we left the "Girl's Own" while we made our way to Roseau, the chief town, built on a river of the same name. Travelling is very difficult because the roads are so bad. We are sorry for this, because there is so much to see. The branching tree ferns are lovely, and found all over the island; the humming-birds please us greatly. We don't know what our friends will say, but we we have really dined off edible frogs! The Roseau is spanned by two handsome bridges. The town is quite important; it publishes two weekly newspapers, it has a reading room, where we rejoiced greatly to find English as well as colonial newspapers, and it has a telegraph office.

Large tracts of rich land may be bought here at £1 per acre in lots of not less than forty acres. English is spoken by the better class, but a French patois is spoken by the people. The Roman Catholic religion prevails in this island, although here, as elsewhere, the Moravians and Wesleyans are most active. The Royal Mail steamers call here regularly, and steam communication is kept up with the French island of Martinique, which is four hours distant.

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

NINA MARTELLE.—We believe that the premiums would vary according to the arrangement made; for if you were able to give much assistance your help would be of value in the school. You would have to make inquiries for yourself, as we have no particulars to guide us in judging of your capabilities. Such things are usually advertised.

A. L. H.—You would be suitable as a governess to young children, but not to older girls. The supply exceeds the demand, and you would take the best salary you could get. Your writing would be against you, in our opinion.

VERITE.—We could not give an opinion on your powers, but why not test the amount of knowledge you possess by "going in" for one of the examinations. That of the College of Preceptors would suit you. Address the secretary, 42, Queen-sqnare, Bloomsbury, W.C.

LITTLE BARKER.—You had better write for a list of the public day-schools to the secretary, A. McDowall, Esq., 21, Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, S.W. There are high schools at Bradford, Halifax, Huddersfield, Leeds, Preston, and Newcastle.

A. M.—The subject is too wide for us to take up. Lectures on the theory of teaching are given at the College of Preceptors, and there is a practising school for teachers at the Home and Colonial School Society, Gray's Inn-road, W.C. Write and put your query to the principal at the college.

WORK.

BERTA.—Try rubbing a little lamp-black on the white parts of your black gloves. You write very well.

ALICE MONTAGUE.—To keep away moths Russia leather chips are often employed, and for these you should inquire at any bookbinder's; the larger their business the better supply they will have to offer. All girls may enter the competition lists, without any exception. Write copies daily.

A MOTHER'S GIRL.—We should advise you to go to a good tailor's and purchase what you need. You could never knit nor crochet such beautifully-fitting jerseys as are now machine-made, in every colour, and of excellent wool. The same may be said of the Cardigan vests. Many thanks for your kind letter.

A SCOTCH READER.—Mark your clothes in either satin stitch or marking stitch; coloured cotton looks well in both, and shows better. Letters for both may be obtained at all fancywork shops in little books, price (generally) one penny.

A HIGHLAND LASSIE.—The panels when painted might be used for a bracket, or for the front panels of a closet or corner cupboard.

EX-MEMBER, ETC.—Your uncle's wife's niece is a connection by marriage, not a relation. You may wear a ring on any finger you choose.

JUDITH.—Inquire at any large fancywork shop for the frame for the mats; they will also give you instructions for making them. Why not make something more modern, such as crewel, or outline work, which you can procure ready traced?

MUSIC.

NINON.—It is contrary to our rules to recommend any publications, whether of music or any other kind; unless as a gratuitous favour, an exception being made in favour of one of our staff of writers; but we give regular notices to new music in our magazine apart from the correspondence columns, and can only refer you to them. With reference to articles for presentation to a bazaar, consult our "Work Basket." Plain baby-linen, children's clothing, petticoats, or crochet or knitted shawls and scarves, and fancy aprons in coloured prints or sateens for ladies, would be far preferable presentations than mere pretty "knickknacks," and serve as a double charity.

SCOTIA.—There are histories of music, but in reference to these you must inquire at some library, or at a music publisher's for information, as we do not give addresses, prices, nor advertisements of the publications of other firms. We have given this answer so often that we are surprised you have not seen it in our replies to correspondents.

CRUSOE.—We never heard that the poem was set to music; but if so, it must be very old indeed. You had better wait until you are asked for your photograph. We find that our friends always ask if they wish for one very much.

SNOWDROP.—Perhaps you are nervous, and the lump of which you complain, which comes in your throat when singing, is only a sensation. We do not give addresses nor prices, either in reference to musical instruments or instruction books.

COOKERY.

ICELAND MOSS.—To make plain "shortbread," take one pound flour, quarter pound beef dripping, quarter pound moist sugar, two eggs, two spoonfuls of yeast, and two ounces of caraway seeds. Rub the flour, beef dripping, and moist sugar well together and bake in a tin. You should write more carefully.

ROBINA CRUSOE.—See "How to Make Jelly," page 234, vol. iii. In calves'-foot jelly the clearing matters are the whites and shells of eggs, and the thick clean jelly-bag of flannel, which must be fastened firmly and safely either to a stand or between two chairs. It is sometimes necessary to pass the jelly six or seven times through the bag before it is faultlessly clear.

JUNO KITTY W.—A recipe for making marmalade will be found at pages 176 and 283, vol. i. We have explained in a previous issue that "i" and "j" were synonymous in the English language until recently; in fact, in many dictionaries of a fairly modern date "i" and "j" are placed together.

A WELL WISHER.—At pages 183, 294, and 323, vol. iii., you will find a number of dishes suitable for high tea. See also page 720, vol. ii.

IVY LEAF.—We give many excellent recipes ourselves, but do not advertise other people's cookery books. If you look through our answers to correspondents, you will see that so doing would be to break our own rules. We cannot understand why so many of our correspondents are continually asking us to do so.

BELINDA.—We have given a recipe for a fig pudding at page 494, vol. i. Your writing is fairly good, but you should write straighter. The first line seems tumbling over the line beneath it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SYLVIA ARTHUR.—The charge given by St. Paul in the Epistle to the Ephesians, iv., 27, refers to "anger" and "wrath" of two distinct kinds. Of the "righteous indignation," which is distinguished from that which is evil, we have an example when Moses's "anger waxed hot" when he saw the molten calf (Exodus xxxii. 19); and in the case of our Lord, when He "looked upon the Pharisees with anger" (St. Mark iii. 5). But if even when reasonably displeased with anyone you repaid them "evil for evil," or did them any sort of injury, you would then "give place to the devil"; as, likewise, if you allowed your temper to "get the better of you," and, under the influence of passion, you employed unseemly and ill-natured language. Much more so still, if your anger were simply an outcome of crossness and ill-temper about trifling matters and misunderstandings, and not aroused, like that "righteous indignation" to which we have alluded. In any case, anger becomes sin if protracted beyond the passing day. Sophia Charlotte, the wife of George III., was the daughter of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

A. D.—We know of no change in the method of pronouncing the two letters.

LANTHONY.—1. To remove grease spots from silk stuffs, see page 14, vol. i. 2. You may produce designs on any kind of paper or card, and in either pencil, colours, or with a crowquill, for "printing from," if we rightly comprehend your meaning.

WATER-NYMPH.—It is very injurious to remain so long in the water. You may not be conscious of the injury done for a long time, but you run the risk of serious illness, and must be the worse for such an excess in time. Ten minutes is quite long enough. To bathe twice a day is to waste valuable time in a very unpardonable way, unless as a teacher of swimming. Surely you have home duties to occupy you, and much to learn. You write pretty well, but not sufficiently straight.

LADY HOLME.—We are pleased to hear that you appreciate our articles so much, and find them of use. There is no "impertinence" in expressing a preference for any part of the paper above another department in it. Slope your letters a little more, and do not make so many of them resemble the letter "u." We are glad to hear from appreciative readers.

M. A. T.—We advise you to procure the "Biblical Cyclopædia," edited by Dr. John Eadie, D.D., published at our office, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. (an illustrated work), and refer to the word "Sabbath," the fourth word under the letter "S," page 561. References are made to the institution and observance of it under the Jewish dispensation (after the first mention in the book of Genesis ii. 2) in the books of Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Nehemiah, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel. It is also mentioned in reference to the misunderstanding of

MERRY AND MAY.

A FANCY.

By the Author of "The Girl's Own Fanfaronade," etc.

PERCHED laughing-eyed Merry a-top of the ledge,
That swung with the old swinging gate;
She warbled and chaffed like a bird in the hedge,
That warbles to nestlings and mate.

Peeped gentle-faced May through the redolent thorn,
That spread its pink branches above;
She sighed like that maiden we call "All forlorn,"
And mourned like an amorous dove.

Said Merry to May—young rogue that she was!
So full of her frolic and fun—
"Sweet gift-bringing May! I love you because
You are my most beautiful one!

"Sweet pinky-white May! All homage I pay
To charms of your innocent face;
Come hither I say. You are diffident, May;
But blushes still add to your grace!"

Said May, soft, to Merry, "I thank you, dear maid,
For homage you pleasantly pay;
Let me whisper, confidingly, say, is it paid
To May, or the sweets of 'sweet May'?"

Laughed Merry, all joyously clapping her hands,
"Now, May, you know better than this;
As yourself there is no one so well understands
'Tis the giver that sweetens the kiss!"

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the institution, and hypocrisy concerning it of the Jews, in St. Matthew xii., St. Mark ii., St. Luke xiii., and St. John vii., and again referred to in St. Mark ii. 27, and St. Luke vi. 5. The observance by Christians of the "first day of the week," or "Lord's Day," is mentioned in St. Matthew xxviii. 1, St. Mark xvi. 2, 9, and St. John xx. 1, 19, 20, in the book of Acts xx. 7, 1st Cor. xvi. 9, and in that of the Revelation i. 10.

L. K. SOWDON.—We approve of the sentiments of your little essay, and it is fairly good as a composition; but certain words occur too many times—such as "beautiful." You say, "What can be more appropriate as a (in) conclusion than"—here you make a quotation, and then proceed to make a second, and continue thus—"And in the words of the poet," etc. Now, the sentence should be complete were the first quotation omitted; "as a conclusion than and in the words of the poet," is quite incorrect. With a little more care and the use of a greater variety of words to express degrees and shades of thought, you would write well.

CATECHIST.—A civet-cat is not a "term," it is an animal (*Viverra Civetta*), and ranks between the fox and the weasel. It is from two to three feet long, and from six to twelve inches in height, its colour is a brownish-grey, with transverse black bands, or spots, on the body and tail. It is a native of North Africa, and it produces a substance from some of its glands called "civet," which, when mixed with others, supplies an agreeable perfume, but is offensive if undiluted.

LADY AURIOL.—The 17th of August, 1867, was a Saturday. We fear your difficulty with the work competitions show you to be an incapable worker with your needle. Why not seek to improve yourself?

LOVER OF THE "G. O. P." — Your letter is very gratifying to us. We feel so glad that you find our magazine and the advice therein given of spiritual benefit, and elevating in its tone, in the best sense. For telling us so, accept our sincere thanks. We hope that your sprain will soon be a trouble of the past.

COULTHARD.—No dates have been given as yet in reference to the stocking-web competition.

E. TRICE.—Select some pretty legible running hand, and copy it. This is the best advice we can give you.

CLARA BUSSELL.—We cannot prescribe any method by which your looking-glass may be restored, which has scratches all over it from the rubbing of hearth-stone over the surface. Inquire at a glass manufactory.

POPPIE CLARE.—We suppose you meant to write "*Ses larmes*," not ("*Ses tarmes*"), which means "his or her, tears," in French. The word "*orazione*," is the Italian for "prayer." An expression of scepticism as to the genuine character of this correspondence by some of our readers may be a little trick to ensure the obtaining of an answer. How deficient your friends appear to be in the ordinary powers of discernment and penetration. But any kind of mental deficiency is to be as freely excused as a personal malformation.

JELLO, and MADGE GRIP.—We do not admire your name, but the first letter exactly resembles the "J" in "January," written just above it. There is not sufficient space in the page occasionally given to amateurs for a story, and we never take translations. We regret that we cannot oblige you in this matter.

A SCHOOLGIRL.—The advice given is for girls in general. You and others must profit by it as far as you can, if you would be healthy and strong. If you pour a single drop of very strong gum into the centre of the flower it will hold it together, and a slight gum-wash will brighten up your leaves.

VOL. IV.—NO. 175. MAY 5, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A LONG LANE WITH A TURNING.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER V.

"HOW HAPPY SOME O'ER OTHER SOME CAN BE."

JAMES LISTOWE ran along the road as if for dear life, until his breath was spent, and there was a singing in his ears like the noise of many waters. Once he was forced to pause, and press his hand upon his side. And then the image of Mary, as he had seen her that evening, arose before him with agonizing distinctness; he saw the clear eyes that looked out trustfully and brightly upon all things in life, and the truthful lips whose smile was strangely sweet. How would it be with that face when it met his gaze again? Strong man as he was, he could not bear this thought. It wrung a groan from his heart, and sent him madly on along the silent road.

At last—after what seemed a long time—he came upon the waggon with its team standing peacefully by the wayside, while the sleepy waggoner was walking round the prostrate ponies in a helpless fashion. Mary still lay motionless on the spot where she had fallen.

Years afterwards she could recall the strange return to life and consciousness. She heard a voice that seemed to come from a long way off; and then, opening her eyes, saw first a vast expanse of moonlit sky, and next a familiar face close to hers. Strong arms were folded round her; the voice no longer seemed far away—it was very near, and very sweet in its passionate earnestness.

"My darling," it said, "you are the dearest thing on earth to me! Oh my darling, will you never speak again?"

It was the first time that she had ever heard a lover's voice. Even in that moment of bewilderment it went thrilling

All rights reserved.] "MARY STILL LAY MOTIONLESS ON THE SPOT WHERE SHE HAD FALLEN."

through her with a strange power, and changed her, suddenly and inexplicably, from a dreamy girl into a woman.

"I am not hurt, James," she answered, finding speech at last.

He lifted her up and held her close to him for some seconds in silence. The luckless ponies were forgotten as the two stood together in the hush of the summer night, speaking words that would be remembered to the end of their lives. But for the events of that evening they might never perhaps have been spoken at all. So many influences, of which James was half-unconscious, were working upon him at that moment that his declaration was as hurried as it was impassioned. If they had been on the eve of a long parting, he could not have been more eager for Mary's reply. He spoke as if this were his last chance—not in his usual, well-considered sentences, but hastily and brokenly. And Mary, looking up into his handsome face in the moonlight, felt the tide of his strong feeling carrying her with it. There are times in most lives when one feels like a little bit of driftwood borne by a swift current to some unknown shore.

Then the sounds of hurrying feet and voices were heard upon the road. James cried out cheerily that Mary was safe; and it seemed in the next moment as if a hundred people had gathered round them, all speaking at once, all asking questions, all panting like a pack of hounds. In reality there were but four persons—the vicar, Arthur, Mr. Dixon, and the recently-awakened schoolmaster, who, in the wildest haste, had left his hat lying on the way.

"I cannot walk home," whispered Mary, clinging to James, and conscious that a dimness was coming over her sight again.

He was his old self at once. Everybody was excited and needed setting to rights; his superior powers of self-control had never been more urgently required. He was equal to the occasion.

"Now, good people, calm yourselves," he said, in his tone of authority. "Mary is a good deal shaken and frightened, of course, and must be kept quiet. Arthur, my good fellow, she doesn't need your assistance. Hadn't you better look after the ponies?"

It was hastily arranged that Mary should be placed in the waggon and conveyed to the Vicarage, and that she and Cassie should be Mr. Wenlock's guests for that night. Arthur and James were to return to the Rookery, and to make as little of the matter as they possibly could.

So the great wain rumbled slowly on again with James and his weary charge sitting under the tilt on some empty sacks. As to Mary, she had a curious feeling of being somebody else as she sat on the floor of the waggon, leaning against her companion, only vaguely conscious of all that was expressed by the close clasp in which he held her. A little space of sky was framed by the arch of the tilt, just a pile of clouds, as soft as snow, silvered by the moon, and that was all that could be seen.

Still in a dreamy state, she was lifted out of the waggon and handed over to Cassie and the vicar's housekeeper. They led her upstairs into a chamber that was full of moonlight, and she fell asleep, resting her head on a cool pillow scented with lavender. Waking up again with a start, she found that the house was perfectly still, and at the toilet-glass stood Cassie, as Mary had seen her a hundred times, brushing out her long hair for the night.

Mary was awake the next morning while her friend still slumbered. Bright sunshine poured through the blind, and showed her every object in the room. It revealed the grotesque birds and flowers, all faded blue, and red, and yellow, on the chintz bed-curtains. It lit up a dim sampler (worked by hands that had ceased from their labours long ago) which hung above the chimney-piece. For a second or two Mary wondered where she was, and how those quaint hangings came to be looped up around her. And then came the full realisation of everything. The peril and sweetness of last night returned together, and the ignorant little heart began to throb over its new joy.

Cassie arose and opened the window. What a morning it was! In swept the soft wind, bringing the scent of thyme from the garden below. A flock of birds flew whirring across the blue sky; a light haze was hanging over the level fields and the old chalk hill.

"Have you slept well, Mary?" Cassie asked. "You must lie still while I get you some breakfast. They are early risers here; it is only a quarter-past seven, but I hear Mr. Wenlock's voice downstairs."

"Yes, I have slept. There is nothing the matter with me, save a few slight bruises," said Mary, in a tone of cheerfulness that evidently came straight from the heart.

"I think you are made of gutta-percha," remarked Cassie, drily, as she left the room.

A little later Mary went slowly downstairs, and received the vicar's greeting in the hall. Her first question related to Mr. Dixon's ponies.

"They are quite unhurt," Mr. Wenlock answered, "but the chaise is a miserable wreck, battered out of all shape and use."

He was leading her into the drawing-room, an apartment seldom used. It was furnished with comfortless sofas and chairs, and made ugly with Berlin wool cushions and kettle-holders presented by the parishioners. On the table were old albums, full of wishy-washy sketches in water-colours, and verses in faded ink, poor dim traces of the dead that gave the volumes a certain pathos. On the other side of the hall was the study, in which the bachelor parson spent most of his time. Its walls were lined with books; there was a huge chintz-covered couch, and a leather arm-chair that showed its stuffing. In this room the vicar and Arthur had read, and thought, and talked together in times gone by.

"Let me go in there, Mr. Wenlock," pleaded Mary. "Don't perch me up among the antimacassars and woollen roses!"

Mary's manner was very sweet in those days. Later on, the people who met her in the great world said that her breeding and grace were perfect; but in her girlhood she had another kind of charm. She was a little abrupt sometimes, yet always tender and womanly; her smile won you at once, her grey eyes shone when she spoke. Afterwards the smile was rarer, and not always unshadowed; but it never wholly changed.

She sat down in the inviting leather chair, and buried herself in "Mort d'Arthur" until the sound of wheels made her look up. Cassie and Mr. Wenlock were in the garden when the barouche stopped at the gate and James and Arthur alighted. As they all entered the room together, Mary's colour came and went. Had James revealed their secret? Had Cassie begun to suspect how matters stood?

"My dear Mary," said James, advancing, "we have had an anxious night. But you look almost as well as usual."

There was an air of proprietorship in his greeting which Cassie saw at once. As to Arthur, he already knew all that his friend could tell him. Both felt that they were beaten, and both accepted defeat bravely; yet in very different ways. Cassie's firmness was the strength of a determined nature, trusting in itself, and looking for no other help; Arthur's was the courage born of trust in God.

The girls had donned hats and shawls, and seated themselves in the carriage before they discovered that Arthur was not coming with them.

"I shall walk home," he explained. "I will return in time for luncheon."

The barouche moved on. Arthur watched it from the doorstep, and saw James's smile as he bent towards Mary. Then he turned back into the house, and entering the study, sat down in the leather arm-chair.

It was the seat that Mary had quitted only a few minutes ago. "Mort d'Arthur" lay open at his elbow, as she had left it, with a clove pink lying across the page. She had risen from that place to go out into her bright morning world of new promises and fresh hopes. Just where her life was beginning, his had broken off; for her there was a golden gate, wide open, and a sunny path beyond; for him there was an iron door, fast closed, and locked, and barred. This was what he thought, or rather felt; for people seldom think when they meet the first stroke of a great sorrow. And Mr. Wenlock, sitting down on the other side of the table, looked sadly into his old pupil's face, and understood it all.

If he had had the ordering of things, mused the vicar, how different they would have been! There are few who do not at times wish themselves in the place of Providence; even the best of us are slow to believe that we see through a glass darkly.

"I don't think those two will suit each other," said Mr. Wenlock, abruptly breaking the silence.

Arthur almost smiled. He understood the strong sympathy that lay in the curt speech. His old friend had found out his secret long ago.

"James is a good man," he said, generously. "I believe it is easy for him

to win hearts; everybody speaks well of him. But it is my own life that I have to think about now, Mr. Wenlock. Can you help me to face it?"

"My dear lad," cried the vicar, in a broken voice, "I think I am the most worthless prop that ever a man leaned upon! There are a thousand things I ought to say to you, and yet I can't say them. Just when my words are needed, I am dumb."

There was another pause. The house was quiet in the stillness of the summer morning; through the open window could be seen the poor little decayed church, and the soft, green graveyard with its mounds and crosses. A breeze, blowing suddenly into the room, stirred the leaves of "Mort d'Arthur," still lying on the table, and Arthur's eyes chanced to rest upon the page where Mary had left the flower.

"'Comfort thyself, said the king, and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in. For I will into the vale of Avilion to heal me of my grievous wound. And if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul.'"

He took up the little pink tenderly, toyed with it for a moment, and then shut it up in the book before he spoke again.

"My thoughts are turning back to an old desire of mine, Mr. Wenlock," he said. "You remember it?"

"I do remember it, Arthur," the vicar answered, thoughtfully. "But you will not go away while your parents are living? You cannot leave them childless in their old age?"

"No," said Arthur, quietly. "I am not one of those who turn their faces towards

'The distant and the dim,'

and refuse to do the duties lying close to their feet. If I had not felt this desire years ago," he added, "I should be afraid it was only the wish to be healed of my wound that makes me long to go away."

A light seemed to break in upon Mr. Wenlock's mind as he sat and listened to his pupil's words. He knew that it is no uncommon thing for the road of our early aspirations to be trodden, in our later days, with bleeding feet. What if Arthur's steps had been turned from the smooth path of a happy love that he might hearken to the voices that were crying—"Come over and help us?" Those who were nearest to him might not need him long; indeed, there were certain signs which said plainly that a son's duties would soon be required of him no more. And then, when these last ties were broken, he would go forth, as Henry Martyn had gone to India, and Williams to Polynesia, conquering and to conquer in the Name of Him who sent them.

As this conviction forced itself upon him, Mr. Wenlock began to fight sternly with his own heart. He too, had had his pleasant dreams of the future, in which Arthur had played a leading part; and now,—now, he saw all too clearly that this man whom he loved as his own son must be parted from him. He might perhaps have prevailed if he had striven to hold him back; the selfishness of affection prompted him to do it. And then another voice spoke within him, and warned him to beware, lest he should become a hinderer.

"If you are to tread this path, the way will be made plain," he said at last. "Meanwhile, Arthur, you know that you need not go afar to find healing. When Christian was sore wounded in the Valley of Humiliation, there came to him a Hand with some of the leaves of the tree of life."

"True," Arthur answered, gratefully. "When we are hurt, we are all too apt to fly abroad in search of that tree, instead of waiting patiently till the Hand brings the leaves to us."

And then they parted; and young Beachley walked slowly homeward, shunning the high road that lay white and dusty in the glare of noon, and striking into cool by-paths across the fields. In some of these fields the corn was waiting for the sickle, in others the reaping had already begun, and the russet sheaves stood up in shocks. Truly, in other lands, and in another sense, the harvest was plenteous and the labourers were few; but he felt within himself that he was willing to wait.

Nor did he lose heart or patience when he drew near the house, and heard James Listowe's voice coming through an open window in sonorous tones. The paved hall was fragrant with flowers in great china jars; their perfumes were almost too heavy, thought Arthur, with a sigh; the sweetness sickened him. Cassie came downstairs, just as the gong sounded for luncheon.

Her face was very pale, and her mouth seemed to be shut closer than ever; but she brightened as Arthur came forward.

"Mary is really quite well now," she said, in reply to his inquiries; "but your mother will not let her leave her room till dinner-time. Dear Mary! I think she is not too ill to enjoy the fuss that everybody makes over her."

(*To be continued.*)

NEW MUSIC.

Robert Cocks and Co.

The Sea Shell's Story. Written by Miss H. M. Burnside. The music by Charles Vincent.—A pretty and simple song, sympathetically set by the composer. It is written in two keys, D and F, of moderate compass.

Anywhere. The words from "Anyhow Stories." By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. The music by Frank L. Moir.—An amusing song, as the title suggests; very pleasingly set by the composer. It is sure to become a favourite with our juvenile friends.

Amos and Shuttleworth.

Pretty Nothings. Ballad. Written by F. W. Waithman. Composed by J. W. Dawson.—A cheerful and easy song; may, if archly rendered, prove a favourite.

Unseen Singers. Words by George W. Varley. Music by George E. Lees.—Requires careful and expressive singing and playing.

Our Only Hope. Words by Oliver Brand. Music by P. von Tugginer.—In key with four flats. Not difficult.

Novello, Ewer, and Co.

Power and Love. A sacred song. The words by the Rev. J. Troutbeck. The music, in which is embodied the melody typical of the Redeemer, from the oratorio, *The Redemption*, composed by Charles Gounod.—This beautiful sacred song, based upon the sympathetic refrain which pervades the whole oratorio, has been arranged by the composer to Mr. Troutbeck's verses, on which we cannot pass a higher encomium than to say they are worthy of the music. We sincerely hope we may be favoured with more adaptations from this grand oratorio, which we cannot but think will be generally appreciated.

Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis. Set to music in the key of D by Josiah Booth.—These canticles are written in a most effective style. The "Magnificat" is very solid and spirited, and the frequent changes of key and time make the composition attractive. The "Nunc Dimittis" opens with an andante movement, led off by the bass. In the second verse the tune changes, and is more animated, ending with an effective gloria. We may add that these compositions have been performed at three recent services in Westminster Abbey.

The Mighty Caravan. Music by Josiah Booth. *Hymn to the Moon.* Words by Ben Jonson. Music by Josiah Booth.—Both these part songs have great merit. They are written for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass.

David Swan.

Swan's Academic Series of Vocal Duets and Trios for Treble Voices. Arranged with pianoforte accompaniments.—We have received No. 1 and No. 2 of a series of duets and trios. The subjects are all well selected from the works of various well-known masters, and arranged in an easy and pleasing style, quite within the compass of most voices. We recommend them to our young friends.

Forsyth Brothers.

Minuetto. For violin and pianoforte. Composed by Heinrich Muller.—A moderately easy but effective minuetto and trio. A good study for accompanist as well as violin, on account of the great light and shade to be observed throughout the composition, which should be carefully noted.

Boosey and Co.

The Way of the World. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by J. L. Molloy.—These charming verses have been set in Mr. Molloy's best style. The allusion to our Queen by the cottage bed is very touching, and the music sympathetic. It is written in three keys—No. 1 in D, No. 2 in E, No. 3 in F.

Three Merry Men. The words by A. C. Dewitt. The music by J. L. Molloy.—This song is written in a good and bold style, and is admirably adapted to the words.

Going to Market. The words by Harold Winn. The music by Louis Diehl.—This is an especially pretty and simple song written in two keys. With careful singing it would become a favourite.

Gold. The words and music by Frank L. Moir.—We are much impressed with the words of this song, and the music is equally good, being thoroughly characteristic and spirited. There is also great variety in the changing of time and keys. We recommend it.

The Choralist. No. 239. To Flowers. Words by John Keble. Music by Josiah Booth.—A very pretty part song for four voices, pleasing in style and well suiting Keble's charming words.

MAY-DAY IN FRANCE.

By ANNIE KEMM, F.R.H.S.

"DANCE and forget is the fashion of France," is the refrain of an old ballad with a very pretty tune, a favourite of our grandmothers in their young days, but the refrains of old songs are not always true. English damsels might flush with a spice of innocent malice in their loyalty in the times when "old Boney" made fair France a subject of dislike, and warble slighting words about their neighbours; but perhaps the—

"Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease"

is not without memory. *Let us see.* Who has read "Un Philosophe sous les Toits," that charming work of Emile Souvestre, who died about thirty years ago? Who remembers his touching tenderness for all *old* things, all time-honoured customs, however trifling? Who remembers his doctrine of the silver lining to the cloud, and his comfort from nature? He feels thoroughly depressed one March morning, and begins to grumble, but at length spies an unfolding violet on a favourite violet plant, which he had in a pot, and remembers that sweet spring approaches—"Cette douce saison des *reverdies*, tant célébrée par les poëtes sensitifs du seixième siècle:—

A MAY QUEEN.

"'C'est à ce jolly moys de May
Que toute chose renouvelle,
Et que je vous présentay, belle,
Entièrement le cœur de moy.'"

He has not even altered the old spelling. He revered the *seixième siècle* when all France welcomed the month of May, and when Provence welcomed spring most worthily of all.

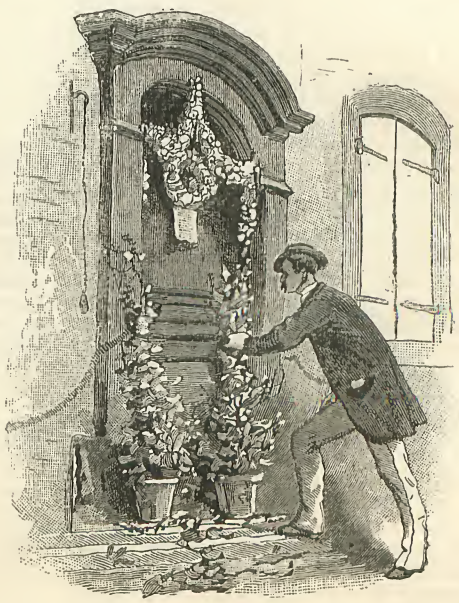
In spite of the Revolution, old customs still linger in the country districts of France, especially in the south, where château and cottage, picturesque and lovely in their decay, the slow work of many a score of years, claim kindred with the magnificent old churches and harmonise with the luxuriant beauties of nature. May is to the young girls the month of flowers; Catholics know it as "Le Mois de Marie," and celebrate it in their own way. Not many years ago a little boy, now a famous antiquary, was spending a holiday with his mother in the South of France. He had the pleasure of beholding a dear little girl, a playmate, enthroned as May Queen under the shadow of a gothic porch belonging to a grey old church. She wore a crown of sweet flowers, and held a branch of palm, and her soft flowing white draperies were garnished here and there with sprigs of green box; the porch itself, lined with green boughs, formed a vernal arbour, wherein sat the child perfectly statue-like and composed, except for the twinkling of a pair of laughing dark eyes. Other queens the wondering child saw that May morning, some gay, some peevish, but none like the first; and with the eagerness of infant generosity he gave away all the *sous* in his pocket to delight the companions of "The May."

A CHIMNEY-POT ON MAY-DAY.

Let us take a glance at Old May Day among the French. John Aubrey, the antiquary, remarks, "I never saw a maypole in France." Probably not; for in the seventeenth century, these features of May Day pastimes had become extinct except in very rustic nooks and corners, and they never did hold a high place in public favour; but ancient prints in the Paris bookshops chronicle them, and fragments of songs too. This, for example, was chanted to the accompaniment of drum and trumpet, with merry chorus:—

"Profitons enfans
des beaux
jours
Cette verdure
passagère,
Nous apprend
qu'une long
sévère
En doit bientost
finir le cours."

The floral games of Toulouse, established in 1324, in order to preserve incorruptible the exquisite Provençal tongue as a vehicle of poetry, sentimental and religious, by some citizens of the



DECORATING A DOOR.

town, became the wonder and admiration of all Europe. Every May Day poet-competitors flocked to the Hotel de Ville, and in turn recited their compositions in the hearing of a select number of connoisseurs in "The Gay Science." The most successful one received a golden violet as a prize, was regarded as the hero of the day, and took part in all the enjoyments of the occasion. So great a concourse of visits inundated the good city yearly, that the magistrates took the games under their own protection and added a silver marigold and a silver eglantine to the prizes. Clemence, of Isaure, a noble lady, bequeathed almost the whole of her fortune to keep up the games. She died in 1540, and her statue, placed in an alcove of the Hotel de Ville, was crowned with flowers every year whilst the games lasted, that is, with modifications, beyond the opening of the present century. France has enjoyed its halcyon days, so has England: the pastimes of the old-fashioned French partake of the refined, the graceful, the gentle; those of our *own* forefathers of the vigorous, the healthfully merry, the "jolly."

It is pleasant to end with mention of our own daystar of poetry, our Chaucer, who revelled in the poësie of La Belle France, and was all the better for it. How much he loved May and Mayflowers, and sympathised with the Troubadours who loved them, too, we can gather if we take time and trouble to dip into his "Court of Love," "Cuckoo and Nightingale," "Flower and the Leaf," "House of Fame," and last, but not least, his "Dream."

THE FAIRY OF THE FAMILY.

By Dora de Blaquiere.

II. Family Clothing; What it is, and How to Buy It.

It is a very singular fact—if we consider it—that the heat of the human body is the same all over the world; it is no greater in the torrid zone, and it is not decreased in those frozen regions where man can hardly breathe. In both places, respectively, the natural heat of the body is about 98 deg. Fahr., and whatever the outside temperature may be, this natural heat must be retained at the same degree of warmth—for increased heat means fever, and with decreased heat the breathing and circulation of the blood suffer, and at last would cease altogether. In a measure, the body has the power of regulating its own heat, by means of perspiration, when, from some external cause, it exceeds the required amount; but it needs an external shield to keep off the cold of the atmosphere which surrounds it, which is constantly moving, and would carry off the warmth of our bodies faster than the carbon provided by our food and the oxygen of the air can keep up the supply. This external shield is our clothing, which keeps in the natural heat, and in cold weather prevents the outer air from robbing us of it in a more than ordinary degree, and, in hot climates, protects us from the heat, which would burn us, as a parasol or umbrella would do.

If you have read thus far, you will have begun to perceive that suitable clothing is one of the conditions of *health*, and that its choice and purchase are both very important matters. If you listen to the ordinary conversation that goes on around you, you will be surprised to find that no considerations of this kind appear to be taken into account in the selection of clothing—fashion, personal liking, and what is becoming, are the reasons for our choice—from no one do we ever hear a hygienic reason given. Now, these three considerations which I have mentioned must always be taken into account, so long as we require clothing, because our duty demands it, and our power of usefulness depends so largely on our appearance; but they also depend in a much larger degree on our continued good health. So, personally, the hygiene of dress should be our chief consideration, and in respect to this last it is that women and girls chiefly fail, from lack of knowledge or thought.

The two great objects that we have to attain in clothing are, first, to secure a uniform temperature of the body from head to feet; secondly, to reduce the weight of it, as far as possible.

If we learn to bear these two principles in mind, we shall have advanced a long way towards wisdom in the choice of dress.

There are not many rules to guide us in our purchase of clothing, but most of us know that "smooth light-coloured textiles have the power of reflecting or repelling heat, that is, they do not allow it to pass below their surface, and that rough fabrics have the power of absorbing heat into themselves, and of readily conveying it to any object that may be nearest to them." Here we have "reflection" and "absorption;" the first makes us wear white garments next our skin, because they will not rob us of our own heat, and thus we find the animals in the polar regions all clothed in white fur, which keeps their own internal heat closely round them inside a comfortable thick coat. Outside our white garments we put on dresses dark and rough, that we may absorb any outward heat that may benefit us.

Thus we see that the office of clothing is to shield us from heat, and protect us from cold. "It does not make us warm," as we are in the habit of saying, but it keeps us warm when we are so, by protecting us from the outer air that would steal our own warmth away.

We must now mention those substances which are called "bad conductors of heat." The worst heat-conductors, and consequently those best for our clothing, are wool, fur, hair, down, feathers, silk, cotton, linen, &c. This explains why we wear flannel next the skin in any and every climate.

My scientific chat has been necessarily a short one, and I have said little more than will enable my readers to form sensible ideas on the real value of clothing, and the true uses it ought to serve. I will now proceed to the more practical part of my present work, endeavouring to put my instruction into a tangible form. Perhaps some of my girl-readers may not like to be reminded that nearly all our clothing is secondhand in a certain sense, that is to say it has served as such for some of the lower animals before we employed it, and we are, consequently, the recipients of their "cast-off" apparel. So we are not such very great people after all—are we? But we constantly need to be reminded how silly pride of any kind is, and how much more lovely it is to be "clothed with humility."

From animals we obtain wool, hair, fur, silk, and leather.

From vegetables we obtain cotton and linen, both of which have been dealt with in my last article on "The Linen of the House," p. 278. The fabrics made from these materials are endless, and each time that silk and wool, wool and cotton, &c., are mixed, a different name is given to the articles so produced by the various drapers. But we have one universal rule to go by, *i.e.*, a mixture of cotton with either silk or wool is a loss of value to both, and of usefulness to us. A combination of wool and silk, however, forms an excellent and useful material.

Clothing may be placed in three great divisions—viz., the under-wear, the skirts, and the external dress. The first division is usually laid on in two layers in winter—the flannel and the cotton garments; in the summer only in one layer—the linen or cotton. The common method is to wear a flannel, woven merino, or knitted woollen vest, cotton drawers and chemise, stays, cotton bodice, flannel petticoat, and under-skirt of woollen or silk, &c. If we look at this arrangement with critical eyes, we shall soon discover that the upper part of the body is over-clothed, and the lower under-clad and starved just where it most needs protection. Provision is made for seven, if not eight, thicknesses of material at the waist, and one closely fitting below, besides three which fly about loosely in the wind or in the movement made in walking. Thus it is evident that we are in no wise providing for the "uniform temperature of the body, nor for the proper division of the weight of our clothes."

The anti-hygienic style of the underclothing of women and girls has been strongly felt of late years, and has led to the introduction of a combined garment—the chemise and drawers in one—which passes under various names, "Union" garment, "Combinations," &c. This is really the little nightdress long worn by French children, or that worn by gentlemen in the East Indies. It offers one great advantage, which consists in its making the covering uniform over the body, and dispenses with gathers round the waist, and all needless fulness there. A gored chemise, adapted from those used about eighty years ago, and a petticoat and bodice in one—also gored—have both been adopted to meet the existing difficulty. Paper patterns of all of these can be obtained from any of the numberless pattern-shops which American enterprise has opened in England.

So far as my own observation extends, I find that women and girls are thinking-out the subject for themselves everywhere, and are gradually reforming their undergarments according to their own needs. Lately I was shown a combination garment, made of brown winsey and lined with flannel, which was made by a young lady clerk in the Post Office for her own use. Under it she wears a cotton combination, and on the winsey garment a single petticoat can be buttoned at the waist. She says she has never been so well and so comfortable in her life and so free from cold, and she goes out and in, in all weathers. Others of my acquaintance wear two combination garments—one next the skin, of merino or lambswool, and one over it, of white cotton—then a warm petticoat, lined with flannel and with a deep yoke, and over it the stays. By this style, the number of garments is reduced to four and the temperature is rendered fairly uniform over the body, while the weight is lessened as far as possible apparently.

Another new introduction is the basque-bodice, with high neck and long sleeves, and closely fitting to the figure, on which there are two rows of buttons, one above the other, the lower to button on the drawers and the upper for the single petticoat. The shape recommended for the petticoat is of semicircular form, so as to dispense with all possible fulness at the waist.

The last of these "reformed" garments is Lady Harberton's divided skirt, which has been already described in the monthly dress article. It does not appear to have met with any very extensive success.

We have advanced so far with the clothing, and have discussed the novelties in under-wear and skirts, their materials and changes, that we can now proceed to consider the best method of purchasing them, and the various signs by which good quality in the textiles used for the purpose may be recognised.

Linen is not often used for underclothing at present, but I know several old-fashioned people who prefer night-dresses made of it, and who consider it the best material for the

purpose, both as regards the washing and the wear. For this purpose (night-dresses) it need not be very fine, but it must be even in texture. Calico should be undressed and quite free from lime, should have an even selvage, and be evenly woven, the threads being without knots or roughness. It should always be 36 inches in width, as the narrower kinds do not cut to any advantage, though they may be cheaper to purchase. A thicker calico is used for nightdresses and drawers than for chemises, many people choosing what is called a "double warp," or a twilled calico for the former, and "India longcloth" for the latter. The cheapest way of getting calico for a large family, or where many are to be clothed, is to purchase it by the piece. In most shops a great reduction is then made. But to those who have limited means to deal with, it is difficult to obtain so large a sum at once; and they will do well to purchase small quantities, and to have a garment always in hand. By this means they will secure a constant supply, which will keep the stock up to the mark. Nothing in the way of trimmings wears or looks better than Swiss embroidery, and at times very great bargains can be secured in it, by watching one's opportunity, and securing the lengths that will cut to good advantage.

Woollen articles should be all wool, or else they look shabby directly. Cotton is generally used the lengthway of the material; the woollen threads will run across from selvage to selvage. Some very pretty stuffs may be purchased at an extremely moderate price on account of this mixture, but they should be avoided, as they cockle with rain, and look poor and cheap. All-wool serge, beige, camel's hair, "nun's veiling," tweed, and cashmeres are all excellent wearing materials for young and old alike, and will all of them bear washing, cleaning, or turning, and re-making for children. Black, brown, and dark green are the best colours to wear, while lavender and grey are generally the worst. Navy blue is an excellent colour in good materials, but a bad one in cheap stuffs.

Stockings, gloves, and boots should never be bought cheaply, and the first two are exactly the articles in which bad managers waste their money. Three good pairs of stockings are sufficient for the winter, and if you pay three shillings a pair for each they will last three winters with care. But they must be washed at home always, and thus run no risks of soda and washing-crystals at the hands of the ordinary washerwoman. The same is true of gloves. One pair of gloves at 3s. 6d. will out-last half-a-dozen at 1s. 6d., or any of the so-called 'bargains." Black gloves should be carefully rubbed with a little oil or unsalted butter on a flannel before they are worn. This magical process doubles their powers of wear and makes them look a good colour, and wear respectably to their very last day.

Boots with elastic sides should be avoided by all good managers, especially for children's use. The elastic soon wears out, and is quickly spoiled by wet and mud. Boots which lace or button are better for all reasons, and retain their shape far better. Good boots can never, I think, be cheap, and cheap leather means bad boots, of which the creaking soles are usually the audible outward sign. These dreadful worries to yourself and others are caused by the second or middle sole being made of pieces of leather instead of one entire piece. The only way to cure them is to take off the sole and replace the bad leather with good. A pair of light half-soled indiarubber shoes, to be worn with an old pair of boots in rainy and muddy weather, will be found to contribute towards an immense saving, as all leathers, both good and bad, are spoilt by wetting, and few people take sufficient pains to dry their boots carefully. No walking-boots should be worn in the house, and every girl should provide herself with a pair of house shoes, or slippers, which are to be procured cheaply, and can be made pretty by her own tasteful fingers, at the small cost of a little ribbon and a bright buckle.

There is nothing that women run after so much as "bargains," which are generally very bad ones, unless the shopper be a woman of forethought and much good sense. Before buying any important article of dress, the whole subject should be well considered, and the wardrobe passed in review. The quality of the material is of more importance than the fashion, and good wearing qualities are more needful to the poor than to the rich. My constant advice to all is, "Never buy cheap things, they are always dear in the end," and, as a rule, the good manager will avoid all the shops where "bargains at a ruinous sacrifice" are to be had, unless indeed she has such a firm will and determination that she will not be led away by any inducements to buy what she does not need. If she be wise she has made out a careful list, and knows exactly her wants, and what she has to spend on them. Do not waste your time by looking at things that you do not intend to purchase, and remember that you are not obliged to buy, however much pressed to take, what you do not require. How often you hear the making of some silly purchase excused, on the ground that the dupe of the shop-attendant "really could not come away without buying something," and "yet they had nothing I wanted." Remember your money is one of your "talents," and that you must lay it out to the best advantage, and just as conscientiously as you can. Do not waste the time of the shopkeeper if he have not the article you require. Thank him politely, and go elsewhere. If you be much pressed to look at things that you do not need, say firmly and kindly, "Thank you, I will not delay you by looking at anything that I shall not purchase." If you have thought the matter over and made up your mind as to the things you need and the price you mean to pay for them, do not suffer yourself to be persuaded out of your determination. Remember it is the shopkeeper's business to dispose of his goods, and that he is very wise in using his best efforts to make you take them; but it is your business to see that you want what you buy, and that you obtain exactly what you need.

If you make clothes at home be sure to have everything large enough, so that it will not look shabby and fray at the seams. If you have once found a good pattern be sure that you take care of it to cut by in future, and keep your eyes about you always to see the new styles in dress, as a good and economical manager can often, by a few clever touches, make "old clothes look like new."

SERVANTS AND SERVICE.

By Ruth Lamb.

CHAPTER V.

INFLUENCE OVER CHILDREN. BEAR AND FORBEAR.

In my last chapter I dealt especially with the qualifications and responsibilities of those whose duties lie in the nursery. But it is not only those who have the actual care of children that can exercise a wholesome influence over them. All who have the will may do excellent service in this direction.

There are some servants, and particularly those who are beyond girlhood, who regard the children of the household with anything but a kindly feeling, who bitterly resent the planting of a young foot on the kitchen floor, and deem the appearance of a curly head in its doorway as an unwarrantable intrusion.

"Now you go out of *my* kitchen this minute," cries the ruling genius. "You know you've no business here. Be off! Quick; or I'll tell your ma'."

The curly head vanishes. The youngster, perhaps, only came to make a private inquiry as to the forthcoming pudding, or something equally innocent. But after his disappearance cook will probably further remark, "I hate to have children poking and prying about. They always tell tales and make mischief."

I can understand the existence of such a feeling if any mistress is so injudicious, any mother so unwise towards her children, as to permit them to act the part of spies over her servants and tattlers towards herself. It is as lowering to her own dignity as it is insulting to those who serve and injurious to her children to encourage such practices.

On the other hand, the upright, conscientious servant has no need to care who looks on whilst she is engaged about her daily duties. If she reverently carries in her mind this one thought, "Thou God seest me," and acts as in that presence, she has no occasion to trouble herself about other observers.

As a mother, I feel even more strongly than as the mistress of a home. However accomplished a servant might be in the duties of her department, I would not keep her if I thought that the morals and manners of my children would suffer by contact with her.

Speaking to servants in every department of service I say, "Be kind to the children, dear girls. You can, if you are Christians, give many a hint for their good. You may whisper a word in season which may make the angry boy ashamed of his senseless passion. You may show the little one who is inclined to deceive, the beauty and bravery of truth.

Children are often inclined to gossip. They perhaps overhear something which was never intended to reach them, and, big with the thought of a discovered secret, are eager to share the newly acquired knowledge with somebody else. A young servant is the nearest individual to the little personage who is inclined to be confidential, and to her the tale is told, if she will listen.

This gives a right-minded girl an opportunity of showing her own uprightness and honourable disposition by refusing to listen, and of pointing out to the child the impropriety of repeating what has been said by parents or guests who had either not noticed or forgotten the presence of the "little pitcher."

Imagine how sweet it was to a mother's ears when one of my children, after speaking of happy talks she had enjoyed on Sunday evenings with a young servant, said, "I always feel better after a conversation with her, more anxious to love and serve God, and to be good and do what is right to everybody."

After such an instance as this, dear girls, you cannot imagine that a servant's influence is to be lightly thought of, or carelessly used. I have known an instance in another home where the religious training of the parents was rendered useless, their boy's faith undermined, and the man's future career hopelessly changed, by the contrary influence of an old and much trusted domestic.

Again, if servants wish to find a common bond of sympathy between their mistresses and themselves, the little ones will furnish it.

When riding in a tram-car, I one day sat opposite to a young mother, who was accompanied by a girl-nurse with a baby on her lap. It was evidently the first, and all its clothing bore traces of tasteful, industrious fingers rather than of great expenditure. The child was a lovely creature, and its young mother and younger nurse seemed unconscious of everything else. The three made a charming picture; for, the little maid, her face lighted

up with love, told how her charge had been admired by different ladies, who had even stopped her in the street to look at and praise the bonny baby.

The mother listened with eager ears and happy face, and I left that tram-car with unwilling feet, because I thought that in the popular carriage I had seen two human beings united by perfect sympathy, the bond between them being a few weeks' old infant.

I had a cook once who was very difficult to manage. She was extremely clever in her own department, but determined to have her way and to rule instead of obeying a mistress who was then comparatively inexperienced in household management, and many years younger than herself.

I thought I must part with her; but cook had a vulnerable point. She almost worshipped babies, and, being shown into the room where I sat with a month old infant on my knee, when she first came about the place, she implored me to let her hold it whilst we talked.

"Being in the kitchen, I hardly ever get a baby into my arms," she said. "I'm fond of cooking, but, if I had to start again, I'd be a nurse."

I am sure the baby was an unconscious scource of strength to our warm-hearted, self-willed cook; and for the little creature's sake she would often battle against a temper which was most trying to everyone else in the house. Her stay was prolonged far beyond any person's expectation, and her darling was two years old before Sarah left us. She had rendered the kitchen too hot to hold anyone but herself, and it was a question of parting with her or the other three servants.

But I was almost unnerved at the sight of old Sarah weeping over the child whom she had nursed since she was in long clothes, and who was clasping her neck with one arm, while with the other hand she wiped away the tears from her friend's face, making her pinafore corner do duty for a handkerchief!

I had done what I could to obtain a situation for Sarah in which I thought she would be as little tempted as was possible to give way to her besetting sins, and I thankfully remember that she did well in it.

Here let me say a few words about the need for

Mutual Forbearance in the Household.

There is a very old story of an old couple whose quarrels had been for many years the talk of the neighbourhood, when, to the surprise of everybody, the disturbances ceased. The gossips lost their regular excitement and wonder, and curiosity took its place.

Somebody at last mustered courage to ask the old man the secret of the unwonted peace. He replied, with a smile, "My old woman and I have got on all right since we got two bears to live with us."

This only increased the curiosity; but it turned out that these were named "bear" and "forbear."

Ah, dear girls! The presence of these two bears is absolutely essential to the happiness of every home. They are as much needed in the kitchen as in the drawing-room, and I would say to every young candidate for a situation, "Whatever else you may leave behind, take the two bears along with you."

Mistresses often complain that one of their most serious difficulties arises from the disagreements amongst the servants themselves. One lady, when telling me of this domestic trouble, was ready to cry, because her efforts to induce her servants to be kind and friendly with each other had utterly failed.

"Two of them," said she, "are pleasant-tempered enough; but the cook and nurse are always either squabbling or sulking. We have had an interval of peace recently, for these two gave up speaking to each other above a fortnight since, and both are too proud to make any advance towards resuming friendly relations. The others are made extremely uncomfortable and the children cannot help observing what is going on. It is a shocking example for them."

"And are these quarrelsome girls good servants in other respects? I asked.

"Excellent. Indeed, all four fulfil their duties to my entire satisfaction; are respectful to their employers, attentive to guests, good to the children. If it were not for the wretched contrariness of the cook and nurse towards each other, I should esteem myself uncommonly fortunate."

In this case, you see, the comfort of a home was largely interfered with, and not only the offenders themselves were miserable, but every member of the family suffered, more or less, for want of a little of the "bear and forbear spirit" in two of the household.

As a rule, servants are extremely reluctant to tell tales of, or to lodge complaints against one another. This is much to their credit; though, amongst such a numerous class, there are sure to be some tattlers. All honour to those who, in things which affect their own comfort only, show that "charity which suffereth long and is kind."

But there are cases in which it is right both to speak and act promptly and boldly. For instance, when the conduct of one makes all the rest miserable, as in a particular instance which occurs to my mind, as I write. A cook in a family where several servants were kept, was for years feared and disliked as a perfect tyrant in her own domain. She was so jealous and suspicious that an expression of kindness and approval from the mistress to one of the other servants was resented as a personal injury to herself. The recipient would be harassed with taunts, accused of hypocrisy and of wanting to undermine her in the good opinion of their mutual employers. Or, as the others remarked, "Let the mistress praise one of us and cook will blaze like her own kitchen fire, and give us a hot time of it for days to come."

This mistress was particularly anxious for the comfort and happiness of all under the roof. She was careful to have respectable servants, and to satisfy herself also about the character of their friends and connections. This done, she personally invited them to visit their young relatives and friends, and never had to complain that the privilege was abused.

But, to her surprise, visitors rarely came a second time during the reign of this kitchen tyrant. It was only after long endurance and when a new cook had succeeded, that the mistress, who wished her house to be a home to her servants, found out why it was not so. Simply because they could not endure that their friends should be made uncomfortable by taunts and rudeness, and they preferred to send them from the door, or to see them anywhere or nowhere, rather than under the roof of their employers.

The cook was an excellent servant in other respects, but for years she nullified the efforts of her employers for the comfort of her fellow-servants by her jealousy, and by practising all the petty tyrannies which a mean and suspicious nature, combined with fertility of invention, could contrive.

How much the servants endured would be difficult to tell. But they did bear, and in silence, rather than be blamed for tale-telling. They would not complain lest their unkind fellow-servant should lose her place; though she had not scrupled to rob them of comfort, domestic peace, and the family intercourse which the mistress both permitted and encouraged.

In this case too much forbearance was shown. I think that the right thing would have been for the servants, first, to join in remonstrating with the kitchen tyrant, stating at the same time their intention of laying the matter before their mistress should cook still refuse to hear reason. By such a course they would have saved great discomfort to themselves, have taught a much-needed lesson to one who was not fit to be trusted even with kitchen government, and they would have prevented the commands of the mistress from being a dead letter in her home.

Perhaps some of you, dear girl servants, may like a little advice as to when it is right to appeal to the mistress, and when it is wise to be silent. In this, as in every other difficulty, you will find all the guidance you can possibly need in the Bible. Go on the grand principle of doing what God's Word and your own conscience impel you to do.

If you are aware of a wrong done to your employers, or have good cause to suspect that they are being robbed or wilfully deceived by those in whom they place confidence, you ought to speak. If through your silence the innocent would be blamed, or the guilty escape detection, you should tell what you know.

The person who, seeing wrong done, keeps silence and lets another be injured, becomes a partaker in the evil doing. Sooner or later those who, by hiding the wrong, tacitly consent thereto, will certainly be involved in the blame also. Some may blame you for speaking; but it is better "that ye suffer for well-doing than for evil-doing." So mind you suffer as a Christian should, for doing right, if you must be blamed at all.

Take another piece of advice from St. Peter's first epistle, which is full of practical teaching for the guidance of Christians in their relations one towards another and to their Divine Head. "But let none of you suffer as a thief or as an evil-doer."

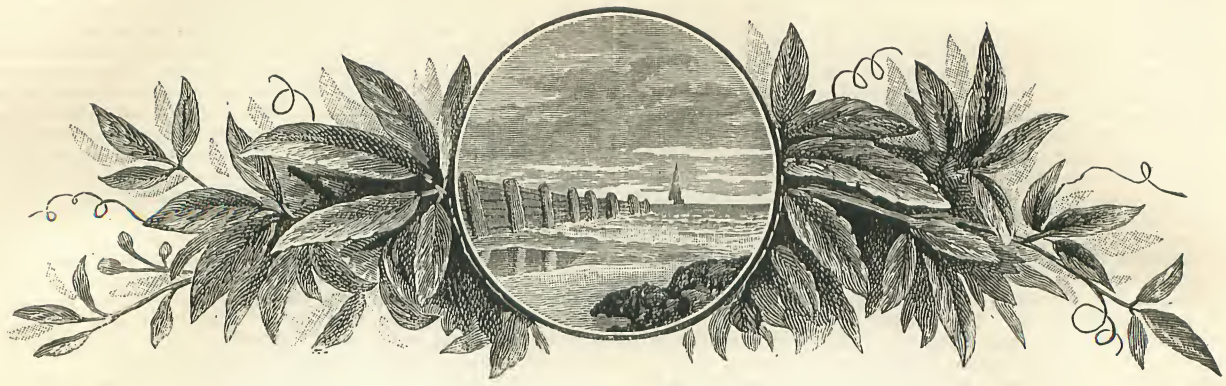
Remember the value of a good name. If yours is unjustly attacked, spare no pains to remove the false impression and to regain the good opinion of those who have misjudged you.

"Or as a busybody." See how carefully both sides are given! We are warned against keeping silent, where doing this would injure others, hide wrong-doing, or hurt our own good name. We are equally warned against tattling or busying ourselves about what does not concern us. In so many cases where a mere love of gossip would induce us to speak, it is wiser, kinder, more becoming a Christian to be silent. A few sentences from God's Word will be the best comment on this side of the subject, and show us the propriety of silence where we should serve no good end by speaking.

"He that covereth a transgression seeketh love." "He that refraineth his lips is wise." "He that uttereth a slander is a fool." "The words of a tale-bearer are as wounds." "A tale-bearer revealeth secrets, but he that is of a faithful spirit concealeth the matter." "A whisperer separateth chief friends."

To what does all this advice tend? Surely to teach us that, as witnesses, we should be faithful ones, telling the simple, unvarnished truth. That our lips should be "righteous lips." That we should not gossip about the faults and failings of others, from a love of talk, and that our daily and hourly prayer should be: "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, keep the door of my lips."

(To be continued.)



LOOK AT LIFE'S SUNNY SIDE.

By E. IRWIN.

BROTHER, cheer up—you're dreadfully dull of late,
Spirits so lull of late,
What's in your skull of late?
Something's gone wrong—'twill lighten your heart
To a tried old friend your grief to impart.

Have you been wronged by a sister or brother-man?
Enmity smother, man;
You've wronged some other man.—
Hate with Peace could never yet live,
But, oh, 'tis sweet—very sweet to forgive!

Was it no wrong, but only a slight?
Your peace why blight
For trifle so light?
If 'twas meant—he'll yet be ashamed for it;
And if not—why should he be blamed for it?

He whose face may be read as a book,
Who word nor look
With temper can brook,
Becomes the sport of the stupidest hind
Who has enough mind to be unkind.

Look for a friend with judgment and heart:
If lucky thou art,
Ne'er from him part.
Hearken to him if he should chide;—
As the bark of a dog be blame beside.

Maybe you're ill,—in pain or in dreariness,
Languor and weariness,
Stript of all cheeriness?
Feelings of fretfulness—trample them down:—
Wince not to wear your thorny crown.

Life's bitter cup—all Christians must drink of it;
Take it—don't think of it;
No use to shrink from it:
Sour to sip but pleasant to quaff,
Who drinks of it willingly learns to laugh.

Brother, cheer up—if darkness oppresses you,
Sadness distresses you,
Know that God blesses you:
Those He loves most He tries with the rod,
Who suffer the most are the loved of God.

Think, then, with joy—in gloom if you stand,
'Tis but the hand
Of Providence bland,
Shading your eyes in playful guise,
While placing before you a sweet surprise!

THE IVY GREEN.

A SEQUEL TO "'TWAS IN A CROWD."

By Mrs. J. A. OWEN.

CHAPTER I.

CHANGE UPON CHANGE.

Do our readers remember my San Francisco heroine, Norah Grey, an orphan, whom her rich uncle, Mr. Grey, came to take home with him to England, just when she was beginning to feel self-reliant and able to provide for herself, by the proceeds of her daily lessons? And the kind motherly friend she called madre, whom Uncle Arthur so conveniently married, after which the happy trio arrived in England and settled in a pleasant home at Kensington.

Some of you expressed a wish to hear more about Norah, so we will take up her story two years later.

It was May, and she was feeling very happy. The work in which she had interested herself was progressing well. The "Infant Shelter" had already a dozen little inmates, who crowed and cried and laughed lustily, being warmly dressed and well fed.

Kensington Gardens were at their best, with tender young green branches and sweet spring flowers; and all the world seemed to smile upon Norah.

She and the madre were putting a few finishing touches to each other's toilette before going to an evening party at Cheswick, unaccompanied by Mr. Grey; for a telegram had just arrived from his club saying that he was detained by some important business in town, but, if possible, he would join them later on in the evening.

"That last sociable in San Francisco where I first saw Uncle Arthur keeps coming into my mind, madre," said Norah, as she stooped to let the loving hands place some cream-coloured roses in her hair.

"There is little analogy between that night and this, however; life looks very differently now to you, and to me too, does it not?"

"It does indeed, madre, and yet I have been recalling that sociable nearly all day, whilst helping Collins with the alterations in my dress. Those were happy days, too, in San Francisco, though now life is better and fuller, enriched by father's love; but do you

know sometimes I fancy half my talents are buried in a rich home, and that I was made to fight a little more with the world."

"Don't say that Norah, dear; enjoy the sunshine now, and thank God for it; dark days will come some time to most of those whom He loves. When I was a girl, I thought no shadow could ever cross my path, and afterwards you know that I had my full share of sorrow."

In spite of the artistic rooms and pleasant society, the evening passed but slowly to Mrs. Grey and Norah.

"It is strange that uncle does not come, madre," said Norah, as some of the guests began to leave.

At this moment their hostess, Mrs. Maxwell, came up with a note in her hand. "This will explain Mr. Grey's non-appearance," she said.

He had come home late and tired, too tired he said to join them; would his wife therefore make his apologies to their hostess.

When they reached home, they found him looking ill and haggard; but he gently dismissed their questions, saying the morning would find him restored to his wonted health, and it was too late to enter upon business topics that night.

So Norah quietly withdrew, though it was long before she fell asleep, and even then her rest was not healthy.

As a child she had been much at sea with her father, and whenever she was troubled in mind about anything, she always dreamed of water—cruel waters, that came up in huge waves and threatened to engulf her. And this night wave after wave spent its fury upon her weak body, but no hand drew her back from their embrace; and the restless dream made her night an unrefreshing one.

When she appeared at the breakfast table she found her uncle alone.

"I have persuaded the madre to rest a little longer, Norah," he said. The name madre he had adopted from Norah's lips, and he now generally used it in speaking of his wife.

"I will take some tea to her at once, uncle; but first let me hand you a cup, for you look almost as ill as you did last night."

"Stay with me, dear, and let Collins take the madre's tray upstairs. After breakfast I want a chat with you."

Neither of the two ate much, and soon Norah followed Mr. Grey into his library. There he told her that ruin had overtaken him in consequence of the failure of his bank. Most unwisely he had yielded to the advice

of two of the directors, in whom, as old and valued friends, he had placed full confidence: and he had embarked nearly the whole of his capital in one scheme.

"And so you see, Norah, my poor child, it simply means *Ruin*," he concluded, leaning, pale and overcome, against the mantelpiece.

Norah did not look with the expected dismay upon this dark prospect. She soothed her weary uncle with soft kisses and tender assurances that while they were left an unbroken trio life could not but be happy.

And thus, with his pale wife's unrepining spirit and their sweet self-forgetfulness, he was able, with a stronger fortitude, to set about the serious business of cutting down their household expenditure to suit the narrow circumstances which would now be theirs.

* * * * *

Three months later they were settled in a small house in West Brompton. Mrs. Maxwell, whose sympathy had been true, and who in their sudden trouble had shown a very lovely side of her character, had been so fortunate as to find a friend to relieve Mr. Grey of his large house in Mortimer Gardens. This tenant had also bought most of the furniture, a few things which Mrs. Grey and Norah had brought over with them from San Francisco being reserved.

Mrs. Grey suffered much on her husband's account. His long fits of depression, loss of appetite, and sleeplessness caused her grave anxiety. It was a relief to the two women when he last obtained so he small appointment which would occupy him the greater part of the day, as he would not then be able to dwell upon his losses.

The madre found plenty to do in the house, having only a young general servant. As for Norah, she went about day after day in search of remunerative employment, much to the grief of her uncle.

"Fortunately, we have a good stock of clothing, madre," she said one day, cheerily, "and by the time these things are worn out, I shall surely have earned money to buy more, without troubling uncle."

Of all their rich acquaintances few called more than once to condole with them, before they gave up their large house.

"They will not care for visitors, poor things," some of these fair weather friends said. "It would seem like going to spy out the poverty of the land."

Mr. Grey had gone very little into society as a widower, and his wife and Norah knew no one when first they landed in England; so that they had no old friends to be true to them in their misfortunes. Mrs. Maxwell, however, still kept them in memory, and determined, if possible, to cast some sunshine over their lot. But Norah asked no help from anyone, and at last found her way to an honourable woman, who had opened an educational agency office; and she, having known privation and losses, took kindly to poor Norah, who was fast growing despondent, and could hardly keep back her tears when at last she met with sympathy.

"I could have found a position so readily in San Francisco," she said; "but here I am always asked to show my certificates, and what examinations I have passed; I fear I shall have to content myself with the post of nursery governess."

"You say you have given music lessons; will you play something for me? You will find Beethoven's sonatas and Mendelssohn's 'Lieder ohne Worte' there by the piano."

Norah sat down gladly, and played something from both these composers. Mrs. Raymond was delighted with her touch, her clear execution and sympathetic rendering of these masters, and the two parted mutually pleased, and with the welcome assurance that Mrs. Raymond felt sure she should be able to obtain a position for her.

Fortunately, Norah had applied to Mrs. Raymond at the right time, just before people began to return to their town houses, so that she had not long to wait before she heard of something suitable.

"I have good news for you, Uncle Arthur," she said, one day. "You have been so anxious lest I should be worn out with some large family of small children with an exacting mother."

"I disapprove altogether of your teaching, Norah, there is no need of it."

"But I so long to feel independent, uncle; I cannot bear to be a burden to you."

"And such a longing hurts me. I at last know the full extent of my losses, and find that with the madre's little income and some small property that is still my own, and the income I derive from my city engagement, we are not after all so poor. Don't let me hear the word 'burden' again."

"Well then, uncle, call me greedy and avaricious if you like; for I long to have some money that I can fairly call my own. Remember my crêche, and my poor people, and——"

"You are a thorough little American, Norah, and that is the long and the short of it; so you must take your own way, I suppose. But always remember, dear child," he added, tenderly, "that when you grow sick at heart in your work amongst strangers, there is still your own place unfilled in our home, and you are always in our hearts."

Norah's good news was that Mrs. Raymond had offered her a position as resident governess in a family living in Croydon. Her services were required for one little girl, who already showed a strong passion for music, hence Norah's success in getting suited so readily.

When she had pledged herself to enter upon her new duties on the first day in June, and the madre, with many sighs, began to look over their wardrobes, so that Norah might have all that was required for her new position, then indeed did the girl's brave heart begin to question what might lie before her.

"You will hardly need more than one evening dress, Norah. These are too rich; suppose we fix upon that simple cream-coloured dress; it is still quite fresh. Those feathers, too, make that hat too handsome; this suits you equally well, with only lace and flowers, and it is more suitable. How very fortunate your boots and gloves are in such order; those you must have nice, and those pretty washing dresses are the very thing for summer. The heavier ones, excepting this brown cashmere, we will fold by until winter."

"Madre, who will take care of you when I have gone and uncle is away all day?" asked Norah wistfully, as they sat down, after selecting her outfit.

"I shall be quite content, Norah; domestic duties will fill the morning hours, and in the afternoon I shall be glad of quiet, so that I shall be ready to welcome Arthur home for a cheerful evening. I confess, dear," she continued with a shade upon her usually so placid brow, "that lately I have concealed from you and my husband the fact that, strive as I will, our expenditure has been beyond the sum we allowed ourselves for domestic use. Prices are so high in London; and each week our butcher's bill has been too heavy; beside that of the laundress and others."

"Then you, madre mine, do not feel that I am self-willed in striving to lighten your burden?"

"No, Norah. From the first, I have felt that until we have settled down, and by experience learnt how we can accommodate our wants to our narrow income, it would be well for you to do your part. We have known poverty before; your dear uncle has no true comprehension of it. He has had wealth most of his life, and now finds it difficult, at every step, to remember that he is a poor man, for one of his tastes and position."

"But, madre," said Norah, "how nobly he has given up old habits, and taken kindly to regular office work."

"It is for us he feels it, not for himself. He cannot bear us to walk, after having had our carriage; and the thought of my soiling my hands is hateful to him. But we, Norah, will show him 'a more excellent way,' and he shall find that, true American women as we are, we are 'capable' as well as loving."

"I shall feel easier to leave you now, madre."

"But, my darling, I hope it is only for a little while. While you are busy with your pupil, I shall be learning how to manage an English home on an economical footing; and soon, very soon, I hope to be able to say, 'Come back, Norah, there is enough and to spare.'"

On the last Sunday evening before Norah left home, during the hour after supper, as Mr. Grey indulged in a fragrant cigar, and the madre and Norah sat on the couch, with arms intertwined, her uncle said—

"So you are firm to your intention of going; well, perhaps the time might hang heavily on my restless daughter's hands in this small house."

"But I like the house, uncle, and in the holidays you will learn how contented I can be in it. And suppose," continued Norah appealingly, "we all make up our minds to stop crying over one another."

"What do you mean, Miss Pert?"

"Madre is always lamenting that you have had to give up your horse and your club; you, in turn, are grieved because we have a small house and no carriage, although we had no house at all a year or two ago; and in the old San Francisco days never dreamed of possessing a carriage at all; then I have been unhappy because you both often look sad, and I alone have done nothing towards our support."

"Norah is right, Arthur," said Mrs. Grey. So they agreed to bemoan these things no longer.

And, in the early part of the week, they with loving words and kisses bade Norah "God speed," as she bravely went out from her home, to try her fight with fortune single-handed. Of her smiles and tears in that contest we will tell in our next chapter.

(To be continued.)

DEAD LEAVES.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WASTED GIRLHOOD.

By Frances Isabelle Tylcoat,

Author of "Father Rutland," "The Adventures of Wouldn't-Say-Wee,' &c.

It was a strange girlhood; quiet, retired, lonely, shadowy. None of those bright flashes, those simple enjoyments so dear to the girlish heart, of festive gatherings, Christmas reunions, picnics, pleasure trips, concerts, companionships, and all that ilk. Not much sunshine—that warm, glowing, healthful influence within and around so necessary to a young girl's spirit when the tree of life is in its budding springtime, and the soul is like a half-fledged bird, that with the growth of its first wing-plumes becomes conscious of vague yearnings, wistful aspirations

after something it knows not what, and none can tell it.

When came the end of that girlhood is, perhaps, a difficult question for one whom children—and clergymen—call a girl yet. But all in supreme disregard of the calendar, and so, in my turn, I may calculate; for the boundaries of individual life are set invisibly to the great world around us in the secret chart of every human soul, and are not the invention of the clock, the milestone, or the years.

Girlhood—early girlhood—is a beautiful and precious thing. And yet how impatient are the majority of girls to get well out of it, to exchange its blessed hours for what they think is happier womanhood! How feverishly they welcome each new anniversary of their birth! How anxious they are to be one year, five years, or even ten years older, as if they would hasten away the dewy morning of youth whose freshness is sent to strengthen and prepare us for the heat of noon. Is not the sum of many a girl's ambition to be out of her teens?

Oh! do not be in a great hurry. "Time flies"—remember that, and let things take their course. The years will wing their way quite fast enough, and you may do so much if you will for God, for others, and for your own souls, while the day is yet young.

They can never come again—the days of early youth. With all their hopes, with all their tenderness, with all their opportunities, they have passed from sight. They had their disadvantages, but, on the other hand, they were not altogether without their favours. Some preachers maintain that God gives us compensation—that every life is equably balanced, with all its joys and sorrows, its drawbacks and its helps, its wants and its possessions carefully equipoised, even in this lower world. And in this especial instance, life's component parts were not all placed on one side of the beam.

I was compelled to leave school at the early age of fifteen, and thereby one phase of my short life was at an end. But it is a true if a trite saying that a girl's education, even when more advanced, is not completed at the moment when she leaves school. Our school-days may be over, our schoolroom tasks performed with satisfaction and credit to parents and teachers, and yet it will take months and years of self-application and of self-control to make the finished scholar.

Well, when I look back upon those early years, as we are apt to do when we become a little older, and life has been full of changes and events, what is the vision that I see? Alas! Many a bygone hour, all my own, wherein I might have practised what I knew, and acquired what I had yet to learn. But not so. The precious hours slipped away, and returned empty to the Giver. Life was aimless, uninteresting; it held no working problem greater than that of babyhood—how to be amused. I know now—for the ensuing years have taught me—that life is a very strong, a very stern, a very straightforward, a very uncompromising reality, not a toy, not an optical illusion or a passing freak, but a grave, inexorable fact. This seems, no doubt, a very prosaic thing to say; but let us remember that sound-hearted prose is the natural basis of the highest poetry. For what is prose but the naked truth, from which, as from a root or bulb planted in the soil, upspring the more delicate flowers of true poesy? Therefore we may as well face the fact—life is real. But the knowledge of this need not make us hard and morbid, any more than the plain and homely nature of the root destroys the waxen fairness of the flower. We can beautify our life, we can spiritualise, and, so to speak, etherealise it; and this all the better for that it and we, without any nonsense, thoroughly understand each other.

But we want guidance. And so, dear girls, if you are in any way under rule—if you are so favoured as to have at your side some earthly guardian of your steps—let me beg of you, as you love your own life, not to chafe and fume under the possible restraint; not to be rebellious with an impatient longing for the time when you will be your own mistresses, but rather to be thankful that in your youthful inexperience you have the help of such timely guidance. Act with it, not against it; for it may, with your cordial co-operation, affect with most beneficial influence the whole of your future course. I am not now writing for little children whose mental faculties are undeveloped, who must have everything done for them, and little or nothing by them; I am writing for reasonable and sensible girls who have reached a point from which they may practise self-control.

Have you a kind father, or an elder brother, who studies your character, and endeavours his best to draw out and train your abilities whether of temperament or of talent? Then don't be ungrateful. Never mind if he be even "a little hard" upon you; that would signify, I suppose, determined and strong-willed. Strong wills greatly help the weak ones, and firmness never did anybody a hurt. So if you are not left alone to mould and map out your own life—it is a hard a difficult task, especially for the young—let me repeat it, do not complain. For here was one who sorely needed a little loving pressure, but had no one strong enough and well enough to direct her energies, or to ascertain for what object, what vocation in life Nature had most adapted her. Here was a girl who lived much within her own heart, hard to read by others, and to herself an uncut volume.

Let us pass over one or two years.

"If I had anything to interest me—anything that was specially my work, to do—I would be more industrious, I would get up earlier, I would, in fact, be quite different from what I now am. But I have no such interest."

Such was the protest and the plaint.

And here let me say that I am always sorry for girls who, although strong and in good health, complain of having to work, and who, with a sigh of discontent, wish they had "nothing to do." Depend upon it, no life was ever happy that was not full. The fuller the better; full of energy, full of duty, full of work. It is preferable that it should be full even to overflowing than that it should be empty or half-filled; and when I hear a healthy girl preferring excess of leisure to excess of work, I feel that she has yet to learn what life is and what life means. "Better," says the saw in an old fable, "to wear out than to rust out."

"If I had anything . . . "

Only a little longer, and the answer came.

The wings had grown; the young bird took its first flight. That is to say, in unmetaphorical language, the verse-making with which from earliest childhood I had at intervals amused myself was fortunate enough to win editorial approval; and thus for the first time I had the satisfaction of "seeing my name in print." As I was very ambitious, mine was, as you may suppose, no slight delectation at "sweet seventeen."

The first poem was within a year followed by the first story—only a little paper-covered book; but I loved it, and thought more of it than of a whole edition of Dickens or of Thackeray, for was I not its mother? And the pride which a young mother takes in her firstborn is proverbial.

Now, here was the interest, here was the motive power, here was the spring which had long been wanting. Did it have its promised effect? Did it make life fuller? Did it lead to application, to industry, to perseverance? Yes, in a measure, and for a time. But before very long came that self-indulgent, dilatory, lackadaisical, lazy method of working, so fatal to all success, and which is so aptly termed "playing at work." This bad habit which, in all pursuits, I would earnestly warn all girls to flee, was in itself sufficient to prove a great hindrance to me in my own line of effort; for a young author who would be successful must work hard and perseveringly. I cannot certainly say that it had this effect in my case, because there arose another and very different cause, outside my own method, and in no way attributable to any fault of mine, which, in spite of my best efforts, put me back years in my professional career; upon which it is not my intention to dwell here, inasmuch as it has nothing to do with the purpose of this paper.

But, apart from consequences, the indolent worker is really and truly an idler, and guilty of a grave fault, a sin against God, which is, in its very nature, ruinous to his own interests both of body and soul—of this life, and of that which is to come. So that I never think upon those wasted hours, so cruelly frittered away in unnecessary repose, or day-dreaming, or self-pleasing, among petty, insignificant distractions of the senses, without recalling the solemn warning of the Wise King—

"Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep; so shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy wants as an armed man."

A wasted girlhood is a sad memory. The period is so sweet, so *fleeting, so full of golden* opportunities. Alas! for those who wrap the precious talent in a napkin, and bury it in the heart of the earth! Its grave is its long home; it can have no resurrection, for the season of youth, once past, is past for ever. Alas! then, for the unprofitable trustee of the heaven-sent gift, by whom that stern reproof is verily merited — "Thou wicked and slothful servant!" Alas! for the vain regrets which breathe out their despair in the bitter cry, "Too late!"

"And the door was shut."

Ah! that is an awful thought, the closed door. God's gracious opportunities carelessly neglected or thrown away; God's morning call into the vineyard disregarded. And then it is too late; even is come—*the door is* shut.

But I do not wish to sadden you; and I need not. For to you the door is still open; the early morning of life's days is still fresh and fair; you are most of you young enough to have no great store of sere leaves fallen from the green, hopeful tree of a wronged and squandered girlhood. Therefore you will cheerfully and perseveringly put forth all your energies, for we mean, do we not, to be very much in earnest? We are not all called to the same work; not all to be writers of books, not all to be teachers of the little ones, not all to be visitors of the poor: for "if the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling? . . . . . And if they were all one member, where were the body?" But to every girl in the world some task, some mission, is heaven-appointed; and if she search for it in real earnest, she will certainly find it. Whether it be as a scholar in the schoolroom, or a daughter at home; whether it be in some outer sphere of usefulness, or in the silent path of private and of humble effort; whether the work be taken up solely for love's sake, or whether it be also the honourable means of gaining a livelihood; in all cases, it is God's work; let us do it with our might.

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE ISLET HOME.

DIVIDING my pottery into two portions, I took one half to Cave Castle, keeping the second for immediate use, afterwards to be consigned to Banyan House; and then I made a small oven at the latter place for bread-baking and other culinary purposes, my bread hitherto having been cooked anyhow in the pottery kiln, and sometimes, I must confess, coming out as hard as the pottery itself. Lastly, I proceeded to render the large jar useful by fitting to it a wooden tap I had found amongst my odds and ends, and making a lid. The first use to which I put this was the making of sugar. I managed to construct a rough kind of pestle and mortar, and having cut the canes into convenient lengths, I pressed out the juice in a sufficient quantity to fill the jar; then each day I removed any dirt which came to the surface, after which boiling and renewed scumming purified the mass, and leaving it to cool and crystallize, I had in a few days a supply of brown sugar, not too refined, perhaps, but enough so to suit me. I repeated the process several times, until I had as much as I required, and all was conveyed to the stores of Cave Castle.

Another winter I devoted to the enlargement of Banyan House, which hitherto had consisted of only one room. By following the same method of construction I was able to add another; the old door formed the communication between the two rooms, whilst the new entrance was approached by a more convenient staircase. I made, in fact, a short ladder for the upper part of the staircase, which when in the house I could pull up, thus preventing all other access. The lower part was permanent, and at the foot I erected the oven, over which I made a roof of interwoven branches, which formed a kitchen; the whole almost hidden from view by the low bushes which grew around.

I finishing my work by facilitating the communication between Banyan House and the lake. I do not mean that I so cut away the trees as to form a road, I was too much afraid of indicating my whereabouts to some foe, but I wished to make my own progress easy in case of pursuit should any enemy ever land. Now that I knew the island well I selected the shortest and easiest route, and along this left Nature to grow as she chose, merely removing any obstacle that would effectfully bar my way. Where rivulets existed I chose the shallowest parts for crossing, the hollows I filled in, where desirable, and cut off any intruding branches that might cause a fall. By this means I felt confident that I should be able to elude any pursuer; for, seeing nothing to denote a path, he would be stumbling over marsh and rock, or struggling through forest, whilst I should be able to traverse the land, with unchecked speed. In the course of time I had traced similar paths all over the island.

I usually spent the spring on the lake, partly because the autumn labours demanded my presence at Banyan Grove, where I was in the midst of my harvest work, whilst the rainy season and the summer heats were more comfortably passed through in the shelter of Cave Castle. I think I loved my spring residence more than any of the others, possibly in some measure because of the comparative rest it afforded me, but chiefly for the beauty of the spot, added to the charms of the season, when Nature puts forth her creative hand to embellish and replenish the earth, and all around is full of life and hope. It was truly a landscape to charm one—the lake nestling at the foot of a majestic mountain, down which pellucid streams wound their silvery way; shores fringed with giant trees, their shadows reflected in the blue waters beneath, on the bosom of which the lovely islet rested.

Almost my sole labour here was preparing the land for my crop of barley, in this favoured climate a light task, fortunately, since I had no proper implements. Digging was out of the question without a spade; but I tore up the weeds as well as I could, and broke the surface of the soil to the best of my power, and of course selected fresh ground from time to time; then, having cast in the seed, I harrowed the surface with a wooden rake.

The remainder of my time was devoted to fishing, which may be classed as recreation rather than labour. I perfected my tackle, made nets of the fibres of the palm trees and other plants, and succeeded so well in the sport that I got quite tired of fish, and began to preserve it for future use. But salt was required to accomplish this, and thus an absence of some weeks spent on the seashore was necessitated.

THE LAKE.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A HUNT.

BASKET-MAKING was another kind of light work which occupied me at this time. I made some from the osiers which grew plentifully at the water's edge, and others from the canes, which I split with my knife.

I caught another porcupine here; it seemed their favourite haunt, for I had not met with them at any other part. Their quills were so sharp and straight, that I conceived the idea of fitting them as points to my arrows, which I had long since set aside as useless. It is true I

had gunpowder enough now; but the bow and arrows were lighter to carry than a gun, and might do equally good service in procuring food. I did not try to ascend Mount Desire from this side; it was near where I had made the first attempt, and the side on which the mountain presented its grandest aspect; but I made many a tour up the valley where I had found my first hare, and up which I traced a road to lead from the lake to Cave Castle. These *soi-disant* roads enabled me to go from one point to another in half the time it had hitherto required. Whilst engaged in this work I came to the place where the swine had uprooted the ground, and as I had a great desire, if possible, to capture a young one, I made a net of strong rope composed of fibre, and taking Wolf with me proceeded to search for my prey. I knew it would be a difficult task, for the wild pig is a most savage animal; and although it was only a juvenile I wished for, yet, unless I could be fortunate enough to meet with one straying at a safe distance from its mother, she would have to be first overcome before I should have any chance of seizing her child. Reaching the high lands, I saw at a little distance from me a family of pigs, snorting and grunting over their truffles, but not one seemed adventurous enough to leave the parent, who was keeping guard over them whilst she also enjoyed her delicious meal. She was not a pleasant-looking antagonist, and I rather hesitated to carry out my plan when I saw her, which had been to set Wolf in chase of her. But I had no time either for deliberation or retreat when Wolf, forgetting his customary prudence, gave a sharp bark and attracted the attention of these gourmands. The children directly ran to their mother for protection, although they had evidently got beyond their days of babyhood, and at first she seemed inclined to fly with them; but Wolf getting too excited to listen to my injunctions, began to run after them, whereupon Mistress Pig turned back infuriated and seemed determined to show fight. In a moment I levelled my gun and shot the poor animal, for I could see that an encounter between her and Wolf would have ended at the best, in all probability, in both being much hurt. Now I began a chase after one of the frightened young ones, who were racing about in their alarm. As Wolf would have surely injured one in capturing it, I commanded him to sit still in a certain spot, so as not to let the pig pass that line, and as the poor dog had received a rather sharp reprimand for his ill-timed barking, he sat in a most obedient manner, looking as grave as a judge and watching my proceedings with the greatest interest. I now tied my net loosely between the trees in such a way that it would yield to pressure, and chased the pig in that direction; but it took some time before he could be persuaded to run into the snare, for, with the usual perversity of his kind, he declined running straight. At length, however, he ran and was caught in the meshes; I was after him in a moment, and rolling the net round and round him, and tying his feet together, I made up my mind to carry him in triumph to the islet, where I hoped to civilise him somewhat. My difficulty was to get him across the water; but I thought the sooner done the better, as he would be growing bigger every day, so I put him, still bound, into a flat pannier of osiers I had made for the purpose of carrying things over, and which floated like a boat. Wolf drew this each time by means of a cord attached to his collar, whilst I swam at the side to give any help required; but this time it was an entire failure, for we had scarcely started when the pannier was capsized by the struggles of its occupant, and Wolf would have been drowned had I not severed the cord and released him. So for the present I was obliged to give up all idea of placing my little captive on the isle, and made as snug a home for him as might be, so that he should not escape until I could provide means for transporting him over the water.

(*To be continued.*)

"I WAS AFTER HIM IN A MOMENT."

VARIETIES.

For the Envious.

If every man's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who raise our envy now?

The fatal secret, when revealed,
Of every aching breast,
Would prove that only while concealed
Their lot appeared the best.

From Metastasio.

How to Recognise a Good Wife.

"She commandeth her husband in any equal matter, by constant obeying him."—It was always observed, that what the English gained of the French in battle by valour, the French regained of the English by cunning intreaties; so if the husband should chance, by his power, in his passion, to prejudice his wife's right, she wisely knoweth, by compounding and complying, to recover and rectify it again.

"She never crosseth her husband in the spring-tide of his anger, but stays till it be ebbing-water."—And then mildly she argues the matter, not so much to condemn *him*, as to acquit herself. Surely, men, contrary to iron, are worst to be wrought upon when they are hot; and are far more tractable in cold blood.

"*Arcana imperii* (her husband's secrets) she will not divulge."—Especially she is careful to conceal his infirmities. If he be none of the wisest, she so orders it that he appears on the public stage but seldom; and then he hath conned his part so well, that he comes off with great applause.

"In her husband's sickness she feels more grief than she shows."—Partly that she might not dishearten him, and partly because she is not at leisure to seem so sorrowful, that she may be the more serviceable.

"The heaviest work of her servants she maketh light, by orderly and seasonably enjoining it."—Wherefore her service is counted a preferment and her teaching better than her wages.

Natural Bias.

A woman having fallen into a river, her husband went to look for her, proceeding up the stream from the place where she fell in. The bystanders asked him if he was mad; she could not have gone against the stream. The man answered, she was obstinate and contrary in her life, and he supposed for certain she was the same at her death.

On Humility and Affliction.—"Men

commonly," says an old writer, "do beat and bruise their lioks to make them burn the brighter; so God first humbles and afflicts whom he intends to illuminate with more than ordinary grace."

GOLDEN POVERTY.—Pythis, a king, having discovered rich mines in his kingdom, employed all his people in digging of them; whence tilling was wholly neglected, insomuch as a great famine ensued. His queen, sensible of the calamities of the country, invited the king, her husband, to dinner as he came home hungry from overseeing his workmen in the mines. She so contrived it that the bread and meat were most artificially made of gold, and the king was much delighted with the conceit thereof, till at last he called for real meat to satisfy his hunger. "Nay," said the queen, "if you employ all your subjects in your mines you must expect to feed upon gold, for nothing else can your kingdom afford."

A STRIKING IMAGE.—There is a striking image employed by one of the old divines to illustrate the obduracy and insensibility of the human heart. He compares a man in this condition to the blacksmith's dog, who, although lying asleep at the foot of the anvil, is either not moved at all by the sparks which are continually falling about him, or only disturbed for an instant, while he returns again and again to his old position and sleeps as sound as ever.

WHAT IS DEATH?—Death to a good woman is but passing through a dark entry out of one little dusky room of her father's house into another that is fair and large, lightsome and glorious, and divinely entertaining. Oh! may the rays and splendours of my heavenly apartment shoot far downward and gild the dark entry with such a cheerful gleam as to banish every fear when I shall be called to pass through.

A HEEDLESS AUDIENCE.—A mother-in-law's sermon seldom takes well with an audience of daughters-in-law.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A pious, *good princess* surpassing fair,
Benevolent and wise; whose fost'ring care
Gave her adopted country useful trade,
Brought her skill'd countrymen her views to aid,
Gave them new homes wherein their looms to ply,
And made a nation's special industry.
Her honour'd name, th' initial letters tell;
Her native land, the final letters spell.

1. On reading his "Lives" we're astonish'd to find
   How great were the follies and faults of mankind.
   When a Greek takes an aim he is certain to hit,
   For the follies were *glory*, the faults were call'd *wit;*
   And his "parallels," drawn twixt his heroes, have shown
   That they sought not the good of mankind, but their own.
2. A seaport and capital city, well-known
   In that world, which was given to Castile and Leon
   By Columbus; whose corse—after hardship and strife,
   Ungrateful imprisonment, toil-harass'd life—
   Was consign'd to that ground whose discov'ry he made,
   And in this grand cathedral was peacefully laid.
3. I have read of a tribe, which in Africa dwelt,
   Amongst whom a desire for a change was not felt:
   For their breakfast was fish and their dinner the same,
   Which accounts for their very remarkable name.
4. What was it Diogenes took, when he went
   Thro' the Forum of Athens, with cynic intent,
   Into every corner and cranny to scan
   And to find, if 't were possible, "*one* honest man."
5. There is one of the states of America nam'd,
   From its ancient possessors, the Red Men, and fam'd
   For its mineral wealth and its rivers that flow
   Past the fields where the "bread-stuffs" luxuriantly grow.
6. In this feudal castle a hero was born,
   The Protestants' hope and the Catholics' scorn;
   Of his own country, king, he was chosen to reign
   O'er another, and rul'd it with wisdom humane;
   Through battle-fields fearlessly ventur'd his life,
   To fall, at the last, by a murderer's knife.
7. The captive, in solitude hopeless and sad,
   Whose mem'ry recalling the days that were glad,
   In spirit soar'd free from the mis'ry and gloom,
   As he 'graved the sweet air on the walls of his room.
8. Come hither, ye sluggards, come hither to me,
   And wise lessons of industry shall ye all see!

XIMENA.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MAYFLOWER.—See information respecting clerks under Government, at page 543, vol. i.; also on "Earning One's Living," page 74, vol. i. "Law copying" can scarcely be had. Have you thought of the Deaconesses Institution at Mildmay-park, N.; or of the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East—Secretary, Miss Webb, 267, Vauxhall-bridge-road, S.W.? Englishwomen are trained there for school teaching abroad. Consider well before you make up your mind.

MARCELLINA.—By all means go to a training college for two years. Your handwriting is not yet formed; you should take some good hand as a model, and write copies daily.

L. SPASHETT.—There is a growing disposition to aspirate the letter "h" in words where it was formerly the fashion to omit it; but in the words heir, heiress, hour, honour, honourable, and hostler (formerly written "ostler"), it is mute. Also it is silent after the initial letter "g," as in ghost, gherkin, &c.; after "r," as in rhyme, rhythm, myrrh, &c. When preceded by a "g" at the end of a word the two letters so united are sounded as an "f," viz., cough, rough, tough, chough, enough, trough, draught, &c., and it sometimes has the sound of "k," as in haugh, lough, shough. In the exceptional word, hiccough, it has the sound of a "p," as if written "hiccup."

AN OXFORD READER.—We advise you to consult your own clergyman on the subject, and ask for his assistance. What salary you would obtain we could not possibly inform you, as it may depend on your qualifications, or on the vacancy of which you may have the good fortune to obtain the offer.

LISKEARD.—We think that you are right in proposing to proceed at once to a school, and not run any chance of forgetting what you have learnt, as you are still so young. You write very well; and we thank you for your kind letter.

MARGUERITE.—At the Children's Hospital, in Great Ormond-street, they take younger girls than at other hospitals. Lady pupils are trained, lodged, and boarded at from twenty-one to thirty-five years of age, at one guinea a week; and nurses at from seventeen to thirty-five years at 7s. 6d. a week, for not less than six months. See our article on "Nursing as a Profession," page 454, vol. i.

MR. JOSEPH HALL.—We feel obliged to you for your kind response to the desire expressed by one of our correspondents, to find a situation in some institution for deaf mutes as a teacher. We shall add the Cambrian Institution for the Deaf and Dumb to our list, and now draw the attention of our correspondent, "Alina," to it, that she may apply for the vacancy now offered as "assistant matron and teacher." All information may be obtained by application to the hon. sec., Mr. Joseph Hall, Grosvenor House, Swansea.

BETA.—We can recommend "The Bible Handbook," by the Rev. J. Angus, D.D., price 5s. (56, Paternoster-row, E.C.)

EDELWEIS.—We know nothing about the Ladies Educational Society. Of course people complain of a handwriting so much made up of fancy letters and divided words. You should connect every letter of each distinct word. Many of the "e's" are made like the cypher "8," and the "h's" like badly-formed "l's." Take a free, graceful handwriting, in which the letters are properly formed, not fanciful ones, and copy it daily, until you find it easy in writing in the same style.

E. L.—We recommend you to apply to the secretary of the Women's Education Union, Miss Louisa Brough, Office, 1, Queen-street, Brompton, S.W. This society publishes all matters connected with it, under the name "Journal of Women's Education Union," which comes out monthly, price 6d. You might also inquire about the College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. Secretary, C. R. Hodgson, Esq. Diplomas are granted of three grades—associates, licentiates, and fellows. Ask for printed rules.

BESSIE BRINE.—We thank you for your letter giving the new address of the Bible Learners' Union, of which we had already made a note. We now give it for the benefit of our readers, The Ferns, 131, Malpas-road, Brockley, S.E.

HOUSEKEEPING.

LITTLE WORRIT.—Brewers' yeast is used in the same way as German yeast, save that it must be allowed more than double the time to rise. About a quarter of a pint of brewers' yeast will be required for seven pounds of flower. Get the yeast over night, pour away the beer or porter from the surface, and cover the thick part which remains with cold water. In the morning drain this off, and the bitterness of the yeast will be reduced. A live-coal has the same effect. If the brewer's yeast be a little old, the sponge should be set over night. Mix the yeast with half a pint of warm water, make a little well in the centre of the flour in the pan, and stir it lightly in till a thick batter be formed, then sprinkle flour on the top, cover up the pan with a cloth, and leave it to rise at a temperature of eighty degrees. When ready to knead the bread, pour into the leaven the required quantity of tepid water, slightly salted, and mix gradually with the whole of the flour, working from the middle to the sides. It is impossible to work the dough too much. The oven should be very hot for the first ten minutes, and then the temperature should be lowered. Test the heat of the oven by sprinkling a little flour on a baking sheet, and if it brown within two minutes, the oven is ready for the bread. See page 643, vol. iii., for information on the subject of yeast, and how to keep it. This answer has stretched to such wide dimensions, that we cannot afford more space to a second answer, but will remember your wishes. In America all the fat is used for lard, that can be saved; and, by doing this, a much larger supply can be obtained for family use. Many small pieces can be salted.

MUSIC.

DAGMAR B.—Yes, you may certainly sing the two songs you name in public. But whenever in doubt, write to the publisher for information on the subject. See our article on "Dinners in Society," page 314, vol. ii. When obliged to remove anything whatsoever from your mouth, you should do it in the least obtrusive and noticeable manner in your power, making a cup of the hollow of the left hand and stooping the head as near as possible to the plate. It is an unavoidable evil, and you must endeavour to conceal such an exhibition as well as you can from those at table with you.

EDWARD P. SHARP.—A "double flat" is used to lower a note already flat a half tone; a "double sharp" used to raise a note already sharp by half a tone.

D. E. F.—The places so marked would mean that they were to be played simultaneously—at once, the reverse of *arpeggio*.

EMILY KEEN.—The meaning of the word "psychometery" is "an instrument for measuring the tension of the aqueous vapour in the atmosphere." In the few bars of music you send us the crotchets are counted as 1 2 3 4 in a bar; in the last bar you must have omitted a rest; without that the tune would be wrong.

HOPE.—We see a notice in the daily papers that the New College of Music will open in the spring, and we suppose it will be duly dvertised.

ALMA.—"With much gaiety and quickness," is the meaning of the sentence. The number and note below refers to the setting of the metronome—an instrument for counting time, which we ave already mentioned in the correspondence column. "The child is father to the man," is from Wordsworth's poem, "My heart leaps up." See also Milton's "Paradise Regained," book iv., line 220.

MILLY MACREE.—The best time for practising singing

is after breakfast, but care should be taken never to fatigue the voice; half an hour is quite sufficient at a time. You will find an excellent recipe for good marking ink at page 439, vol. ii.; but we think the present fashion leans to marking house linen by hand

DOLCE ST. CECILIA writes to say that she finds the easiest way to learn to play without music is to practise each hand separately, as you know both parts more thoroughly. Pronounce Wagner as "Vagner.' We think the motto, "Jesus only," is not to be found in the Scriptures. It was a saying of the martyrs, both of the early church and of Marian days.

JOLETTE CARHITTON.—We should think he is probably a relation of the great composer, but do not know. Your second question you must find out by inquiring for yourself. Obtain the address and write a polite note of inquiry.

PURPLE PANSY.—1. You throat appears to be rather relaxed. Perhaps tannin lozenges would be of use to clear your voice. 2. If your friends be tired of conversaziones and concerts, and you and some young people want to get up a new description of entertainment to help towards paying off the debt on your chapel. it might be that a few *tableaux vivants* might be acceptable. You write a good hand.

DARKIE.—We are not acquainted with a society for "practising music;' there is a "reading society.' For particulars respecting the latter, write to Miss Rogers, 44 Henry-street, Limerick.

COOKERY.

DICK BULTITUDE sends us the following recipe for a cheap and nutritious lentil soup. Prepare a pound of onions and three-pennyworth of carrots by cleaning and slicing them, fry them a light brown, and put them, with a pint of the red lentils, into about two quarts of water, and place the pan on the fire and boil slowly for three hours; season with salt and pepper, and when the vegetables are quite tender, rub the whole through a hair sieve. Simmer again for a short time, and serve with toast in dice very hot. The outside of a root of celery will be found to improve the flavour Soup for five people may be made by this recipe for 8d. Read Green's "History of the English People." Many thanks.

A BAFFLED ONE.—Stand the mould in which the jelly has been made into warm water sufficiently long to loosen it. Watch carefully for the first moment at which it can be turned out. See "How to Make Jelly,' page 234, vol. iii. Your object being to keep out the light, the cover for the keys of the piano should be impervious to it both from the quality and colour of the material. Black would, we imagine, be preferable to any other colour.

BLANCHE.—For making creams, consult our article at page 442, vol. iii. We cannot give addresses Go to a librarian who sells books for the use of schools.

JANEY.—To make a "macédoine" of fruit, take 8 ozs. of white sugar, rubbed on a lemon or orange, place in half a pint of cold water and boil till well dissolved and reduced. If in the summertime, put currants into it; if in the winter, use apples or cranberries, so as to make a syrup. Simmer, and then, when cold, lay in, raw (in summer), strawberries, single grapes, black currants, scraps of peaches, or plums; or in winter, cloves of oranges, preserved cherries, and other preserved fruits. Add a tablespoonful of maraschino, or orange brandy, before serving.

ART.

ROBINA CRUSOE.—You will find an excellent article on tile and china painting on page 340, vol. i. You must consult the fashions of the parish where you reside.

ELSIE SNOW.—With reference to painting, we must refer you to the index of vol. i., and under the letter "P" you will find directions and instuctions given respecting various branches of the art—drawing and painting; china, tapestry, water-colour, and oil painting; also painting on panels, Christmas and birthday cards, and "paint brushes.' If you require a manual in addition to our advice for any of the branches above named, you must procure it from or through an artists' colourman.

A. K. J.—See *Silver Sails*, page 38, where you will find an article on the subject of crystoleum painting.

ARTIST.—We feel much for you, and think that much of which you complain may proceed from the smell of the oil paint, a sedentary life, or the locality in which you live. Perhaps the drainage is bad. We imagine that your blood is poor and thin, an evil that gives headaches and other neuralgic pains. You need more air and gentle exercise, good living, and a tonic for a time; but we cannot prescribe for you while unable to guess at your possible surroundings and constitution. You need a doctor's opinion.

GRATEFUL BUT IGNORANT.—An article has been given on "barbotine painting." See page 74, vol. i., page 407, vol. ii., and page 225, vol. ii. Slope your writing a little more.

PEACH.—To model fruit and flowers in wax you would require lessons. See our article, "How to Model a Rose in Wax," page 355, vol. i.

SHREW.—We have repeatedly answered correspondents, who, overlooking the reply, complain that they have received none. Whether your case or not, we are unable to say. It is probable that some article may be given on the subject of etching: but it really needs no explanation. Take a crow quill, and do your best to copy a good example. A "shrew' is not exactly a desirable correspondent. Could you not adopt a more suitable name?

GENTLE JANE.—Any large crewel-work design for a chair-back could be traced on American leather for painting. Those with reeds and water lilies or storks are very suitable and successful. A Japanese sky design taken from an ordinary paper fan is also excellent, and may be made "original and novel" by clever adaptation. Your other query has just been answered in a late number. The quotation is a doggrel verse.

FLORENCE A. S.—The "pet animal' may be either a dog or a cat, or even a canary bird. You had better obtain a kitten if you do not own anything else. An answer about Sweyn, king of Denmark, is given on page 319, vol. iv. Canute the Great was a son of Sweyn I., and had a son called Sweyn, who succeeded to the throne of Denmark.

AN ARTIST.—Possibly you might obtain orders from shops for crystoleum painting; but we doubt your doing much in this way to make a living. You might leave notices in the shops where your family deals as being a teacher of the art at so much a lesson.

PALLAS.—We think the card you send us is quite nice enough for charitable purposes. where you desire to give pleasure and paint them yourself; but, of course, as an artistic work it has no merit and many faults. The outlines lack clearness, and the paint has been retouched too many times. Try to make one wash answer, if possible.

MY QUEEN.—We do not know of any other colours in terra-cotta save those you name, and we should think they afforded sufficient choice. "In God is my trust,' is the meaning of the Latin motto.

NINON.—Your attempt at painting does you credit as you have not learnt the art. You had better get Vere Foster's flower studies as copies, for you will then see what faults to avoid and how flowers should really be painted.

WORK.

JEMIMA EDWARDS.—1. The pile of the stamped broché cloth might, perhaps, be raised a little by steaming, but we advise you to hide the seams by some description of trimming with braid. 2. See all our notices respecting the hair by reference to the index in vol. i., ii., and iii. under the letter "H." Many people complain that their hair never exceeds a certain length. Singeing is preferable to cutting the ends.

CHOW-CHOW.—The process is not made public, and is a patent; but we suppose that wax must be mixed with the composition.

VAYNOL.—Use tracing and transfer-paper, both to be obtained of any stationer, and trace the pattern.

BURRASTOW.—The specimen you send us is what is called "spattering on muslin.' We do not know for what they were originally intended, but we think you might put four of them together, with lace insertion between them, in the shape of a cross, and edge them round with lace to match. By doing this, you would have a very pretty chair-back.

LEMON SPONGE.—We fear from your account that the work of making the scrap-book was very untidily performed. We do not know how you can remove the gum save by wetting the marks, and, when they are soft, pressing a clean piece of blotting-paper upon them.

A LOVER OF "THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER."—No; you are not too old for the competitions, but you must consult the conditions of each. A recipe for washing crewels has just been given.

PUG.—The remnants of which you give a list could not all be used in the same article. For instance, plush or tapestry could not be sewn to a piece of cotton cretonne. Some of these might be employed separately, the colours of each being well harmonized or contrasted. You might cover a cushion with tapestry on one side and silk on the other, or you might cut the two (or the silk and plush) into strips of three or four inches in width and sew them together for the covering of ottomans, stools, or cushions, or for hanging screens. Your hand is not yet formed. Copy some pretty hand daily.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Cream-coloured lace cuffs and frills are worn with black velvet; but for a dress of the mixed kind which you describe, it certainly would not be suitable "as a trimming."

KATIE.—We should not recommend the use of woollen stuff, or mats on a mantelpiece, as they hold the dust, and the ashes that rise on stirring the fire. We are glad to receive your testimony amongst, hundreds of others, to the fact that you have been able to make your own dresses, through the instructions supplied in our paper, "without their having that home-made look" which shows the inexperience of the amateur dressmaker. You write well.

CUCKOO makes a lament that the articles on dress-making, which "Katie" has found so efficient, "are no good to girls of eighteen,—my age,—who have to make their dresses at home." Alas, poor "Cuckoo"! It is a pity that "Katie" cannot give her a lesson out of her book. If she pay a little more attention to our directions, we feel sure her performance will not continue long to be of the "gobble-stitch and bunch" description. 1. Trace a pattern for crewel-work on a dark or other material, make a drawing on tracing paper, prick the outline with a darning needle on the wrong side, then turn the design, and if the material be dark, pass a small muslin bag of powdered chalk over the pricked holes (or, if a light material, powdered charcoal), holding the tracing paper securely, and the powder or "pounce" will pass through the holes, and leave its trace for your guidance. Then paint the outline with either Chinese white or Indian ink. 2. Rub the mildew spots well with soap, scrape some fine chalk upon them, and rub that in too; wet them a little and lay the handkerchief out on the grass. Repeat this process until the stains be removed. Your hand is not formed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARIE BOULANGER.—We regret that the verses you send us are not suitable for our magazine. In point of mere correctness in rhythm, apart from any originality of thought, or beauty of language, the first three verses are the best, the rest run wild. We are sorry that you "wrote three times to the correspondence," you should have written to "the editor;" and we regret that you should be disappointed of seeing your verses in print.

VINCENT.—1. Before speaking, collect your thoughts on what you wish to tell, or remark,—not on the mere words to be used,—and say it in as few words as you can possibly use. Never indulge in a rigmarole, never try to employ fine words. Go straight to the point at once, and look as pleasant as the style of your face will permit while you are speaking. Never answer nor thank anyone without a little smile, and look at them when they address you. 2. May 1, 1865, was a Monday, and September 16, 1866, was a Sunday.

SHAMROCK.—We thank you for your kind letter, but editors do not write their names in the "Birthday Books" of their magazine correspondents.

MANXIE wishes to know "the reason why a Manx cat has no tail." We might ask her why all other cats *have* tails? Why have the North American Indians got bridges to their noses, and why have Hottentots none worth speaking of? Why have serpents no legs, and why have centipedes so many? You write a good hand.

J. G. H.—What is a "half-cousin"? There is no prohibition, either in the Holy Scriptures, or in the Tables at the end of the "Book of Common Prayer," to a marriage with a cousin, first, or last, or any portion of a cousin. A situation as nursery governess is not one that we should recommend you to seek. Before very long no one will require them. Mothers' helps, visiting governesses, masters for certain branches of education, and accomplishments, schools, and classes, will entirely supersede their employment.

M. M.—We think you had better leave the book alone, if only "slightly" stained, as you would probably make the stains worse by attempting to remove them. If the colour be gone, perhaps a little brown paint in powder might replace it in some degree.

DAME TROT.—We suppose you mean the third crutch. We do not see any difficulty; but if you do not enjoy it, why try again?

MOUCHE.—Touch the tea stains with diluted glycerine before sending the linen to the wash.

A. T. G. S.—Place a sheet of blotting-paper over the mark, and use a hot iron to remove it, without burning through the paper or scorching either it or the carpet beneath it.

UNDINE.—The name "Charter House" was derived from the old convent which, in ancient times, existed on the site of what was afterwards an educational establishment. The mother convent was La Grande Chartreuse, Department Isére, France, fourteen miles north of Grenoble, founded in 1084, and belonging to the Carthusians. They had branch-houses in many places, and the one above-named in London, the designation of which was corrupted from "Chartereuse," to "Charterhouse." In 1611 this convent was converted into a hospital for a master, preacher, second master, forty boys, and eighty pensioners not under fifty years of age, and endowed with lands, worth at that time about £5,000 per annum.

VIOLET.—Apply for information to the secretary, Miss Webb, 267, Vauxhall Bridge-road, London, S.W.

STREONESS, M. DAWE, and BREAK OF DAY, all write to us on the subject of the word that does not occur in the Gospel of St. Mark, but is common to the other gospels. The first two state that the right word is "devil," St. Mark using "Satan," *i.e.*, "the enemy," instead. This answer was considered right by the Cambridge examiners. "Break of Day," says that "joy" is not mentioned by St. Mark, but is found in the other gospels.

TUGGIE.—See pages 272 and 348, vol. i. Try to make a greater difference between your "m" and "n" and a "u." The former should be joined above, the latter below.

WELSH SNOWDROP.—See answer to "Lachine Alice B.," page 236, vol. iv. (the number for February 24, 1883). Parting the hair on one side has a vulgar effect.

THREE LITTLE PUSSIES.—These dear little sisters were right in saying that "mother is always right;" for we are very glad to answer so well-written, well-expressed, and very kind letter as theirs. October 31, 1867, fell on a Thursday; July 10, 1873, on a Thursday; and May 12, 1876, on a Friday; and May 21, 1875, on a Friday. We shall always be glad to hear from them, and send them our best wishes.

FLOWER.—So long as the cold winds last you must, we suppose, expect to suffer from them. We should advise you to put a little vaseline or cold cream on your face before you go out, as that will prevent chaps, and under a veil it would not be visible.

THEN AND NOW.—The account you give of your sister's sufferings appears like that of asthma, to which she has probably a natural tendency. We should think that a move to the seaside would be the best thing to do her good when her sufferings begin.

MISS A. S. B.—We regret to decline your request. We do not publish such addresses.

GOLDEN DAY.—We fear if the Editor cannot give you the information no one else can. Did you inclose the stamps necessary to pay for the paper you wanted? You could not expect to get it for nothing, of course.

CONSTANCE F. H. should give her dog "dog biscuits." Do not give *meat, it will* spoil his coat and make him smell disagreeably. Meal, moistened with gravy or broth, would be good for him, and any small chicken bones for a treat. Never mind his voluntary fast when you offer him dog biscuits or meal; he will allow himself to starve, but will eat them when sufficiently hungry.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE should refer to pages 127 and 410, vol. iii., for recipes respecting the removal of inkstains from articles of wear.

AGINCOURT.—1. The small wrinkles at the outer corners of the eyes may be produced in various ways—viz., by exposure to strong light, which makes you endeavour to half close the under as well as the upper eyelids, much crying, the use of very warm water in bathing the face (tending to give a wrinkled skin), and making grimaces, old age, or premature fading from ill health or want of proper care. 2. Black spots appear before the eyes from differing causes. Sometimes they proceed from the state of the stomach and liver, at others from that of the nervous system—overwork and night *studying; they may* also be the result of a partial failure of the powers of vision, the optic nerve being the seat of the evil. Consult your doctor as to the cause in your case; attend to your liver, and go to bed early.

SNOWDROP.—We are very glad indeed to hear that our paper has been of so much benefit to you, and that while you "used to read novels" you "now have no desire whatever to do so." We are also glad that our prescription for chilblains did you good. A "hearty laugh" is by no means "vulgar," but it may easily become so when noisy and shrill in tone. Always restrain it a little if you can. Your writing is not quite formed, but promises well; grammar very fair, style polite, and feeling good.

AN ANXIOUS FRIEND is much thanked for her kind wishes. We are gratified by her favourable opinion, and regret to say that the verses are very incorrect in composition.

BATTER PUDDING.—All must depend on the degree of intimacy between you and your friends. If they do not call you by your Christian name, neither can you address nor speak of them to each other without the formal prefix of Mr., Mrs., or Miss. Two sisters walking together mutually chaperone each other. We are glad that you like our articles on the arts of sketching and cookery.

ANXIOUS MAUD writes to inquire whether a brown dye "impoverishes feathers." We never heard that it did. A fawn-coloured feather would take a dye of any colour.

CARINA.—Multitudes of our correspondents write to us with the same object, and, unfortunately, we cannot render them much assistance in the way of counsel. "Light remunerative work that can be carried on at home" only very clever and very quick folks are able to devise and accomplish. If you had a couple of hours free, and were qualified to teach in any department of a girl's ordinary education, you might go out as a "visiting governess" and yet reside at home and be of use to your mother. Should you wish to do this, name it amongst your acquaintances and ask their advice, and place notices to that effect in the shops of the tradespeople with whom your mother deals. But ask her permission first and be guided by her wishes.

NELLIE MOT.—No ordinary doctor could undertake to perform an operation on the eyes such as may be requisite when the tear-duct is obstructed or too small. Your brother should be placed in an eye hospital. If you be unable to bear the expense that might be entailed on you, we think he might be properly treated at the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children, Lower Seymour-street, Portman-square, W. There admission is free, and diseases are all treated that are not infectious. Write to Mr. George Scudamore, the secretary.

FAIRY OF THE DOWNS.—Do not feel distressed about the red hair. The "old masters" (great painters) used to give red hair to all their "beauties," and some shades of it are really beautiful. It should be kept extremely smooth, and shades of violet colour go best with it. As to freckles, you must consult THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. See page 383, vol. i. You have forgotten all the rhymes at the end of each line in your verses.

SUSAN HILL.—We have no reason whatever to feel anxious to increase the circulation of a paper which, notwithstanding the cruel fact that we do not possess a Raphael nor a Van Dyck on our staff of artists, has grown to its present proportions. Perhaps little Miss "Susan" is a budding artist herself, and thinks she could ensure us the sale of a few extra copies by correcting the blocks sent in for engraving? We are of opinion that she had better take her own writing in hand, and cut off the flourishes that make it look so vulgar. We feel sorry that she is obliged to "finish her education" at the age of fifteen—three years too early.

ALICE.—The mother of Napoleon III. was Queen Hortense, the daughter of the Empress Josephine, first wife of Napoleon I. His father was brother to Napoleon I., and was Louis Bonaparte, King of Holland. Napoleon II. was commonly called the Duke de Reichstadt, and was the son of Napoleon I. by his second wife, Marie Louise, Archduchess of Austria. He was born in 1811, and received the title of King of Rome. He was proclaimed emperor by the Senate of France under the title of Napoleon II. after the defeat of his father and his abdication in 1815, but the allied sovereigns did not recognise his claim, and the young duke died at Schönbrunn of consumption in 1832, having been brought up by his grandfather, the Emperor of Austria, and educated at his Court. The Prince Imperial was called Napoleon IV., and was son of Napoleon III. by the the Countess Eugenie de Guzman. We have read your interesting letter with much pleasure, and think you deserve great credit for what you have already achieved.

A LOVER OF THE G. O. P.—The weight of a tennis bat is a matter of personal liking and convenience, and depends on your strength of wrist. A lady's bat would vary from ten to twelve ounces in weight. It would be impossible to say what would suit you. Club costumes are selected by the members, of course, in council amongst themselves.

E. T. C.—Milton was the author of "Comus." Try to form every letter correctly. Your handwriting is not sufficiently round and regular; it has such a poor tumbledown appearance, rendered the less sightly by the use of a bad pen.

M. B. B.—We regret that the verses you send us are not suitable for our paper. They need much revision in composition, and the sense is not always apparent. For instance, the line

"A tiara o'er thy snowy brow,"

is not a line of rhythmical form, and in speaking of God's people, whom He calls His jewels, you say,

"May round *our* brow His jewels *weave;*
For, born of heaven, they shall not *grieve?*"

We fail to understand how God's people, who are "His jewels" (and we trust, ourselves included, amongst them), can be "woven round *our* brows; and what has the end of the sentence to do with the first portion—"They ne'er shall grieve?"

ONE IN A DIFFICULTY.—You should have desired the clerk at the nearest "Parcels Express Office" to send for the parcel thrust upon you, at once; and on any other such occasion, if the pedlar refused to take it back, throw it out at his feet on his leaving and close the hall door after him. Such men should not be allowed to come into the house in the first instance, but if they get in, throw the parcel out after them if they try to force one upon you. In the present case your father should write a firm, sharp letter to the man, and tell him that the goods he so impertinently left in his house against his wife's will, not having been sent for, are returned by such a company, and booked at such a date.

A SORROWFUL ONE.—The answer about the compass will have appeared before you see this, that on the "Spectre of the Brocken" will be found at page 287, vol. iv.

VIVE ET VIVAS, 14 INCHES, PATIENCE.—There appears to be quite a special literature growing up round the phrase, "Pouring oil on the troubled waters." The fact has been proved true in many cases (all on which it was tried, without exception), at various dates; and the last light we have seen thrown upon the subject was, that the original person who mentioned it was Pliny. We cannot say whether this be true. Several magazines have had articles on the subject.

L. TANDERWEN.—Write on square, or foolscap, lined paper, no matter which, for the essay competition; but when writing to us, it is a breach of our rules, to write on both sides of the paper, and above all, to cross your letter. We cannot spare time for reading such letters.

NEST NETHERLEIGH.—1. Bow, half rising from your chair, on the introduction of a stranger, unless of superior rank to your own. If introduced to anyone under such circumstances, rise and courtsey. 2. You should precede the doctor in leading him to the patient's room.

REV. W. M.—"Black Whytlof," according to old writers, means bread of a middle firmness, between white and brown, called also "ravel bread. In the monasteries it was used as the common sort; what is termed *panis conventualis* being "pure manchet," or white bread.

A MORTON HOLMFIRTH.—"Ash Wednesday," the first day of Lent, is so-called from the fact that in olden times the undistributed branches of the palm used for Palm Sunday were then burnt, and the officiating priests signed the sign of the cross with the ashes on the foreheads of those forming their respective congregations, saying, "Remember thou art but dust and ashes, and to dust thou shalt return."

F. W. S.—Many thanks for the information, which is, however, of no value, as there is no name nor description of the plant, nor suggestion as to how it can be made available for the purpose.

IOLANTHE.—1. Your quotation is from Tennyson's "Maud." 2. Pronounce "Elaine" as if written "Ellane."

A BERKSHIRE LASS.—1. The correct division of the word "Deuteronomy" is "Deutero-nomy," being two distinct words in the original. Pronounce it as if spelt "Dutero-no-me." 2. There is but one city called "Ulm," and that is, as you say, in Wurtemburg, on the left bank of the Danube. It is a first-class fortress, and is famous for its cathedral, one of the finest in Germany, dating 1377.

A TROUBLED SUBSCRIBER.—You must be sure that you are married by the name under which your husband was registered at his birth, otherwise your marriage will be invalid. His action has been an honourable one, and you will of course respect it.

NEVA.—"Germanicus" (Cæsar) was an illustrious Roman general, born 15 B.C., and one of the most noble and virtuous of men, a character rendered the more remarkable from his having flourished in an age of exceptional darkness and cruelty. He was stern in obeying the severe commands of the tyrant Tiberius, against the enemies of his country; but he was exceedingly clement to his own personal foes, and he refused to contest the imperial crown with his uncle, although he might have taken it with ease. His successes in war were brilliant, his munificence great, his attachment to his friends and his personal accomplishments and virtues equally so. He had only attained his thirty-fourth year when he died, A.D. 19, when the grief universally experienced, and the honours paid to his memory, were almost unexampled in Roman history. You give promise of writing a good hand.

HETTY.—We have never seen the recitation, the "Stroller's Story," except in manuscript. It may be also called "Not in the Programme."

HAWLEY.—We should advise you to consult a doctor. He will probably touch them for you, if he considers it safe to do so.

THE MOST REV. THE PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND.

From a photograph by Fradelle, 246, Regent Street.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IV.—NO. 176. MAY 12, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A LONG LANE WITH A TURNING.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

"AND OH, BUT SHE LOOK'D WEARY!"

IT was not to be supposed that Mrs. Edney would refuse her consent to her niece's engagement. James Listowe's prospects were excellent, and on his side there could be no fear of opposition from kinsfolk; his only relative, a grandmother, being lately dead. He was free, therefore, to please himself; and if he pleased to choose a penniless lass, there was no one to lift up a voice against it.

He left the Rookery on the very day after his betrothal was duly sanctioned by Mary's aunt, going back to Yare with the happy consciousness of having done as he liked, and carrying with him a new interest in life. On the same day Arthur, too, returned to his lodgings and his curate's work, and the old house lost two of its guests at once. The girls were to remain a week longer.

In spite of her new happiness, Mary was conscious that sunshine seemed to have fled from the Rookery. The Indian

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"AND SURVEYED IT FOR A MOMENT."

letters had come in, and the master and mistress of the house looked and spoke as if their secret sorrows were pressing them down to the very ground. After receiving those letters, Mrs. Beachley grew visibly greyer and older; more than once she failed to answer the questions addressed to her; she ate little, and sat for hours with her hands folded idly in her lap. The two girls began to feel their presence to be almost a burden; they could not help suspecting that the old people would fain have been alone with their grief.

"We are to go back to Yare to-morrow," said Cassie, one afternoon, when they were sauntering up and down the avenue. "And, for the first time in my life, I shall be glad to leave the Rookery."

"There is some miserable mystery about Kate and her affairs," remarked Mary, sadly.

"Her marriage has turned out badly, and her parents are too proud to confess it; that is the truth, I believe. That Glendon must be every bit as bad as Arthur thought him. It is obstinate of them to keep the misery to themselves, and let it eat into their hearts."

"I do not understand why they cannot tell Arthur everything."

"Kate's little finger is dearer to them than Arthur's whole body! Don't you see, Mary, that they can't forgive him for having been right in his opinion of Captain Glendon? They are a foolish old couple, who won't let anyone help them."

Cassie spoke more harshly than the occasion warranted. Her pale olive face had a hard look which Mary had seldom seen upon it. Somehow there was not the usual familiar joy in being out-of-doors that day, and yet the sky was as cloudless and the trees as green as they had ever been. Her hand was resting on Cassie's arm, and to all outside observers their friendship seemed unbroken; yet in her heart of hearts Mary was conscious that there was a terrible flaw somewhere, and a rude touch might shatter it into a thousand pieces.

Why was it? Cassie's congratulations, offered in the presence of others, had been very prettily spoken; not by word or look did she betray any mortification in seeing Mary exalted over her head, and Mary was far too generous to suspect her friend of anything approaching to jealousy. She only thought, or rather feared, that Cassie's love for her was either changing its character or passing away altogether. In these days they found little to say to each other; they no longer talked freely about things that had once interested them both, and yet they studiously observed all the outward and visible forms of affection.

Mrs. Beachley was not in her place at the dinner-table that evening. She was a little unwell, her husband said, making light of her indisposition; but he looked haggard and anxious. The shadow in the house seemed to be deepening every moment; the old drawing-room, where they had all made music a little while ago, looked strangely empty and desolate. Leaving Cassie there to collect her songs, Mary went upstairs to pack up her own belongings in readiness for the morrow.

As she spread out and folded up the few dresses she possessed, her thoughts wandered back to the time when she had seen Kate's bridal attire displayed in this very room. She called up the remembrance of the bright-cheeked, golden-haired girl who had gone out of this chamber in her white robes and orange-blossom wreath, to tread an unknown path by her husband's side. How lightly she had gone forth, never dreaming of the darkness and ruggedness of the way! Mary sat down in the midst of her simple wardrobe, and shed tears for the hope and trust that, she feared, had been sorely disappointed; her own future looked fair enough, but she could not help crying over Kate's blighted youth.

She had dried her eyes, and had turned again to her task, when Mrs. Beachley's maid knocked gently at the door.

"My mistress desires me to say that she will take leave of you to-night, miss," she said. "She does not think she shall be well enough to see you to-morrow morning."

"Is she really ill?" asked Mary, anxiously.

"I don't know, miss; I'm afraid so. Miss Decke has already been into her room."

Mary went softly through the dim corridor that led to Mrs. Beachley's chamber, with a sad foreboding in her heart. The room was dim too, but there was light enough to see the worn face lying on the pillow. The hand that the girl clasped was cold as a stone; but the voice, although feeble, was sweeter than usual.

"May God make James Listowe a good husband to you, my dear," Mrs. Beachley said, earnestly. "You have my best wishes, Mary; good-bye."

Mary went back again to her own room, weeping afresh; Cassie was there, locking her trunk, which was already packed. The two girls stood looking at each other in silence for some minutes.

"Cassie," said Mary at last, "I never knew Mrs. Beachley look and speak as she did to-night. What is the matter with her? Is it the beginning of a long illness?"

"I don't know," Cassie answered wearily. "Everything seems to have grown strange and gloomy here. I am glad I am going home to-morrow."

Yes; Cassie Decke was positively glad to find herself again in the Varners' overcrowded nest, where she was welcomed heartily by a chorus of cheery voices. She had brought a note for the doctor, summoning him to the Rookery at once; the carriage that had conveyed her home would take him back. Mrs. Beachley had passed an uneasy night, and was worse in the morning; even her husband had no longer attempted to conceal his anxiety, and Cassie and Mary had left a houseful of sad faces behind them.

"Everybody in Yare is talking about Mary's engagement," said Bertha, when the first greetings had passed. "But Rose is rather disappointed; she always thought that Arthur Beachley would have chosen Mary."

"Not exactly disappointed," put in Rose. "We all make matches in the air, just as we build castles, that is all."

"Well, everyone is saying that Mary is a fortunate girl; and I am sure she deserves all the good things that heaven sends her," said Lizzy, cordially. "Oh, Cassie, I am glad you are at home again! My bonnet is crushed as flat as a pancake; I brought the bandbox downstairs one day, and Bobby sat upon it. But I daresay you can set everything to rights."

"We will see," said Cassie, pleasantly.

So it must all begin again, the miserable old grind, she thought, as she went up to the little room she shared with Rose. There would be the endless cutting and contriving; the plain, homely meals, the cheap gowns, and cheap pleasures. Cassie's face darkened and hardened when she found herself alone; she stood gazing at her reflection in the small looking-glass, a rebel, up in arms, and ready to fight against fate. What had Mary done that heaven should send her better things than other people? Cassie had worked as hard—harder, perhaps—and had left no duties undone, no stones unturned. Why should Providence deal out good measure to one, and a scant portion to the other?

"I shall make a fright of myself if I think long of these things," she mused, half startled by her own look.

She smoothed her hair and composed her face before she went downstairs again. A few minutes later she was seated quietly at the window, with the crushed bonnet in her hands, while the other girls talked and worked around her.

"We have some wonderful news to tell you," Lizzy began. "We would not let mamma mention it when she wrote to you."

Cassie thought within herself that the Varner wonders were generally very poor wonders indeed. But she smiled expectantly, and snipped away at the bonnet.

"Uncle Jacob has written to father, asking him to take a seaside lodging for him. Once—years ago—he went to Shingle Point, and it seems he has never forgotten the place. The lodgings are taken, a nice bedroom and sitting-room overlooking the sea; and Uncle Jacob will arrive on Monday afternoon."

For once in her life Cassie admitted that the tidings were worth telling. Uncle Jacob was the only source from which the Varners had any "expectations."

Dr. Varner's father—a country clergyman—had been able, by dint of some scraping and saving, to set his son fairly afloat in the world. Even in his boyhood Dr. Varner had heard the poor parson speak with a sort of wonder of his brother Jabob's talent for making money. It was the only talent that Jacob had ever possessed; as a schoolboy he had been the dullest of the dull, the butt of his companions, universally unpopular by reason of his touchy temper, and constant habit of suspecting everybody of a design to cheat him. In manhood he was no better liked, and yet he contrived

to outwit many a clever man who derided and despised him. From a merchant's clerk he rose to be a junior partner, and his next step made him head of the firm. At sixty-five he retired altogether from business, and took up his residence in a house of his own at the west end of London.

Nobody could understand him and his ways. The house in Portman Square might have been let at a high rent; it was large enough for a numerous family, and Uncle Jacob lived and ate in the smallest of its sitting-rooms, leaving the others unfurnished. Yet instead of finding a snug little villa at Kensington, or going into the more countrified suburbs, he chose to establish himself in the great, stately house with only an old housekeeper and a maid-of-all-work to bear him company.

As to his nephew, and only surviving relative, he had plainly told him not to expect any help, whatever his struggles might be. "When I am dead," said Uncle Jacob, coolly, "you will find that I have left you everything; there's no one else to claim it, and I'd sooner give it to you than the missionaries and hospitals. But while I am alive you shall not touch a shilling of my money. If I once began giving, you would never stop asking, and I'm not going to have the breath worried out of my body in that way. So don't come to me and whine about your boys and girls. People who have a lot of children always think that other folks ought to help keep them, but I don't hold that opinion. I'm not a family man myself; I consider the world is over-populated, and I detest children. I think, nephew, that we now perfectly understand each other."

So perfectly did they understand each other that if Dr. Varner had been brought to his last crust he would never have begged another from Uncle Jacob.

"I wonder if his heart is softened, and he means to do something for our boys?" said good-natured Bertha. She was the family blunderer, and sometimes got sharply taken up.

"If papa heard you say that he would be quite angry!" cried Lizzy, in a warning voice. "Uncle Jacob is only coming for change of air. We are to be very kind, just as we should be to any other old man who chanced to be left alone in the world; but we must not even *look* as if we expected anything. It is dreadfully mean to be expecting things to be done for us."

"Now for Rose's news. We have kept the best till last," said Bertha, exultingly.

But quiet Rose blushed and smiled, and then made her escape from the room.

"Ah! she will not tell you herself! Be quiet, Lizzy; it is my turn to speak. Rose is going to be married to Mr. Newcastle."

This time Cassie's needle actually dropped from her fingers, and a glow of surprise overspread her pale cheeks. All the world seemed bent on marrying and giving in marriage.

There were two churches in Yare, St. Martin's and St. Anne's—commonly known as the old church and the new church. Of the new church Mr. Newcastle was incumbent; a grave man of forty, who had been a childless widower five years, and lived in his comfortable parsonage with an elderly maiden aunt. Nobody in the whole town had even suspected him of any liking for Rose—saving, perhaps, Rose herself. At any rate, the proposal did not take her by surprise, although it greatly astonished the rest of the household.

"Of course, we could not be so glad if dear Rose were going far away from us," said Lizzy, with tears in her honest hazel eyes. "But it is good to see her happiness, and Mr. Newcastle is so kind that he makes us feel she will still be our Rose. Ah, Cassie, papa says God is helping us along very well without Uncle Jacob!"

The crushed bonnet was rapidly resuming shape under Cassie's skilful hands; a touch here and a stitch there gave it a new and charming style which gladdened its owner's heart. But oh! the misery that was hemmed into the blonde and made up with the bows of ribbon! Nobody, however, suspected that Cassie was in a silent passion as she performed her miracles of millinery, and if her words of congratulation were few, they were spoken with a fairly good grace. She finished off the bonnet with a savage little snip of the scissors, held it at arm's length, and surveyed it for a moment as if it had been a basilisk, and then quietly rose and shook the shreds out of her lap. She could very well have dispensed with Lizzy's kiss of hearty gratitude.

Uncle Jacob duly arrived on Monday; but before Monday came Lizzy Varner had fallen downstairs over Bobby's whipping-top, and had sprained her ankle.

"What a good thing it didn't happen to Rose!" said poor Lizzy, as they helped her to the sitting-room sofa, faint and white with pain. "And I can still use my hands, and work away at the wedding things," she added, smiling bravely at them all. "And, perhaps, this will teach Bobby not to leave tops upon the stairs any more, although that is almost too much to hope!"

"If he does," said the doctor, examining the luckless foot, "he shall be as soundly whipped as any top that was ever spun."

Mrs. Beachley was no better, and Dr. Varner saw her every day. There was a good deal of sickness in Yare just at that time, and his hands were quite full. It was utterly impossible for him to pay much attention to Uncle Jacob. He had been to meet the old man at the railway-station, had conveyed him to Shingle Point, and settled him comfortably in his lodgings, and that was all he could do.

"But he expects us to amuse him, and look after him, I suppose," remarked Dr. Varner, in a puzzled tone. "He has asked me to send one of the girls to sit with him every day; he candidly declared that he hated the sight of boys! And I don't know which of the lasses can be best spared."

"They are all wanted at home," said Mrs. Varner. "Rose cannot go, of course, she is too busy; and here is Lizzy on the sick list! As to Bertha——"

"Oh, don't send me, mamma!" pleaded the poor blunderer. "I am sure I should say or do something wrong."

"There is Cassie," said the doctor.

"Yes, there is Cassie," his wife replied; "but we had reckoned on her helping us with the *trousseau*. She is so clever that I don't know how to do without her."

"Well, we cannot quite disregard the old man's request. And I think Cassie would get on with him admirably. She has so much patience."

Cassie looked up and smiled, as if grateful for the compliment.

"I am afraid it won't be a very pleasant business, Cassie, dear," said Mrs. Varner, apologetically.

"I shall not mind it at all, mamma," answered the girl, readily.

To tell the truth, Cassie was glad, just then, to catch at anything in the shape of a change. The Varners praised her ready good nature to each other; not one of them would have liked to perform the task which she had so promptly accepted, and they almost shrank from letting her do what was disagreeable to themselves.

"If Bertha had a little more tact——" the doctor began. But Cassie pleasantly interrupted him.

"Don't be hard on poor Bertha, papa," she pleaded. "I know what a kind heart she has."

Dr. Varner patted his adopted child on the shoulder, and went his way, thinking that she was a valuable member of his household. Some day that pretty dark face would strike a stranger's fancy, and they might lose her, perhaps; the doctor half wished that James Listowe had won her, and began to wonder why he had shown such an evident preference for little Mary Berrithorne? Being an exceedingly busy man, Dr. Varner had not given himself time to find out Mary's charms, and he had never noticed that there was anything particularly attractive about her.

Shingle Point was three miles away from Yare, even if you did not keep to the high road, but took a short cut through lanes and over fields. But Cassie Decke was a good walker, and liked a solitary ramble. When she had eaten her breakfast she was quite willing to set forth alone, declaring that the Varners were doing their best to make her believe herself a martyr, and laughing at the half-remorseful faces that watched her from the window.

The country was looking pretty enough in the nine o'clock sunshine. As Cassie tripped onwards her spirits began to rise; she was but a young thing, and the fresh light and sweet air seemed to hearten her, and give her new courage for the battle of life. But it was not an enduring sort of courage; Cassie had strong nerves and good health, but she was not brave enough to take the straight road, and keep to it, let it be rough or smooth. She had not that highest kind of "pluck" which will climb a mountain rather than tread an easier way that lies through the mire. Guided by their instincts, the Varner boys had found this out, and it explains their mysterious

distrust of Cassie Decke. They scarcely dared to say, even among themselves, that she was a sneak, but that was the name by which they called her in their hearts.

Shingle Point was reached at last. The soft rush of the tide upon the stones seemed to invite Cassie to come and stand at the water's edge, and feel the dash of the salt spray on her hands and face. She stood still for a moment, looking away over the shining sea to the opposite coast, lying in the tender purple mist of morning; and then took her way to the row of small red-brick houses, built high above the beach to be out of the way of any tidal flood.

"Are you one of Dr. Varner's daughters?" said a voice proceeding from an open window. It was not a pleasant voice, but was thin and sharp, and Cassie felt sure that the speaker must be thinner and sharper still.

"I am his adopted daughter, Cassie Decke," she answered, in her smoothest manner, pausing in front of the window where Uncle Jacob was sitting.

"Adopted daughter! Why the idiot has ten children of his own!"

He muttered these words in an undertone, but the girl heard them distinctly. Instead of rousing her temper, they called an amused smile into her face. Perhaps she began, even then, to see her way to manage Uncle Jacob.

"Well," she said, sweetly, "I hope you won't refuse my company because I don't happen to be born a Varner. Shall I come in?"

"Oh, yes, come in, come in," he answered, more graciously. The front door was standing open, and Cassie entered without farther ceremony.

Before that morning was over a man-servant came riding at a gallop through the old High-street of Yare. He had been sent from the Rookery to fetch Dr. Varner. The doctor, who was just sitting down to his early dinner, at once obeyed the summons. Arthur had already gone home again; the presence of the son was sorely needed by the father, who had utterly broken down under his great sorrow.

It was Arthur who met the doctor on the stairs that day. His face told the news, plain enough, before he spoke.

"She is gone," he said, softly, as he grasped Dr. Varner's hand.

"It was what I feared," the other answered, sadly.

The doctor stayed for a little while, giving directions to those whose whole care was now bestowed upon the stricken master of the house; and then he drove away, down the beautiful avenue and out into the high road once more. How quickly change had succeeded change! He looked back once at the old mansion, whose front was still hidden by a rich veil of summer leafage; but the blush of blossoms was over. Mrs. Beachley had passed away with the roses.

(*To be continued.*)

THE IVY GREEN.

A SEQUEL TO "'TWAS IN A CROWD."

By Mrs. J. A. OWEN.

CHAPTER II.

THE THICK OF THE FIGHT.

It was nearly five o'clock on a lovely afternoon when Norah's cab drew up at Mrs. Speeding's villa, and with a rather fluttering heart she was ushered into that lady's presence.

She was kindly welcomed by a young and fair and pretty woman, whose engaging little daughter shyly approached to be introduced to that most formidable person, "the new governess."

Perhaps the child caught a slight reflection of her own shyness in the attractive face of Norah, for with a confidential smile she left her hand in her clasp and said—

"Mamma, may I show Miss Grey her own room and the schoolroom?"

"If you like, dear. But don't be long, as I expect you to take tea with me this afternoon."

Norah found both rooms comfortable and pleasant, and Lilly very gentle and winning. It was with a light heart that she rejoined Mrs. Speeding, who continued so kind that Norah felt sufficiently at her ease as to appear unconstrained and natural, to her great advantage.

During the evening, after Mr. Speeding had joined the little circle, Norah was asked to play, so, without fetching her music, she sat down, and with great brilliance and feeling played several of Chopin's valses.

"Thank you, Miss Grey," said Mr. Speeding, "we will give you every opportunity for keeping up your music. Lilly, when will you equal that?"

"Oh, papa, dear," laughed Lilly, "not until I am as old as mamma, and the growing pains have left my arms."

This first pleasant evening was but the forerunner of many like it, and the hours of the quiet, uneventful days passed away with surprising swiftness. Lilly, it is true, was a spoilt child, and needed great firmness, but she was also affectionate and lovable to a rare degree. Sometimes she would yield to passion about the veriest trifles, and sob, until poor Norah was afraid she would do herself serious harm, and that Mrs. Speeding would blame her instead of the child; but it was not so. And in time Norah gained such influence with her pupil that Lilly learnt in some degree to control these unreasonable gusts of temper, and Norah was quite happy in her work.

There was one fault of Lilly's against which Norah resolutely set her face, and yet without success. She was naturally vain, and her mother spent many hours in choosing pretty clothes for her only child; the two would have the gravest consultations about the shade of a ribbon, or shape of a hat; and Norah could not yet win the little girl to see the folly of undue self-admiration.

The summer passed pleasantly away, and Norah went home for a short rest in October, while her charge paid a visit to her grandparents.

Uncle Arthur and the madre were well, and more reconciled to their new life than when she left them.

"I am growing quite a clever housewife, Norah," said the madre, as with pride she showed her jam cupboard.

Norah left some of the light dresses at home, and returned with suitable things for the winter, after a very happy rest.

She found Lilly dull and languid, and at last felt it her duty to tell Mrs. Speeding that she feared poor health was unfitting her for study.

At once Mrs. Speeding's anxiety was aroused, and the doctor called in.

"Let her have perfect freedom from lessons and try a warmer climate before it is too late," was his advice, which threw dismay upon the whole household.

Mr. Speeding could not leave business, so it was decided that Mrs. Speeding should take their child to the south of France, and Norah's services would be no longer needed.

This was a trial to Norah, who had hoped to return home in a year's time after a pleasant term of work. Now she determined to apply again to Mrs. Raymond, without arousing the fears of those she loved about the necessary change. And again Mrs. Raymond was successful.

It was with regret on both sides that Norah bade adieu to her first English pupil, and went direct to new home at Worthfield.

Lilly clung to her with kisses and tears. "Good-bye, my own dear, sweet Miss Grey," sobbed the little girl; "I shall write you such beautiful letters."

Norah had a long journey in the most drenching rain. She felt as she sat in thought, while the express bore her swiftly along, that she had made a serious mistake in not acquainting the madre and Uncle Arthur with her change of position. They would only learn it that evening, when her long letter of full explanation arrived. Suppose they thought she had acted too independently. She could not feel comfortable until she heard from them in her new home.

It was dark when she arrived at the station, which was a busy junction. How lonely she felt as she followed the porter, who carried her box to a cab. Oh! if only she could see a friendly face in the crowd.

But the door slammed to, and away the cab rattled through the rain. Soon they left the town behind, and drove along a country road, until they came to a lodge gate, where they entered, and, after driving up a short avenue, drew up in front of a fine old house.

Norah summoned all the fortitude that remained with her after the tiring day, and with apparent self-possession followed the housemaid, who led the way to the schoolroom.

"Miss Grey," she announced, throwing open the door of a large, untidy, shabby room,

where a young maid-servant, with a handsome boy and defiant-looking girl, sat round the fireside. The servant rose, but the children took no notice of the open door and young lady upon its threshold.

Norah entered, and approached the bright fire, round which the children sat; but still they did not look round.

"You would like some tea, Miss Grey," said Lucy, the maid whose du'y it was to wait upon the schoolroom.

"Yes, if you please, after you have shown me my room," replied Norah, determined not to be ruffled by the rudeness of her pupils.

She was shown into a large room at the end of a long corridor, and after lighting a pair of candles upon the old-fashioned dressing-table, Lucy withdrew.

In the centre of the room stood a large four-poster, with dull, drab hangings of a long-gone-by date. The chairs were in keeping, and the entire apartment looked more suitable for Norah's great-great-grandmother, than for the pretty nineteenth century damsel who now took possession.

She was glad to regain the schoolroom, where the children sat and watched her as she took the meal she so much needed.

Ethel for the first time addressed her by saying, "Miss Grey, you have poured out a third cup of tea; don't you know it is very unladylike to drink so much?"

"But you forget that I have come a long journey, and I had no time for dinner where I changed carriages."

"You ought to have had some luncheon with you; you could afford it, I should think, for you travelled in a sealskin jacket. Mamma is going to pay you fifty pounds a year; I know, because I heard her tell papa no governess would stand our conduct for less," said Ethel, cheerfully.

"That's true," said Jack; "and you won't stay long, I can tell you. We have had five new governesses since last Christmas. How do you like your bedroom, Miss Grey?" he asked, with a complete change of manner, and with the utmost politeness.

"It is very picturesque," said Norah suavely, surprised to see the disappointment her reply called forth on the children's faces.

"Were you not surprised to see it so old-fashioned?" asked Ethel.

"Not very. The house is so old, that it is only in keeping with these wainscotted walls."

"You will have to go down to mamma after we are in bed, then you will see plenty of new furniture. Your room *is where the ghost* walks, unless everything is left just as it was when she was starved to death in that room a hundred years ago."

"Very well," retorted Norah, with a feeble

attempt at a smile; "I will remember her prejudices."

After this the children became more social, and Norah was struck with their keen remarks and cleverness, though also she saw that they were without delicacy of feeling, or due respect for their parents.

Presently Mrs. Russell sent for Norah to the drawing-room, where she sat with her two step-daughters, who were busy with crewels.

She was a dark, haughty-looking woman, but evidently on excellent terms with the two girls, who looked at Norah with some interest.

"You will find the children headstrong and tiresome, I fear," said Mrs. Russell, calmly; "but you, no doubt, will exert that firmness and tact which, Mrs. Speeding wrote me, had done so much for her little girl. See that Lucy gets you all that you require, and when anything is needed let me know. And let me impress upon you the utter uselessness of bringing me tales of the children's misdemeanour; manage them if you can, and if you cannot you must make way for someone who can supply your place more efficiently."

Poor Norah! She was glad to take refuge in the dismal bedroom, and forgetting present worries and ghostly fears beneath the bedclothes, lose herself in deep slumber.

In the morning things looked brighter; the rain had ceased, and Norah was charmed to find that her side of the house looked out upon an undulating park, where the trees were fine and the view extensive.

After breakfast, she and the children set to work to make the schoolroom look more orderly.

"Why, our last governess cried when first she came, and said the ghost had been walking all night," said Jack, who was surprised at Norah's energy, and found it difficult to restrain the first rising of admiration for that sworn foe "the governess."

"But, Jack, don't you know ghosts don't show themselves to Americans; they can't frighten *us*," and Norah waved aloft her duster in disdain.

Lessons passed off well, and the children begged leave to walk round the garden in their ulsters, while Norah changed her dress before joining the large party who would gather round the luncheon table, for the house was filled with visitors.

This sounded reasonable, so as the children promised to behave well during that meal, Norah let them go for half an hour, and retired to her room, whence she soon reappeared, fresh and ready to take her pupils downstairs.

They did not keep her waiting, but were ready with cheerful faces and tidy persons when the bell sounded.

Very silently, and with the utmost propriety of behaviour, they seated themselves one on each side of Norah; a clergyman who was present said grace, and the covers were removed.

This gentleman proceeded to unfold his serviette, when, with a sudden exclamation of surprise, he dashed it behind his chair, and with an effort repressed a shudder.

No sooner had he done so, than several ladies gave little screams, and followed Mr. Payne's example.

"Disgusting," said Mrs. Russell, in a wrathful tone, as she held aloft an enormous worm, which was coiled up in the folds of her dinner napkin. Then ensued a scene of confusion, as a servant in waiting pointed out the fact that upon the backs of each of the handsome chairs drawn up to the table hung an ugly writhing worm.

"This is indeed a second Diet of Worms," said Mr. Payne, as he tried in vain to enjoy the food upon his plate.

"Miss Grey," said Mrs. Russell, "you are at liberty with your pupils to withdraw. When your company is again desired, we will acquaint you with the fact." And covered with shame Norah led the way from the scene of disgrace.

No sooner was the schoolroom gained, than Ethel clasped her hands in glee.

"Ho, what fun, what splendid fun!" she cried; "I knew Mr. Payne had a natural antipathy to worms, for I heard him tell papa so."

Norah tried to make the children see the enormity of their conduct; but in spite of a dinnerless day, they professed full satisfaction in their feat. Lucy, who had learnt the story in the kitchen, brought Norah up a tray early in the afternoon; but the governess and maid were firm in maintaining the children's fast.

This last ebullition of mischief left the pair fairly tractable, and beyond the fact of reckless selfishness, Norah kept them within bounds. Not until the visitors had all departed were they allowed to show their faces in the dining-room again, and then the trio received a cutting reception.

In spite of these drawbacks Norah wrote home as usual; but if it had not been for the loving letters received, she could hardly have borne it until the Christmas holidays. These, however, so refreshed her, that it was with a certain grim sense of the humour of the conflict with her irrepressible pupils that, towards the end of January, she returned to Mrs. Russell's. To her surprise, she was received with a faint show of kindness by all the family; and she felt a strong determination to improve her pupils before the term ended.

But Jack and Ethel had also made up their minds that Miss Grey must be conquered, lest she became the conqueror; and numberless were their devices to attain their end.

One night having gone to bed low-spirited and restless, as the clock upon the landing chimed midnight she heard a rustle of silk, and across the farther end of the room flitted the figure of a woman, wringing her hands and moaning.

"The ghost!" was her first horrified thought; but summoning courage, she gave one bound, and seizing the white hands, found them warm and living, in her own. A stifled laugh, and the mystery was solved; the ghost was nothing more formidable than Jack, dressed in some clothing that usually lay at the bottom of an old chest. He had placed a lamp behind a screen, and by its aid, and thick powder, looked very like a family portrait that hung in the hall.

"You silly boy," said Norah, disdainfully, "do you think to impose upon me so easily?" and, thrusting him out of the room, she tried to sleep again.

"This 'cute American will beat us if we don't devise something new," said Ethel. "We frightened Miss Lea away with tales of the ghost, and Miss Moore by our rude manners; but Miss Grey means to stay, and I rather like her for it."

So, in spite of their own efforts, the children grew more tractable, and made good progress with their lessons. Finding Norah firm, they came to the conclusion that the least trouble was to go through their lessons to the best of their ability, and so be free; for if incorrect at first, they had only to learn them a second time.

Norah had some happy hours with her books and work during the summer days, when she spent much time out-of-doors.

The summer holidays were drawing near, when the madre wrote one day to the following effect—

"Can we not arrange for you to get a glimpse of the sea during the holidays? I feel as if you needed a complete change, or your health will be affected by the strain put upon it. Will you not try for a daily engagement and come home to us? we long for your constant presence."

And while Norah gave rein to her imagination, and pictured happy hours upon some rock, made slippery by seaweed, the following letter was brought to her by a later post—

"The Camp, near Pangbourne.

"DEAR NORAH,—After some difficulty I have procured your address. I wish you could see us at the present moment. I sit by the riverside with a little desk on my lap; half-way across the stream lies a punt, where Mr. Maxwell and a friend are fishing; a little way off is our boat, rowed by the girl visitors, who have been into the nearest village for provisions. We are having such a delightful time by the Thames, and so much want you to join us here next Thursday, and hope you will spare us at least a fortnight. If the weather continues fine, we shall still camp out; if it breaks up, we shall then devise some way of enjoying the time, though in a less pastoral manner. We all look for 'Californian Norah' to share our pleasure. I will write again, with full instructions for your journey, next week. Believe me, dear Norah, your affectionate friend,

"ELLEN MAXWELL"

Norah folded up her letter and at once sought Mrs. Russell, who willingly agreed to the desired day for parting with her; so, with bright anticipations, Norah prepared for the pleasure thus opportunely placed within her reach.

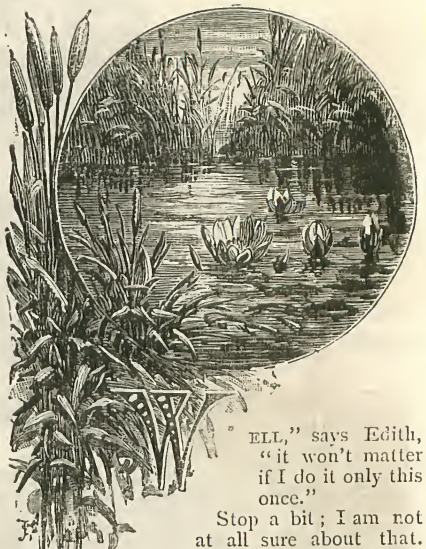
(To be continued.)

THE FRIEND OF YOUTH.

By JAMES MASON.

PART III.

ONLY THIS ONCE.



"WELL," says Edith, "it won't matter if I do it only this once."

Stop a bit; I am not at all sure about that. Why, to begin with, "only this once?" If what you are bent on undertaking be right, no one could have any reasonable objections to your repeating it a hundred times; but if wrong, once is just once too often. Is it right or is it wrong? that is the question.

Wrong, you say; but you thought you would risk it. Indeed, Edith, I did not think you were so stupid. No doubt "only this once," in relation to one's whole life, looks at first sight like a drop in a bucket; but whoever imagines that there is little risk in doing wrong things only once, must either have had a very limited experience, or have gone through life with her eyes shut.

Little risk! Why, there is the greatest possible danger. You have heard of the

sentinel who once indulged in a nap, fully resolved never, no, never, to repeat it, and whilst he slept down came the enemy. Every schoolgirl, too, knows the story of the man who, going on a long voyage, bought a life preserver, and wore it every day, till at last he took it off, for only this once, and that same hour he fell overboard and was drowned.

You had better pause, then, Edith; and I shall not ask too particularly whether what you were meditating was positively wicked or only a piece of carelessness like that I remember committed by your mother, who in her young days, "for this time only"—and with what result you have often heard—tied up, in one package, six pots of marmalade, a silk dress, a cheese, some butter, and a piece of fine muslin.

Temptations meet us everywhere, and "only this once" is a plausible introduction for them all. It sounds such an innocent phrase; but there are dangerous words with all the sound of innocence, just as there are wolves in sheep's clothing and asses in lions' skins. Let us all bear this in mind if ever we are tempted to tell an untruth for only this once, or to say an unkind word, or to gratify revenge, or to play the hypocrite, or to take a mean advantage of anyone, or to disclose a secret, or to turn a deaf ear to good counsel, or to read a book in which we gain nothing but experience in vice.

It is very easy to say that after having ventured on anything once you will never do it again, but who can possibly be sure of that? An excuse that will avail now will be found to answer well enough another time, and when we have entered on any road the chances are that we go on and on, especially in the case of that downward path, which everyone knows is very easy travelling. Once becomes twice, and twice becomes a habit; and a bad habit well established means esteem forfeited and happiness destroyed. "I determined," said a young man to me not long ago, "to commit only one sin, and I ended in committing a dozen."

Do anything but once and let it become known, the reputation of it sticks to us, and the world will soon come to speak as if we made it quite an everyday practice. It is very unfair, but the world's gossip, you know, has never been founded on minute investigation, and never has been remarkable for charity. The family of a friend, whom I shall not name, once did an infamous deed. It was about two hundred years ago, and it is often thrown in my friend's teeth, just as if he himself, the most inoffensive of men, committed that same piece of rascality every morning before breakfast.

Even if we make light of what the world says, the remembrance of wrong-doing remains. When standing recently on a hill that overlooks one of the most beautiful views in this lovely country of ours, I saw far in the distance a tall chimney stalk, pouring forth volumes of smoke to pollute the evening air. There was just one chimney, but it was enough to destroy much of the pleasure of the crimson clouds, and the long shadows, and the setting sun. There, thought I to myself, is the sin of "only this once." There was this advantage on the side of the landscape: manufacturing activity might take another turn, the fire be put out, and the chimney be pulled down; but in the soul the recollection of a transgression is not so easily dealt with. "Only this once" has an existence for all eternity.

Should anyone then have "only this once" on the tip of her tongue, let her pause and consider whether what she is about to undertake should be done at all. In most cases, I am quite sure, there is no safe course but to substitute for "only this once" a most resolute "never."

ALWAYS THE SAME.

There are some people who are always the same. No matter what may befall them, they are never either uplifted or cast down; life with them flows on like a calm stream, and as they were yesterday so they are to-day, and so will they be to the end.

With most of us, however, it is quite otherwise: we are seldom ever the same. There are seasons in our lives—spring, summer, autumn and winter—and we may even run through the whole course of them in an afternoon. Now and then we feel as if we had shrivelled up into a handful of dust, and at other times as if we overlooked the universe.

I heard Kate complaining of this the other day, but it struck me she had much to be thankful for. To be always the same means too often that one is unfeeling and either cold or careless. You may quote Lavater's maxim against me, that "the more uniform a girl's voice, look, step, manner of conversation, handwriting, the more quiet, uniform, settled her actions and character." I know that, but there is a great deal to be said on the other side.

The state of our health for one thing interferes considerably with our being always the same. If it is permitted to the philosopher to be impatient under the toothache, surely we may be forgiven for losing our equilibrium when suffering from an attack of neuralgia or a severe headache. No doubt unvarying health will greatly assist in the establishment of uniform manners and habits, but to the lot of how few of us has that great blessing fallen.

The weather also is to be taken into account. Nora is perfection when the wind blows from the north, south and west, but you should see her when it shifts round to the east. To highly sensitive organizations cold and heat, clouds and sunshine, rain and no rain, make all the difference in the world; and I for one shall not expect people to be invariably the same till we are all disembodied spirits.

The weather affects not only our disposition but our intellect. I was recently in a country inn on a dull foggy afternoon, when in came a labouring man. Something was said about newspapers. "I can read," said the man, "but not to-day." Most of us have a similar experience. Our studies vary in quickness and intelligence with the weather-glass; we grasp an argument, we read foreign languages, we play and sing on some days a great deal better than on others.

External objects also have a great influence upon us, and we alter as they do. That man was actuated by a natural instinct who, because of a great sorrow which befel him in a house, ordered it to be levelled with the ground. But it is worth observing that, as a rule, it is not so much natural objects that give a colour to us, as we who give a tone to natural objects. When Nanette rambled with me yesterday over the hill, she found the sunlight tiresome and the murmur of the brook monotonous, and she had not even a good word to say for the rustling leaves and the purple heather. The fact is she was out of humour with herself.

Some might be always the same if the company they were in never varied, but a marked change is seen whenever they are brought into contact with those for whom they do not care, and from whom they get no sympathy. Nanette, for example, will open her mind with the utmost frankness to George, but cannot say a word or even find an idea in the presence of George's brother, Tom. He knows nothing of her intellectual existence. There are people who naturally excite in us mental activity and good spirits, and others, well-meaning and friendly enough, perhaps, in whose presence we feel depressed and bored to distraction.

We often cease to be the same in our intercourse with other people, because we gain new insight into their character. Such was the case with Ralph, who came at last to see that the lady to whom he was attached lacked judgment and common sense, and from that moment he thought no more of her. But if we begin to speak about change in matters of love I shall never have done. Love is like an April day, as every one knows. "I shall always be loyal to you," says Willie to Jane, but he is out of that everlasting promise in a fortnight. Frederick was infatuated with Martha, and the fit lasted six months, when he woke up to see that, though pretty enough, she was a vain and intriguing piece of baggage, and in his imagination she then and there underwent as great a transformation as the princess in the fairy tale, who was a princess one day and a crow the next.

Some people appear to find a sort of amusement in never being long the same, like the man who changed sides again and again, and excused himself by declaring that he could never sleep long on one side. But these, unstable as water, are not likely to excel in anything. Of course, sometimes one may shift from side to side, "like a good miller who knows how to grind which way soever the wind may blow." About such a worldly-wise proceeding I shall not, however, say anything, for it might lead us beyond our present subject.

It is certain that we should make excuses for people who are not always alike, taking them much as we find them, and doing our best to adapt ourselves to their humours. I often think we are in too great haste to be offended when those who are ordinarily good company prove silent or dull, or when others from whom perhaps we have a right to expect it show no disposition to be of service. We are not sufficiently ready to make allowance for all those influences which prevent even our best friends from being on every occasion precisely the same.

What forms the basis of our character is, indeed, the only thing that must never vary. Let our spiritual being, then, rest on the sure foundation of truth and love; and it is a small matter if in other and non-essential things we are not always even as we ourselves would like to be.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

STEPPING-STONES FOR THE STRONG.—The block of granite which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak becomes a stepping-stone in the pathway of the strong.—*Carlyle.*

CONTENTMENT.—Father Chaufour is but the wreck of a man. Instead of one of his arms hangs an empty sleeve; his left leg is made by the turner, and he drags the right along with difficulty; but above these ruins rises a calm and happy face. While looking upon his countenance, radiant with a serene energy, while listening to his voice, the tone of which has, so to speak, the accent of goodness, we see that the soul has remained entire in the half-destroyed covering. The fortress is a little damaged, as Father Chaufour says, but the garrison is quite hearty.—*Souvestre.*

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (page 494).

P L U T A R C H
H A V A N N A
I C H T H Y O P H A G I
L A N T E R N
I N D I A N A
P A U (*a*)
P E S T A L
A N T
Philippa. Hainault.

(*a*) Birthplace of Henry, King of Navarre, who was elected King of France in 1589, and was murdered by Ravaillac in 1610.

CROCHET.

CROCHET.

By WILLIAM LUFF.

I WATCHED a little lady work a pound
  Of crochet: 'twas not much she did—a part
Of a fair curtain, which, complete, I found
  Decking a home of comfort, peace, and art.

A hand of love, with ribbon of true blue,
  Had linked the separate rounds, until they hung
In folds so graceful that I scarcely knew
  The single piece its kindred work among.

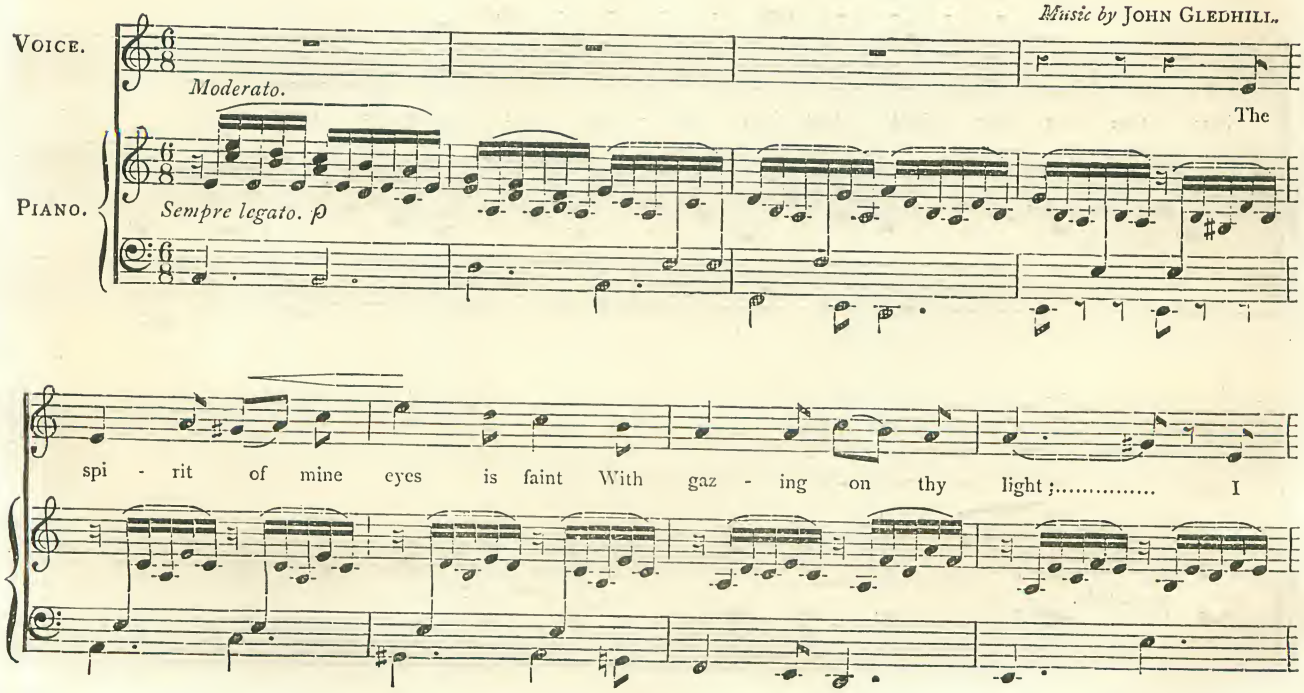
'Tis thus I fain would work each daily round,
  According to the pattern God has given;
'Tis little I can do—will it be found
  Adorning the eternal home of heaven?

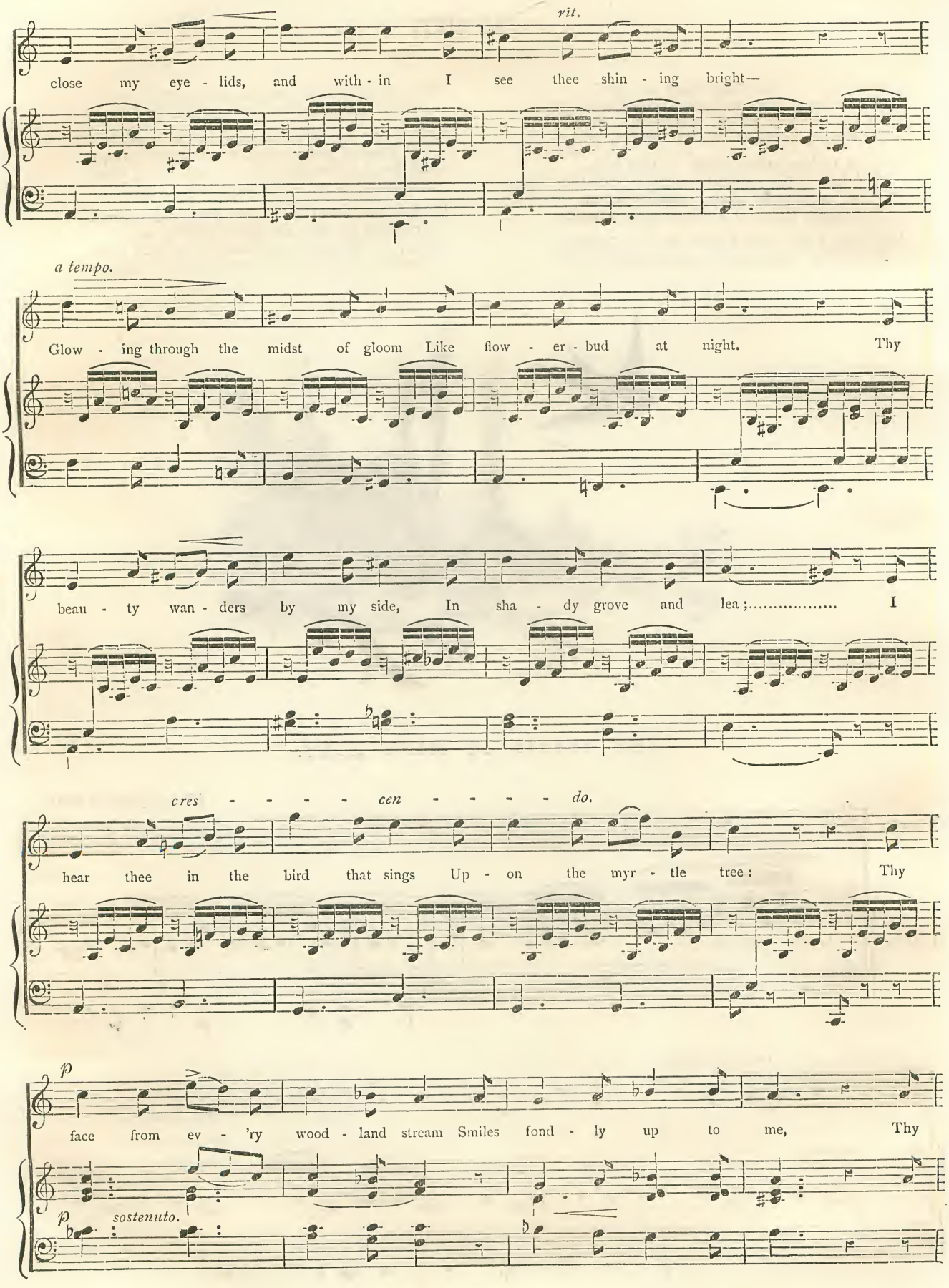
Will loving hands so interweave the blue—
  The blue of grace—that my completed days
Shall hang before the angels' wondering view,
  Revealing in my work my Master's praise?

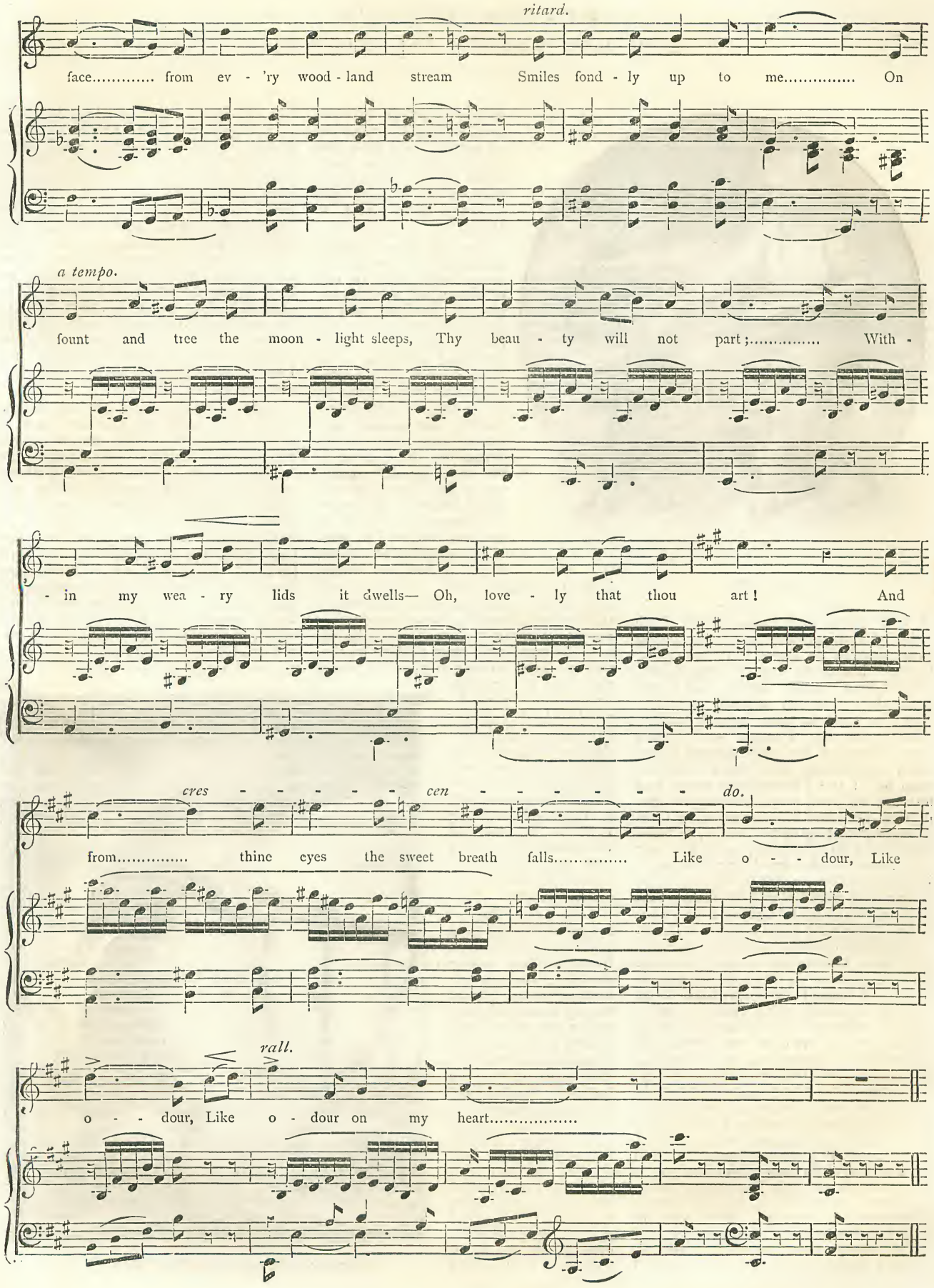
Faith answers "Yes." The trifles we perform
  Are kept by Him till the revealing day,
When, by His gracious favour, they will form
  The hangings of the homestead far away.

THE SPIRIT OF MINE EYES.

Music by JOHN GLEDHILL.




rit.
close my eye - lids, and with - in I see thee shin - ing bright—
a tempo.
Glow - ing through the midst of gloom Like flow - er - bud at night. Thy
beau - ty wan - ders by my side, In sha - dy grove and lea;..... I
cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do.
hear thee in the bird that sings Up - on the myr - tle tree: Thy
p
face from ev - 'ry wood - land stream Smiles fond - ly up to me, Thy
p sostenuto.


ritard.
face..... from ev - 'ry wood - land stream Smiles fond - ly up to me..... On
a tempo.
fount and tree the moon - light sleeps, Thy beau - ty will not part;..... With -
- in my wea - ry lids it dwells— Oh, love - ly that thou art! And
cres - - - - - - cen - - - - - - - do.
from..... thine eyes the sweet breath falls..... Like o - - dour, Like
rall.
o - - dour, Like o - dour on my heart.....

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.

BOOT-MAKING.

CHAPTER XXX.

UNPLEASANT VISITORS.

A FEW years now passed with little variety; seasons came and went in the same fashion as those that had gone before; but these were at length succeeded by a change, which, had I not been duly provided against such an emergency, would have been a terrible calamity for me. Drought set in when quite unlooked for, rain poured down when apparently the earth had no need of it; the consequence was a bad harvest, fruit and crops all more or less injured, and, had it not been for my forethought in storing up provisions, I should have fared badly indeed; as it was, my only inconvenience was being shut up a longer time than usual in Cave Castle. However, I found plenty to occupy me, and one of the useful articles I manufactured at this period was a potter's wheel. I remembered having seen one at work, and knew how much it facilitated the potter's labours. It was a simple contrivance. I formed the framework of an old box, attaching to it a wooden treadle, and the two cog wheels I also cut out of wood. Part of my time was devoted to the work of adding to my premises, which could be done to almost any extent, the rock being honeycombed in every direction. I enlarged the fissures, hoping they might lead to farther cavities; but where this was not the case I made windows of them if practicable, if not I turned them into cupboards, which were always valuable for storing away my goods, to which I was constantly making some addition. My supply of soap and candles was also renewed; but of all things shoes were the articles which I most stood in need of. These I managed pretty successfully, cutting the soles out of some cork I had, and glueing the upper part, made from untanned leather, as neatly and securely as I could, to them.

For all these quieter occupations I sat in the great hall, near to one of the windows, for the sake of the light, and to enjoy the view of the boundless ocean lying stretched before me. To most people such a view would be monotonous in the extreme, presenting nothing but sea and sky, for it was only on approaching quite close to the window one could see to the shore from this giddy height. But to me the prospect offered an endless variety, a constant change of scene. Now, a tempest would lash the waves into an apparently aimless fury; tossing them up to mountain heights, breaking them into glorious curves of hissing foam, filling the air with the crash and boom of their mighty voices. How vividly this would recall the scene of my shipwreck to me, inspiring my heart with prayer for the mariner! Again, a day of calm, when the same sea would be the very emblem of peace, scarcely a ripple upon its surface as it reflected the lovely hue of the now unclouded sky, stretched like a blue canopy above.

In the early days of my solitude I had often watched anxiously, half-hoping, half-dreading the appearance of some vessel; but my watch had been so long in vain, I had almost ceased to think of such an occurrence. But my thoughts often travelled back to the hours of childhood and youth, dwelling fondly and sadly on the memory of my dear parents and brothers. One bright day, when the sea lay still under the blaze of a tropical sun, I was looking upon it, my mind filled with these memories of the old home, when I started up in terror, for there glided slowly into view a canoe filled with dark-skinned, ferocious-looking savages. For the moment I was rooted to the spot with astonishment and fear, but as I gazed a second canoe came into sight, and then another and another, until there were not less than six, each containing not less than five or six men. Horror-stricken, I knew not what to do, but seeing them turn as if with the intention of landing, I at once felt that my only safety was in remaining in my castle. All idea of trying to rescue any of my possessions elsewhere was out of the question, and I only trusted that my hiding-place was effectually concealed.

Entering the armoury, from the window of which I could get the best view, I saw the savages landing and dragging canoes up the beach. They were terrible in appearance, hideously painted about their bodies, and carrying clubs and spears. Two of the men were evidently prisoners, and I could not but fear that, having been taken captive in some encounter, they had been brought here for their wretched victors to feast upon them. A fire was at once prepared, upon which a huge cauldron was hung; but I turned away from the sickening sight, in anguish at the thought of such a fearful tragedy being enacted so near me, and I *powerless* to interfere! And

"HORROR-STRICKEN, I KNEW NOT WHAT TO DO."

"A CONSULTATION AMONG THOSE WHO SEEMED TO BE THE LEADERS."

was it possible such a fate would ever be mine? I tried to hope that now at least these monsters had but landed to hold their disgusting revels, yet a fear would haunt me that the scarcity of food produced by the severe season might have driven them out in search of a new home. In that case, even if safe myself in my seclusion, some of the pets I had in other parts would be devoured and my houses levelled to the ground.

As evening approached, attracted by the yells, I once more ventured to my post of observation; but not many moments could I stand to gaze upon the scene. I suppose they had been drinking some intoxicating liquor, which excited them, or, possibly, were only carrying on some barbarous custom; but the feast was over and a few apparently lying asleep, but the greater number, joining hands, were dancing a fiend-like war-dance and filling the air with shrieks and howls. Throwing myself upon my bed and trying to bury my head so as to deaden the horrible sounds, I lay all night almost paralysed with fear, sleepless, and, notwithstanding all precaution, never ceasing to hear yells, whether real or imaginary I could not tell.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A GREAT DANGER.

VERY early the following morning I looked out, hoping to witness the departure of the savages; but I was doomed to disappointment, for, after a consultation amongst those who seemed to be the leaders, they started along the beach, doubtless on a reconnoitring expedition. I carefully counted them as they ran along, and found there were thirty; and as the armoury window offered a good view of the beach for a long distance, I could see them until they looked but mere specks upon the sand. Then the rash idea seized me that I would steal a canoe, which should serve me on the lake; the weight could not be very great, and I could drag it into a hiding-place to await the departure of its owners. There appeared no danger in carrying out this scheme, for the enemy was at least three miles away; and even should their keen eyes perceive me from such a distance, I should be in safety before they could return half way.

Animated with the desire to possess a canoe, and the thought of action inspiriting me once more, I hoped that the mysterious loss of their barque might frighten these terrible creatures into quitting the island. Arming myself with my gun, I emerged from my retreat and speedily reached the canoes, which I found were of elegant make, and highly ornamented, such as I had read the inhabitants of Oceania possessed. Seizing the prow of the one that lay highest on the beach, I found I could only just manage to drag it a short distance at a time; still, I hoped by patience I should succeed in getting it hidden away in time. I was just resting after my first effort, and about to resume my attempt, when I was startled by a faint moan. Looking round, I perceived that in the canoe farthest from me a dark mass was lying huddled up, and bound hands and feet. I doubted not that this was one of the two prisoners I had observed the day before, and that the poor creature had been left to provide a feast for to-day. Forgetting all else but the desire to help the sufferer if possible, I was about to run down to the boat, but a yell came from the top of the cliff, and looking up I saw five or six savages peering down upon me. In my foolishness I had not thought of the possibility of the party having divided, and that some might have gone by way of the ravine without my knowledge. Now I was between two fires. To regain Cave Castle was impossible, for, were I to ascend I should but meet the foe now rushing down upon me, and their reiterated shrieks would doubtless recall the others. I rushed along the shore, hoping to gain the second ravine by Cliff Nest; but, although fear lent me wings, I could hear in a few minutes that the enemy had gained the beach, and were in hot pursuit. At last, panting and exhausted, I reached the ravine entrance and climbed to my old resting-place, trusting my pursuers would continue by the torrent. And so it was; I heard them below me as I lay trembling, and then their voices dying away in the distance gave some slight feeling of relief. But, oh! what was my position! how insecure! how likely to be discovered at any moment! Most bitterly did I regret my foolhardiness in leaving the shelter of Cave Castle; and now, should I remain where I was until the darkness of night might favour my return? In that case I feared the long abstinence from food might incapacitate me from any exertion or power of self-protection; moreover, the alarm being soon given to the larger party, a search might be commenced, almost certainly leading to my discovery, for, finding that I had not fled up the ravine, and knowing I had not continued along the

"I HEARD THEM BELOW ME AS I LAY TREMBLING."

beach, they would naturally conclude I was somewhere near, and their cunning would be too great to allow them to leave the spot until they found me.

There was no time, then, to lose. I must at once make my way back to my castle, and I decided that, as upon the shore I should be free from ambushes, I would take that route. Straining my ears for sound of footsteps, I stealthily peered from my hiding-place. All was still, and I ventured down. After again waiting and listening like a hunted hare, but failing to hear or see anything to alarm, I went on to the beach. No creature was in sight but the poor prisoner in the canoe, who from the glimpse I could catch of the upturned face was already dead or quite unconscious. My heart yearned to go and see if I could be of any comfort. Yet I knew this was impossible, I could not save him, and my only chance of life was in speeding onward without a moment's delay. Fearing every moment my enemies would appear upon the cliffs, I rushed along to the castle ravine, and hastily made the ascent, and reaching the gully or hole, down which I almost fell in my excitement, I climbed into my doorway, and drawing up the ladder, sunk down, too faint for some time to crawl farther than the passage.

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

CYNTHIA.—You must apply for this year's papers to G. F. Brown, Esq., St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, if under sixteen years of age. Over that age, but under eighteen, you must ask for the papers for "Senior Local" Exams. Were your writing sloped a little your hand would be very good.

OTHELLO.—Candidates for admission to the examinations for the Telegraph and General Post Office, St. Martin's-le-Grand, and the Prudential Life Assurance Company, must be between fourteen and eighteen years of age; and those for the Savings Bank Department, from eighteen to twenty. If you get into the office of a photographer, of course your having just passed the limit of age prescribed for these Civil Service appointments would not prove an obstacle.

A BAD WRITER.—We have answered your questions so often, that we must refer you to page 543, vol. i., and to our article entitled "Earning One's Living," at page 74 in the same volume. The writing in the French quotation is not sloped properly, but is more carefully executed; the handwriting of the letter itself might be rounded a little more with advantage.

A SOLDIER GIRL.—Presuming that your deafness, existing from infancy, has been pronounced incurable by competent authority, we strongly advise you to seek admission into some school for the "oral" teaching of the deaf. Write for advice to Miss Hull, 89, Holland-road, Kensington. She has a private school for the upper classes. There are other institutions likewise of this character; those teaching after the German method, "lip-reading," are the best.

FAIR MAID OF PERTH.—We advise you to inquire for a good Scotch history, suitable for schools, at a librarian's where educational works are sold. We have not published one ourselves.

RUTH WRIGHT.—The ages of nurse-probationers on entrance in most hospitals vary from twenty-five to forty years: but in the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, nurses are taken at from seventeen to thirty-five years, at 7s. 6d. a week. The uniform is supplied to them in all hospitals. In Great Ormond-street probationers are bound to remain for six months. See "Nursing as a Profession," page 454, vol. i.

WORK.

CARTMEL has only to refer to page 319, vol. ii., and she will find directions for "knitting a boy's jersey." Should she prefer to make one in crochet, she will find the whole recipe at page 223 in the same volume.

C. L.—Brush off the mud very gently when quite dry, and remove the stain left on the crape by an application of ammonia, see page 191, vol. i.

TOPPY and LUCY.—1. "Arrasene" is employed for embroidery, exactly in the same way as crewel. It is a kind of woollen chenille. It is not designed for use on canvas. 2. The term "classical" is primarily used to denote the first, or highest class, in both literature and art. "The classics" was a term used originally to signify the chief Greek and Latin authors; and we extend the use of it to our own standard poetical works, and speak of the "English classics;" such as Shakespeare's, Milton's, Pope's, Dryden's, &c. In the same way "classical" is applied to the works of the first composers, which are of a character to stand the test of time, and the changes of national taste and fashion, as compared with the composition of those who produce less important works, and not so likely to be handed down to posterity.

ELLA WYNNE. — For transferring designs upon plush or other material, we think that a coarse tarlatan proves a good medium. Secure it firmly upon the original pattern when tracing upon it, and then tack the tarlatan securely to the stuff to be worked, and embroider over it. When done, draw out the strands of the tarlatan, as you would those of canvas. One advantage gained by working on this medium is that the article underneath it is thus kept clean throughout the process of embroidering. It serves very well for designs in dry colour.

E. P. should take off mourning for the day of the wedding, and wear a nice silk dress, or combination of silk and cashmere. The colour will matter little if suitable to your complexion. In our article on "The Habits of Polite Society," page 162, vol. iii., she will find directions respecting the wearing of mourning. But there can be no invariable rule for all in reference to that which should, and must be, more or less a matter of personal feeling.

DAISY.—Procure "starch gloss" at any good grocer's shop. Perhaps your house, or the room where the shirts are laid by, may be damp, or the sea air may take the stiffness out of them. This we think to be very probable.

KATINKA VASCILIKOFF.—With a Christmas-card table you may have a handsome ball fringe, of mixed colours, or an embroidered border on cloth or serge.

MRS. NORWOOD.—We do not sell paper patterns; they may be easily obtained elsewhere.

MISS H. A. (Plawhalch).—We are much obliged to you for your note, and regret that we can make no use of your information.

PRINTEMPS.—We should advise you to try and dispose of work, either by private sale or through the shops. There is but little demand for it at present.

NELLY BLY.—If you had looked a little further on in the volume, you would have found a full explanation of the "fly-pattern," at page 608.

P. T.—See "My Work Basket." A muff in crochet would be worked in tricot stitch. See "Wool Crochet," page 275, vol. ii.

A. M.—A very excellent pattern for a crochet border will be found at page 269, vol. iii. Small patterns may be obtained at any shop.

GLEN PARVA.—The pattern of a baby's crochet jacket will be found at page 149, vol. i., a pattern for a crochet boot at page 394, vol. i. Both of these would be suitable for your purpose, and the size of needle and wool is given with each.

BOARD SCHOOL P. T.—For a knitted baby's boot see directions for working, and an illustration at page 489, number for July 31, 1880 (vol. i.). You write a nice letter, but you should take note of how to spell the word "recommend."

AIRLIE.—It is too early to begin talking about summer fashions, the spring ones being now under consideration. You can wear drawn bodices now, and the box-plaited drapery at the back; and it is probable that many dresses will worn thus made later in the year. You might consult our "Seasonable Dress" articles towards the end of the spring. We are glad that we have enabled you to make your own dresses through the instruction given by these articles. Why write backwards?

MNEMOSYNE.—1. The costume of a Welsh peasant woman would be inexpensive in material, easily made, and effective, and she might carry a small basket of spring flowers, which latter might be acceptable to a number of friends in the course of the evening. 2. Undine, the water nymph, is usually dressed in silvery white, with festoons of shells, and wreaths combining water-lilies.

ART.

ANNIE.—The "gloss" of which you speak may be put on by varnishing the map or card with a little very clear gum-arabic.

DOLLIE DUMPLING.—You may purchase "academy board" at any artists' colourman's. Brown-paper does not require any preparation before being painted upon, but you must be moderate in the use of oil and turpentine. Perhaps a little vaseline, rubbed on lightly, and a good brushing might restore the gloss to your fur.

A STEEL PEN.—You must obtain some tracing-paper and lay over the drawing and trace it; then, with black or coloured transfer paper, outline it on the material. We think you might learn everything, save speaking, by correspondence.

J. W. MILLER.—Use fine copal varnish for your terra-cotta.

E. C. and F. C.—White jean needs no preparation before etching on it. The 2nd May, 1880, was a Sunday.

GRETA G. M. BOHM.—We have read your letter with much interest. Some articles will be given on painting in oils at a future date.

SILVER STAR.—You can paint with either oils or water-colours on glazed china; but, of course, they will wash off, as only the properly prepared colours can be burned in, or fired and rendered permanent.

BET.—Read "Painting on Terra-cotta," vol. ii., page 225. Some articles on painting on various materials will shortly be given.

DAISY.—See "Velvet Painting," vol. ii., page 504.

NELLIE A.—To clean an oil-painting, cut a raw potato in half and rub the surface gently round and round with the smooth flat side; but first of all wipe the painting, so that there may be no grit that may cause a scratch. After using the potato for a few minutes, sponge off the dirty, frothy juice, and if the painting require still further cleaning, use the other half of the potato in the same way. We have given this recipe before; it is one not generally known, and will be found valuable. In reference to telegraphy, see the information given respecting Civil Service clerkships at page 543, vol. i. If you make a direct application you will receive papers giving all the information required.

M. E. A.—To set crayon drawings, see page 415, vol. i., also page 432 (answers to "M. P. L." and "Katherine C."), vol. ii. We repeat the last-named, being the recipe of the School of Art. Take two ounces of methylated spirits and half a drachm of gum mastic, and apply with an "odorator" or spray diffuser. We feel obliged by your opinion that our magazine should be sold at sixpence a week instead of a penny; but this would greatly limit the sphere of its circulation, as such multitudes of our readers could not afford to pay five times as much in excess of what we now charge.

VIVI.—You should apply to an engraver, and failing in one case, try another. We have no better advice to give you. We return your designs by post.

AGGRAVATING SCHOOLGIRL and SHAMROCK.—Miniature painting is an art in which you should take lessons. We do not undertake to give these in our Answers to Correspondents. See page 127, vol. i., for a recipe for making oatmeal biscuits. Your writing ("Aggravating S.") must aggravate your teacher. Use a softer pen.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INQUIRER.—Gravy, soup, and broth do not come under the denomination of "blood." The Jews were permitted to take these freely, while forbidden the latter. In addition to all this, see what the Almighty said to our first parents, in reference to the animal kingdom, "to you they shall be for meat;" see also the case of the messengers for whom Abraham slew the calf; they partook of it, and the ordinance of God as to the flesh which was necessarily to be eaten by the priests, and the particular sort of animals to be eaten or not, by all the people. Our Saviour ate the Paschal Lamb, He also ate fish (mentioned on many occasions). St. Peter, who entertained, as a Jew, certain scruples about eating some descriptions of animal food, was admonished, with a sharp rebuke, to "slay, and eat," of all the creatures shown him in the vision. Observe also Our Lord's reference to the killing, for the feast, of the "fatted calf" for the Prodigal Son, and further, the merciful injunction given to the early Christians to "ask no questions, for conscience' sake," in reference to the sort of meat they ate. All this was under the Christian dispensation. Do not try to be "wise above what is written, but thankfully remember that "every creature of God is good," and "to be received with thanksgiving." The use of blood for food is quite a different question from using boiled or roasted flesh.

W. M. R. COUTTS.—A man's profession as a clergyman does not exempt him from acting as a gentleman. Of course, the usages of society render it obligatory on him to call upon his hostess very shortly after dining at her house.

OAK TREE.—See our article on the "Art of Swimming," page 10 in *Silver Sails*. Your writing is too much cramped; try a freer more flowing style, holding your pen longer. We thank you for your kind letter.

A PILGRIM.—1. The passage to which you refer means exactly what it says, that the angel was not to injure the produce of the land, the vintage, and oil harvest from the olive-trees. 2. We have already answered your second question at length. It is one that has been the subject of much investigation and thought amongst learned divines. The impression is that as a tribe Dan was omitted, because it was Dan that set up the Golden Calves, and revolted from their allegiance to God, and were the first to lead Israel into idolatry.

IGNORAMUS.—Pronounce the word "been" as "bean" (the vegetable); "bin" would be very vulgar. The "h" proceeded by a "w" should be aspirated, or every such word would be confounded with one of a different meaning (as whale). Pronounce "phaeton," as "fā-et-on." "Solder," as "saw-der" (the "l" mute); "æsthetic," as "es-thet-ik"; "æsthete," as "estheet."

F. K.—It gives us great satisfaction to hear that "when reading our articles" you are "led to strive to live a holier and more careful life." Ask God's grace to aid you in keeping your resolution to rise at the right time. Of course, it needs a firm effort of will;

but perhaps it will be less difficult if you go to bed a little earlier. Ask God's grace also to enable you to refrain from answering crossly, when your brother so far forgets himself as to teaze you.

JOSEPHINE.—Situations as a "companion" are not easily obtained. You might apply to the "Society for the Employment of Women," 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street — secretaries, the Misses King and Lewin—office hours, 11 to 5; or else you might try advertising.

HOLLY BERRIES.—Perhaps you suffer from a weak digestion, or you hang your head over reading or some other employment too soon after meals. If otherwise, do not be troubled about it. You will grow out of it in time.

STILL WATERS.—Bridistow is a village and parish in the Okehampton district, Devon; lying in a pleasant valley near Dartmoor, eleven miles from Tavistock Railway-station. It was originally called "Bridgetstow," and has a post office called "Bridestow," and holds fairs twice a year, in June and July. The church is very old, has a curious Norman gateway, and was restored in 1866. We thank you for the encouragement which you so kindly give us. We are glad that you recognise the chief object of this paper, the glory of God, and the benefit of our dear readers. It is pleasant to hear on all sides of the appreciation of our work by fathers and brothers. You will cease to be called "a girl" when you marry, but we regard all, however advanced in age, as "our girls" if they read our paper.

BLOSSOM.—Run up and down stairs a few times, if you cannot get out-door exercise, and eat good home-made bread if you can get it. Do not substitute biscuits for it.

LOVER OF "G. O. P."—You should be in bed at ten o'clock, and do not spell answer, "anser."

BIRDIE.—The only way of concealing the small red veins in your face is either to wear a veil, or grow a thicker skin on it; for you cannot remove them.

PRIMROSE.—Dip the ends of your fingers in a decoction of bitter aloes, which you can procure from any chemist. If you really desire to break yourself of so disgusting a trick, you will only need the reminder that the taste of the aloes will give you. Your handwriting is not yet formed.

FEARFUL.—We cannot understand in what way the discoveries made in "electricity, steam-power," or medical science can prove difficulties in the way of a believer in Christ. It is the great Creator of the world that bestows the reasoning powers and the genius on man which make all the discoveries to which you refer. But even could you discover any difficulties in reconciling "practical sciences" with the statements of Holy Writ, what an imbecile you would prove yourself, or else how hoodwinked by the Evil One, if you for a moment supposed your finite intellect could unravel the mysteries of creation or the government of the universe; that you could "by searching find out God, or His ways, past finding out." "Without faith it is impossible to please God," and at the very outset we must be prepared to "enter the Kingdom of Heaven as little children." We shall always be happy to hear from you. Give your especial attention to the study of the prophets, and the New Testament, reading a chapter in each alternately, daily, and with prayer, and while earnestly striving to please God, trust only for acceptance and salvation to the atonement of Christ.

MADELINE ALICE.—Your verses are not correctly written, as regards their composition. Observe line 3, verse 1, and the corresponding line in the following verse; and compare these with the same line in the last. Besides this, they do not contain a single original idea. Your penmanship, however, is very creditable.

ERL FANE.—Your little poems are above the ordinary run of those sent to us; but "Starshine" is too close an imitation of the peculiar metre of "The Raven." Observe in the third verse you borrow a word from the second half of the first and second lines to make up for the absence of a double syllable word, thus—

"There, upon the lonely sand,
Her thoughts are full of mystic grandeur."

In "Strong as Death' the last line in each verse does not correspond respectively with its fellow; and in "The Voice of the Wind" the concluding verse needs much revision. Give your attention for a time to the study of prosody. Your nice, grateful, well-expressed letter does you credit, and we are thankful that you derive benefit from our magazine. You have our good wishes.

BEETLE.—1. We do not give information as to the price of any article. 2. People differ so much in intelligence and in taste that while quite possible for one to acquire an art by means of a book of instructions, another could not. Make the attempt, and procure a few lessons if you do not succeed.

LAURIE DUNDAS.—Bournemouth is on the south coast, and sheltered; it is also planted with pine trees, and the aromatic odour of these trees contains certain properties that are considered peculiarly beneficial to delicate lungs. Consumptive persons are often ordered to the near neighbourhood of a pine forest. We thank you for your good wishes.

WHITE RABBIT informs us that two beautiful rabbits of her own were "killed and partly eaten by cats." Let the lovers of such pets take warning. If the cats were some of those left at home to be starved by culpably thoughtless persons, who went away on visits and excursions, leaving no provision for them, we think that no blame could be laid to the charge of the much-aggrieved cats. "Self-preservation is the first law of Nature," at least, amongst the varieties of the brute creation. If starving, the rabbits would eat the cats, if they could, and were not too confirmed vegetarians.

VERMA.—The presentation to the public of any descriptions of the Rhine, or of the hotels, money, routes, and so forth at this late year of the world would only be regarded as a very feeble joke. We can quite sympathise with you in the pleasure that a first trip must have given you. To the majority it is by no means a novelty.

THE INQUIRER.—1. The questions you desire to have answered are not of a character to be mooted in this magazine, and we must decline to enter upon them. Plenty of books are published with reference to them, and to them we must refer you. 2. Every good word spoken, or act of kindness done to the sick, the sorrowful, the ignorant, or the needy, is work done for Christ, if with a desire and effort to serve and please Him thereby. Persons who may come under any of these descriptive terms have claims on your thoughts, time, and labour. Are there any who need clothing, visiting, teaching, or whose many weary hours might be solaced by your reading aloud to them? We do not refer to out-of-door work in the houses of the poor, for within the walls of your own home much may be done, including work for them, and with the approval of your parents, which should always be obtained in such matters.

SUSETTE.—Should it ever be your misfortune to find yourself in a damp bed, heap all the rugs, shawls, and clothing of all kinds over you, and tuck in the bed-clothes well, so as to prevent any evaporation. You will then remain in a kind of poultice till the morning. On rising, the best thing you could do would be to wring out a sheet or towel in cold water, and rub yourself well all over with it, hurry on your clothes, and get your breakfast at once.

ANDROMACHE. — 1. The quotation you give, viz., "Wearing my heart upon my sleeve," is to be found in *Othello*, act i., scene 1. 2. The origin of the term "lion's share" is to be found in a fable by Æsop. Several animals having joined the lion in a hunting expedition, the latter claimed one quarter in right of his prerogative, one for his superior courage, one for his dam and cubs, and concluded the distribution of the prey by saying, "as for the fourth share, let who will dispute it with me."

SNOWDROP.—You write a good hand and need not alter it. We thank you for your kind and well-expressed letter. Christmas and such-like cards may be employed to decorate a screen, or a small tea-table. Or you could make scrap-books of them for presentation to hospitals, especially children's, to whom they are a great boon.

CAMBRIA.—We are sorry for you, but unless you have any friend whom you could thoroughly trust, to sound his present feelings, and to represent yours, as from herself alone, and not as a message from you, we do not see how you can repair the sad mistake which you have made. He may now think you would not make each other happy.

A PERPLEXED ONE.—You say that, on comparing your feelings with those of some friends, you "doubt whether you have repented at all," because you have "never experienced the same depth of sorrow for sin as they have." This is a case of very common occurrence, a looking to yourself, your wretched frames and feelings, the depth of your grief, and the fervid heat of your love and devotion, as grounds of comfort and assurance, instead of looking for it to Christ. You say you have "accepted Him as your Saviour," and you desire to love and strive to serve Him. Let that suffice. Go on as you have begun, praying daily for His grace and aid. Repentance does not consist in crying and groaning, it is a turning of the soul to God, with an acknowledgment of sin, a hope resting on the atonement of Christ, and a steadfast endeavour to "bring forth fruits meet for repentance." Through God's mercy, you seem to have been led thus far, on the homeward road. Take courage.

PUELLA.—You have placed yourself in a very awkward position, and the other party whom you name has been treated dishonourably, if not told that the chance of acceptance was so slight. All you can now do is to make a full confession to your parents of the clandestine encouragement you have given, and the state of your feelings, beg their pardon, and be guided by them.

PERCENEIGE.—1. You should write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., and pay your subscription to him, requesting him to send out your numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to you. The postage will not add much to the cost of the papers, only twopence each monthly part. The 14th of November, 1859, fell on a Monday.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER.—We fear that if you undertook such work for any firm as the writing of circulars and directing envelopes, you would have to remain at the office ready for any chance extra work. However, if acquainted with a member of any house of business you might obtain an introduction to one or more, and perhaps be able to make some arrangement for bringing home your work.

DAPHNE.—Your first question we cannot read, the writing is so very illegible. Your digestion appears out of order. We should recommend you to obtain a doctor's advice and plenty of exercise and bathing.

AMIOT.—Inquire of a surgeon, who will tell you how far such an operation is safe. May 30th, 1865, was a Tuesday.

STREONESTRATH sends us the following riddle, said to have been composed by Dr. Wilberforce, late Bishop of Oxford:—

"I'm the sweetest sound in orchestra heard,
Yet in orchestra never was seen;
I'm a bird of gay plumage, yet less like a bird
Nothing ever in Nature was seen;
Touch the earth I expire, in water I die,
In air I lose breath, yet can swim and can fly,
Darkness destroys me, and light is my death,
And I only keep going by holding my breath.
If my name can't be guessed by a boy or a man,
By a woman or girl it certainly can."

Perhaps some of our readers may like to give its solution. Writing o contributor good.

EMILY ROSE.—Forward the amount needful to pay for the weekly numbers you have lost to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., with full name and address, and he will attend to it.

LILIAN LYLE. — We think no one is accepted for training under eighteen years of age. There are two hospitals in Birmingham, one for women and one for children. You had better inquire at both. Ask for the matron.

VIOLETTA.—Yes, if the fronds be dead cut the fern down.

LITTLE WIFEEN.—We think it better to leave our readers to select for themselves. There are so many ways of disposing of such things, and we could not give addresses.

MOTHER BUNCH.—Send to either the addresses given, either in stamps, post-office order, or postal notes.

ANXIOUS VALERIE.—The subject is a difficult one, and we do not know the particulars, so could not give an opinion. If you cannot obtain the watch by kindly means, we advise you to take no steps without a legal opinion.

MYSOTIS.—To make white lace brown, dip it in strong coffee.

MEDDLESOME MATTY.—Your question has been lately answered.

A GIRL OF 16¾.—The little verses you send are pretty and feeling, but cannot be called poetry. Persevere, however; you may do something some day.

WHITE VIOLET.—Lord Beaconsfield died April 19th, 1881.

A LADY VIOLINIST.—We should think that Haydn's Dictionary of Biography, and also that of Dates, would suit you.

THISELTON.—Old postage stamps have no value, save to paper rooms and boxes and to make stamp snakes.

AN INQUIRER. — To make skeleton leaves, see page 64, vol. ii.

MURIEL.—We think you would have to advertise in order to obtain such a situation. The most useful bodice would be a velveteen one. You have our best sympathy in your great trial; but we are glad you "possess your soul in patience," and we feel sure a way will be opened to you sooner or later.

PRIM-ROSE.—To remove insect blight from rose trees, the following is a good recipe:—Take four ounces of quassia chips (to be had at a druggist's), boil them in a gallon of soft water for ten minutes; strain off the chips, and add four ounces of soft soap, which should be dissolved in it as it cools, stirring the solution before using it. Apply it with a flat paint-brush, laying the sprigs and leaves in the palm of your left hand so as to support them. You write well enough.

DAISY'S letter and so-called "poems" are unique. We advise her not to send the "poems" to anyone but her grandmother. As for ourselves, we feel flattered by her confidence, but must decline the office of correcting them. It would be quite beyond our power to prepare them either for private presentation or for the press.

THE FOUR PATRIOTS.—The explanation of the design in front of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is given at page 208, vol. i., and has been recently repeated in the Answers to Correspondents.

BERTHA RUTH.—We beg to acknowledge the stamps. Their arrival is usually chronicled monthly under the proper heading of the "Girl's Own Home." The letters "A. E. I." stand for a Greek sentence, which means "for ever."

A DORSETSHIRE MAIDEN.—It is never too late to send subscriptions to the "Princess Louise Homes," for the good work is always going on. We do not know of any cure for sleep-walking, excepting to waken the sleeper after having returned to bed; but not till then. Young people usually grow out of the habit in time. You should avoid exciting books and topics of conversation before going to bed, and eat no heavy meal at late hours. If you be not well in any way, consult a doctor; for medical advice may be needed.

FAT.—Metallic hair-brushes may be cleaned with a little flour rubbed into them.

A SCOTCH PUSSY. — The quotation appears to be "doggrel verse;" probably taken from a song.

HAS.—You may find Boutell's "Heraldry" useful. For the rest of your queries, we should advise you to consult the library of the British Museum.

GEMINI.—Many thanks for your kind letter. We are glad to hear you have found the gardening articles so useful to you.

MEMBER OF THE G. F. S.—Go to a dentist and have your teeth attended to, and use tincture of myrrh with water to bathe your mouth.

IVANHOE.—Write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., and he will supply you with the "Girl's Own Annual" for 1880. "Minnie" is only a "nick-name," and means that and nothing more. The 20th April, 1867, was a Saturday.

THE TWO MAUDES.

By Miss DAY.

BROIDERED robe, bespangled vest,
Raiment for a palace guest,
Wears proud Maude to-night;
And her haughty smile is gay,
As shines forth that rich array
In the mirror bright.

Now, with triumph on her cheek,
And with looks that conquest speak,
See her pass along;
Listen to the murmured praise,
Mark the fixed admiring gaze
Of the courtly throng!

Now she joins the stately dance,
And her tutored grace enchants,
Faultless is her mien;
And of all the lovely crowd
She can hear it whispered loud
She to-night is queen.

And of all the vestments there
Hers is richest and most rare,
Wondrous is its cost;
With apparel of less pride,
Where so many shone beside
She had triumph lost.

Therefore 'twas she gave command,
When the courtly ball was planned,
That her robe should be,
Though the time for toil was brief,
With the choicest flower and leaf
Rich in broidery.

If for this be weary sighs,
If for this be sleepless eyes,
She no less will shine;
Unimpaired her bloom shall be,
And from care her bosom free,
In her vesture fine.

* * * *

Broidered robe, bespangled vest,
Raiment for a palace guest,
Maude, the poor hath wrought;
She who as a May-day queen
Danced upon the village green,
Of gay nature taught.

Then the sunshine, breeze, and shower
Played with her as with a flower;
Ruddy bloom had she:
As a balmy blushing morn,
When the rose blows, and the thorn,
She was sweet to see.

Now with pallor on her cheek,
And with looks that sadness speak,
See her languid rise;
Listen to the harsh command,
See her faint and trembling stand
Whilst her task she plies.

Thronging to her spirit come
Memories of village home,
Bee and flower and bird,
Ruddy beam of early day,
White-fleeced lambs, in sportive play,
Low of dappled herd.

Breezy breath of heath-crossed hill,
Silvery sound of trickling rill,
Bank where violets grow;
And her heart is throbbing fast
With these pictures of the past,
But no tears may flow.

Fevered is her low-bent brow,
Wasted are her young limbs now,
Joy hath lost its home:
Short the respite for relief,
Stolen slumbers far too brief
For soft dreams to come.

Tainted is the air she breathes,
Perfumeless the gaud she wreathes,
Garland false and cold.
And the hearts around her seem
As its flowers of mimic beam,
They no balm unfold.

Now before her dazzled eyes
Lurid phantasms arise,
Light is wasting fleet,
And the labourer more intent,
Lest the fitful ray be spent
Ere her task's complete.

But the darkness gathers fast,
And she scarcely knows at last
How her fingers ply;
And she thinks it wondrous soon,
Since the hour of glaring noon
That the night is nigh.

Now her work is done.—Behold,
Ye who shine in silk and gold,
What is its high cost!
She, who strove at your behest,
She, whose eyes were robbed of rest,
Sight through toil hath lost.

Woe to you, vain child of clay!
Woe to you in robes so gay,
Queens might envy them!
You with jewels overdone,
Her have robbed who had but one
Of a priceless gem!

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IV.—NO. 177. MAY 19, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE IVY GREEN.

A SEQUEL TO "'TWAS IN A CROWD."

By MRS. J. A. OWEN.

CHAPTER III.

GIRL CAMPERS BY THE SILVER THAMES.

WHEN Norah stepped upon the platform of the little railway station where the line lay nearest the wood, where Mrs. Maxwell had chosen the spot for her camp, she felt herself almost in a different world from the one she had left.

There were a few other passengers, who quickly disappeared; and Norah stood still in uncertainty as to the direction in which the river lay, so she inquired of the only

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porter, and, following his instructions, soon found herself beside the boating stage.

What a fair scene met her glance! Far as the eye could reach, bathed in the warm light of a glorious August noon, flowed the broad stream of the beautiful Thames. Close at hand the noisy music of the passionate weir clamoured to tell its story to her willing ear; while from the opposite bank, where lay moored a house-boat, could be distinctly heard the soft musical tones of a flute, breathing forth the familiar notes of "Annie Laurie." There were few boats astir, the heat was so intense; but before Norah had half realised the wealth of beauty which surrounded her, she was attracted back to the landing upon which she stood by soft wafts of girlish laughter, and turned to confront an amusing group.

Towards her advanced Mrs. Maxwell, looking unlike herself from the fact that the cambric dress she wore was quite soiled and tumbled; and in her ungloved hands she bore a large loaf and a basket of eggs.

She had for companions three vivacious girls dressed in flannel costumes, who were laden with sundry provisions, one parcel evidently containing cheese.

"Are we not an aromatic group, Norah, dear?" exclaimed Mrs. Maxwell; "cheese, coffee, herrings, and sundries. But see, here is our boat, and we are pressed for time, so let us push off at once for the woods, and then we will greet you in due form, dear child."

Immediately the girls stowed away their burdens in the locker, and Mrs. Maxwell seated herself to steer with Norah beside her; two of the others settled themselves for double sculling, and the last of the party, a very sweet, dark girl, nestled lazily in the bow, and off darted "The Wilful," as ably manned as though by expert members of a rowing club.

"Now, Norah, let me tell you who forms our party. Stroke (here the girl named smiled and bowed in recognition of the informal introduction) is my right hand, and her name is Dora Perdue, but we all call her Dolly. Second (here another bright smile greeted Norah) is Bessie Warner, and that young lady in the bow, who appears to have floated away in a day dream, is Margaret Nugent."

Upon hearing her name, Margaret waved her hand and murmured in an affected tone, "Accept my blessing," then buried herself in her own fancies, until a bend in the river revealed the wooded heights, at whose base the camp stood.

"How lovely!" cried Norah, as she caught sight of the glorious masses of foliage, and the vision of white tents nestling actually under the shade of a great oak.

By the tents stood two gentlemen, who advanced to assist the boaters to land. Very skilfully did "The Wilful" shoot along shore, and lightly the girls stepped out before masculine help arrived. Mrs. Maxwell waited to hand their purchases to her husband, and then with his assistance followed them to the middle tent, where a table stood laid for luncheon.

Bessie unwrapped the cheese, and placed it on the table; Mrs. Maxwell triumphantly placed her loaf beside it, and at once without delay they gathered round the centre of attraction.

"Where has Frank gone?" asked Mr. Maxwell, as he cut some tongue.

"Only into the kitchen," said Dolly; "he has gone to butter some eggs; he says they are so nourishing."

"Where *is* the kitchen?" asked Norah, looking round in vain.

"Bessie will show you all our camp this afternoon," said Mrs. Maxwell. "I am sorry to say that we are all engaged to attend a garden party, and have now to hurry off to Pangbourne to catch our train for Reading. Bessie leaves this evening, as she has promised to visit some friends at Henley; but she promises not to go until the eight o'clock train, and we shall return at 8.15, so if you will go into Pangbourne with Bessie in the boat, and wait a few minutes at the station, we shall rejoin you, and we can then all return together."

Here Frank, Margaret's brother, a tall, athletic Oxonian, entered the tent with a dish of buttered eggs, beautifully done.

"Now, Miss Grey, try one of these; after your journey you ought to be hungry."

Norah did full justice to the liberal meal; nor in this was she singular, as the river air had made them all hungry.

Mr. Maxwell and Frank Nugent saw the party start off in the boat, rowed by the only servant they had in attendance, an elderly man named Roberts; and then they themselves started off to walk to the village along the towing path.

They waved adieu to the two girls, who, left in possession, stood watching them until the last glint of their white flannels disappeared in the distance of the summer landscape.

"Now, Norah," cried Bessie with glee, "we have all this to ourselves for hours; it is now only two o'clock; let us enjoy it to the full. I do not feel the least as if you were a stranger, for Mrs. Maxwell has told me what a brave girl you are. I know about Uncle Arthur and the dear madre, and if I did not, your true hazel eyes and lovable face would win my heart at once. We shall be friends, I am sure. Let us together enjoy to the full this little bit of life like a story that has fallen to our share. First let us make a tour of inspection."

So Norah linked her hand in Bessie's, and the two maidens took a thorough survey of the premises. Under the oak stood a moderate-sized military tent of double thickness to ensure safety from night damps. Upon the ground a double thickness of tarpauling secured warmth for the feet, and bright mats gave an air of comfort. This tent was divided into three compartments, the middle forming the common sitting-room, and the sides were fitted up as the most charming ladies' sleeping apartments.

Norah said, "Why, this is better than any cabin I ever had on board ship; oh, what dear little canvas beds, and how convenient this looking-glass is! Why, a princess might sleep here."

"Yes," said Bessie, "look how the shadows of the leaves fall upon the ceiling. In the early morning the herons go down to the river and make such queer sounds, and the rooks fight just over our heads. I am so sorry to be obliged to go and sleep in a prim spare room again; the walls will nearly smother me, I know."

Then they went into the smaller tents, on each side the larger one; but Norah was surprised to find these simply strewn with straw, and a litter of male clothing, fishing-tackle, novels, and poetry about. "Mr. Maxwell roughs it himself, you see," explained Bessie; "we have every comfort, but he and Frank Nugent laugh at our persuasions 'to coddle' as they term it. You see this bell; it communicates with Mrs. Maxwell's apartment; and so if anything alarmed us in the night, she has only to pull the handle, and the men would rush to the rescue. It really is very weird at night, lying listening to the moan in the branches, and the never-ceasing rustling of the leaves. At first we thought it must be rain, but the weather has been perfect, and promises to continue fine."

By-and-by the girls carried down their light arm-chairs to the river's brink, and sat in idle talk watching the boats ever and anon glide by, or roused to excitement by the noisy progress of some gay steam launch, with its profusion of flowers in the bow, and the gaily dressed ladies, who scanned the picturesque camp with its beautiful background of Nature's fairest tapestry, and the fair forms of the gentle girls who were shown to such advantage in the foreground, though of that they were happily unconscious.

Before they had time to grow weary, Bessie descried Roberts making his way up stream, and after securing the boat, he disappeared behind the camp, where the cooking apparatus stood; next he brought a gipsy table and placed beside Bessie's chair, and soon reappeared, bearing a tray with that ever welcome refreshment—afternoon tea.

"This indeed is luxury," said Norah, placidly, as she took the proffered cup. "Oh! Bessie, if life were all like this summer day."

"Why, dear, you would grow weary of it: poetry refines us, but prose makes us strong and brave, and too much peace would spoil us."

Here Roberts drew near with a respectful mien, but with a queer twinkle in his eye. "Miss Warner, the doctor from the boat farther up presents his compliments to you, and craves the loan of your looking-glass for a quarter of an hour; he wants to go into the village, and is ashamed to be seen until he has shaved."

"Let him have it," said Bessie, retaining perfect composure until the servant had gone, when the two girls were overcome with laughter. Presently Bessie said, "Mr. Maxwell and this doctor are quite friends. He lives in a boat, which he covers in at night and sleeps in; he spends his days fishing, and we have had several suppers from his line. He is a grave, kind-looking man, not much over thirty I should think; of course, we girls know nothing of him, though Frank Nugent goes up for many a gossip, and says that some of his American stories are rare fun."

As the softer light of evening drew near, Bessie, with many sighs, said farewell to the enchanting spot, and leaving Roberts in charge, they leisurely glided down stream to Pangbourne.

Norah will never forget the exquisite beauty of that evening. Nature at her loveliest; land and river and sky one symphony of praise; the charm of the plash of many an oar, as boat after boat appeared, in the cool of the day, with their freight of holiday-makers.

Far away, indeed, had faded all memory of schoolroom trials; Jack and Ethel were now recalled faintly, and with an air of unreality about them, which made them more like the evil sprites of a painful dream than real flesh and blood children.

Tears stood in Bessie's bright eyes as she kissed Norah and stepped into the train, which, however, soon took her to a scene of equal beauty, and to the hearts of true friends, in whose midst we leave her.

And Norah is left alone in the village, which already seems hushing itself for the night.

The train by which her friends have promised to come glides in, but they do not appear, and takes its departure, leaving Norah solitary upon the platform.

"Yes, miss, it's the last train to-night; we shut up the station now; sorry, I am sure, but your friends can't come now, miss, at any rate," says the porter, and begins sturdily to put out the lights.

Norah has a brave heart, but taking her way back to the boat in the growing darkness, she begins to feel that her position is growing awkward; still she can but wait; and so night steals silently on. She looks up the quiet, dark river, and, save the friendly light of the house-boat opposite, there is not a light to be seen. The very trees look strange and ghost-like, and the solitude that in the laughing sunlight had seemed like an angel's spirit,

now in the dark, heavy night has turned to a very Giant Despair.

Then the very lights from the inn at the boating-stage were already beginning to disappear. Ought she to row back to the camp where Roberts waited?

What! three miles on that dark tide, and her hands somewhat strange to the sculls? Besides, when the others came, what would they say if no boat awaited them? So Norah walked up and down, saying to herself familiar verses that had been her stay in more painful loneliness than this. And hark! from the opposite shore the silver notes of the flute again fall upon the girl's welcome ear, and "Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom," speaks to her like a voice from the city of day.

At last the girl's watch was suddenly ended. She had unknown to herself fallen asleep upon a rude bench, when she was roused to find herself the centre of an animated group.

"My poor child," said Mrs. Maxwell, "we lost our train, and could not get a carriage for some time to bring us out here. We grew dreadfully anxious; but what could we do? My sweetest girl, do say that you forgive us."

"All's well that ends well," said Norah, quietly, and to none did she relate the experience of that waiting.

The camp was soon reached, and merry indeed was the party that gathered round the supper-table, and in spite of the late hour, it was long before the last lamp was lowered and all hushed to rest.

When Sunday morning dawned, Norah felt as much at home in the camp as any of the party. Of the beautiful rest of that day we cannot tell in full. They all went by the riverside for a mile, and then sauntered through the golden corn to an old church in the parish of Basildon.

Very sweet were the psalms and hymns to Norah during the service, and in her heart she hid away the old man's sermon. He took for his text the words: "For they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them, and that Rock was Christ," and clearly was it brought home to Norah's heart that all her trials had been given by the pierced hand of her Rock, even Christ her Saviour. No wonder her face wore such a pure, sweet look as they passed again through the cornfields, and that her heart was strong to confront the difficulties that lay before her when this holiday was past.

In the evening Norah sat with her hand fast locked in Mrs. Maxwell's, and as they watched the sun sink to rest in a fiery glory, their voices rang out o'er the stillness in many a hymn of praise. Unnoticed by Norah the doctor from the boat drew near, and at last the influence of his gaze caused her to look up, and with surprise she recognised an old friend.

"I did not know that you were in England, Mr. Marshall."

"Nor did I know that you had left San Francisco, Miss Grey; but it is a pleasure to meet you again in this spot."

After Norah had explained to Mrs. Maxwell that Mr. Lawrence Marshall had boarded in the same house where she and the madre had also resided, the conversation became general, and Norah was unusually quiet.

"May your man warm my soup, before I go back to my lonely diggins?" asked the doctor, pathetically. So the whole party retired to the kitchen, and over the bright stove and amidst the light of lanterns, and the quick laughter and merry repartee of the young folks, night drew her curtains round the little camp. Soon all was hushed, and only the Californian sat alone with his pipe, recalling memories of a wilder shore.

Thus Norah's visit glided by, even as a tale that is told, and again she braced herself for the duties she must so soon resume. She felt that she was stronger in body and soul for the tender ministering and close intercourse with Nature—that gentle nurse, who wipes away so many tears and gives such aid to those who try her medicine and listen to her loving council. "Be lovely yourself," she heard whispered by many a green leaf, "and your pupils shall some day learn the beauty of truth, gentleness, and obedience, and you shall reap the harvest of your patience."

"Never grow weary," sang the river; "uncle and the madre have lost the spring of youth; be you the tender ivy to cling around them, green and strong in the winter of their losses." "Aim high," sang the lark, as he soared towards the sun, trilling his message to meadow and stream below.

The morning fixed for her return to Mrs. Russell's was one of unrivalled beauty. Norah rose betimes, and taking her Bible in her hand, strolled along the riverside in the opposite direction to Dr. Marshall's novel hotel. But soon she heard his firm step behind her, and his voice that recalled her earlier girlish days fell upon her ear.

"I am going into Pangbourne before breakfast to inquire for letters," said he. "Do you expect any, Miss Norah?"

"No thank you, Dr. Marshall; my marching orders are clear; no chance of change in my plans; I go in a couple of hours."

"Will you give me your address, Norah? We have known each other so long that it is a pity to let the future sever us again, altogether," said the doctor.

"I think not," replied Norah. "I go to hard duties, and must only look back to this as one holiday in a year of work. Good-bye!" and gently giving him her hand, she returned to the tent.

"A letter for Norah!" called Dolly, an hour later, as she sat washing out the breakfast cups in a pail by the riverside, and received a packet from Dr. Marshall as he returned to his boat.

And Norah, with a pleased smile upon her face, held out her hand for the letter, that was to change the whole story of her life.

(*To be concluded.*)

HIGHER THOUGHTS ON GIRLS' OCCUPATIONS.

By Alice King.

Literature.

In old romance of Spain and Italy there are stories which tell of female champions who contended, successfully and gloriously, in many a list, in many a tented field. They had as much courage, as much calm prudence, in battle as the mailed soldiers who were their comrades in arms or their opponents. They sat their warhorses with wondrous, stately grace; their swords flashed in the thickest of the fight; yet, with all this boldness, and all this martial fame which they won, and all these brave acts which were recounted of them, the moment their armour was laid aside, and they appeared, in hall or bower, in woman's attire, with their shining hair loosed from the helmet and floating round them, they were the fairest, and sweetest, and most gracious ladies that ever wore silken robes and sparkling jewels. They were the most womanly of women in all their ways and words. The spell of their modest, dignified grace drew men irresistibly to their side, and chained them there. They became the most devoted of wives and the tenderest of mothers.

There is a parable in these old romances, a parable from which we may gather much high teaching for our girls of to-day, when we speak to them of literature as a right and fitting employment for women. The woman of real literary talent, who uses her pen to some purpose, and makes the use of it part of the serious business of her life, cannot, of course, avoid entering into the arena of public opinion, and often making herself conspicuous there. She, however, who thus wins for herself a name and a place in society, by her own intellectual power, side by side with men, must never forget the duties laid upon her by her Christian womanhood, must never step beyond, or stray out of, a Christian woman's appointed position in God's world: she must not allow the false, wrong notion to spring up within her that mental superiority makes it right and suitable for her to assume proud, arrogant, overbearing ways with men, to put on manly airs and tones, to insist on asserting a rough, bold, free and easy equality with the other sex. Such things are most unlovely and unlovable in literary women, such things may well cause the strong prejudice which exists in the minds of some men against them, such things entirely ruin and destroy the work which their Master in heaven meant them to do in this world, the work for which He gave them these good and precious gifts in His love and His power.

When a woman writes, she must also be especially careful to keep everything coarse and unwomanly out of the pages touched by her hand. The fast, slang word, the light, slighting allusion to sacred subjects, the expression which implies a low appreciation of moral worth, all these things are bad, unhealthy signs in any literature, but they are worse than bad, unhealthy signs when they are found in books written by a woman. It is just as much the high Christian duty of a woman who writes to be modest and pure in her literary work, as it is of a Christian woman, who is employed in any common domestic situation, to be modest and pure in act and conversation as she treads the lowliest walk in life.

It is just those points of which we have been speaking which have caused literary women, women who read and write many books, to be regarded frequently with dislike and mistrust; it is the assumption of masculine manners in tone and bearing, the disregard of modesty and decorum in feeling and thought on the written page, which often produce the grave, supercilious glance, or the scornful smile, when the possibility of a literary woman becoming a wife and mother is spoken of.

And yet, let men look at literary and intellectual women of days gone by, and they will see their theories on the subject triumphantly contradicted. There was once a young girl, who was as solid a Greek scholar as ever put on a learned doctor's black gown, yet did never gentler, meeker Christian maid or matron kneel in prayer: her name was Lady Jane Grey. There was once a lady in Italy, whose Italian

and Latin verse went ringing in richest music through the length and breadth of the land, whose house was crowded by all the men of genius of her time; yet was her modest, stately dignity of bearing the model on which Christian mothers bade their daughters fix their eyes; yet was she the protectress of the reformed faith, under whose fostering shadow it sprang up in the south of Europe: her name was Vittoria Colonna. There was once an English matron, who when her husband, who was God's minister, was absent from his flock, would gather them round her, and read them precious words about heaven and the way to reach it, words which had flowed from her own heart and brain; yet was she the best and most thrifty housewife, the most careful, tender mother that ever stood at the head of an English home: her name was Mrs. Wesley, and John Wesley was her son. When our girls resolve to dedicate a part of their life's work to literary employment, let them gaze on these examples with eager, earnest eyes, and steadfastly determine before they proceed any further in the course which they have chosen, to be womanly at the same time that they are literary.

When a girl first thinks of making literature her chief pursuit and aim, she must, first of all, feel quite certain that she is fitted by talent and disposition for what she wants to undertake. Nothing is easier than to mistake a fondness for poetry, some slight skill, perhaps, in writing verses, a youthful enthusiasm for certain books and authors, for real literary gifts which will bring forth good fruit in the long run. A girl must be very strict and cautious with herself in this respect, or cruel disappointment will be the result both for her and her friends, sooner or later. No young woman should think of devoting her energies to literature until she has shown some of her earliest efforts to a competent judge, who will give a true, straightforward opinion upon them without being biased by interest or affection, who will not speak vain, flattering words, influenced by the most mistaken of all mistaken kindness. Those who watch over the development of our girls need also a warning word on this point. Let them be very slow and careful in pronouncing on their literary talents; it is sad, nay, even cruel, to awaken hopes and expectations in young minds, which can only end in despondency and failure.

Even when a girl is well assured by other and more experienced heads, and by the ready aptness of her own brain and fancy, that she has a real gift for literary work, she must recollect that there is much to be thought, and much to be done, and often much to be suffered before the career is entered upon with any success. There is no falser idea than the idea which prevails in many minds, especially in the minds of women, that the calling of an author is one which can be followed without any training for the high vocation. We do not think this about other professions or trades—they all have their years of practice and of apprenticeship; why then should this calling be regarded as different? It is surely, no one can deny it, one of the most difficult of arts, one of the most earnest forms of work; and yet a young lady will often think that she can rush into it as easily and lightly as she can into a new sort of needlework. Who would try to cut out and make a dress without previous teaching and effort to learn, and much practice? Why should there be supposed to be an entirely opposite rule about making a magazine article or a story? There are, of course, brilliant exceptions in the annals of literature, in which great geniuses, among both men and women, have sprung at once into fame and distinction; but in the case of most authors, study, and practice, and perseverance are needed to reach eminence in literature just as they are in any other path of daily life.

In these days, when so many women turn their minds and their best energies to literary employment, when really good literary work done by female brains is highly valued, when much money, which may be usefully spent in families of limited incomes, may be in this way honourably earned by intellectual women, in these days it would be well if all those who have the education of our girls under their guardianship would turn especially their thoughts towards the development of literary gifts among their pupils. Our girls should all be well-grounded in literature, and thus should be given a chance of excelling in it if they unfold decided talent in this direction.

The highest literary masterpieces should be early brought before them, and should be made clear to their youthful minds by bright, interesting words of explanation. All books of a low, tinselled style should be kept out of their hands, so that their literary taste will be preserved pure and healthy. They should be taken to regular courses of literary lectures, such as are now given by many of our greatest professors of literature, and should be encouraged to ask questions about what they hear, and to write papers. They should have special themes and subjects given them to think over and write about, and their emulation should be roused by prizes, and words of honourable notice and praise.

This latter point we should wish especially to see insisted on and carried out in the education of our girls; if ever they are to become literary women worthy of the name, they must learn early to express well and clearly their thoughts and feelings in writing. It is one thing to feel and think about any subject or event, but quite another thing to convey in written words to other minds what are our real, distinct ideas and sentiments. If a girl learns in this way to express herself readily and clearly on paper, she will have made at least one step towards developing into a literary woman.

It would be well if in girls' schools there were always masters or mistresses to give special lessons in literature, just as there are to give special lessons in music, or drawing, or French. There prevails commonly a far too strong notion that literature can be studied in a sort of vague, desultory way, without rule or form. If, however, in the establishments where our girls are educated there was always one person set apart to attend to this branch of knowledge, one person of solid, sound literary attainments, the cultivation of literature would be far more thorough with our young women. This literary teacher should always be endowed with a discerning eye with regard to literary composition, and with a patience which will spend time and thought on examining the various productions of the pupils. Daily or weekly all the girls should be gathered together, and should be given a certain subject to write upon, or a certain circumstance in history to describe; then, when every one has done her best, the teacher should weigh with care each young effort, and should give praise and reward to real merit. If some of the pupils are found without the slightest literary talent, as no doubt many of them will be in every school, the teacher must kindly but firmly tell them the plain, straightforward truth at once, and thus prevent pain and disappointment in future life. The girl will turn her mind to other things for which she is more suited, and publishers and editors and luckless author friends, who are sure to be pressed into the service as readers, will be saved a deal of useless, weary trouble.

The girl who is resolved to devote herself to literature must make up her mind at once to a struggle more or less hard; for in these days of many writers, every young authoress will have to endure anxious waiting and many a check, before she slips into even a moderate share of public favour. She must therefore begin, from her school days, to train herself in habits of patience and resolute perseverance. Fortunately for her, her literary studies, if she gives them thorough application, will require both of these qualities, and so her daily school work and lessons will be making her fit for her future vocation. She must not give herself to literature by halves or by capricious fits and starts; she must devote her whole intellect to it, and put into it the best of her woman's heart. She must bring to bear upon it that aptitude for small details which is one of the inborn qualities of woman's nature, and must strive to perfect her style in the minutest particulars. She must thoroughly study grammar and punctuation, both of which points lie most decidedly within female capabilities, and are things which it will suit the female mind to master; and they are things, let it be remembered, which will go far towards forming good, readable, literary composition. They are ways in which authoresses might by right excel, and yet they are points in which, if truth must be told, authoresses often most signally fail. This would not be the case, however, if our girls, in the literary education of their schoolroom days, were well and solidly grounded in these respects.

When we think of the frequent heart-sickening delays and disappointments which attend the first entry on a literary career, and then turn to the bright, expectant, eager, enthusiastic face of some young woman who is about to begin her earliest steps in it, full of high hopes and dreams about money and fame to be won, we cannot help crying out, "Pause, and count seriously the cost before you go any further." It will be probably several years before she reaches the objects on which her heart and mind are set. The chances are that her eyes have many a tear to shed over vain hopes, that her young head will often droop over failure ere even a small part of her ambition is gained; let her be warned in time and choose some less arduous calling. Bright and wondrous are the pictures which a girl's fancy draws of a literary woman's life, but let our girls know and believe that there is a dark reverse side to it.

If, however, a young woman of talent makes up her mind, calmly and earnestly, to make literature her life's vocation, she has chosen a noble walk in life, and we may at once solemnly and cheerily wish her "God speed" as she enters it. Let her regard her art as one of the highest on God's earth, let her love it faithfully and bear it aloft in all she does, and most of all in all she writes.

"EQUAL IN HIS SIGHT."

By M. M. POLLARD.

Down in the cottage a babe is born,
So lily-like, fair, and mild;
With eyes of grey, like the dawn in May,
And she is the gardener's child.
Up in the mansion a babe is born,
And the church bells echo forth,
For children of wealth nought is done by stealth—
There is joy at the heiress' birth.

In mansion and cot there are hopes and fears,
Caresses, and cares, and bliss;
The mother so fair, with her golden hair,
Gives her high-born girl a kiss;
And the mother so poor, at her cottage door,
Dances her girl with delight.
Babes of mansion and cot, though varied their lot,
Both are equal in His sight!

The years speed on, and that gardener's child
  Is a bride on a summer's day;
No jewels she hath, but strewn on her path
  Are flower-blossoms fragrant and gay.
The Squire's daughter weds with a lord of the land—
  Her dress is of costliest sheen;
A chaplet of pearls nestles bright in her curls,
  No fairer bride surely was seen.

In mansion and cot there are hopes and fears,
  For be the wealth little or great,
There are cares for the mother in all states of life,
  Anxieties early and late.
And the wife of the peasant, the wife of the peer,
  Each earnestly seek to do right—
Love and duty, I wot, or in mansion or cot,
  All are equal in His sight!

Again years have sped, and at the death-bed
  Of the peasant's wife are met
Her kinsfolk, gathered from far and near,
  And their eyes with tears are wet.
There is grief at the mansion—that lady bright
  Is touched by the hand of death,
And her husband weeps, but his bitter grief
  Cannot stay her passing breath.

But in mansion and cot a bright hope springs—
  That the dear ones mourned for here
Have but gone away to an endless day
  In a bright eternal sphere.
For both had prayed for a Father's aid,
  For a Saviour's guiding light—
And the dead of the mansion, the dead of the cot,
  Both are equal in His sight!

A LONG LANE WITH A TURNING.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

"THERE'S NANE MAY LEAN ON A ROTTEN STAFF."

THREE weeks after Cassie and Mary had left the Rookery, Arthur Beachley was sitting by the bedside of his dying father.

Only four weeks ago they had sung their quartettes in Rookfield schoolroom; but life was changed for more than one since that summer night. Already it seemed as if the echoes of the old music and laughter came out of years long past. It was a new world in which Arthur found himself now; familiar hopes and familiar faces were put far from him.

Sometimes we ask for happiness, and receive strength instead. Arthur, sitting in the dim sick-room, was conscious of new powers within him. He was able even to realise a future wherein he should labour cheerfully in a new sphere, although he knew he should never lose the pain of old heartaches. The natural humility of his character had always kept him from expecting too much from life. It was not that he suffered less than other people, but he suffered more patiently.

It was evening. A nurse was in the chamber, moving softly to and fro, arranging things for the night, but the sick man seemed incapable of being roused by any sound. Two days after his wife's death he had been stricken with paralysis, and had only partly recovered consciousness.

Dr. Varner was of opinion that the attack had been coming on for some time; the shock of grief had hastened the crisis, but the powers of mind and body had been gradually failing for many months. And Arthur had long felt convinced that a secret anxiety had undermined the health of both his parents.

It was past eight o'clock when a slight noise at the open door made Arthur look up. Mr. Wenlock was standing there.

"Come in," said the young man, gladly, "you will not disturb him. The sight of you does me good."

"I can stay here all night," Mr. Wenlock answered. "You ought to take some rest and get some fresh air."

"I have been out into the garden to-day; and to-night I shall lie down for a few hours. It is a great boon to have you in the house."

"Does there seem to be any change for the better?" whispered the vicar.

Arthur shook his head.

The two softly quitted the room, and walked silently through the long corridor to a small window at the east end. Arthur unfastened the casement and let it swing back on its hinge. A cool, lilac-grey sky above the fir trees showed the faint twinkle of a star; the air was sweet with a thousand perfumes coming up from the gardens below. So still was the evening that the noise of distant carriage-wheels on the high road could be distinctly heard.

"Dr. Varner gives no hope," said Arthur, after a pause. "And from certain signs, he judges that all will very soon be over. He fears—he does not think that my father will ever speak to me again."

"This is sorrow indeed!" sighed the vicar. "God help you to bear it, my poor boy. It will be a terrible blow to Kate."

"I had hoped that my father would have been able to tell me his wishes about Kate," said Arthur, sadly. "I am in the dark as to my sister and her concerns, Mr. Wenlock."

"I have long been afraid that her marriage was a mistake," replied the vicar. "They scarcely ever spoke of her to me, and always answered my questions very briefly."

There was another silence. The quiet wind blew softly into Arthur's face, and the sound of wheels drew nearer.

"It seems as if that purpose of mine would really be fulfilled by-and-by," he said, in a steady, sad voice. "There will soon be no one in England who has any claim on me."

"Oh, how different it might have been!" thought Mr. Wenlock again.

The carriage wheels drew nearer still, they were coming along the avenue to the house; but Arthur, busy with his own thoughts, paid no heed to them.

The vicar, listening, heard the vehicle draw up before the door, and then the bell was loudly rung. A few minutes later there was a sound of hurried steps and voices in the hall; but these noises came stealing faintly through the corridor, and did not rouse Arthur's attention. Presently a housemaid hastened down the long passage, and began to speak in a breathless, half-frightened way to her young master.

"Oh, Mr. Arthur, it's Miss Kate come back quite sudden, sir. She's in the hall asking for everybody, and Mr. Harris is doing his best to —— Oh, sir, it's clear she don't know what's happened! And there's two mites of children with her."

Here the girl broke down in her hurried speech, and hid her face in her apron.

Mr. Wenlock laid his hand upon his old pupil's arm and felt that it trembled.

"We will go down together, Arthur," he said, still holding him with a friendly clasp.

And then the two followed the sobbing maid through the corridor, for, with thoughtful care, she had run on before them to close the door of the sick chamber, lest any sound should reach the dull ear of the dying man. It was a needless precaution. Had his daughter suddenly appeared at his very bedside, her unlooked-for presence would scarcely have startled him. For him all the shocks and changes of "this transitory life" were at an end.

The great house was now filled with dusky shadows, and as Arthur and the vicar paused at the head of the oak staircase, they could see a dim group gathered in the hall below.

The house door still stood open, although the carriage had driven away, and the sweet summer-night wind was

blowing in. On the door-steps and floor were boxes and packages of all sizes and shapes, and in the middle of the hall stood Kate, her veil thrown back from her bonnet, and her shawl falling from her shoulders. The grey-haired butler, nearly at his wit's end, was feebly endeavouring to parry her eager questions.

"Why can't you speak plainly, Harris?" said the familiar voice, with a touch of its old imperiousness. "Are your master and mistress gone away, or are they ill? Why do you look so strange?"

"God help her and me too!" murmured Arthur.

And then he went down the stairs with a quick step. She heard him and ran joyfully to meet him.

"Oh, Arthur, I am so thankful to be at home again!" was her cry, and in an instant her face was hidden on his breast, and she sobbed aloud.

A sleepy little bundle, perched upon one of the hall chairs, broke out into a shrill wail; whereupon a weird figure, in white draperies, holding a second bundle in its arms, started up from a corner, and began to prance and snap its fingers.

It was altogether a confusing spectacle. While Mrs. Glendon still sobbed, and the ayah continued her queer dance, Harris was heard to ejaculate, with earnestness, "Lord have mercy upon us!" And then he turned and fled for refuge to his own pantry.

In looking back afterwards upon the events of that bewildering night, neither Arthur nor Mr. Wenlock could ever distinctly remember how the sad news was broken to Kate. They could only recall a perplexing scene, in which Mrs. Glendon, her children, the ayah, and the Rookery servants were all jumbled together; sobs and sighs, childish wails, and tinkling bangles seemed to fill the house with a strange mingling of sounds. And in the midst of it all a poor dazed figure with a grey head was perpetually appearing and vanishing. Never, in the whole course of his respectable life, had Harris so entirely lost control over his own actions. What with the household troubles, surprise at their young lady's sudden return, and mortal terror of her dark-skinned attendant, the domestics were too much flustered to obey orders in a rational way, or even to understand the directions which Arthur attempted to give them.

At last, however, some tranquillity was restored. Beds were hastily prepared for Mrs. Glendon and her little ones, and refreshments were set before them. Poor Kate, half crazed by her own personal griefs, and worn out by long travelling, could scarcely comprehend that she was motherless and all but fatherless. She could only realise that she was at home once more, that the sea lay between her and that weary land where she had known the bitterest sorrows of womanhood. And as she laid her poor faded face upon the pillow and heard the night breeze whispering in the familiar trees outside the house, she thanked God for letting her hear that old English lullaby again, and so fell asleep.

The waking was strange and intensely sorrowful. But when Arthur and his sister had their first quiet talk together, sitting hand in hand in the old drawing-room, he saw, plainly enough, that her capacities for suffering were almost exhausted. She was glad, she said, that her father and mother would never know the details of her miserable story.

"They are spared a great deal of agony, Arthur," she went on. "They knew enough to darken their lives, poor darlings; but the worst will never reach them! All the way home I have been thinking—thinking of your old warnings and my wilful disregard for them. Oh, Arthur, I have come to think that getting one's own way is like obstinately choosing a curse! If ever I found myself setting my heart on anything again, I would pray to God not to let me have it."

Her brother pressed the thin fingers that clasped his own. Even if she had been less humbled and broken in spirit he could not have reminded her of the old, self-willed days—he would fain have had her forget them.

"Sometimes," she continued, "when I have heard women mourning over the old loves of their youth that came to nothing, I've thought they should rejoice instead of weep. A loss is often a deliverance. I daresay I am talking wildly, dear; but you will have patience with me."

Who would not have had patience, looking at that worn face, and remembering what it once was? Kate's beauty had been of that flower-like kind which is withered by the first sharp blast. The climate that destroys so many English roses had not spared her, but the ravages of a far deadlier foe were yet more plainly visible. Arthur could not answer her in words, but he put his arm round her and drew her closer to him.

She told him her woeful tale from beginning to end—how she had soon found out what a weak hold she had upon her husband's heart, how impatient he grew under the restraint of their bond, and how unwilling he was to make even the smallest sacrifice for love's sake. Not one expensive habit would he give up, not one luxury would he forego, and by slow degrees the poor wife discovered that his pleasures were vices.

Nothing is so costly as sin. Kate, in her obstinate folly, had refused to have her dowry settled on herself, and it melted like snow in Captain Glendon's reckless hands.

And then there were letters sent to England that Kate blushed to write. Sometimes she refused to write them, but William Glendon did not scruple to gain his point by terrifying her into submission. The money that was asked for always came; even when every mail brought a request for more, the parents did not once send back a refusal. Oh, how this meek compliance wrung Kate's heart, and made the task of writing those begging letters a positive torture!

At last the crisis came. Captain Glendon fled—none knew whither—leaving wife and children to shift for themselves. Their desolate condition won them friends; many surrounded Kate with offers of service which she was constrained to accept. Before the news of Mrs. Beachley's death reached her, she was on her way to England, and so harassed and bewildered was her brain, that she shrank from sending news of her coming. She would go back direct to the old home as to her last refuge, and entreat them not to turn her away.

The influence of that home, sadly changed as it was, seemed to make a new creature of the broken-down woman who had fled to it for shelter. To the great relief of the Rookery servants, the ayah was sent back to India after only a short sojourn amongst them; and although the Indian-born children bewailed her with ear-piercing screams, Jane, the younger housemaid, was quite ready to take her place.

Three days after his daughter's return Mr. Beachley sank to rest. They could not tell if he had recognised her; once they fancied that his face had brightened when she had bent over his pillow and told him that his little Kate had come back. But he passed away peacefully in his sleep, while Arthur and Mr. Wenlock were watching beside his bed.

(*To be continued.*)

NEW MUSIC.

Weekes and Co.

La Tarantella. Pour le Piano. Par Cotsford Dick.—A bright and easy tarantella. The character of this style of music must be carefully marked, and a light, brisk, and rapid execution is necessary in order to give the right interpretation. The tarantella is a favourite with all who appreciate a lively style.

The Olden Time. Minuet de la Cour. By Cotsford Dick.—Another short piece by the same author as "La Tarantella," but in a different style, and much easier to play. Suitable for small hands, the stretches being very limited.

Elise. Serenade. For the Pianoforte. By Charles Gardner.—A simple air, smoothly and simply treated. Another of the pieces that are sought after by the youthful aspirant to pianoforte playing. There is sufficient difficulty and theme to render the serenade an agreeable change to the ordinary studies so essential to be practised.

W. Czerny.

Gold Roschen. Claverstück. By W. Meissner.—A graceful melody, pleasingly arranged. The style is smooth, with a nice variety of expression, and opportunity for the display of taste and careful attention to time. There are only five pages, and no insurmountable difficulties for our young pianists.

Leibinka. Caprice Polonaise. By P. von Tugginer.—A short and easy caprice in the mazurka form; well marked, and the use of the pedal carefully indicated. A nice little piece, easily learnt and played from memory.

Tais-toi, pauvre cœur. Reverie for the Piano. By Ignace Mihaly.—A brilliant introduction to a soft adagio movement in 6-8 time. The treatment is varied, requiring some experience and right practice, although by no means difficult.

Three Budding Flowerettes. By W. Meissner. No. 1, "Alpine Rose;" No. 2, "Amaranth;" No. 3, "Blue Bell."—Three pretty, easy pieces just suited for our young friends, who will learn them with pleasure, and be able with but little practice to play them for the gratification of their listeners.

"HE DELIGHTS IN YOUNG LIFE ON ACCOUNT OF ITS PRESENT BRIGHTNESS AND BEAUTY."

ONLY A WORD.

By HARRIET L. CHILDE-PEMBERTON.

ONLY a word, do you tell me? Yes;
And it matters so little, as you believe;
Only a word! Yet you cannot guess
The mark on a life a word may leave!

"Only a word." Oh, I know it well—
That glib excuse for a thoughtless speech!
And yet remember you cannot tell
How far or how deep a word may reach.

Only a word! But a word may harm,
And open a wound with its ceaseless smart;
And a word may heal like a magic charm,
If it come direct from a loving heart.

And "only a word," for all we know,
May hinder a sin, or may save a soul,
For the words we utter, they live and grow,
Though they pass in a breath beyond control.

'Tis nothing but tiny drops that fill
Yon river that rolls so strong and deep,
And a life's whole teaching, for good or for ill,
Is made of the words we hold so cheap!

THE GOSPEL OF SPRING.

By the Rev. COLMER B. SYMES, B.A.

CONNECT the seasons with God, and, instead of four dissolving views, you have four natural gospels which all may read.

It is God's Spring. God has taken Nature by the hand as she lay in her wintry death, and has said, "Damsel! I say unto thee arise!" Nature has answered the call. The pastures have inspired the balmy breath of spring. The frail young corn hastens to change the coldness of the earth for the more genial ministries of air and sunshine. The hyacinths and tulips rise in the gardens to reward our toil, and "all the trees on all the hills open their thousand leaves." The view is splendid, but it will soon change. The delicate colours will deepen, the buds will soon bloom and then fade. The picture will silently change into another; but it is something grander than a dissolving view. It is a gospel of the grace of God, Who delights in young life, and will cherish it tenderly.

A feeling sometimes rises in the mind that young life is too insignificant for Divine regard—that He waits until life is strong and mature, and can accomplish a great deal, before He feels any interest in it. Yet, surely God is not merely utilitarian? He has a heart and in His gracious Divine heart He delights in young life on account of its present brightness and beauty, as well as for its future usefulness. If God found no delight in young life, why has He so framed the world that there shall be the change of the seasons? Had He only cared for mature life, He might have summoned trees in their perfect foliage, and wheat waiting for the sickle, and flowers full blown. Rely on it, God feels great delight in watching sapling and blade and bud. This seems the first lesson which the gospel of spring preaches to us, "Good tidings for the young." God feels as great a delight in your youth as in the maturity of those who are older—childhood and girlhood charm Him as truly as womanhood.

It will help the young to bear the imperfectness which they sometimes feel—the little knowledge, and less power—the attempts that fail, and the desires that are unrealised, if they can feel that God finds a pleasure in looking at the openings out of their life, that He loves to watch growth, as well as to behold perfectness. Youth has its own peculiar charm in our eyes, a charm which will never belong to age, and any truehearted girl may feel that she has not to wait for womanhood before she can give pleasure to God; but that God now watches very lovingly over her imperfect mind and young character. He has not failed to surround Himself with young people. Many are around His throne in heaven, and many gather around His earthly footstool at His Divine call.

The second lesson in the gospel of spring is that God will *care* for young life. The great traveller Mungo Park, when exhausted in the desert and surrounded by savages, was almost in despair until he noticed a little tuft of tender moss. In the wilderness, that little moss was somehow cared for by God, and the traveller reasoned that the God who loved the moss enough to preserve it alive in a parched wilderness would not neglect him. As you see how tender is the touch of God on the frail buds, how He draws them out in their rich loveliness by His sunbeams, rather than forcing them out by rough handling, how He lays commands on air and cloud and winds to nurse their young life, and gives it in charge to the breezes that they blow not with biting blast or tempestuous harshness until the tender life grows strong, so He will care for and bless your young character, and cherish its growth.

I want you to feel that because you are young you are more easily helped by God. You feel sometimes that you are easily tempted to what is wrong. But that very sensitiveness has two sides to it. It means that the disposition and character are sensitive to the good as well as to the bad—to the influences of heaven as well as those of earth.

Don't give up, and think that because you are young you must go wrong. God does not bring out the buds in order that they may all be blighted. Warm sunbeams will play on them as well as coldest winds; soft showers, as well as pelting storms that break down the young flowers.

Especially does spring preach a gospel to all girls who are seeking to live a Christian life, for it assures them that Christ is helping them in their best purposes. He will nourish their feeble faith until they can trust Him perfectly. As the sun looks warmly down on the young plant that tries to look up earnestly to him, and the plant grows strong, so will all their attempts to look earnestly and lovingly at Christ be rewarded by a fuller display of His glory to them, until they feel that there is none in heaven or in earth that they desire in comparison with Him.

The spring, then, comes with good cheer to the young. No delays prevent spring ultimately deepening into summer. The half-formed growths become perfect, and the blossoms change into fruit. This steady, sure advance by all the forces of the natural world seems to say to the young Christian that by all the powers of the kingdom of heaven the spring of the Christian life will advance to maturity, and that all the conflicts and temptations which are met with by the way will not be able to prevent the full and perfect life.

Yet spring gives its warning. It is sadly possible to neglect the spiritual blessings of spring. Of God's word we read, "My doctrine shall drop as the rain. My speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb;" but though it may drop as the small rain, we may not receive it like the tender herb in spring, or as the young grass receives the small rain. Are we laying all our nature, our thoughts, our affections, our motives open to the gentle and helpful influences, so that we may grow in grace?

As the spring blessings come from God, His must be the honour of the perfect life. I know nothing which seems brighter in prospect than to yield the full grown life of saintliness to Him who blessed the springing thereof.

PURE AIR: WHAT IT CAN DO.

By MEDICUS.

FROM my morning mail-bag one day, about two years ago, there tumbled a letter, in a handwriting that, though well-known, I had not set eyes on for months. This missive was placed, in company with one or two others, beside my plate, the rest were bundled into the bag again, and banished to the study, there to wait my convenience; for friends' letters I invariably look upon as essentially breakfast luxuries, to be perused, thought about, and talked over during the intervals of sipping tea and eating toast. Business letters on the other hand, unless deemed urgent, should never be read till after the matutinal meal.

This particular letter was from an old friend of mine who had spent many years of his life in India, Captain C———. He *had* had two of a family, but, alas! one was not; for his son, some time before this, had fallen a victim to that scourge of our English climate—consumption. The father had hardly been the same man since; his letters, once upon a time, used to arrive regularly every fortnight, but of late they had all but ceased.

"Could I run up to town, and dine, and stay the night?" this was the tenor of the letter; "he saw so little of me now, and it would be quite like old times to see me in the easy chair again. Besides he wanted to talk to me on a matter that concerned his only child's health."

I did not wait to send a letter in reply, I simply telegraphed to say I was coming up to town that night. Then in the afternoon I packed my travelling portmanteau and followed my message.

My friend looked a little older than I expected to see him, grief does age one so; but both he and his wife were unfeignedly glad to see me. And so, too, was Constance, who presently came in, though she, I noticed, was looking much paler than I had ever seen her before.

My host came into my room himself, as I was preparing for dinner, to see if I had everything I wanted.

"Hullo!" he said, seeing the window down as far as ever it could be pulled. "You're not afraid of catching cold then?"

"No," I replied, laughing, "fresh air and I are old friends, so old indeed that I don't think I could live without it."

"Ah! well," he said; "you and I always held somewhat different ideas on that subject. We won't discuss it just now, though. Soup will be on the table in ten minutes. That will be as good for us as fresh air."

My friend prided himself on the management of his *cuisine*, and, indeed, when he happened to have a new cook, he did not think it beneath his dignity to descend into the kitchen and personally superintend the preparation of the curry.

"If a man gets good curry and good coffee," he used to say, "he has little else in this life to grumble about."

But then my friend was to all intents and purposes an East Indian.

"We'll have coffee to-day," he said, "outside among the flowers."

So we retired to the verandah, a part of his home which he had succeeded in making quite like a little corner cut from some fair tropical garden. It was summer-time, and the flowers were in bloom, and every creeper and blossom about this beautiful verandah carried one's thoughts away to the golden orient. The splendidly-plumaged, but somewhat assertive, macaw on his perch in the warmest nook did not tend to dispel the delightful delusiveness of the idea that we really were sipping our coffee in front of a bungalow thousands of miles away from noisy matter-of-fact London. And some time after this, when the sun had gone down, I half expected to see fireflies dancing among the rhododendrons on the lawn.

"We can talk without fear of interruption here," said my friend. "Now you have seen Constance, what do you think of her? But I know what you will say almost before you speak. She is going like my poor boy; I will soon be a lonely, childless man."

"Not so fast, Frank," I replied; "not so fast, my dear friend; while there is life there is hope."

He groaned. "Oh! it is as I thought then," he cried, "a case of life and death."

"In the midst of life we are in death, Frank, so don't augur ill from my words. Here is how the case stands. Constance is not what people call ill; she suffers at present from no acute, no organic disease."

"I'm glad to hear *that*," the father said, brightening visibly.

"Stay," I said, "it is worse, as it happens to be. She is chronically ill—she is being poisoned."

"What?" he cried, jumping up.

"Sit down," I continued, calmly. "The kind of poisoning I refer to is not a criminal one. The poor girl is being poisoned by breathing impure air. Her blood is not sufficiently ventilated, so to speak. Her blood is just as impure as the air she breathes in this house—nicely furnished and all as it is, pleasantly and artistically laid out and all as the grounds are."

"Humph! and that is only another way" (this from Captain C——) "of telling me that the London air is not good and wholesome. I always thought so, and I do my best to keep it out of the house."

I could not resist a smile.

"No," I replied, "the London air is not so very bad as thousands imagine. London is a very healthy city with a low death-rate, and although its atmosphere is far from free from pollution, you are doing about the worst thing you could do for your daughter's health and hopes of long life by keeping it out of the house as you call it. You never studied physiology did you?"

"No, nor I don't want to, or any other 'ology."

"Well," I said, "at all events on this particular 'ology, you and the macaw yonder, if he likes to listen, will both be a little wiser before you leave the verandah. Another cup of coffee, Frank, please. Thanks. Now, little though you pride yourself in your knowledge of physiology, you are no doubt aware that human beings have blood?"

"I have been disagreeably aware of the fact before now," said my friend, laughing grimly.

"Well, that blood is kept in a constant circuit of motion by means of the double force pump called the heart. It is a double pump this way, one part of it is fed from pure blood received from the lungs, this pure blood is pumped to the remotest nerve and fibre of the body, by means of millions and millions of arteries. The fibres of the body receive nutriment from this pure blood, and at the same time they take occasion to exchange used up and effete matters for the good blood they receive. In this process of exchange heat is evolved, but the blood has now become so impure that it is far darker in colour, and in this state it returns to the heart by means of the veins. Now, what does the heart do with this impure blood, my friend?"

"Pumps it out again, I suppose."

"Yes, but not to the tissues of the body; it would be no more use to them in its present condition. It is black and dark with carbon; it contains plenty of nutrition, mind, but it is poisoned with this carbon; so the heart, by means of one half of its double action, pumps it outwards to the lungs, and there—mark this, Frank—it receives the oxygen from the air we breathe, and here a very simple chemical process takes place, which results in the purification of the blood and also in the manufacture of heat. May I explain the simple process?

"Go on," said my friend; "this is getting interesting."

"Well," I continued, "the blood loaded with carbon, or soot, if you choose to call it so, or charcoal, if you want finer English, is spread out in the lungs in a network of capillaries so fine in their construction, so thin in their walls, that they permit gases to permeate. Now, here is what Nature accomplishes by the process of breathing. She changes the carbon that darkens that venous blood into carbonic acid gas. The carbon itself could not escape from the lungs, but the carbonic acid does, being a gas. This gas is composed of carbon and oxygen, the air breathed is composed of oxygen and nitrogen; the oxygen gas of the air finds its way into the blood and changes the carbon into carbonic acid gas, which thus escapes, and the blood thus purified finds its way back to the heart by another road and by another set of blood vessels, and is received by that organ and pumped back again to supply the body. You see, then, how the blood is purified. About the nutrition of the blood I need tell you little, except that the best portion of the food we eat, after undergoing several purifying processes, is fluidified and poured directly into a large vein, and thus mingles with the circulation of the blood."

"I have read something like this in books," said my friend, "but seem to have forgotten what I did read; but from what you say, it seems that Nature, who can do nothing wrong, makes a point of being very particular about the purification of the blood."

"Yes," I said; "and so important is this, that if a suspension of this purifying process took place for only one minute or two, life would become extinct. The blood would have to retain its impurities, and during that short space of time would be poisoned to death. This happens when a person is plunged beneath the water, or into a tank where no air exists, and only carbonic acid."

"I think I know what you are coming to," said Captain C———, smiling. "You are going to tell me that if the complete suspension of the purifying process of the blood for even a minute or two means death, the continued imperfect purification of our blood must result in deteriorated health."

"That," said I, "is precisely what I was coming to; and I am really obliged to you and the macaw for listening so attentively to what I have been saying. No human being in the world who does not breathe, not now and then only, but always, and constantly, pure, wholesome air and plenty of it, can be in a state of perfect health, for the simple reason that the poisons generated in the blood by the constant changes of tissue that are going on in the fibres of the body are retained there."

"You mean to say, then, that a person who does not constantly breathe fresh, pure air is in reality suffering from the effect of chronic poisoning."

"That is indeed what I want to infer."

"And this is what poor Constance is suffering from?"

"I have spoken to her mother," I replied, "I have examined the child's chest. The

lungs are all right, and so are the other organs, but all are enfeebled."

"We feed her on the best we can think of, though."

"Granted," I said. "You cannot tell me anything I do not already know. She has been getting everything she can think of, and you have been giving her tonics as well, and even cod liver oil because she had a little tickling cough?"

"Yes," said the father, "what is the meaning of that cough? It has been frightening us very much indeed."

"It is what is erroneously called a stomach cough, but it depends on an over-sensitiveness of the nerves of the lungs and windpipe, caused by want of proper nutrition, that is, from their being supplied with blood insufficiently purified. For this same reason the heart is weak and the liver inactive, and the brain languid and not full of life and joy. The two always go together. No wonder the poor girl has chills, no wonder she is languishing in every way. You have come home from India with an idea that cold kills, that this climate of ours is the most wretched one in the world. You have been closing your doors and windows against the climate, and keeping out the fresh air that alone could give life, and comfort, and happiness to your child."

"There is no actual disease then?"

"Wait a minute. Do not buoy yourself up with false hopes. There is, I grant you, no actual disease at present; but let me again remind you that in the midst of life we are in death—that there are a thousand evil influences around us, ready to attack and destroy us if we leave an opening unguarded to admit them. It is the weak, not the strong, they attack. The healthy man or woman can walk unscathed through fever and pestilence, but the weakly fall in the attempt. No actual disease? No; but how long shall I or any other medical man be able to say so? In your daughter's case, Frank, I must tell you candidly the ground is all ready for the seed to be sown, let whatever wind will bring it along on its wings."

"You frighten me," said my friend.

"I meant to do so," I replied.

"What would you have me do?" he asked after a pause.

"Send your daughter down to the country, to begin with," I said, "for two or three months. I know you have friends who will gladly receive her. While there, let her have all the exercise she can take in the open air and sleep at night in a well-ventilated bedroom. Let her leave her medicines at home—she won't want them. Meanwhile, do something towards the reconstruction of this bungalow of yours; I'll assist you with my advice, and, if you were a poor man, I'd take off my coat and assist you with my hands as well.

"And yon really think——" he began.

"I don't *think* anything about it," I interrupted him, talking in that dogmatic way doctors do speak sometimes. "I don't think, Frank, I'm sure. You asked my advice, and you've got it. I pronounce sentence—not of death, as you have imagined I would, but of transportation on your daughter—transportation to the country for the period of three lunar months."

"My dear friend," cried Captain C——, "I'll be transported if Constance gets better—transported with joy!"

About a week after this I was back again at my friend's place, and we were going over the house together, from basement to attic—I with a note-book and pencil in my hand, my friend with a candle. Captain C—— had lit this candle to light us over the cellar; but so interested was he with everything I said, that when we were upstairs in the best bedroom, and the sun shining brightly in through the window, he still kept firm hold of it.

"Not much amiss here, is there?" he said, when we stood together in the cellar.

"Not much amiss?" I repeated; "why, everything is amiss."

"When," I continued, making a memo. in my book, "will people find out that the evil air and evil odours, poisoned and bred in the dank, damp darkness of a cellar permeate up through all the house? You want light here; you want ventilation, and you want disinfection; and I'm not at all sure the drains do not want seeing to. Come on; I've taken notes. I would not grow mushrooms nor keep a hedgehog in a place like that. And pray, observe, your pantry is in direct communication with the cellar and the scullery, and sink with that, and the water tank above with all three. Butter and milk are excellent disinfectants—they contaminate themselves with the impurities that are contained in the air around them; they thus tend to purify the air, *but* who is going to eat the butter? Into that sink of yours the kitchen slops are emptied, and unless you disinfect it by pouring boiling water and carbolic acid or green vitriol down the pipe once or twice a week the air in the house cannot be sweet and pure.

"You have the windows of the drawing-room opened only a little now and then, because you are afraid of a draught; but the danger of a draught lies in its power to absorb heat from the body, and if the window is not opened very wide you court a cold strong current, instead of a safe and healthful mingling of the outside pure air with the confined and unwholesome atmosphere of the room. Open windows wide or do not open them at all.

"Here we are at the bedrooms. What! you have a ventilator in the door?"

"Yes, did that since you were here."

"Right; but remember this, the air in the passage must itself be pure and fresh else the ventilator will do more harm than good. In fact, the only way of having pure air in any one room is to have it circulating freely through all the house. No need to have a current on the back stairs strong enough to blow out that candle you seem to think so necessary an aid to our peregrinations. How easy it is to have fresh air without a current. Why, by having a frame made to fit the window filled in with perforated zinc we can safely have our windows open all the live-long night, and how fresh one awakes in the morning after a good night's sleep in pure air. But if you object to this style of airing a room, there are ventilators now made so pretty that they are quite ornamental. On the whole even a draught is less dangerous than breathing impure air, but by simple means we prevent draughts.

"And now, dear Frank, you may blow the candle out. I'll undertake to have your bungalow ventilated safely and scientifically from cellar to garret; you must see that the air is not poisoned after it gets inside the house, and in addition to the means I shall adopt for ventilation, I advise you to throw windows open wide every forenoon all the year round. Grow flowers on the window-sills too, and let the air blow over them into the room; but, Frank, pay many a visit, yourself and your candle, to that cellar of yours, and do not forget that though disinfectants are good in their way, fresh air is a thousand times better. I've only one more word to say, and that is this: some of the most learned medical authorities of the day have given it as their opinion that rebreathing air that has already passed through the lungs is not unlikely to sow the seeds of that terrible disease consumption."

My friend, Captain C——, writes to me much more frequently now than he used to. There is not a sweeter or more healthy dwelling than his bungalow in all London, nor a sweeter and more healthy-looking girl than Constance.

VARIETIES.

How Judgments are Formed.—A duchess was obliged to pay a visit to the neighbouring convent on a winter's day. The convent was poor, there was no wood, and the monks had nothing but their discipline and the ardour of their prayers to keep out the cold. The duchess, who was shivering with cold, returned home, greatly pitying the poor monks. Whilst they were taking off her cloak, and adding two more logs to her fire, she called for her steward, whom she ordered to send some wood to the convent immediately. She then had her couch moved close to the fireside, the warmth of which soon revived her. The recollection of what she had just suffered was speedily lost in her present comfort, when the steward came in again to ask how many loads of wood he was to send. "Oh! you may wait," said the great lady carelessly, "the weather is very much milder."—*Souvestre.*

Five Arab Maxims.

More than	He knows	He can do	He hears	He can afford	He sees
Often	Tells	Attempts	Believes	Lays out	Decides upon
Everything	He knows	He can do	He hears	He can afford	He sees
For he who	Tells	Attempts	Believes	Lays out	Decides upon
All	You may know,	You can do,	You may hear,	You can afford,	You may see
Never	Tell	Attempt	Believe	Lay out	Decide upon

Read the first and second lines alternately. "Never tell all you may know, for he who tells everything he knows often tells more than he knows." Then the first and third, first and fourth, and so on.

Answer to Double Acrostic (p. 459).

L A N F R A N C (*a*)
E D I T H (*b*)
A L S A C E
M I C H A E L
I N N O C E N T (*c*)
N I V O S E
G O R G O N
T R U T H
O D E S S A
N or M (*d*)

Leamington. Cheltenham.

(*a*) Archbishop of Canterbury from 1070 to 1089.

(*b*) Daughter of Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland; she assumed the name of "Matilda" on marrying Henry I.

(*c*) Thirteen popes took this name on their elevation to the papacy.

(*d*) As "N." would stand for "Nomen," *one name;* so "N.N." would signify "Nomina," *names:* and the careless copyist, writing one "N." into the other, would make them appear like the single letter "M."

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A NEW PET.

AFTER a short rest my strength seemed to revive and I went into the armoury again, and looking from the window I saw that the savages had, as I expected, returned from their fruitless search, and appeared now to be examining the entrance to the ravine by Cliff Nest, and doubtless had I not made good my retreat they would very soon have found me. At last they separated, two walking along the beach, most likely with the intention of fetching the rest; whilst the others went down to the canoes, and seeing all in safety they sat down by them. After a time the whole party returned in great haste, and assembling together they began chattering and gesticulating in the most violent manner, and then with terrific hoots and noises they started running like madmen. Brandishing their weapons they began the ascent of the castle ravine, and trembling, although hoping I was safe, I heard them coming nearer and nearer, until at last I almost thought the mystery of my entrance way was no longer hidden. But they passed, and I heard the shouting still as they hurried along in their rage. Presently they returned to the beach, and sitting in a circle, they appeared about to resume the horrible orgies of the previous day; for they began to prepare a fire, and one man lifted the captive from the canoe and placed him on the ground. I could see the poor creature was still living, and the thought flashed across me that by firing from my present position I might, perhaps, so far frighten them that they would desist from their terrible purpose. I had not many moments to think; to be of any use action must be immediate, so taking aim near them I fired. The effect was almost amusing to witness; some fell on the ground, others shrieked and threw up their arms. One or two jumped into their canoes and laid down at the bottom. Seeing their alarm, I made another shot. This was enough; jumping frantically into their boats they paddled away, leaving their victim behind, and I watched them out of sight, full of thankfulness that my harmless firing had inspired such dread.

Some little time passed before I got sufficient courage to descend to the shore, yet now that I had succeeded in getting rid of the enemy I felt it was my duty to ascertain if the poor creature lying there was still alive. As I neared the spot I saw to my astonishment that it was a woman of prepossessing appearance, her skin was olive and her features regular, her hands small and delicately formed, and her long, dark hair hung around her shoulders. By her side was what appeared to me a bundle, but on kneeling down to see if she breathed I heard a weak cry issuing from it, and my heart bounded with delight as I saw a wee baby face, and lifting up the tiny being I held it clasped to me as one of the greatest treasures that could have been sent. But after my first transport I felt half ashamed of the selfish pleasure, as it seemed to me, that had for a moment even thought of anything but the dying mother. Laying the baby down, I ran off to fetch a little fresh water and a few grapes, but on returning I found they were useless. I put them to the parched lips, but all power to swallow had gone. The eyelids fluttered, and presently were raised a moment, and a pair of dark eyes were fixed upon me with a startled expression; but the frightened look gave place to one of content as the poor woman saw me lift her baby up and caress it. I

"A PAIR OF EYES WERE FIXED UPON ME WITH A STARTLED EXPRESSION."

"I VERY SOON TAUGHT HIM THAT HE WAS TO GUARD AND WATCH HER."

"I MANAGED TO MAKE A VERY SNUG CRADLE OUT OF A TURTLE-SHELL."

longed to make her understand how I would care for her child, for there was something about her which made me feel instinctively that as true a mother's love reigned within her as within the fairest of her sisters. Once more she raised her eyes, and as I laid the little one's cheek against hers she seemed to try and speak; but with one short breath life ceased. I wept mingled tears of joy and sorrow as, lifting her small, light form I carried her to the mouth of the ravine, where I afterwards buried her; and taking my precious gift in my arms I hurried away with it to its new home. The poor little mite was crying for food, and fortunately, having some time previously found a mate for my wounded goat, I was able to give my baby some goat's milk, and soon had the happiness of seeing the little pet cosily asleep on my bed. Wolf was somewhat offended at the appearance of this new immate in the castle, but I very soon taught him he was to guard and watch her, and before long the good fellow grew quite fond of baby, and would sit by her side and occasionally give her a friendly lick. I had very little doubt that the prisoners had been superior to their captors. I had read that some fine races existed in some of the islands of the Pacific, and it seemed probable to me that this woman and her husband, who doubtless was the other victim, had been taken in war and brought away together with savage brutality, merely to increase each other's anguish; this, however, I could only conjecture. I removed a pretty necklet and a pair of bracelets of shells from the body of the mother, to keep them for the child when she should be old enough to hear the history of these days.

Before going to rest I managed to make a very snug cradle out of a turtle-shell, and, having placed baby in it, I knelt down by its side, to pour out my gratitude to God, and to pray for wisdom to tend and educate this wondrous little being committed to my care, and I have ever felt that this new responsibility saved me from dwelling harmfully on the horrors I had just passed through.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

UNDINE.

I WAS awakened at a very early hour by a sound by which my ears had not been greeted for some years, the sound of a human voice! The noises I had heard from the savages yesterday had scarcely seemed human. Notwithstanding it was a baby's cry, not suggestive of the most delightful harmonies, it sent me into raptures. It was then no dream, but a real fact. God, in His mercy, had sent this preoious little darling for me to love and foster. What name should I choose for her now became the subject of cogitation, and I decided Undine would be appropriate, for had I not received her from the water?

Hitherto I had kept the goat in a little house, built for that purpose, near Banyan Grove; but I now made one in the ravine by Cave Castle, and brought Nanny there.

"I TAUGHT HER THE ALPHABET."

As time went on, and Undine's walking powers began to develop, it was very pretty to see her toddling by my side, Wolf, from whom every spark of jealousy had long since been extinguished, keeping guard on the other in the gentlest manner, though with solemn dignity. He was just beginning at times to show signs of old age, which I saw with dismay, but another year or two passed before I lost my faithful old dog, and then I was thankful he seemed to pass away quietly, without pain.

My baby proved sweet-tempered and affectionate as she grew, and was beautifully formed and as graceful as a young fawn. I never let her out of my sight, so fearful was I of losing her. Often I would resort of an evening to a favourite spot I had on the seashore, whence I had a glorious view of the setting sun. There, with Undine in my lap, Wolf and sometimes Tom also at my feet, I would sit and gaze upon the bright path formed by the golden rays until, in imagination, they seemed to lead me to another island home, even fair England, where I pictured my father and mother, if still living, and my brother in all probability now a husband and father. Had they forgotten the lost one? Ah, no! that could not be, I well knew; but if Time had brought healing for their great sorrow, was it not cause for thankfulness? I was beginning to have some idea of the strength and absorption of the mother-love, and thoughts of pity often led me to the grave of the poor young mother whose child had come to awaken such tender feelings in me.

Two years after the first visit of the savages I was again alarmed upon seeing some land on the same spot, but I took the precaution of not venturing out of my stronghold this time, and happily they left without attempting to penetrate inland. Teaching Undine to talk was a great delight, and later on I

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

taught her the alphabet by means of letters traced in chalk. I found she was quick in learning them; I had some pet theories of my own on the subject of education, which I could now put to the test, and my experience with this one pupil of mine certainly proved that a more simplified and interesting method of educating the young than that generally adopted might be followed with advantage. My plan was really to aim at drawing forth the latent powers, giving them something to feed and grow upon, rather than hinder their development by burying them beneath a heap of dry facts, little understood and speedily forgotten, since their "why and because" were things unthought of. To make clothing for my child was some difficulty; cotton was plentiful, but I had no means of utilising its fibres. I had also collected from time to time the wool the goats had left upon the bushes; but I had not been able to invent a weaving apparatus. I managed, however, to fashion a pair of wooden knitting needles, and with these I knitted the woollen threads into length, sewing them together to make garments for Undine and myself, and in course of time she learned to knit and sew for herself.

(To be continued.)

HOME-MADE JAM.

THE time of fresh fruits will soon be here, and as making jam is exactly the kind of work in which girls love to distinguish themselves, I am sure that I shall be meeting the wishes of the young ladies who belong to our cookery class if I say a few words about home-made jam. We all agree in regarding good home-made jam as a delicacy. I can look back upon a good many years, but I do not remember that I have tasted bought jam which was as good as my own made at home. I once said this to a jam merchant, and he replied, "That is only reasonable; jam, like your home-made jam, could not be made for the established market price of jam." So I suppose we need not expect to be able to buy it in perfection, and this is a reason why we should form a habit of making it at the right season for ourselves.

When I was a girl it was quite a rule in the family that a goodly supply of fruit should be preserved in summer-time. Another rule, which had to be scrupulously observed, was that the said fruit should not be touched until fires came in. One of my earliest culinary achievements was the preparation (by a very superior and rather lengthy process, which occupied, I think, about a fortnight) of preserved plums. I can assure you that there never was such plum-jam made before or since as that which was manufactured by me when I was fifteen years old. It kept so splendidly too. I had it for eight years, and it was in good condition then, and would have kept, I doubt not, ever so much longer if some children had not paid us a visit. And as every mother knows, jam does not keep well where there are children. I need scarcely say that I kept the recipe from which this jam was made, and I will give it to you, with a few other recipes later, under the heading—"To Preserve Winesours."

Now-a-days, girls of from fifteen to eighteen have so many lessons to learn, that they have no time for boiling jam. When this is the case, I would say study the lessons if that is your duty now, and make jam when school lessons are done with. There will be plenty of time for learning cookery when the opportunity for learning something more difficult is passed, and if meanwhile there should be a little leisure you will know how to employ it.

I once saw some girls, who were preparing for a high-class examination, picking red currants for preserving, and questioning each other about lessons, in order to test their knowledge of the subjects at the same time. I was very much impressed with the sight, and my respect was bestowed upon these girls most unreservedly.

The general rules for making ordinary jam are easily remembered. I will recapitulate them that they may be readily referred to.

Fruit for preserving should be sound, fresh, and free from dust. It should be gathered on a dry day, and, if possible, when the morning sun is on the garden.

Either an enamelled or a brass pan should be employed in making jam. The utensils must be perfectly clean and dry. If a brass pan is used, the fruit should not be allowed to cool in it.

Wooden or silver spoons should be used in stirring the fruit. Common cooking spoons will spoil its colour.

The fruit should be boiled first, and it should be allowed to bubble equally all over before the sugar is added.

The best white sugar broken into lumps of a convenient size is the most economical for preserving. Powdered sugar makes jam look turbid. Inferior sugar produces more scum than fine sugar, and thus it causes waste.

There is no economy in using too little sugar. If this mistake is made the jam will have to boil so much longer. There is no advantage in using too much sugar. This is likely to make the fruit candy, besides which it will destroy all delicacy of flavour.

When fruit is boiled upon an open fire, the pan should never be placed flat on the embers, as this is almost certain to burn the jam. The preparation should be stirred frequently, especially from the sides and bottom of the pan, and the scum should be removed, although not too early, as this would cause waste.

When stone fruit is to be boiled, the stones may be most easily removed during the process of boiling. The addition of a few of the kernels which have been blanched and split in halves is an improvement. Jam made from stone fruit is particularly liable to fermentation, therefore it should be boiled until a good deal of the moisture has been boiled out.

When a mixture of fruits is employed, the harder variety of the two should be boiled longer than the softer sort, therefore it should be put on earlier.

The quantity of sugar to be used must depend upon the nature of the fruit. Acid fruits need a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. For nearly all stone fruit, with strawberries, raspberries and currants, three-quarters of a pound of sugar to the pound of fruit is sufficient. Damsons should have a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit, and a small proportion of water, say a tablespoonful of water to each pound, may be added with advantage. These are general rules which may always be followed with safety. I will add a few special recipes for the sake of variety. Jam should be boiled until a little put upon a cold plate will set or stiffen.

When lemon or orange rind is added to jam to flavour it, as it is occasionally in rhubarb and apple jam, it should be very finely grated before being mixed with the fruit.

When the jam is sufficiently boiled it should be put into perfectly sound and dry jars, when cold a thin piece of paper soaked in spirit may be laid over it, and it may then be closely covered either with thick paper tied with string, or paper dipped in white of an egg or gum may be fastened on. In all cases the object aimed at is the exclusion of air.

Jams should be kept in a cool dry place. Heat would make them ferment, damp would make them turn mouldy.

Jelly.—In making jelly the juice is drawn from the fruit by putting the fruit in a jar, setting the jar in water, and simmering till the juice flows freely. The juice should be drained from the fruit without squeezing the latter, which may be boiled with half a pound of sugar to half a pound of pulp for making tarts and pasties. For the jelly, measure the juice, dissolve a pound of lump sugar in each pint of liquid, and boil till a little put upon a cold plate will set.

Now for a few special recipes.

Rhubarb Jam.—Early rhubarb contains so much water, that jam made from it is likely to ferment. The later, therefore, in the season that this jam is made the better. Peel the stalks and cut them into inch lengths. Weigh these and allow a pound of sugar, the grated rind of half a lemon, a quarter of an ounce of sweet almonds, blanched and chopped fine, to each pound of fruit. Butter the saucepan, put in the rhubarb, and boil it, stirring it constantly, especially at the beginning, and before it has yielded its moisture, to prevent burning. When it simmers equally, put in the sugar and boil again rather quickly until a little put upon a plate will set. Last thing, stir in a wineglassful of whiskey for each seven pounds of fruit. If liked, two-pennyworth of bleached ginger for each pound of fruit may be substituted for the almonds and lemon rind.

Green Gooseberry Jam.—Top and tail the fruit, then weigh it and bruise it. Put it into a pan and boil it, stirring constantly till soft. Rub it through a sieve and boil the pulp, but not the skins, with four pounds and a half of sugar to six pounds of the original weight of fruit. The sugar must be added gradually. Boil till the jam will set.

Red Gooseberry Jam.—Small, hairy gooseberries, called Warringtons, are the best for this purpose. Allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar and a tablespoonful of red currant juice to each pound of fruit. Boil the fruit and the juice together, add the sugar gradually, and boil till the jam will set. Gooseberry jam is much improved by having the boiled pulp rubbed through a sieve to keep back the skins before the sugar is added.

Red Currant or White Currant Jam.—Take equal weights of sugar and fruit. Put them together into the pan, boil up once, and then boil quickly for seven minutes. In this jam the flavour of the fruit is excellently preserved and the preserve keeps well. It is sometimes used as a substitute for red currant jelly, as an accompaniment to hare or roast mutton.

Strawberries Preserved Whole.—Allow a pound of sugar and half a pound of red-currant juice, drawn as for jelly, to one pound of strawberries, sound, but not over-ripe—British Queens will be the best for the purpose. Boil the juice and sugar together till the syrup is thick, then put in the picked fruit and boil gently till the berries are sufficiently cooked, which will be in about twenty minutes. Carefully clear off the scum as it rises, but do this gently, so as not to crush the berries. Pour the contents of the preserving pan through a colander into a basin; put the juice at once again on the fire, and boil for about half an hour. Put the fruit into a bowl and pour the boiling juice upon them. Turn both fruit and juice into the pan once more and boil till the juice will jelly, when a little is put on a plate. This will probably be in about a quarter of an hour. Put the berries into jars, cover them entirely with hot juice, and when cold finish in the usual way. If liked, water may be used instead of red currant juice in this recipe, or cherries (Maydukes or Kentish

cherries) may be substituted for the strawberries. The jam should be examined after a week or two, and if it shows signs of not keeping it should be boiled over again.

Strawberries Boiled Alone.—Many people who are exceedingly fond of the flavour of strawberry jam object to it because it is so luscious. When this is the case, the following recipe is to be recommended. Pick the strawberries, weigh them, and boil them for half an hour, stirring frequently. Add half a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit, and boil till the jam will set.

Blackberry and Apple Jam.—Blackberries alone are lightly esteemed, being regarded as insipid in taste and too full of seeds, but blackberries and apples boiled together make one of the most delicious of jams. Take an equal weight of the two fruits, remembering always to pare and core the apples before weighing them. Boil the fruit till it is soft, then add the sugar, allowing three pounds of sugar to four pounds of fruit. Boil again till the jam will set, put it into jars, and when cold cover in the usual way. Or, weigh eight pounds of apples, pared, cored, and quartered, and steam them till soft. Stew separately seven quarts of blackberries, and when the juice flows freely, take out a pint and a half for making blackberry jelly. Put the apples with the berries, and add half a pound of sugar to each pound of the original weight of fruit. Boil the jam till it will set. To make the jelly, boil the juice, add a pound and a half of sugar, and boil for about ten minutes. The moment it begins to thicken take it off and put it into small jars.

To Preserve Winesours.—Procure the finest fruit it is possible to get, and draw a darning-needle down the seam of each plum through the skin. Weigh the fruit and allow half a pound of powdered sugar to each pound of fruit. Fill a deep earthenware jar with alternate layers of fruit and sugar, put the jar into a pan of boiling water, and stew till the juice flows freely. Drain the syrup from the plums, boil it and pour it upon them when hot. Next day repeat the process, and do this every day until the skin is hard and the plums look clear. Let the jam stand a week, then take the plums up one by one with a spoon, put them into jars, boil the syrup once more, and pour it upon them to cover them. If there is not sufficient syrup to cover, add a little sugar and water which have been boiled together in the proportion of a pound of sugar with a cupful of water. Tie down in the usual way.

French Recipe for Preserving (à la Gouffé) Apricots, Peaches, Nectarines, and superior Plums, such as Mirabelles, Greengages, Orleans, and Brignolle Plums.—Choose sound, ripe fruit, peel it and remove the stones. Put eight pounds of fruit into a bowl with five pounds of coarsely pounded sugar, stir till the sugar is melted, and leave for four hours. At the end of this time turn the whole into a preserving-pan and boil for ten minutes, stirring it well. In order to ascertain whether or not the jam is boiled sufficiently, take a little up upon a skimmer, let it cool, then try it with the finger, and if it feels greasy the jam is done; or, take up a little jam on the skimmer and pour it off gently, if it flows in a sheet an inch to an inch and a half in width it is done. A few of the kernels bleached and peeled may be added.

French Recipe for Pear Jam à la Gouffé.—Choose ripe early pears, peel, core and quarter them, and throw them into cold water to which a little lemon juice has been added. For eight pounds of pears make a syrup by boiling four pounds of sugar with one quart of water till it begins to look thick, then drain the pears, put them into the syrup, and boil for ten minutes; stir well. Pour the whole into a pan and leave for twenty-four hours. Next day repeat the boiling, stirring constantly until a little of the jam, taken up with a skimmer and poured off gently, flows, as in the last recipe, from an inch to an inch and a half in width. It is then ready to be put into jars and tied down in the usual way.

Apple Jelly.—This jelly may be made from almost all sorts of apples. Rosy-cheeked apples will, if boiled in the skins, make red apple jelly, yellow Siberian crab apples will make bright yellow apple jelly, and colvilles or orange pippins, if peeled, will make white, clear jelly. When the colour is not good a few drops of prepared cochineal or saffron may be added to make it so. I have been accustomed to make delicious apple jelly from the skins only of fruit which was required in quantities for other purposes. If this is not done, excellent apple jam may be made of the apple pulp from which jelly has been prepared. Peel the apples, cut them in thick slices, and stew them with a third of a pint of water to each pound of apples, till soft. Stir occasionally. If liked the fruit may be stewed in a covered jar in the oven. Turn the whole into a jelly bag and pour it through two or three times till the liquid is quite clear. Measure the juice, put it into a preserving pan with one pound of sugar to each pint of liquid. Add a little lemon juice if liked, or tie cloves in muslin and boil with the fruit. One clove may be allowed to flavour two pounds of apples. Boil gently and skim carefully till a little of the jelly put upon a plate will set.

Apple Jam.—Rub the pulp from which the jelly was made through a sieve. Allow half a pound of sugar for each pound of apples originally used. Make a syrup by boiling half a pint of water with each pound of sugar until it begins to look thick. Stir in the apple pulp and boil till a little put on a plate will set. Flavour with grated lemon or orange peel, or by boiling cloves with the fruit.

Preserved Vegetable Marrow.—Peel the marrow, remove the seeds, weigh the fruit, and cut it into thin slices. Put these into a jar and cover them with a syrup made in the proportion of half a pound of moist sugar to one pint of boiling water. Let the slices stand in this for two days. Drain them from this syrup and put them into a preserving pan with fresh syrup made with one pound of loaf sugar and half a pint of water to each pound weight of marrow, and also the grated rind and strained juice of three lemons. Put into a bag two ounces of bruised ginger and half a teaspoonful of cayenne to each four pounds of marrow. Let all simmer gently till clear, then add a glass of gin. Put the slices into jars, cover with syrup, and serve for dessert.

PHILLIS BROWNE.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ESTHER.—Procure instruction on ambulance-nursing—a book, if not lessons. Also procure the small manual recommended at page 611, vol. i. ("Food for Invalids"). The book is called "Sick Nursing at Home." The address of the St. John's Ambulance Association is St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, E.C. We recommend you to write and state your wishes to the Deaconesses Training Institution, Mildmay Park, London, N.

IGNORAMUS.—The classes held by Miss Roberts are of a comprehensive character, and meant for students of both descriptions. How far you could teach yourself to play any instrument without a master we could not venture to say. If already an accomplished musician, playing other instruments well, you might do much; going to concerts where it is played, and sitting close to the performer.

FREE HAND.—We see no difficulty in your entering pupils for the examinations.

A BRIGHTONIAN.—Read "How to Improve the Education," pages 794 and 637, vol. ii.

TOMBOY.—Carlyle's "French Revolution" or "Heroes and Hero Worship." His "Sartor Resartus" (the tailor patched) is the title of an old Scotch ballad. It is a kind of philosophical romance, in which the author gives us, in the form of a review of a supposed German work on dress, and a notice of the writer, his opinions on things in general. It was originally published in *Frazer's Magazine* in 1833 and 1834.

DARBY.—We think you would probably succeed in passing the Junior Cambridge Examinations.

ART.

B. W. S.—We doubt the truth of the information about the flake white, but whoever gave it to you can tell you, of course, exactly where to find it, and who makes it. See Mr. Staples' chapter on colours, page 283, vol. ii. Nothing is improved by damp, and nearly all articles fade in the sun.

A GUERNSEY GIRL.—The best way to teach yourself drawing is to commence sketching the things around you. Begin with a book, or a box, and draw it in every position, and from thence proceed to more difficult things. Send the articles to be re-silvered. We hope you have looked for the answers to your many questions. You do not send us either names or dates, so we cannot look for them.

A CORNISH PILCHARD.—An article on "Painting on Ivorine" will be given later on. We do not intend to give one on a "Handkerchief Flirtation"! You have quite mistaken the character of our magazine, if you really suppose that we either know or would supply you with its "rules," as we altogether disapprove of "flirtation," and more especially of one carried on in so underhand and clandestine a manner.

ZEPHYR.—There is a hospital for epileptic patients at 23, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C.; The National Hospital, in which there is a wing, "*In Memoriam*," for ladies in reduced circumstances, at twelve shillings a week.

PRIMROSE.—See "Sketching from Nature," pages 36, 124, 179, 279, 283, 405, 567, 737, vol. ii. Also, see "How I Taught Myself Painting," page 686, vol. iii., and for painting photographs on terra-cotta and on tiles directions have likewise been given. Articles on the subject of oil painting will be given in this magazine.

IOLANTHE.—We suppose you mean "etching on linen," though you do not say so. A good marking ink is usually considered the best to use. Your writing needs great improvement.

DELVES.—See "Painting on Velvet," page 504, vol. ii. We do not give addresses, but advise you to write to the resident English chaplain, or doctor, at any large southern French town for any special local information required.

MELAUNE.—1. See page 432, vol. ii., for the directions you require, in reference to setting a crayon drawing. 2. For the removal of moles, see page 336, vol. ii.

A NOVICE.—We do not think ordinary size would have any effect whatever. Why do you object to the copal varnish? We cannot say how you would succeed with china painting without a master, but you might write for one of the many manuals on the subject and read it, in order to make up your own mind.

JOAN.—It is quite impossible for us to foresee whether you will "obtain an engagement for etching." We neither know how far you excel in the art, nor what firms would take your blocks. You will have to show them, and procure orders if you can, at some of the publishing offices, where illustrated papers and works are brought out. Your handwriting promises well, but is not yet formed.

WORK.

NELLIE.—For some knitting patterns, see page 54, vol. ii.

POLAR BEAR.—For sock and stocking knitting, see page 157, vol. ii., and to refoot and heel stockings, see page 554, vol. i. Useful manuals for knitting stockings may be purchased at any fancy work shop. May 27, 1864, was a Friday; July 2nd, 1867, was a Tuesday.

QUEEN MADGE.—There are several pretty border patterns given in "Crochet for Little Workers," pages 442, 506, and 596, which would be very suitable. You had better write copies.

MAGGIE MAY.—We do not see your difficulty, as the pattern has been successfully copied by many of our readers. Try again; use either silk or crochet thread and a suitable needle.

PANSY.—A knowledge of dressmaking is not needful to a machinist, as every article is cut out and placed ready for her. You might obtain employment without such knowledge; but it is usually done either by advertising or answering advertisements. You will find that the careful cultivation of a habit of quick attention will be of great value to you in your great affliction.

EVANGELINE.—Hold the wrong side of the velvet over the steam of boiling water, which will raise the pile again; when dry, brush gently.

A SPRIG OF MYRTLE.—An illustration and full description of a Christmas card table will be found at page 863, vol. ii. Finish it with either fringe or lace.

A MOTHERLESS GIRL.—No stain would answer upon paint. The only way would be to have the furniture repainted. Black and gold would be suitable, but two shades of a colour would be more fashionable.

DAISY OWEN.—For knitted woollen sock for a baby, see page 595, vol. i.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. B.—The "poems" you have sent us show good feeling and good sense. We advise you to cultivate both, but put them into prose in future. It is not given to us all to write poetry.

BAINGER'S SWEETHEART.—We do not recognise the quotation. Her Majesty Queen Victoria was married on Monday, Feb. 10th, 1840.

ZENOBID.—In "Whitaker's Almanack" you will find all practical information on the British Colonies, etc. Lighter works of travel could be obtained through any lending library.

STAG MOSS.—We think Green's "History of the English People" would give you all the information you require.

B. C.—Although operations are frequently performed on enlarged tonsils, we could not venture to prescribe such a treatment in your case. You should show your throat to a doctor and let him know all particulars of your case, and take the responsibility of performing or prescribing such an operation on himself.

DORA MUSGRAVE.—We thank you for so kindly telling us of your appreciation of our paper. In all kindliness, we must direct your attention to the fact that "fifteen" is not spelt "fiveteen," and advise you to drop that very vulgar and much worn-out expression, "awfully jolly."

DULCIE.—The postage of the monthly numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to Australia is 8d.; but you may be spared any expense of postage in any of our own colonies by purchasing it at any newsagents on the spot.

FLORA.—We regret that your "birthday lines" are not suitable for this paper. Observe that the corresponding lines in each verse are dissimilar in length and beat. We sincerely wish your "Daisy" all happiness in this world and the next.

CANDACE.—With reference to the Cobden essay prize offered to ladies, write to R. Gowing, Esq., Cobden Club, 53, St. John's Park, London, N.

F. H. C. K.—Inquire of any bookseller for the books you need on Pitman's shorthand system. Many thanks for your letter.

BROWN CATERPILLAR and ANXIOUS ONE.—The founder of a nation or race is often called its "father." Thus Washington is termed the father of his country, and Abraham as specially distinguished for faith, and is called the "father of all them that believe," or the "father of the faithful;" but the expression last quoted is not found exactly written so in the Scriptures. See Rom. iv. and Gal. iii. 6-9. Do you mean "Venice Preserved," by Thomas Otway? See "Creams," page 442, vol. iii., and "Jelly, and How to Make it," page 234, vol. iii.

EGLANTINE.—The "addled Parliament" sat between April 5th, 1614, and June 7th, 1615. It was so-called because it remonstrated with the king on his levying "benevolences," but passed no acts at all.

MARIE S. L.—"To rear the tender thoughts," see Thomson's "Seasons," "Spring," line i. 149. The paraphrase, "To teach the young idea to shoot," is also derived from it.

A SCOTTISH MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.—Many thanks for your letter. Only one manse was described by the author—not every manse in Scotland.

MINNIE.—Write for vol. i. to the publisher, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., price 6s.

JULIET.—Wear square-toed boots, and reduce any such swelling by poulticing and wet compresses of linen. Send them to a cleaner.

BUTTERFLY.—There is a free hospital for sick children at Brightmore House, Brookhill, Sheffield, and one at Newcastle-on-Tyne, at Stevenson-place, Hanover-square.

A SEARCHER AFTER TRUTH.—Moses has been sometimes considered as the author of the book of Job.

ELIZABETH.—Bridecake is never sent to anyone but relations or very old friends at present. In the latter case, if sent, it should be acknowledged by a note of congratulation to the bride, if you know her, or else by a visit; in the latter case, you would not acknowledge it save perhaps by some polite allusion, if you liked.

A WELSH GIRL.—Why should you eat oatmeal raw? We should think you were far better without it. Sugar is considered fattening. There is no rule; you may do as you like.

J. K. W.—Many thanks for the suggestion that the missing word is "reap." The real word intended was "devil," however.

M. G. C.—Easter Sunday last fell on Lady Day in 1744.

GRACE.—We think you need not have been afraid; but surely something more might have been done for you to heal and soothe the place?

FLEURANGE.—You will find no difficulty in keeping peacocks, provided you have large grounds and plantations, as they require space. You had better advertise for what you require.

R. S.—Your verses are very incorrect in metre. Count the syllables respectively in corresponding lines, and mark where the beat falls. Besides, they do not contain a single original idea, and some clauses are put in for the sake of supplying a rhyme, which have no connection with that which preceded it. In some places they are incorrect in grammar as well as rhythm. Study syntax and prosody before attempting to compose verses; also etymology, for your spelling is bad. You make great profession of love to Christ; we trust that you endeavour by His grace and in great humility to show your love in your life.

WILD SNOWDROP.—To remove tea-stains, dip the spots in a saucer containing (or touch them with) a solution of glycerine and water, the proportion being one quarter of a teaspoonful of glycerine in half a teaspoonful of water.

BIRDIE.—We thank you for your kind letter and the recipe for cleaning a sponge, which is as follows:—Place the sponge in a basin and add a piece of soda of about the size of a small walnut, and a tablespoonful of table salt, and pour in boiling water until the sponge be covered. Let it stand there for about half an hour, and then rinse it in clean cold water until all the "sliminess" be removed.

BETA.—The duties of a matron in a school are various, and differ in nearly all schools according as the housekeeping duties are performed. The care of the boys' clothes and their mending, and the care of the boys themselves in sickness and health, generally devolves on the matron, and the guidance of the household everywhere. We could not say what salary would be given, there is so much competition at present.

ANXIOUS ANNA, NESSIE, and OTHERS.—The pieces of poetry you inquire for will generally be found in some of the popular collections for "penny readings."

A HOLLY BUSH.—Many thanks for the pretty card. You might try to clean the gloves with skim-milk, white curd soap, and a piece of flannel. We fear we could not give any descriptions without supplying diagrams to explain them.

J. W.—Cramp is usually the result of acidity in the system. Avoid what produces it in your diet, and take either a dose of magnesia or soda, or bi-carbonate of potash, which will correct this acidity. Go to any respectable chemist, and he will direct you respecting the doses to be taken; better still, consult a medical man, for worse evils than cramp result from this state of the stomach and blood.

SWINTONIA.—Ivory can be bleached white in the sun under glass by being kept slightly wetted.

J. H. G.—You would find the poem in one of the many popular reciters, we should think.

MINNEHAHA.—Write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for a cover and index, or else order one through any bookseller or newsvendor from whom you obtain the magazine.

MEMBER OF THE B.R.A.—You should learn to write straight, and then it would be fairly good. Consult the index in each of our volumes for what you require before writing to us to ask for repetitions. You will find the word "Freckles" if you look for it.

POTS.—It is impossible to give you advice as to any occupation by which you could make money, while residing at home, while in ignorance of your educational acquirements, your circumstances, the sort of neighbourhood in which you live, and your position in society. Perhaps you could go out as a visiting teacher, for an hour or two, once or twice a week, if thoroughly proficient in any one department of education or of art.

IRIS DE FLORENCE.—It is quite impossible for us to advise you as to employment of a lucrative kind, living as you do in a French town, we being in perfect ignorance of your circumstances, family, attainments, etc. If there be an English chaplain, ask for his advice; or else an English doctor might help you.

A DISTRESSED GIRL.—We sympathise with you in your trouble: but as you give no explanation of it, we can give you no advice. You do right in making it a subject of prayer. See Psalm xxxvii. 5, Psalm cxlv. 18, Jeremiah xxxiii. 3, 1st St. Peter v. 7.

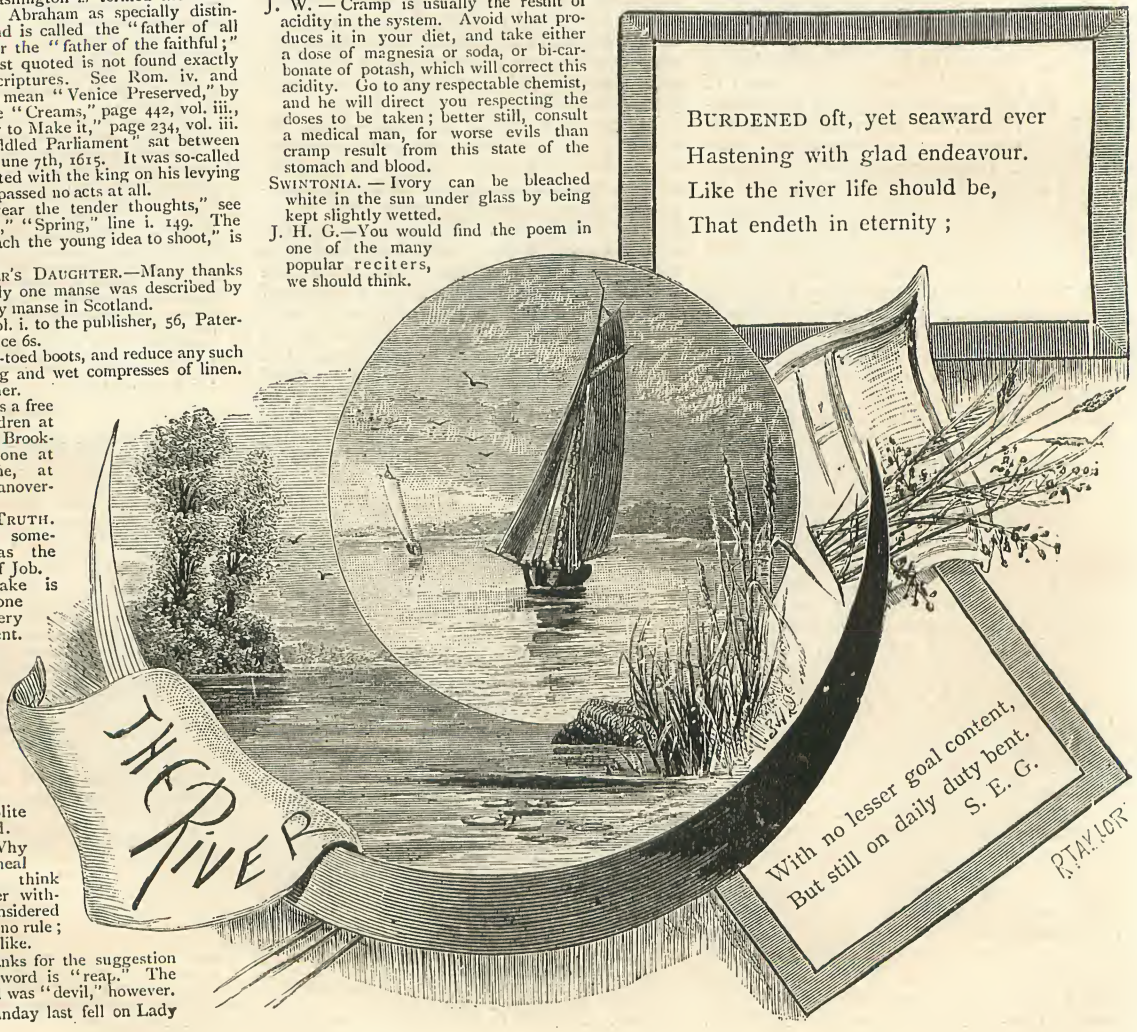
HYACINTH.—Your verses are not correctly written. Observe, for instance, the first line of the second and first of the third verse; they do not correspond. Viz.—

> "Renewed the strength that left us,
> What now to us are lengths."

Certainly, the "lengths" of the lines do not appear to be of sufficient importance to this little verse-maker! But she writes a nice grateful letter, and in a good hand, for which we thank her.

HIERATICA.—The word "liquor" is pronounced otherwise than as it is written—thus, "likker." But excepting when allusion is made to the "liquor laws," or as a quotation, it is not a word used "in society;" it is regarded as a vulgar term, and substituted by another.

RHODA.—Dry powdered lime is best to keep every kind of steel from rust in any climate.



VOL. IV.—No. 178. MAY 26, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

BEIGE AND NUN'S VEILING COSTUMES.

CORRECT CLOTHING, AND HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE.

BY A LADY DRESSMAKER

JUNE, in spite of its poetical reputation, is the most difficult of months in which to regulate the dress we wear. It is more difficult than April, for then we are not ashamed to wear our furs and winter cloaks. But in June, the month of roses and sunshine, surely we should be able to dismiss these disagreeable adjuncts, and put on lighter and more beautiful apparel.

Fortunately, the taste of fashion now lies in the direction of woollens, and we cannot go far wrong if we follow it in another direction, *i.e.*, that of making our woollen dresses, serges, plaids, and vigognes with a mantle of the same kind with silk, and slightly wadded; so that we may use it whenever the weather is chilly. These mantles are closely-fitting, short at the back, and longer in front. They are

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MANTLE AND JACKET.

untrimmed, save for the fancy buttons in front, and perhaps a "pompon" or two on the sleeve. These "pompons" have found their way into every department of dress; they cost little, and are at once soft and decorative wherever they are placed—either on the dress, bonnet, or hat. They are especially pretty and useful in the back drapery of both bodices and dresses, to which they add style and finish.

Indeed, with the aid of "pompons" the home millinery department will be most successfully carried on this season. The coloured straws require but little trimming to make them look well. The edges are covered with ribbon or velvet, over which lace to match the colour of the bonnet is laid. It may be either beaded or plain; if the former, it is laid on plain; if the latter, it should be kilted or box-pleated. The strings are laid across the back of the bonnet, the bonnet lined inside, and, as a finishing touch, three or four tiny "pompons," or one large one, should be added to the top, surmounting the face. The best-dressed girls I have seen this season have worn a small Princess-shaped bonnet to match the dress in colour, very plain and slightly trimmed.

The newest flower of the season is the much-abused and banished dandelion—at least, by the gardeners—which, finding no home elsewhere, has made an entrance into fashionable life! The circular yellow bloom and the feather or thistledown seed are both copied. Wallflowers are also amongst the most favourite flowers, and their great diversity of tints, ranging from yellow to brown and the deepest maroon red, render them becoming to all complexions, and pretty with all contrasts of colour.

The new pointed bonnet, which was called *Toit de Maison*, has been renamed at many of the West End shops "Olivia Primrose," after the Vicar of Wakefield's daughter. This shape increases in popularity every day, and is charmingly suited to young faces. The *Pannier*, or Basket-bonnet, is another pretty shape. They represent striped grass, and greens, browns, and reds, like rushes, are interlaced between the basket-work. Others resemble split cane, others small brown twigs, and some expensive Parisian ones were like the pith of the elder, plaited in an open braid. Very little trimming is needed on these bonnets; the strings are double, and of inch-wide satin ribbon. They are rarely lined, but if so, a coloured satin lining is used.

There is no doubt but that caps will be worn in bonnets once more during the coming year, and already lace ruches and twisted crape are being inserted.

All the hats which present any novelty this season are large in the brim, and straight; the crown square in shape, with masses of feathers in the front, and generally a wide band of velvet round the crown, and a buckle or fancy horseshoe as an ornament. Many of the brims are lined, and the edges covered with lace quillings.

For little children, poke bonnets of the Greenaway style are still fashionable. Lace is now sewn to the edge of their brims, and tiny flowers are set on all over some of them in row after row. The only absolutely new shape is like the *Trencher*, or College Cap, made in plush and velvet, with the quaint square top of the veritable collegian, from under which the baby faces peep in the most comically old-fashioned manner.

We have never, I think, seen anything before so exquisitely beautiful in the way of machine-made laces as this season. Those imitating old Valenciennes patterns are the most successful, for they quite rival the work of the hands. The fashionable colour is exactly that of dirty lace. Chantilly designs, both in black and white, have superseded the Spanish, and coloured laces, and gold with colours run in, are used both for millinery and dress. Leather lace, which appeared last season, is much used still, the leather portion being actually *appliqué* on net grounds.

I must not forget to mention parasols, which are not quite so large as those of last year. The sticks are carved, and have rings and crooks. Rows of lace, as well as lace covers, are very much used, both these being very useful styles to those who are clever with their fingers, and economical in their ideas.

Gloves of all kinds, *Suède* as well as silk, are made in all the fashionable hues, so that they can be worn of the same colour as the dress. Tan gloves are as much used as ever, and gauntlet gloves are preferred to any others for morning wear. In stockings, some new Balbriggans, with narrow stripes, have been brought out, but the favourite colours for day-time will probably be in brown, ruby-red, and the new strawberry and brick shades.

I am glad to say that we have not entirely dismissed the idea of the "jersey," and that this year many pretty and most useful jackets have been introduced, made of the stocking-web material, in different shapes, with sailor-collars and cuffs, jockey-tails at the back, and double-breasted. The price is so moderate that they are quite within general reach, and they are made in all the new colours—myrtle, sultan-red, and electric blue, as well as in black, brown, and navy blue. They are not only pretty for house wear, but will be so likewise for walking out of doors, when the weather grows warmer, and will prove a boon most likely to many of our readers, who may be in doubt as to how to make an old dress useful.

There is really no end to the novelties, in the way of thinner materials, that have appeared this year. In last month's article I spoke of sateens, of which there are fourteen or fifteen new shades of colour, and so beautiful are they in texture, and so silky in appearance, that they are being made-up for full dress occasions, as well as worn in the morning. When exalted in this way, they are liberally trimmed with lace. Of course, when thus made, they are not intended to be washed nor cleaned, and therefore I should advise that only those who are extremely clean and nice about their appearance should purchase them. It is wonderful how much difference there is in the wear of two persons' clothes respectively; and a girl who is careful, and knows how to iron out her summer dresses, and puts them away neatly folded, mending each rent as it may be made, will produce an astonishingly clean garment at the end of the year, and one which she probably will continue to wear at home on winter evenings.

"Zephyrs," as they are called (or ginghams), are still in very great demand. In truth, they are so good and useful, as well as so becoming, that they will probably remain in vogue a long time, now that they have once more returned to fashion. They are made both plain and in spots. Drab is a very favourite colour, also reds and blues, with one thread of colour and one thread of white. Then there are broken checks, and checks of two colours, as well as brocaded "zephyrs," which, although new, I do not think so pretty as the older styles. The new colours in them are grey, brown, and yellow.

"Pompadour cottons" are remarkable in appearance, as they are covered with large, handsome designs, very Japanesque in idea; and many of them have borderings at the edges, which will enable the dressmakers to avoid employing any other kind of trimming. One pattern consisted of roses on a dark ground, and another lace on a black ground.

"Galateas" are much worn, especially for children's dresses; and for little boys no better material can be found.

Amongst the new designs half moons and spots must be named, and shepherds' plaids, in cottons, shaded flowers tied with ribbon on black and other grounds, and bouquets of parti-coloured flowers. These cottons are so silky that they might be mistaken for foulards. Cretonnes are also beautiful in design and material; thistles and marigolds are amongst the new flowers that appear on them; and terra-cotta is a favourite shade. The yellows, greens, and purples that are seen on these new cottons cannot, of course, be guaranteed to wash well.

In our first illustration we show two costumes suitable for early spring and summer: of beige cross-barred, and of electric-blue nun's veiling, with a darker shade of velveteen bodice. The first-named has a skirt with narrow flounces on it, of self-coloured beige, and an overskirt and bodice of the cross-barred. This style would be suitable to either ginghams or cottons, and also sateens. I have been very particular in illustrating the last figure, for the wear of these satin, velvet, and woollen bodices are permissible with any material, and will be used with nun's-veiling, jaconets, sateens, and also with zephyrs. It is also prophesied that organdi, as well as clear muslins, will be brought out again, and that these velvet and satin bodices will be used for them. This is, I think, a very fortunate idea, for the wear of muslin bodices would certainly be an impossible style with our wintry weather of the last few summers. In fact, when one thinks that muslins were really worn in the summer once upon a time in England, it seems difficult to credit the fact, so much have our seasons altered since they were in fashion; certainly not less than eighteen or twenty years ago.

The second illustration shows an "Olivia" bonnet without strings, and one of the tiny gathered bonnets called "Iolanthe," with a front of gathered lace. The mantle is made of gauze, with velvet flowers and a coloured lining, and is one of the new shapes suitable to young married women.

The long jacket is one of the newly-introduced costume coats, which have succeeded the ever-popular "Redingote," and will probably be used throughout the summer, in any and every kind of material, from satin to light cloth.

Every kind of bodice is allowable—tabbed bodices are still popular for cloth and tweed—but nearly every description has a waistcoat, even those with double breasts, which show little more than a few inches of it. Self-coloured cashmere dresses, like the one we have illustrated, having a tunic and bodice of plaid, would have a waistcoat of plain cashmere like the skirt. For silk and velvet, bodices with small sharp points are most worn; and bodices of this make will be used with all skirts of sateen and zephyr, made in cashmere or merino, to match in colour. Cashmere bodices will also be worn with skirts of lace and embroidered Swiss muslin.

A number of very dark blue printed parasols, with white flowers on them, have been brought out and will be much used for the morning; also yellow "pongee," lined with a colour. The cambric costumes, as well as the sateen ones, have parasols made to match them; and there is some talk of bonnets to match the dress of these materials.

The new petticoats are of light winsey, with stripes of the fashionable colours. They have a kilting round the edge, and flounces up the back of the material, lined with stiff horse-hair, and with steels run in. I do not think they will wear very well, but they will probably be less ugly and ungraceful than those made of steels alone, which swing about in a most hideous manner over most people's heels. If the fashion of the day must be followed, everyone should remember to consult grace of figure, and a good appearance as well.

GIRL'S OWN HOME.

Deeds not Words, 1s.; Weymouth, 2s.; Every Little Helps, 3s.; Collected by Miss Lottie Jones, £2 11s. 2d.; Collected by Miss Louie Ashwin, £1 14s.; S. E. F., 10s.; E. L., 1s.; Annie, 2s.; Collected by Miss S. S. Reid, £1 11s; Emilie, 1s.; Bessie, 2s. 6d.; S. B., 2s. 6d.; Agar, 1s.; One who wishes she had more to give, 2s.; Jessamine, 2s.; Miss F. Coupland, 1s.; Miss E. da Costa Rica, 2s. 6d.; Gertie E. C., 1s.; Emily, 1s.; Collected by Miss Jennie Taylor, 11s. 9d.; Augharad, 1s.; Mr. and Mrs. L. R., £1; J. B. R., 2s. 6d.; C. M. R., 2s.; J. G. M., 2s.; H. E. C., 2s.; J. C., 2s.; Ninety-six Stamps, 8s.; Louie, 5s.; Ethel M. W. Marsh, 2s.; Collected by Miss Kate Fordham, £1 0s. 9d.; Collected by Mrs. Esslemont, £2 13s.; Marjoram, 1s.; A Servant, 5s.; Collected by Miss Mary Hurwood, 11s. 3d.; Collected by Miss Clarke, £1 4s.; Collected by Miss L. Baron, 12s.; A. G. H., 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Florence Newbold, £1 10s. 6d.; Miss Florry Smith, 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss A. Walser, £2 1s. 3d.; Collected by Miss Clapp, 5s.; Nora and Bessie, 1s.; A. M. W., 2s. 6d.; Waratah and Lily, 3s.; Collected by Miss Ada Bagnell, £1 1s.; Miss E. Welby, 5s.; E. B., 15s.; E. and K., 5s.; Miss Caroline K. Turner and Fellow Servant, 1s.; Collected by Miss Solly, £3 14s.; Inverurie, 2s. 6d.; Holyrood, 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Marion Tye, £5 8s.; Ivy, 5s.; Collected by Miss Barber, 10s.; A. K. L., 2s.; Collected by Miss Anna Tillyard, £1 2s.; Miss Mary Haslam, 1s.; Collected by Mrs. Duncan and Friends, £3 6s. 6d.; Scotland, 5s.; Miss Nellie Farley, 2s.; Mrs. Morison, 2s. 6d.; Dartford, 2s.; H. C., 2s. 6d.; Seven Ealingites, 7s. 6d. Total, £39 7s. 2d. Total amount received to March 31, 1883, £208 12s. 5d.

It has taken so long a time for the above sum to be collected, that the Editor is afraid that if the girls do not become more active, the Girl's Own Home will scarcely be a real institution during the present century! The girls one and all, therefore, are earnestly requested to wake up, and apply to Mr. John Shimpton for collecting cards. His address is 38, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London. Will not every reader of this magazine do what she can to help her poor hard-working sisters of wicked London, by providing them with a respectable home? The temptations in this wicked metropolis are multifarious to the poor hard-workers without wholesome shelter, but fewer to those who have comfortable and Christian homes; therefore, girls, remove those temptations by subscribing to the *Girl's Own Home*.

VARIETIES.

Tennysonian Puzzle.

The *first* letter of the name of the person to whom the *first* quotation refers, the *second* of the *second*, the *third* of the *third*, &c., when read together will form the name of the person to whom this quotation refers:—

"Lightly was her slender nose
Tip-tilted like the petal of a flower."

1. "So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple."
2. "He has a solid base of temperament."
3. "The prettiest little damsel."
4. "Beyond expression fair
With thy floating, flaxen hair."
5. "Soft, gracious, kind."
6. "A miniature of loveliness,
All grace summed up and closed in little."
7. "She seemed a part of joyous spring."

Two Kinds of Girls.—There are two kinds of girls. One is the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that are good for parties, rides, and visits, and whose delight is in all such things; the other is the kind which appears best at home—the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, the sick-room, and all the precincts of the house. They differ widely in character. One is frequently a torment at home; the other is a blessing. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along the pathway. Now, it does not necessarily follow that there should be two classes of girls. The right thing would be to unite the desirable qualities in one.

To Have and to Be.

If thou *hast* something, bring thy goods—a fair return be thine;
If thou *art* something, bring thy soul and interchange with mine. *Schiller.*

Before and After Marriage.—Before marriage we cannot be too inquisitive and discerning in the faults of the person beloved, nor after it too dim-sighted and superficial. —*Addison.*

An Error of Youth.—It is the error of youth to consider itself more happy or unhappy than it really is.—*Lessing.*

CHATS ABOUT THE CALENDAR.

June, sweet month of roses, and other lovely flowers, derives its name, it is generally-supposed, from Juno, the wife of Jupiter; although some assert that it is derived from the Latin word *junius*, because it is considered especially the month for *young* persons. In our earliest Anglo-Saxon times the name for June was Weyd Monat, because, says a quaint old writer, "Their beasts did then weyd in the meddowes, that is to say, goe to feed there, and hereof a meddow is also in the Tutonicke called a *weyd*, and of weyd we yet retain our word *wade*, which we understand of going through watrie places, such as meddowes are wont to be" (what curious spelling it was in old times!). Life out-of-doors is now very enjoyable, and although the rain may fall more frequently than is pleasant, yet we have the bright sunshine quickly following to dry up the ground again. In the fields and country lanes we charm our eyes with the delicate white rose and rambling honeysuckle, the meadow-sweet, and the foxglove, while the air is perfumed with the fragrant peas and beans and the delicious clover. The longest day in the year occurs on the 21st, which at Greenwich is sixteen hours, thirty-four minutes, and five seconds; the shortest day being seven hours, forty-four minutes, and seventeen seconds.

The 23rd is Midsummer-eve, which used to be kept with various ceremonies in different parts of England, bonfires being lighted, and the doors of the houses decorated with St. John's wort, long fennel, green-birch flowers, and candles and lamps, which were kept burning all night.

The following day, the 24th, is called St. John's Day, being held in commemoration of the nativity of John the Baptist.

The ancients represented this month as a young man clothed in a green-coloured mantle, having his head ornamented with a crown of flowers, while he held an eagle in his left hand, and bore a basket of summer fruits upon his right arm. The sign of the zodiac called Cancer, or crab, is also placed near him, in allusion to the sun's entrance into that sign on the 22nd of the month, to make the summer solstice.

THAMES CHURCH MISSION.

By Anne Beale.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Eccles. xi. 1.

Part II.—At Tilbury.

"Let tyrants fear! I have always so behaved myself, that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects; and therefore I am come amongst you, as you see, at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved, *in the midst and heat of* the battle, to live or die amongst you all; to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood, even in the dust."

Thus spake Queen Elizabeth in her memorable speech at Tilbury, and we are told her deeds were great as her words. Day by day she reviewed her troops in the camp on horseback, and bearing a marshal's truncheon; "she was saluted wherever she moved," says an eye-witness, "with cries, with shouts, with all tokens of love, of obedience, of readiness and willingness to fight for her:" and accompanied by "divers psalms, put into form of prayers, in praise of Almighty God, no ways to be misliked, which she greatly commended, and with very earnest speech thanked God for them." To this same Tilbury camp and fort flocked Englishmen of all ranks and creeds—noble and peasant, Protestant and Catholic—ready to offer their lives for their queen and country; for it was ascertained that the invincible Spanish Armada was to disembark in Essex, and hence the camp at Tilbury. We have all heard how this mighty fleet was chased from our seas by the Howards, Drakes, Hawkins, Frobishers, and numerous others of our admirals and their dauntless sailors, until they reached Spain again, minus eighty-one ships and 13,500 soldiers. But we may not all know that the Queen herself composed a remarkable prayer, closing with the words, "Thou that didst inspire the mind, we humbly beseech, with bended knees, prosper the work, and with the best forewinds guide the journey, speed the victory, and make the return the advancement of Thy glory, the triumph of Thy fame, and surety to the realm, with the least loss of English blood. To these devout petitions, Lord, give Thou Thy blessed grant. Amen."

As in that time of extreme peril the prayer of sovereign and people was graciously answered, and no Spanish troops landed, either in Essex or elsewhere, so now God hears the prayers of those who call upon Him. At Tilbury, where, nearly three hundred years ago, those psalms arose in its ever-memorable camp, supplications continually ascend to heaven for the soldiers that man its fort, the sailors that leave its waters, and the navvies that work in its docks. The Thames Church Mission "prays without ceasing" for all these, and there are many proofs that the Most High hears and answers its petitions. Vast docks with miles of wharves have been, and are still being constructed in the Thames, and those now forming at Tilbury are of immense importance. While redeeming the East Tilbury Marsh and framing these mighty docks, the navvies are not forgotten, and already the Thames Church Mission has done much for them, and hopes for abundant fruit before these works are finished. Already it has built a mission room. This has only been opened a few months, and the missionary says, "I have services in three houses every week in addition to those in the mission room. Through the preaching of the Word a man became deeply impressed. I was holding an open air

service near the house where he was in bed. A hymn was being sung, and he got out of bed, opened the window, and listened. When he went to bed again he cried like a child for more than an hour, feeling the weight of his sins. Thursday week I had a service where he was present, and Sunday last his landlady said to him, 'see the missionary and have a prayer-meeting here.' He did so, and I went and preached Christ to him and those in the house. This is only one instance of the impression being made at Tilbury. I could relate numbers of others."

We would impress the importance of this good work, not only on our young readers, but on their elders, and would urge upon them to examine it carefully.

A short time ago we all met at the office of this Thames Church Mission, 31, New Bridge-street, Ludgate Circus, where we saw what is being done for the sailors, emigrants, &c., by the various agencies of the mission.

Now let us pay a visit to the navvies at Tilbury, and learn whether they appreciate the entertainment which "our editor" has organised for their delectation. We assemble at Fenchurch-street station, a goodly party of vocalists, instrumentalists, and artists, to say nothing of a live publisher, an editor, our friend the secretary and his wife, and ourselves. By the last clause is meant writer and readers. It is five o'clock and the gas is alight. By it we see emigrants with their luggage arrive, take their tickets, and disappear on the platform. There is one woman with five children in her wake. Whither is she bound after Gravesend? Waiting for our train, we have time to learn from the secretary that the Mission sends its workers to all the emigrant ships that leave the Thames, and that they distribute Testaments, the Religious Tract Society's emigrant packets, and other good books to those who are quitting their native shores for foreign strands, maybe for ever!

En attendant, he kindly allows us to read the following letter, lately received, together with a donation from one who has been two years at sea "for health's sake."

"I was present at services held by one of your missionaries when we were leaving Gravesend; and at New York, Boston, and on to Buffalo and Niagara Falls I met many emigrants who showed me the papers, &c., your missionaries distributed at the services held on board their ships. Again, when I was recently returning from Boston to Liverpool by steamer, an aged sailor and a young engineer spoke most feelingly of their conversion to Christ at one of the Mission services held while the vessel was lying in the port of London."

Off at last! We steam for nearly an hour in the dark through what seems to be "The Dismal Swamp," seeing nothing but occasional distant lights. At Purfleet we are told that there is a large quarry, in the centre of which rises a pyramid of stone surmounted by a plat of grass. This is said to be the identical spot on which Queen Elizabeth stood when she surveyed her ships sailing down Thames to do battle with the Armada. She exclaimed, "My poor fleet!" and hence the name of Purfleet.

Similar anecdotes enliven us till we reach Tilbury, and very dark it is. Our secretary is well-known to the railway men, who lend lanterns, and otherwise aid in a walk along the railway, which we are inclined to call mountainous, it is so made up of ascents and descents. But none of us break our legs; and what is more extraordinary, we are not lost in the Essex Marshes, through which, apparently, we finally proceed, mounted on a plank. It is dark as Erebus, save for those lanterns and a blessed vision in front of us. This is the mission-room, ablaze with welcoming light. (We here record that the banks of the Thames are not all "Thames Embankments"). In the very midst of the mud at the extremity of the planks is the hospitable door through which we proceed, first to tea and cake, and then to our mission-room.

And a fine, large, commodious hall it is, still adorned with Christmas decorations and appropriate texts. It is full of navvies and boatmen, their wives and children, with here and there a police or railway official. The performers assemble on the platform, the secretary of the mission presiding. We seat ourselves among the auditors, in order to hear their opinions and to judge what sort of people they are. "A rough lot" might be the estimate at a cursory glance, for the men are mostly in their workaday attire; but on nearer consideration, they are much like other people. The women have, as usual, smartened themselves up and made the best of their children.

The first part of the entertainment is secular, the second sacred, and there are no "comic" songs. To teach and improve is the motto of the mission, and our "labouring classes," as they are called, enjoy what is good as much as what is merely jocular. Still, some of the younger navvies would have "a spree" if they could, for there is a whistle somewhere: stayed, however, at the instance of the secretary, who reminds the audience that the artistes have come all the way from town to charm them, therefore they must be polite and attentive. And they are.

As ours is not a "mutual admiration" concert, we will confine ourselves to the remarks of the audience instead of expressing our own opinions. We elicit the following during the secular performances.

"Well, I never see hands move so fast and so easy as that! 'Tis like magic," remarks a woman at our back, as our accomplished lady accompanist runs over the keys of the piano.

"I always like 'The Tar's Farewell,'" sighs another, when an infant begins to cry "loud and long."

All heads are turned reproachfully towards the offending babe and its mother, when, "happy thought," one of our lady vocalists descends from the platform, takes the screaming bundle, carries it to an inner room, quiets it, and leaves the grateful parent to enjoy the song.

"That *was* kind!" exclaims one of our neighbours; "but the child has interrupted 'The Tar's Farewell.'"

"Now I call that a fine voice!" propounds another, as "our contralto" is vociferously encored in "The Minstrel Boy," and receives a second ovation in "Twickenham Ferry."

Programmes are consulted, and opinions are unanimous upon their artistic beauty, for have they not pictorial, nautical illustrations?

"I'm sure I couldn't say what I like best," says a stout lady on our left. "I like it all."

"My favourites are 'The Minstrel Boy,' and 'Mary of Argyll,' responds a navvy with an earnest face.

"All I can say is, that Tilbury's a changed place since we've had the mission-room. It used to be terrible dull, and nothing going on; now we've got something almost every night —services, and lectures, and temperance meetings," puts in somebody else.

"I like the music better than the singing," whispers a little girl with her face tied up; "and I like the singing best," chirps another.

All enjoy the reading, apparently; for between the parts one of our artistic contingent gives us that amusing and temperance-inculcating paper, "Buy your own cherries." The faces of the audience are a study. You can almost recognise him who imbibes too much by a certain shamefacedness, while the abstainer looks pleased and self-satisfied. One respectably-dressed man, surrounded by his children, has a broad grin on his countenance the whole time, and as to the young folk they are all greatly amused. The women too! You may point out the thrifty wife with a decent helpmeet, and the thriftless, who does not, like "Mary," keep a well-swept hearth, a cheerful fire, and a clean tablecloth. Moreover, there are many shakings of the head, and exclamations which testify to a consciousness of the benefit of temperance.

Just as the moral has sounded in all our ears, and been followed by much applause, crash goes a bench that surrounds part of the room, and down tumble its occupants. Much merriment follows, and "That's to digest the cherries," shouts a voice.

We are somewhat surprised to find that the sacred portion is as well appreciated as the secular, indeed a man on our right tells us he prefers it, "because it is so serious." Sterndale Bennett's Quartette, "God is a Spirit," is very well received, and so is the second effort of "our contralto," "Rest in the Lord."

"'Twould be cruel to have her back again!" remarks our stout friend, with much the same compassionating and patronising manner that a more cultivated auditory assumes at an encore.

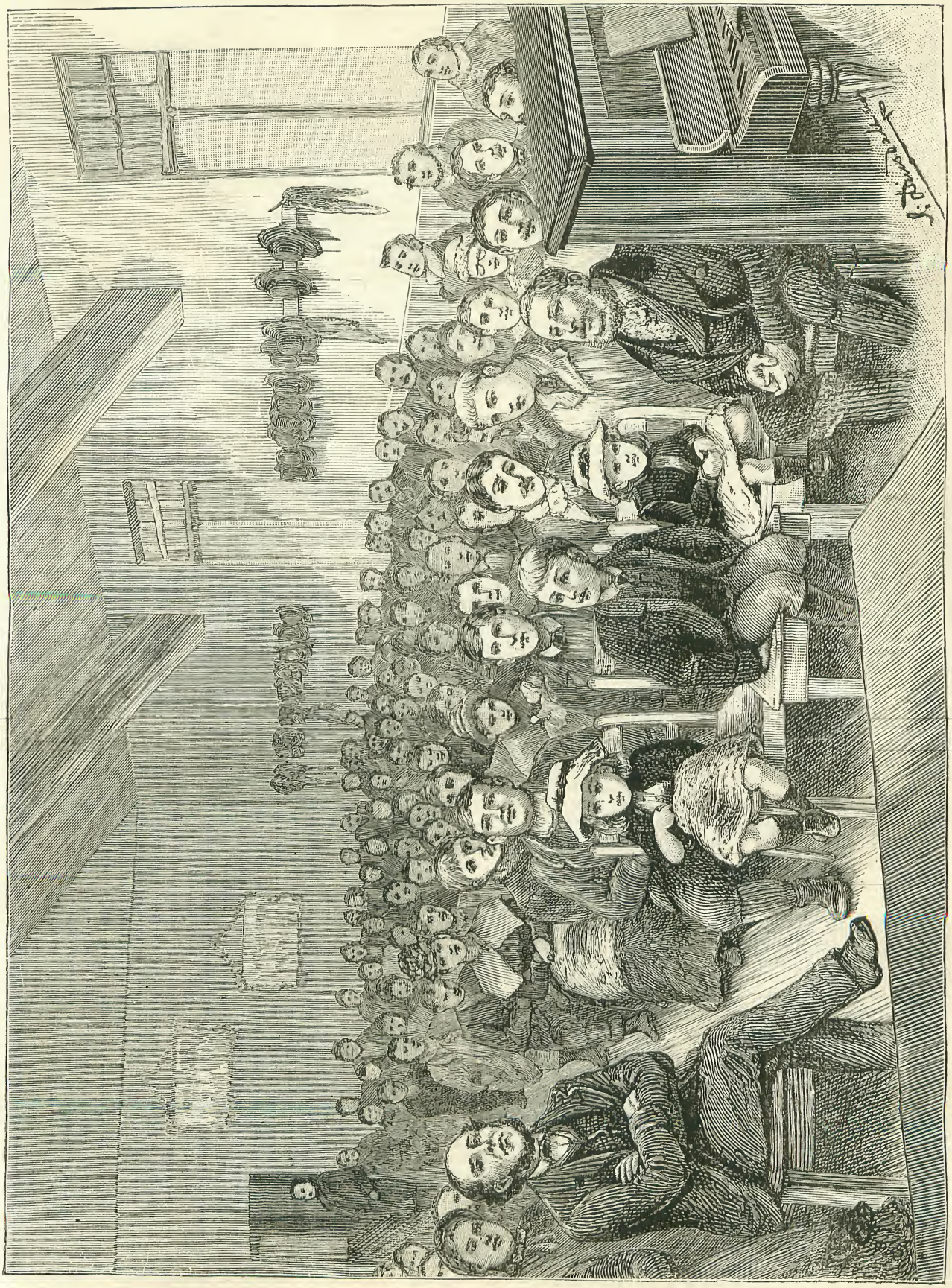
However, there is no recall, and the remainder flows peacefully on. It has lasted two hours, from seven to nine "sharp," as the modern idiom hath it. Of course there is "a vote of thanks," and we are all well pleased to hear our editor receive and respond to it. The sturdy, strong, stalwart navvies give him and his "troupe" three hearty cheers, and declare it "The best entertainment they have ever had. Quite a success."

Let us all help to make it memorable by aiding the Thames Church Mission both by hand and heart. Its work is of the utmost importance. Its chaplains and missionaries have laboured since 1844 to rescue seamen, emigrants, fishermen, and others from ignorance, degradation, and vice. Last year they visited 35,931 vessels of various classes and nationalities, and held 4,032 services, at which 117,848 attendants listened to the Word of Life. The colporteurs sold 3,965 bibles and testaments, and 602 prayer books, whilst 36,660 copies of the Holy Scriptures, and 288,239 tracts, books, &c., were freely distributed.

But there is one branch of work which especially claims our interest and assistance. 1,179 pairs of cuffs and 508 comforters were given to the North Sea fishermen, and we are informed that thousands of these articles are needed. Surely the agile fingers of our dear young readers will readily help. Parcels containing wool work or books and magazines should be addressed prepaid to the secretary of the Mission, 31, New Bridge-street, Ludgate Circus, E.C.

"When we also consider the vast work being done by the Thames Church Mission, and by other kindred missions, we have great encouragement to do what we can to promote a similar mission in this city. I have the greatest respect and regard for the work done by the Thames Mission. Their work on board ship in the North Sea is not only most remarkable, but most gallant in those who are conducting it. They are most diligent in bringing the Gospel of Christ before the sailors who frequent the port of London."—Vide speech of John Burns, Esq., Chairman of the Cunard Steamship Company, at a recent meeting in Glasgow.

"The Society has unceasingly carried on its labours for a number of years, and many evidences have been given that the bread which it has cast on the waters has not been wasted, but that the work of the Mission has been of the utmost value."—Extract from a recent sermon by the Lord Bishop of London.



THE ENTERTAINMENT AT TILBURY.

MARGARET'S NEIGHBOURS.

By Dora Hope.

"What is the matter with everybody, Madeline?" asked Jack Lancaster, as, coming home rather earlier than usual one evening, he found his youngest sister alone in the drawing-room, and the house altogether upset. "First thing after I came in I fell sprawling over a roll of carpets or something, and landed on a lot of crockery ware, and made a lively smash; that just serves them right for leaving things lying about; and then Winnie came rushing up with her head in a bag, and just said, 'Oh, Jack, how tiresome of you; I *thought it was the* carpet-beater!' and flew off again; she might at least have had the civility to ask how many limbs I had broken. And then Lulu looked over the banisters, and when I called her she said, 'Oh, if it's only you, I can't stop to come down.' There's a way to treat a fellow when he comes home. And actually Evelyn is on her hands and knees nailing down a carpet or something of that sort. What queer people women are, to be sure, and yet they all seemed in their right minds when I left this morning!"

"It isn't very nice, is it, Jack? I think they have this sort of upset every spring, you know; and if I had not my lessons to do, I suppose I should be helping them too," said Madeline, in her usual quiet, deliberate tones.

"Well, *I don't like it*, and I shall not allow it when I am twenty-one. I am sure the house was all right before, but women never can be content without routing about, and rushing round, and dusting and moving things out of their places. I shall just go and tell Winnie to stop it." And the young potentate of sixteen strode from the room with a cloudy look of determination on his round, good-tempered face; but on joining his sisters, instead of putting a stop to their work, his help was soon enlisted in taking down curtains and moving heavy furniture.

The reason for all this sudden upset was that for the last few days the sun had been shining brightly, and had revealed to the girls the fact that some of their curtains were getting *very dirty*, and the rooms looked generally dingy and in want of a little brightening up. Margaret, whose advice had as usual been asked, had recommended them to have a regular old-fashioned spring cleaning. For though, she said, she considered it a relic of barbarism, and entirely unnecessary if a house was kept properly clean all the year; still, as the girls and *their servant had been inexperienced*, and had allowed their carpets and hangings to get very full of dust, and some of their furniture was sadly in need of an extra spring polish, she thought it would be best for them to have a thorough turn-out, and then, when they had once got the house into perfect order, they would be better able to start fresh, and by cleaning one room at a time, whenever it required it, prevent any necessity for such a general upset in the future.

Servants always enjoy a spring cleaning; in spite of the extra work it entails, they never seem in such perfect good temper and so completely in their element as when the whole house is turned topsy-turvy. Ann was no exception to the rule, and her face quite beamed with pleasure when Winnie announced her intention of having a regular turn-out.

Winnie had long ago discovered that charwomen are, as a general rule, to say the least a doubtful advantage. Why this class of the community should be such voracious eaters she could not determine, but the fact remained. It was true that Mrs. Moore would come to work for eighteenpence a day, but then Winnie had calculated that she broke an average of two plates and a jug every time she came, and always ate up everything there was in the house; so it did not seem very cheap after all. However, she thought the extra work would be more than Ann could manage, so felt obliged to offer to have Mrs. Moore for a couple of days; but Ann's reply relieved her.

"Don't you have no chairwoman for my sake, miss, not without you wishes it yourself," said this outspoken damsel. "For my part I likes my kitchen to myself, and then you don't get nothink broke."

Winnie was only too pleased to consent, so the girls and maid set to work with a hearty goodwill, and found plenty to do.

Since the re-adjustment of their income and expenditure, the girls had been compelled to be very economical, for a time at any rate, to make up past deficiencies; and no work was put out to be done that they could possibly manage to do themselves. Winnie began to be a good cook; she was of that happy, strong constitution which seems never to tire; and having, with an effort, torn herself from her devotion to study, she began to get more accustomed to the ordinary occupations of a busy house-mother, and no longer thought them the dreary drudgery they had seemed at first. Evelyn had been lately more inclined to rouse herself too; perhaps the sight of Winnie's unselfish determination to make them all comfortable had made her ashamed of her own selfish indolence, and she had astonished her sisters by volunteering small services in the house occasionally, though as a rule the duties her aunt had allotted to her were as much as she cared to undertake. Lulu remained much the same thoughtless, kind-hearted, impulsive girl she had always been; but when she took a fancy to undertake a piece of work, it was wonderful how much her strong energetic zeal could get through.

There was plenty of scope for all their varied talents during the next week, for after the smoke and fog of a long London winter, everything in the house seemed in want of polishing and brightening up.

Winnie had set her heart upon removing their thick carpets for the summer, and replacing them by Indian matting, as Margaret always did, but was deterred from doing so by motives of economy, which feeling was strengthened by the reflection that in their small house there was no room for storing the unused carpets. So she had to content herself with sending them away to be beaten, and one of them, which had a light-coloured ground, and was very dirty, to be scoured. In the meantime the stained floors were re-polished, and the bare boards under the carpets scrubbed with salt and water at Ann's suggestion as a safeguard against insects, of which Winnie had a great dread. Ann told her that they had once gone to live in a house which they found afterwards to be infested with vermin, and her mother had found the use of brine so successful in exterminating them, that she always used it occasionally even in the cleanest house, as a precaution, and as Ann said, "With Master Jack going in and out of goodness knows what dirty places, there's no knowing what you mayn't catch in your house; and anyhow it can't do the boards no harm."

The thick winter curtains were taken down, well shaken, brushed, and put away, wrapped in coarse, unbleached calico, to prevent moths, and with the additional precaution of a piece of camphor enclosed in each. Then Ann, mounted on a pair of steps, washed the Venetian blinds from top to bottom. She well dusted them first, and then carefully washed each lath with a flannel and a lather made with warm water and extract of soap.

Then there was the furniture to polish. A good deal of it was old-fashioned mahogany, which could only be made to look nice by dint of hard rubbing—"elbow grease," as our grandmothers would have said. Lulu undertook this, as suited to her style of work, which she considered to be energetic and determined, but which Evelyn denounced as violent and jerky. She found, however, that, as a result of her energy, she was perpetually knocking her knuckles against the edge of the tables and chairs; so, necessity being the mother of invention, she invented a new rubber for herself. She found an old cork, belonging to a wide-necked pickle bottle, and enveloped it in several folds of an old duster. When it was thus converted into a soft pad, she tied a soft cloth over it, in uneven folds, so that it would go into all the crevices of the furniture, and with this rubber she polished all the furniture famously without any further injury to her knuckles. Her inventive genius also devised a means of cleaning such of the painted walls and varnished paper as would bear washing. She got a piece of wood, part of the lid of an old packing-case, about a foot square; to this she nailed a broom-handle, and then covered the square part with a fold of old baize, over which a damp cloth was tied, to wash the walls, which had been previously dusted with a cloth tied over a broom. When they had been washed all over with the damp cloths, dry ones were tied on to the wall-cleaner, and they were again wiped all over. The painted woodwork was washed with cold-water soap, which cleansed without injuring the paint.

All the mirrors had an extra polish. They were sponged over first with diluted spirits of wine, which was washed off again with clean water, and they were then rubbed with a soft cloth, and finished with an old silk handkerchief.

Some steel fire-irons, which had become slightly rusted through careless use during the winter, were rubbed with emery-powder, moistened with a few drops of turpentine, and afterwards with a warm chamois-leather.

The chimneys, too, were swept, and when all the dirty work was finished, the girls set to work to put up clean curtains. Those for the dining-room, which looked on to the road, were cream-coloured Madras muslin, made to meet at the top and tied back with broad pieces of coloured satteen, edged with lace. For the drawing-room, which was a rather dark room, and required all the light they could give it, they used, in summer and winter alike, the rich, heavy curtains brought from their old house; but these were drawn right back, so as not to cover the window at all, and on either side of each window was one of those thin, narrow Syrian curtains, now so much used, tied back with ribbon, so as only just to cover the woodwork, and only projecting very slightly across the window at the top.

The girls had been very busy for some time making summer quilts, and as the weather was warm, they decided that as many as were finished should be put on the beds at once. Unfortunately Evelyn had undertaken rather more of her favourite fancy work than she could manage, and the spare room, which she had volunteered to decorate, had to be left unfinished a little longer. As far as she had done it, however, it promised to look exceedingly pretty. She had made window-curtains and bed-hangings of Bolton sheeting, with a bold design appliqué on them in red twill, to form a border; but the counterpane and toilet-cover, which were to correspond, were still unfinished.

Some linen sheets, which had been thought too thin for winter, were now brought out, and the light of day showed symptoms of mildew, very alarming to Winnie, who had never had to deal with anything of the sort before.

"Perhaps it will wash out with strong soda," she suggested to Ann.

"Bless yer 'art, miss, that would just fasten it in as tight as Timothy, as the saying is; but they used to do it with starch and lemon at Cripps's," replied Ann. Mrs. Cripps was her

previous mistress, and seemed to have been a perfect model of a housekeeper from Ann's account, though she always spoke of her in this irreverent way.

Winnie did not in the least understand what she meant, but told her to try to remove the stains as she had seen it done before, and if it was not successful she would go and ask her aunt for advice. Ann accordingly tried first by leaving the linen sheets to bleach for two or three days in the little garden behind the house, and frequently sprinkling them with water; but finding the stains were of too long standing to be removed in that way, she mixed some soft soap and powdered starch, adding a few drops of lemon juice, and spread this on, and again left the sheets in the air for a few days; this time, on washing out the soap, she was rewarded by finding the marks completely gone.

Winnie felt very much ashamed of the bad management, which could allow any of her linen to get into this condition. The cupboard must be dreadfully damp," she said to Ann, "but I don't see how we can remedy that."

"No miss, only by drying everything well before it's put away, and leaving the cupboard doors open whenever there's a bright sunny day."

It must not be imagined that all this was the work of a day. For many days the girls worked hard from morning till night; poor Jack had his patience sorely tried by the discomfort of the house, but he bore it with his usual amiability; and they were all rewarded by seeing their house look so fresh and bright, that as Ann truly said, "it seemed as if summer had come inside as well as out." Jack too, though he had been rendered rather uncomfortable by the commotion, had still enough of the boy nature left in him to secretly half enjoy the disturbance, and withal he was man enough to see and appreciate the way Winnie gave up her own pleasures to devote herself to their comfort.

One evening, the very day the last touches had been put to the spring cleaning, Jack came home with a small parcel, which he handed to Winnie. "I say, Winnie," he said, "I saw these in a shop, and I thought as you were getting so devoted to housekeeping you would like to know what was the proper thing to eat each month, so I bought them for you."

On opening the little packet, Winnie found twelve cards, one for each month, on which were printed a list of all the things especially seasonable for that month, each furnished with a loop at the top, so that they could be hung up in the kitchen, and a housekeeper who was short of ideas might get some suggestions by looking over the list, as to the cheapest and most plentiful dishes. The one for May was as follows:

Soup.—Julienne, spring, tomato (tinned), and carrot soups.

Fish. — Cod, soles, smelts, whitebait, mackerel.

Meat and Poultry.—Veal, lamb, pigeons.

Vegetables. — Spring cabbage, spinach, young carrots, turnips, salads and radishes.

Fruit.—Rhubarb, late apples and pears, bottled and dried fruits.

Winnie was delighted with them, and often found the lists very useful, but she was still more pleased with Jack's thoughtfulness in bringing them for her.

One day, when Lulu was busy fixing up a light crewelled mantel-border, which had been replaced in winter by a darker and heavier one, less likely to be damaged by the smoke from the fires, Evelyn called her to her aid. "Look here, Lulu; do leave that a little while and come and help me with this counterpane. This design for the border looks so small and weak, it wants some of your bold touches to make it effective."

"You generally tell me I am too bold, even to audacity, in my designs," said Lulu, good-naturedly drawing a chair up to the table, and spreading the quilt out before her for inspection. "I can't stay long, for I promised to be at Cronetyki's at eleven."

Evelyn rarely let slip an opportunity for jeering at Lulu's interest in "those Polish impostors," but being in good humour at Lulu's timely assistance, she graciously inquired after their welfare.

"Oh, they are getting on a little better, I think; you know I persuaded three or four people to let him tune their pianos regularly, and they have told others, so he has quite a number of tuning engagements, and actually the Websters are going to let him teach their two boys the violin, and the girl the harp. Poor man, I pity him, for I know they haven't a speck of musical taste. He said he would so like to see and try my violin, so that is why I am going this morning."

When Lulu reached the little dark shop, Audine greeted her as respectfully as usual, but without the quick smile which generally lighted up the little pale face when Lulu appeared. Her father was worse, she said, and she was minding the shop while he sat coughing by the fire, in the little back parlour. As Lulu was regretfully turning to leave, Cronetyki, looking white and thin as a ghost, appeared at the door, and begged her to go in, if she would condescend to their humble parlour; he felt better again, he said, and his cough had abated. She gladly consented, and he held the door open for her, and handed her a chair with a quiet, almost stately dignity of manner, as though it were a drawing-room of a palace, instead of a small dark shop parlour, in which he was receiving a guest. Soon Lulu's treasured violin, a bequest to her from an old relative, was taken from its case, and its points duly admired. Cronetyki asked her to play, and anxious to gratify the sick man she complied, saying as she began:

"Now you must not praise me, unless you think I deserve it; for you know I am only a beginner, and of course I don't play well."

When she ceased playing he said, "That is good, very good, Miss Lancaster; you have the power, and the firm, decided touch, and a portion of feeling too, but,—excuse me,—you require the fineness, the delicateness, the small tendernesses; but that will come in time, one cannot feel the soul there is in the violin, how it speaks to one's heart, before you have lived long, and known the sorrow and sadness there is in the world."

So saying, he took the violin from her and played a simple, plaintive air, the same one she had herself attempted, but with such power and withal such intense feeling, that Lulu could find no words to thank him; and Audine stole gently up to him and slipped her little hand into his, in silent sympathy for the sorrow which was breathed through the music, though he never uttered it in words.

He roused himself after a few moments from the reverie into which he had fallen.

"Ach! that air," he said; "I should know it well. It was almost the first I tried to play when a child of six, in my happy home; but I did not understand it then. My fingers played the notes, but my heart felt not the melody."

"You come from Poland, I suppose?" asked Lulu, very anxious to hear something of the man's history, and yet fearful of appearing curious.

"Yes, madam, from the country near Warsaw, where with my father, mother and brother I lived with nothing left to wish for, as one might suppose, and where I might be still living in comfort, and respected for my father's sake, but for my own folly and sin."

Again he stopped, and Lulu, feeling that she ought to say something, replied, gently—

"But we are all sinful, and we may all repent and be forgiven, if we will."

"Yes, thank God! and I believe my sins are covered in His sight, for He knows how sorely have I suffered, and sorrowed, and wept. But my earthly friends, my own people—yes, I must see them again, and prostrate myself before them. As you have been kindly interested in my little Audine and in me, I may perhaps tell you how it comes that we are in this state of struggling for a living, if it will not displease you."

Lulu gave a look of assent, but said nothing, and the sick man went on.

"Our home was all that was happy and comfortable, even luxurious, and my brother and myself the objects of all the affectionate care of our parents. But with me the passion for music was strong, and instead of ennobling my soul and purifying my life, it led me on and ever on into gay society; first the opera, then the dance, and all the excitements of gay company, till the peace and purity of home seemed wearisome, and, like the prodigal son in the Bible, I was set to go abroad and enjoy my life in my own way. I was the younger son, and had no claim to the inheritance of my father; yet was there, I knew, a portion for me. I did a greater evil than that other prodigal; I did not ask for my portion, but the occasion came, the temptation was strong, and I took it. Yes, madam," he went on, seeing Lulu's startled look, "yes, it is true. I was a thief, and my saintly parents, the people from whom I stole. I went to Paris, squandering my money in pleasure, then to London, where I met my wife, a fair, good English girl, who did not fear to join her fortunes to mine, and whose heart I was near to breaking. But for her sake I invested the small wreck of my fortune, and on the proceeds of that we contrived, as we still do, to live. Her sweet patience and heavenly goodness caused me to repent and turn from my sins, humbly trusting, with her help and the good God's mercy, to live a new life. But she died, and I was left with Audine. I wished she had gone with her mother from this wicked world, but now I see the work of God in that too. But for my Audine I must soon have sunk back to my evil ways, for, indeed, then there would have been nothing to link me with thoughts of heaven. But, with her, how could I again sink? So I have struggled on, and am still struggling, and but for my health I might hope to be not unsuccessful."

"And your friends; what of them?" asked Lulu.

"Ah! madam, that is for what I work so hard, to have money to take us, we two, to seek the old home if, perhaps, they are still there, and to crave forgiveness, which they could not withhold from their son, who is a true penitent and with but a short time to live."

"But why not write to them?"

"Madam, I know not if they live even. I know not to whom to write; they also might not see the true sorrow of my heart in a letter, having known me only as a deceiver. No, I cannot write. But a doctor whom I have once seen, he says the consumption will be slow; I may live a year, perhaps even two, and in that time I trust to save and to replace some little of that which I took from my father, that he might see that I truly sorrow. If not—if I must die without again seeing my fatherland——"

"If not! Why, of course, it will all come right," cried Lulu, impulsively; "you must not think of failing. I am sure I shall be able to get you some more lessons to give and tuning to do, and you will soon have money enough. God will make you strong and well again, I am sure, and let you get home to your people. He would never take you away

NORAH.

before this has happened, and I am certain it will be all right. I am so glad you have told me all this, for I shall feel such an interest in your success, and try so hard to help you. Excuse my asking, but I suppose your income is enough for you and Audine to live on, and the proceeds of the business go to the other object, the getting home and returning your father's money?"

"That is it, madame; and that is what I hope, I pray, I long for," said Cronetyki, with such an earnest, craving look in his hollow eyes that Lulu felt determined, come what might, that he should succeed.

She felt more deeply touched than ever in her life before, and was almost provoked at the patient calmness of his tone as he added, reverently—

"But while I long, with a longing that words cannot speak, to see my father and my fatherland once again, I hope and pray that whatever comes I may still have grace to say, 'God's will be done;' yes, though He deny me my heart's desire."

(*To be continued.*)

THE IVY GREEN.

A SEQUEL TO "'TWAS IN A CROWD."

By Mrs. J. A. Owen.

CHAPTER IV.

'TIS DARKEST BEFORE DAWN.

NORAH broke the seal of her letter from home, enclosing one from Mrs. Russell, saying that Jack and Ethel were ill with scarlet-fever, therefore at present it was not desirable for her to return to her situation; though upon their recovery she must be in readiness to resume her duties. The madre wrote saying how delighted Uncle Arthur and she were to think of having Norah with them for some time, and begged her not to delay her return.

Mrs. Maxwell tried to persuade her to remain at the camp a week longer, but some indefinable feeling now drew her longings towards home, and in spite of the gay campers, and the glory of the yellow corn and flowing river, she eagerly anticipated the little house in London with the faces of her dear ones.

"Well, if you really must go," said Mr. Maxwell, "we will take you down in the boat and see you off from the station." So there was much fun and laughter as a farewell chorus to speed Norah on her homeward way.

She arrived there as the madre was busy setting the tea-table, and very loving was the welcome she received.

"How well you are looking, darling!" said the madre; "and how ill *you* are looking!" cried Norah, in the same breath.

"I will run and make tea," said Norah, "while you rest in this easy chair. I can see where I am most needed now." And away she ran, soon reappearing with the teapot; and her mere presence seemed to bring some new life into the madre's tired face.

"When will uncle come in?" asked Norah, as she cut some slices of thin bread and butter.

"Not before seven," replied Mrs. Grey. "How glad he will be to see you in your old place! He is so well, and now takes quite an interest in the business of his office. I cannot understand why lately I have felt so unlike myself: everything seems a trouble, and anxiety presses me down even while I tell myself that all is going on well."

"You have been too much alone, dear madre; you want a tonic labelled 'Norah;' that will soon rouse you up."

And before Mr. Grey returned, Norah's recital of her camping experiences had won many smiles from the madre. But though on the following days Norah relieved her aunt from all domestic care, she still felt languid and even ill; until one night she complained of such feverish pains all over her body, that Mr. Grey slipped out and returned with a doctor.

He wrote out a prescription, and then ordered every precaution to be taken against infection.

"What do you fear, doctor?" asked Norah, as she went to let him out at the front door.

"There is a good deal of diphtheria about, and Mrs. Grey shows some of the symptoms; it may pass off in a feverish attack, but her throat looks bad. Are there any children in the house?"

"No, doctor."

"Well, give her plenty of jelly, beef-tea, anything in fact that she can swallow, till I come again. Place plenty of Condy's fluid and acetic acid about, and keep all the windows open a little way."

Mr. Grey was quite unnerved by the doctor's visit, and Norah needed all her self-command to settle Mrs. Grey upstairs without showing anything of the fear that had fallen upon them.

Mr. Grey went out to buy jelly, and several things Norah thought were needed, and after his return she got him to nail a sheet wet with disinfectant before the sick-room door, and for many days this was never allowed to dry.

Oh! those terrible days of anxiety when Norah and Mr. Grey thought the treasure of their hearts would be taken from them; and the outer world was unheeded in the absorbing watch within one narrow room. Oh! the unspeakable relief when medical skill and careful nursing, under God's blessing, made the enemy Disease retire, and the madre, though but the wreck of herself, was still again "out of danger."

Norah had never allowed Jane, the servant, to enter the room, but had shared the entire nursing with Uncle Arthur. Yet on the very day upon which Mrs. Grey was pronounced out of danger, Jane, poor girl, complained, just as Mrs. Grey had done; and Norah's heart sank within her, as she thought of a second patient, ere the first could leave her bed.

She said nothing to Mr. Grey that night, but she made the girl gargle her throat, left a tray with wine and jelly within her reach for the night, and then returned to Mrs. Grey's room.

Several times during the still hours she stole up to see how Jane slept, and as morning advanced could not doubt of its being diphtheria.

The doctor confirmed her fears. "This throat," said he, "is malignant; you must send her to the hospital."

"But, doctor," said Norah, "auntie never would allow any servant from her house to go to a hospital; we must nurse her here."

"How long will it take you to put on your bonnet, Miss Norah?"

"Two minutes, doctor."

"Then please put it on; I will take you, for you must see the matron of the hospital at once, and arrange with her to receive this girl directly. If not, I shall be having you on my hands next, and then there would be the piper to pay."

So Norah put on her hat at once, and the doctor's carriage soon drew up before the hospital door, and thanking him for his kindness, Norah went in search of the matron, who, having a small ward quite empty, could fortunately receive Jane that day.

Before returning home, she engaged a man to bring a cab to convey her to the hospital, upon her promising the fee necessary to ensure its fumigation, and then Norah hurried home to relieve Uncle Arthur of his guard over the two patients.

It was difficult to keep the madre in ignorance of Jane's illness and departure; and what would have been reasonable for Jane to do was too much for Norah now, almost worn out with nursing,

Mr. Grey had procured a woman to do the kitchen work, but nothing would induce her to run any risk of infection, so the days of the madre's slow recovery were very painful to Norah.

She set off one afternoon to see Jane, who was now recovering after a fearful illness, and left the ward feeling worn in body, and distressed in mind. She felt so tired upon reaching the bottom of the stairs that she sat down to rest, in the still white lobby.

She heard a door open close beside her, but took no notice of a tall man who passed her, with an open book in his hand, until the fact of his suddenly stopping and looking at her drew her attention to himself. She raised her eyes, usually so bright, but now dimmed with anxious tears, to meet the steady, reassuring glance of Lawrence Marshall.

"Miss Grey," he said, concealing his surprise at finding her alone in such a place of suffering, "pray come into this room and rest." And he led the way back, and closed the door.

"I did not know you came here, Dr. Marshall," said Norah, timidly.

"Did you not? I visit here twice a week in my professional capacity, and this is my private room. But to meet me, a sober medical man, in a hospital cannot be one *half* the surprise to you as it is for me to find the presiding fay of Pangbourne woods in such an uncongenial sphere. What can have attracted you hither?"

And so Norah was led to tell her troubles to her sympathetic listener, and very grave was his noble intelligent face as he followed Norah's recital.

"If you will allow me, I should so much like to make Mr. Grey's acquaintance; you see his wife is an old friend of mine, and we old Californians do not like to forget old friends."

So Norah told him where they lived, within a walking distance of the hospital. Without further delay, he coolly took up his hat, and accompanied Norah to her door.

"I will call later on," he said, "when Mr. Grey is sure to be in," and Norah with a lightened heart entered her home.

She laid aside her hat before going in to the madre, and, as she opened the door, could not repress a little scream of delight, as she saw her aunt sitting up in an easy chair, and met Uncle Arthur's triumphant look as he complacently carved a fowl which stood on the tea-table which he had erected in the sick room.

"Was there ever such a man as this husband of mine?" asked the madre, as she daintily ate her chicken. "Doctor came while you were out, Norah, and said I might get up, so Arthur found my clothes; and besides all that he brushed out my hair for ever so long, and concluded by fetching this large tea-tray upstairs."

"Yes," said Mr. Grey, solemnly, "and as I mounted those stairs, I nearly dropped it, from a sudden qualm, as I wondered what

that humbug, our old butler, Harris, would have said could he have caught me at it."

Before Norah had found what she considered the right moment to tell of her encounter with Lawrence Marshall, that gentleman came while she was upstairs helping the madre back to bed. So she entered the sitting-room to find Dr. Marshall and Uncle Arthur in pleasant converse, without her having known that he was in the house.

She sat very silent beside her uncle, and was so tired that she could not keep her mind from wandering away to the thought of all the things the madre needed during her convalescence, and the almost empty purse with which she had to procure them.

Mrs. Russell had written while in ignorance of the madre's illness, fixing a date for her return; but Norah had replied, asking to be freed from the engagement, saying she felt the charge of Jack and Ethel beyond her powers.

Mrs. Russell had responded by a liberal offer of a large increase of salary, so that when all danger of infection to her pupils was over, Norah felt it her duty to again earn money, though she felt now utterly unfit for the effort.

While these thoughts were harassing Norah's mind, not one change of her mobile face escaped the observant eye of Dr. Marshall. "She needs rest and care," said his medical instinct, while his friendly impulse urged "cheer her with fresh air and flowers."

Upon the following morning, when Norah was busy mending some socks of her uncle's, that had been neglected during the past weeks, she was surprised by a visit from Lawrence Marshall.

"I have come to take you into the gardens," he said, adding with a smile, as he watched Norah's look of surprise, "your uncle commissioned me to do so last night."

It was a lovely autumn day, and Kensington Gardens looked very beautiful to the girl, as she gazed upon the trees that towered above the leafy wreckage of their summer pride.

She did not know how it was that she was led on to confide all her troubles and money difficulties to her sympathetic friend; yet so it was.

"Ah!" said Lawrence Marshall, "well do I remember the time when I have looked at my purse, and wondered when it would have anything worth looking at in it. I went to California to make a bare living for myself; but you know how Fortune smiled upon me, and I soon made enough to return to England, and resume my medical studies, which a sudden reverse had made impossible. Now I am comfortably secure in a practice in Brompton, besides having inherited a small fortune from the uncle whose practice I have taken up. It is not large enough to allow me to be idle, but it will always secure me from anxiety. But let us choose some flowers for Mrs. Grey before we return." And they sought a florist's.

And now Norah's burdens sensibly began to lighten, for in the most delicate way Lawrence Marshall took them up, until by degrees Norah was won back to her old bright vigorous life, and Mrs. Grey outgrew her invalidism, and even Jane took up her interrupted work.

And then Norah, in her own self-willed loving way, arranged to return to her pupils, though little Lilly, now grown strong, wrote to second her mother's request "for dear, beautiful Miss Grey to come back, and help Lilly to learn to play as beautifully as she had promised she should;" but Norah wanted the eighty pounds Mrs. Russell offered, to assist Uncle Arthur with the heavy expenses of the illness. And after that she promised to return home for good.

And so for another year Norah resumed her schoolroom responsibilities, and at last parted from Jack and Ethel, rich in their unalienable love, though they still were sufficiently like the original pair to strike terror into her successor's heart; but the American governess has for ever banished the ghost from their quarter of the house.

Norah after all did not stay long with Uncle Arthur and the madre in their pleasant and ever increasingly happy home; for a rising medical man for a while took up a new study, and, becoming "special pleader," won her consent to brighten his life; and so it came to pass that one happy spring morning Norah for the last time wrote her old name "Norah Grey," and for the rest of her days will be dear to the hearts of her husband, Uncle Arthur, the madre, and many loving friends, both rich and poor, as Norah Marshall.

And so we wave our hands to her, as she passes from our sight, hidden by the evergreen ivy of love.

[THE END.]

THE COLONIES AND DEPENDENCIES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

By Mrs. Brewer.

ST. LUCIA.

SAILING from Dominica towards St. Lucia, the first of the Windward Islands, we pass the French island of Martinique, where the Empress Josephine was born, and where, if we had time, we should much like to land; but we must not be enticed either by its dockyard, opera house, or botanic gardens to tarry, as we can only be allowed the use of our good ship, the "Girl's Own," for a limited period, and we have yet long voyages to make. Soon we go twenty-four miles further south of St. Lucia, which looks wild and romantic as we approach. We enter the island by the Port of Castries, which is the chief shipping station. This port is easy of access and commodious, but it is curious that owing to the constant direction of the "trade wind" only one vessel can enter at the time, although a large fleet may ride safely at anchor within. We fear our opinion of this island will be prejudiced, for somehow we do not care for it, and long to be on our ship again. We are afraid to step out of beaten tracks lest we should be bitten by snakes. There is one peculiar to St. Lucia; it is yellow, and from six to eight feet long. Among the deaths registered, ten is the annual average from serpent bites; this, of course, falls far short of the people bitten. However, we will be courageous and see something of the people and the place. Castries, the chief town, is not a nice place to stay in, we like the little town of Souffrière on the west coast better; near it are the celebrated sulphur springs. The island altogether seems more French than English. Although it does not look bright and prosperous, there is no absolute want among the people; and from what we hear, there is a large annual consumption of the luxuries of life. We spoke to some of the peasants, who thought the island would be much improved if only the Government would sell some of the many thousands of acres of waste lands to them at a low price; for they knew what would grow, and they should have pleasure in cultivating their own. Education seems cared for, but the prisons we hear are not at all what they should be, and there seems to be too many prisoners in them for so small a place. A large quantity of sugar, cocoa, and logwood are exported annually. There are plenty of rivers, but none navigable; their mouths are mostly dammed up with sand. This is the first place we wish good-bye to with pleasure.

BARBADOES.

Leaving the southern point of St. Lucia, the "Girl's Own" directs her course easterly towards Barbadoes, the shores of which are almost encircled by coral reefs. Of course as we see these we call to mind the tradition that the coral insect raised Barbadoes from the bed of the sea. We are quite excited at the scene of brightness and animation which greets us as we approach the harbour. Canoes and boats are moving round the vessel, laden with yams, bananas, pine-apples, and other luxuries grown on the island, and tempting us with their absurdly-low prices; large foreign vessels are loading or unloading; native boatmen carrying to and from, singing snatches of quaint songs; droghers moving hither and thither, with home produce, all forming together as pretty a picture as it is possible to imagine.

From the bay we get a view of Bridgetown, the capital of the island, looking larger than it really is; and the clusters of palm and cocoa-nut trees cropping up between the houses make it a most attractive object from the deck of our vessel.

It derived *its name* from a rude bridge constructed by the aborigines over the narrowest part of the creek, which receives the surface water from the adjacent heights. We seem to afford immense amusement as we stand ready to land with our bags in hand (we never take more luggage with us than we can carry ourselves); this we are getting quite accustomed to, and, refusing all other offers of help, we make for our hotel. Here we pause to consult, and a noisy parliament it is. To the question, "What shall we see first?" come almost as many answers as there are girls. The good walkers among us want to start on a walking tour through the island, saying that they have ascertained that it is only twenty-one miles long and fourteen broad, and that the roads being admirably kept there would be no difficulty in going over the whole of it. Others who are thoughtful and fond of collecting information declare that there are 478 miles of road and that they ought to be kept well, for each mile costs every year £26. This calls forth an irritable answer, "What does it matter to us how much they cost?" but a reference to home in the reply, "Our fathers and brothers like to know these facts" is quite sufficient to restore amiability. We have settled matters so as to please all. The walkers are to start with a guide; those who are deeply interested in natural curiosities are also to have a guide; and those who like peeping into schools, public buildings and churches, and getting a view of things in general may also go their way, the agreement being that all are to meet at the hotel in one week, that being the full extent of time that can be allowed for Barbadoes. We who are left go out into the town; the streets are clean and neat, the houses pretty and comfortable, but we should not call them elegant. Most

of them have but one floor, and that on the ground; they are, as a rule, built of wood, supported by pillars of brick or stone and with balconies in the front. Water is laid on, which is a wonderful advantage to the town. The shops or stores do not sell one particular class of goods, but trade in everything; so that they are really all in opposition. There is a second or lower class of stores kept by hucksters, generally black, who buy of the larger stores small quantities, and retail them in still smaller portions at considerably higher prices than they gave for them, thereby calling to mind what our mothers have often said at home, that the poor pay more for their goods than better-off people. We are surprised to find that at five o'clock in the afternoon business is suspended, and somewhat later the inhabitants may be seen going to a dance, or taking a quiet moonlight walk; and it is so funny to see them all carrying their umbrellas open to shield them from the moon's rays. Almost everybody keeps a one-horse gig; in these ladies go shopping, sometimes driven by a black servant and sometimes driving themselves, in which case the servant may be seen holding on behind. If the master goes out on horseback, attended by a black boy, the little fellow often helps himself to keep up by laying hold of the horse's tail. The scene about us calls to mind the old song—

"Come let us dance and sing,
While Barbadoes bells do ring;
Quashi scrapes the fiddlestring,
And Venus plays the lute."

Barbadoes is divided into eleven parishes; the accounts are well kept, and it is quite easy to get a question answered as to any point of interest to us, but it does look odd to see in these parochial returns, side by side with poor relief—so much, *capitation destroying rats—so much*. We find that rates and taxes fall heavy upon the lower middle class, even as they do at home. There are an enormous number of dogs about, and we find that licenses have been taken out for 1,923 at 1s. per license. There is accommodation in the various places of worship for 25,000, and we find that the attendance on Sundays is about 12,000 in the mornings and 11,000 in the evenings. There are nearly 200 good schools on the island. Barbadoes looks cheerful, prosperous, and cared for. It seems quite homelike to speak of going to Hastings and Worthing, both of which we have visited, and just as they are at home favourite watering-places; the last built on a coral reef. Those of us who went after natural curiosities were delighted with the animal flower cave on the coast. In the excavation filled with sea-water is an oblong rock covered with variegated sea-moss, out of which emerge small stems or tubes, out of these again petals like those of a marigold expand, and when our hands went towards them the petals retracted and the stems disappeared altogether in the crevices of the moss. We also went to the Boiling Spring in St. Andrew's parish. This spring consists of an inflammable gas which issues from a spot about two feet in diameter; if you apply a flame to it the gas burns with a pure whitish light. In passing from one end of the island to the other we noticed a deep valley going nearly due west, dividing the island into two unequal parts; and our guide said it was the opinion of clever men that if the sea were to rise fifty or sixty feet above its present level Barbadoes would be two islands.

There is no railway in the island yet, but the subject is under consideration.

The produce of the island is very varied. Sugar to a large amount is cultivated; there are 500 sugar works in operation; aloes, arrow-root, cocoa, many kinds of fruits and vegetables; petroleum is obtained from the wells in St. Andrew's parish; whale oil from the station at Speightstown. One of the industries of the island is fishing for sea eggs, a valuable article of food, and turtles. Altogether we think this is the most successful and popular of all our West Indian Islands.

Again on board the "Girl's Own" we steer westward, just touching at the island of St. Vincent. It does not seem to have been taken possession of until the 17th century, possibly because of the warlike character of the red and black Caribs who inhabited it, or from the natural capabilities of defence it possessed in its dense forests, river courses, and ravines, and its coast line so difficult of access. In 1783, when the island was restored to England, it contained 61 sugar estates, 500 acres of cotton, 500 acres of tobacco, 200 acres of cacao, and 200 acres of indigo. There are very many signs of improvement and progress in the island, there are churches and chapels, schools, friendly societies, and savings banks. In Kingston, which is the capital, there is a first-rate grammar school, and a good master from Scotland. You can get from one part of the island to the other by steamboat, the postal arrangements are good, and communication with other countries is kept up by the telegraph, and the sick and insane are well cared for. The island produces, in common with most of this group, sugar, arrowroot, cocoa, and cotton.

Moving in a south-westerly direction, we pass the cluster of pretty little islands called the Grenadines and arrive at Granada, which, according to general opinion, is the most beautiful of the Caribbean group. It has an air of Italian softness about it, and is very healthy. Its capital, St. George, is built on a peninsula, which juts into a large bay on the south-west coast. The buildings and houses of St. George are well built and comfortable. Cotton and cocoa are the chief productions of this beautiful little island, but its fruits are delicious. Whales abound in the surrounding seas in the spring, from which about 5,000 gallons of oil are annually obtained.

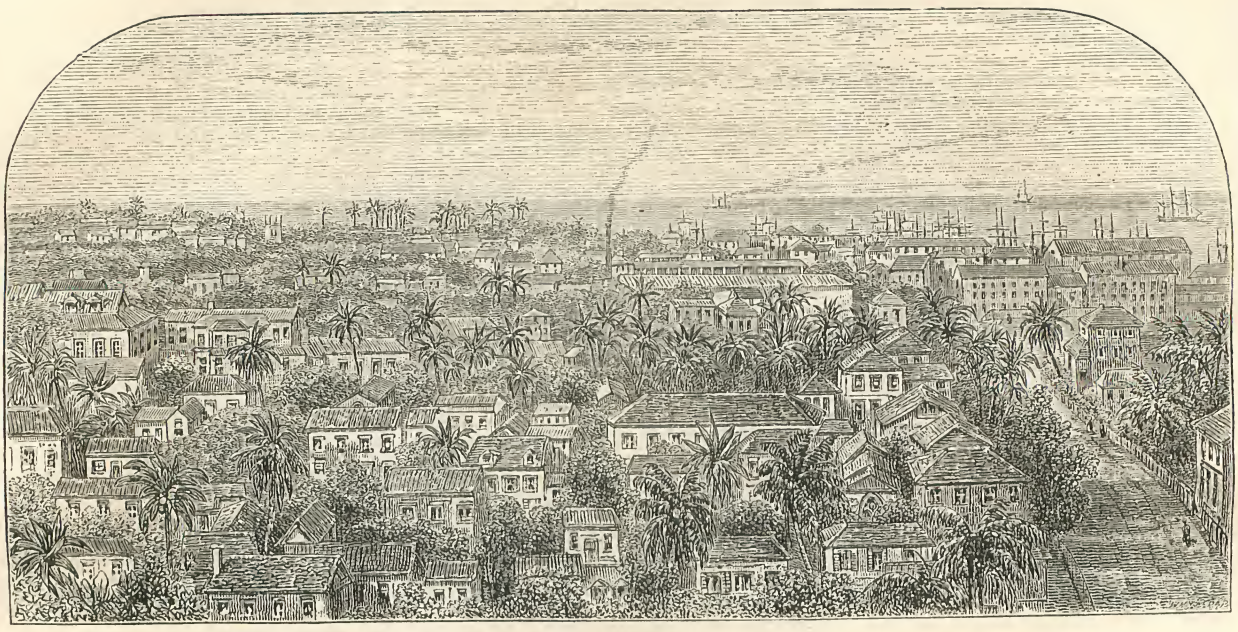
Our vessel steering south-east brings us to the last of the Windward Islands, Tobago, or, as it is sometimes called, the "Melancholy Isle," because of its gloomy aspect when seen from the north. Its chief town is Scarborough, situated on the south-west coast. The Moravians here, as elsewhere, have been most active and successful in their good work. Two-thirds of the island are still covered with dense forests. Sugar and cocoanuts are the chief produce.

Leaving Tobago for Trinidad, our attention is called to the colour of the sea, which seems to have lost its beautiful blue and become a dark dirty green. Our captain thinks the change is due to the Orinoco, which throws out a large accumulation of mud. The situation at Trinidad is admirable; between it and the mainland is the Gulf of Paria, which forms one great harbour. We are making our way through the Dragon's Mouth to the Port of Spain, on whose shore is built the capital of the island. We find it quite a handsome town, the houses well built of good stone, which is plentiful in the neighbourhood, the streets wide, well paved, and clean, but the whole character of the place, people, and language, gives us the idea of a foreign rather than an English possession. The large, clean market, full of tropical points and vegetables, the gay costumes of the French and Spanish women, and their merry faces, make up one of the prettiest scenes we have witnessed. There is a line of railway from this town to Arima, so we take our tickets and off we go. It is a neat little village, specially interesting to us because it was the home until quite lately of the native Indians. We all agree that we never in our lives saw indolence so systematically indulged in as here, both by white and coloured inhabitants. They may be great thinkers, but the whole population seemed to be swinging in their cotton hammocks. Our next little trip was to the village of La Brea, on the western coast, in order to see the natural phenomena for which it is distinguished. The most remarkable is the "Pitch Lake," about three miles in circumference, and surrounded by dark woods except on the seaward side. It appears to be a freshwater lake, which collects on its surface bituminous matter; this surface is black, and dwarf trees vegetate on it. We should have been awestruck, indeed, but for the cheerful sight of butterflies and humming birds of the most brilliant colours, together with parrakeets hovering about the vegetation which springs up in this gloomy place. Our guide called attention to one spot where the petroleum flows into the lake, and said that no bird dare approach for fear of suffocation. "How many wonderful things there are in the world which those who stay at home can form no idea of!" said one, breaking the silence which had crept over us. We have seen several mud volcanoes, but the matter they throw up is always cold.

The number of coolie emigrants is great in Trinidad, and we heard from some of them that they intend to have land instead of passage money back to their homes, as they like Trinidad, and wish to live here always. There is probably not more than one tenth of the soil under cultivation, and yet the produce of sugar, cacaos, coffee, cocoanuts, Brazil nuts, fruits, timber, etc., is enormous. Many of our fathers and mothers, being fellows of the Botanic Society in London, we thought we should like to visit those of Trinidad. How lovely they are! and how we enjoyed the afternoon we dare not stay to tell. Think of the governor having his home in the garden! Education is going on well, and teachers work with great cheerfulness. There are good hospitals and asylums for the sick and aged, and here, as everywhere in the West Indies, an asylum for lepers is an establishment. We do not think this would be at all a bad place to live in for those who have neither room nor money enough at home. Land is cheap, soil is rich, people of abstemious and temperate habits have good health, and live as long as in any town in Europe.

Our last visit before returning to London is to British Guiana,* a name not so familiar to us as Demerara, one of its counties. Our eyes are strained to catch a view of the light-ship which indicates the entrance to Georgetown, the capital of the colony, and as we approach there can be no doubt in our minds as to its prosperity and activity; there seems to be a genuineness about everything; the vessels are loading and unloading their cargoes with vigour, not, as we have seen elsewhere, with a dreamy kind of languor. Alongside the quays and wharves is such a mass of shipping that there seems no end of it. "Well," we exclaim, "this does not look much like a mud colony." "Ah!" said our captain; "you speak of the mud as contemptuously as if you were referring to the mud pies you made when you were little girls; but here mud is the source of wealth and success, it is so rich in salt and decayed vegetable matter that almost everything planted in it grows of itself." Our attention is so taken up with all around, that the captain evidently thinks we have not heard him and has walked away to give directions. On landing we take rooms at the "Tower," one of the many good hotels, and start out to see and learn as much as possible. This city of Georgetown is decidedly handsome and peculiar, the streets are wide and lined with trees, many of them traversed by canals like one sees in Rotterdam, and they are lighted by gas. The houses do not join, but as a rule each is built in its own garden, giving to

* Signifies wild coast.



GEORGETOWN.

the whole the appearance of a city in a garden. The beauty of its general appearance, its cathedral tower and church spires rising above the lofty palms and varied tropical trees, together with the shipping in the harbour, make it, we think, one of the most beautiful cities we have seen.

We are most interested in the sugar estate which we have been allowed to go over; the fields are intersected by small freshwater canals, on which iron barges made in Glasgow are seen drawn by mules, conveying the cane to the works. We are told that the plants and machinery of the sugar estates in British Guiana are worth about £2,000,000, and that there is nothing new in science applicable to this special work which is not tried. We think our people at home will like to hear that on these estates there are hospitals with good trained nurses, and schools where the labourers' children are taught, and it was almost pathetic to see some of these labourers peeping through the door of the school to show us which were their children; and what a motley crowd it is working on these estates! Indians, Chinese, Africans, West Indians, Portuguese and white people, the last being the directors, agents, etc. It is, we hear, to the abundance of this immigrant labour that the success of this colony is due. We asked the directors as we ask everywhere, "Could English workmen get on here?" "Oh yes," is the invariable answer, "if they would live simply and not drink; their intelligence would soon make them rich and the people for whom they worked also."

Since we have been here we think that the one important thing in the world is sugar, and that the Demerara sugar is the best in the world, and should be the best; and our reasons for saying this are three-fold. 1st, it has a bed to lie in and a home to thrive in prepared by "Father Time" at the expense and riches of centuries; 2nd, that the science and gold of the nineteenth century is at its disposal; and 3rd, that it is tended, nursed, and laboured for by servants of almost every nation under the sun.

We take carriages and drive to the magnificent esplanade facing the sea, and walk up and down for an hour and talk over our plans, and compare notes as to what has interested us. There are three magnificent rivers in British Guiana.* One, the Essequibo, comes from within a short distance of the equator, and as it flows and dashes northward, it entices many a smaller river into itself, and so makes a grand entry into the ocean twenty miles in width. The Demerara River, more humble in character yet more self-contained, is of greater commercial importance to the colony which it waters, and has the honour of sustaining the city of Georgetown, ere it loses itself in the ocean to be no more known. The third is the River Berbice, on which New Amsterdam, the second town of importance, is built. Vessels can only use these rivers for a limited distance, owing to the cataracts and rapids which are peculiar to them. We have been once or twice across the Demerara in the steam-ferry to Vreedem Hoop and back, and now we are going on board a steamer, which leaves here at seven o'clock in the morning for New Amsterdam, which we hope to reach about four or five o'clock in the afternoon.

We find New Amsterdam a cheerful, busy town, intersected by canals, and looking very Dutch. We have been to look at the library, which contains 5,000 volumes, wandered about the "Strand," looked at the shops, been over the lighthouse, and seen the shipping, and have learned why the island is called Crab Island, which stands like a tongue in the mouth of the Berbice (or Broad Water). The sailor told us that there are no such crabs anywhere, and that the Indians, who are very fond of them, come down to the island from the interior to enjoy them during the season. We do not want to return to Georgetown the same way, and have been asking if we can take carriages back. We are advised to take the ferry to Blairmont on the other side, for which we must each pay eight cents, and then to book seats in the post-carts which run between Blairmont and Mahaica, which is the terminus of the Georgetown Railway. This we have done, and paid each three dollars. The railway is about twenty miles long. There are three classes of carriages, as with us. The train passes through a very flat country, but we get a sight of sugar estates, plantain estates, and Creole villages, and were very interested in the many-coloured passengers.

Those who visit our botanic gardens in London will like to hear that we have seen the Victoria Regia growing in its own home, in full beauty and magnificence, on the Berbice. Its leaves, crimson below and light green above, resting so gracefully on the water; the flower, with its hundreds of petals, from white to rose colour, covering the water, and its sweet scent perfuming the morning air.

If our friends at home desire to know what British Guiana supplies towards our daily food and luxuries, we say that in one year she exports about two million hundredweight of sugar (more than any of our colonies except the Mauritius), between five and six million pounds of rice, besides molasses, rum, and fruit, all of which our girls have seen growing or manufactured.

And now for home. The "Girl's Own" is preparing to take us again on board, and the captain promises that, all being well, we shall spend Christmas with fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, and that, if we can get the "Girl's Own" for another voyage, we will start for Australia and New Zealand early in the new year.

* Rivers have been beautifully called the veins of a country.

A LONG LANE WITH A TURNING.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I PRAY THEE, GENTLE MORTAL, SING AGAIN."

A PLEASANT breeze was blowing off the sea, and although there was a burning sun overhead, Uncle Jacob felt no inconvenience from its rays. Cassie was sitting by his side on the beach, holding an enormous umbrella over him, and smiling as sweetly as if her arm were not aching and her soul were not sick of the old man's company.

There was nobody to listen to their conversation. About twenty yards off sat a nursery governess, her hat tilted over her nose and her eyes bent upon a strip of embroidery, while the sun was

fast scorching the back of her neck to a deep crimson. The children at play around her took care not to go near the cross old gentleman who always threatened them with terrible things in a thin, high voice. They wondered how the pretty dark young lady could sit with him so patiently, day after day, and always smile so brightly into his disagreeable old face. They thought she must surely prefer old people to young, for once when Tommy had tumbled down and upset his barrowful of shells and pebbles over her dress, she had looked very angry indeed.

Miss Brown, the nursery governess, didn't think much about them. When the children were not troublesome, she always sewed away at the everlasting strips of muslin, and thought about the banker's clerk, who was going to marry her when his salary was raised. Good little soul! Her ambition was of a very humble kind, and the girl who sat upon the same beach would have sneered at the modest hopes that brightened her hard-working life. Cassie glanced at her sometimes with a contemptuous pity, thinking what a miserable little drudge she must be—so apt are we to commiserate where we might envy, if we had a clearer sight.

In less than a week Cassie Decke had made herself quite necessary to Uncle Jacob. Lizzy's sprain proved to be a tedious affair; Rose was to be married at the end of October, and all the Varner hands were as busy as they could be. Very often the family condoled with Cassie on the weary task that had fallen to her share, but she always answered them with the greatest cheerfulness.

To-day, Uncle Jacob was in a particularly amiable mood. More than once he had looked down into Cassie's face in quite a paternal way, and had thought within himself that she was certainly a very tolerable specimen of girlhood. But, then, Uncle Jacob's knowledge of young ladies in general was exceedingly small; hitherto he had simply looked upon them as a frightfully expensive set of creatures, and had heartily pitied the toiling fathers who had to supply them with kid gloves and cambric handkerchiefs. But Cassie was so useful, and talked so sensibly, that for her sake he was almost inclined to think more favourably of the whole race.

"Dear Uncle Jacob," she said affectionately, breaking a silence that had lasted for some minutes, "I cannot say how much I enjoy these quiet hours with you. And it is very kind of you to let me call you uncle. I, who have not a single relative of my own, am really grateful for the privilege."

She spoke the last words in a plaintive tone, and they were followed by a deep sigh.

"Your parents died in India, and my nephew adopted you. Well, considering that he has children enough to people a colony, I wonder he did it," remarked Uncle Jacob, meditatively. "You could get your own living, I suppose, if you were to try?"

"Oh, yes!" Cassie's eyes and voice were very earnest. "I am always begging them to let me go out as a governess; but while there is so much needlework to do, and I make all the bonnets, and help in the dressmaking more than the others can——"

She stopped abruptly, and sighed again.

"Oh, ho!" said Uncle Jacob, with a sagacious look, "I see how it is! They keep you as maid-of-all-work, I fancy."

"I never said so, dear Uncle Jacob," answered Cassie, looking frightened. "Pray don't let them think that I ever said such a thing! But you are so wonderfully shrewd, that you can find out people's thoughts."

"Ah, yes, child; I'm as sharp as a needle. You are no match for me," chuckled the old man, in high glee.

"It is wonderful," Cassie repeated. "I can't imagine how you get such an insight into characters and motives. Not for the world would I have hinted that they make a slave of me, and yet you have found it out. But oh! if they were to think that I told you!"

"Don't be afraid of that. I can keep secrets as well as guess them; you may depend upon it, child, that old Jacob Varner goes about the world with his eyes open and his mouth shut. Ay, and he has got the start of many of the so-called wise ones!"

Again he chuckled, until he brought on a cough which enforced another silence.

Cassie sat quietly looking out upon the sea, taking care, meanwhile, to keep the umbrella in its place. There was a flush on her olive-brown cheek, brought there, perhaps, by the morning heat; but the faint smile on her lips was not pleasant to see. It was not a smile that brought out lurking dimples, and brightened up the whole face as a sudden burst of sunshine brightens a landscape. It gave a half-cunning, half-bitter expression to the delicate features that did not add to their beauty.

"I am very grateful to you, Uncle Jacob," she said, when the cough had subsided. "You have given me some hours of peace and rest. If it had not been for you, I should have been working my fingers to the bone for the future Mrs. Newcastle. It was fortunate for me that not one of them liked to come and bear you company. They all thought it a very hard task; but I have found it a delightful one."

She had fairly committed herself to her course now, and was going on fearlessly.

"I guessed as much," muttered Uncle Jacob; "and I thought they didn't seem overglad to see me when I dined there the other day. My nephew gave himself high-and-mighty airs. I suppose he hasn't forgiven me for not helping him to bring up those ugly boys of his—eh?"

"If they only knew how clever you are, they would be more afraid of you," cried Cassie, apparently quite overwhelmed by his powers. "But they are wrapped up in themselves, and they

"CASSIE WAS SITTING BY HIS SIDE ON THE BEACH."

don't take any pains to please you, because they are sure of——"

"Sure of getting my money by-and-bye!"

The old man finished the sentence in a tone that trembled with anger. Cassie began to fear she had gone too far.

"There's many a slip between the cup and the lip," he continued, wrathfully, "and I'm not in my grave yet, nor likely to go there, child, for many a year!"

"Oh no, Uncle Jacob," she said, promptly; "*you look quite* healthy and strong. But, indeed, you mustn't be vexed with the Varners; they are very good people in their way, and I don't mean to complain of their treatment of me; I'm all alone in the world, you know, and I must expect to work hard and do things that the others don't like doing."

She had recalled the old man's thoughts to herself and her friendless condition. As she spoke she looked up at him with eyes that were absolutely tearful, and then carefully shifted the umbrella to give him the full benefit of its shade.

"Poor thing," he murmured, and something like real compassion found its way into his heart. Alas! he had shut out the sentiment so many years, that now it was only too likely to be admitted at the wrong time.

"Isn't it almost too warm for you?" she asked, after a pause. "I think the breeze has died away, and perhaps it would be pleasanter in your parlour just at present."

It was nearly noon; the clear, strong light came pouring down on sea and land, untempered by cloud or wind. They rose, and slowly ascended the shingly beach to the lodging-house.

In spite of Uncle Jacob's boast, he *was often conscious* that old age was creeping on faster than could be desired. To-day the hot sun, and the angry excitement roused by Cassie's insinuations, had made him more feeble and tired than he cared to own; but his watchful attendant read the signs of weariness in his face at once, and took *prompt measures for his* comfort.

"Just lie down for an hour, Uncle Jacob," she pleaded. "This is a nice sofa," she added, giving a shake to the chintz-covered pillow, and adjusting it for his head.

He offered no resistance to the gentle entreaty. It was new and strangely pleasant to find himself cared for by a young thing whose mind might naturally be supposed to be full of other matters. Her thoughtfulness and tenderness almost made him shrink from going back to the rougher attentions of his housekeeper at home. He laid his head on the nicely-arranged pillow, and actually muttered a word of thanks.

"Sometimes when Dr. Varner is tired, and can snatch a few minutes for a doze, he makes me sing him to sleep," observed Cassie, sitting down near the window.

"Why don't his own daughters sing to him?" demanded Uncle Jacob, gruffly.

"Oh, they never sing at all; they cannot," she answered.

"Then it seems that your voice is at the service of the family as well as your fingers?"

"Oh, yes; and my feet and my brains too! There isn't much of me that belongs to myself," said Cassie, with a melancholy little laugh.

"Poor thing!" murmured the old man again, regarding her with half-closed eyes. "You must have a hard time."

"But I'm having a very easy time now, Uncle Jacob. I am almost afraid I shall be spoiled. Would you like me to sing?"

"Uncle Jacob had a half-developed liking for music. When he was a young man he would even take the trouble to go to a concert now and then, if a fellow clerk made him a present of a ticket. The chance of hearing a song without paying for it was not to be lightly thrown away, and he answered quite graciously—

"Yes, child; sing if you please, and I'll listen."

Thus encouraged, Cassie broke into a plaintive little ballad which had gone out of fashion with leg-of-mutton sleeves and poke bonnets. She had found it in an old music-book of Mrs. Varner's, and sang it sometimes to the great delight of the doctor, who was fond of out-of-date songs. Her silvery soprano voice, nicely modulated, was not too loud for the small room, and yet the notes were so clear that the landlady and her servant heard them in the kitchen, and paused in their work; and even Miss Brown, still sitting on the hot shingle, forgot her strip of muslin for a minute or two, and listened till the tears stole into her eyes.

"Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long ago;
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
Long, long ago, long ago."

Thus sang Cassie in the languor of the summer noon, while the sea made a drowsy accompaniment; and the song touched certain chords in Uncle Jacob's heart that had been silent for many a year. He remembered another singer, young and fair, whom he had seen and heard at his schoolmaster's Christmas parties. She had worn a white dress, and her guitar was slung by a blue ribbon that crossed her shoulders. One of the elder pupils was her brother, and kept guard over her when the lads came crowding round, begging for another song. She had plenty of merry words and smiles for them all—all saving Jacob. He had ventured once to say something that was intended for a compliment, and she had looked at him coldly for an instant, and then turned away. He had gone off sullen and resentful, and in the next minute she was chatting freely to Dr. Varner's father, his own younger brother, then a slim lad of seventeen.

After she had gone home that night, he had found a bow of blue ribbon beside the chair she had occupied; and he had picked it up, saying nothing about it, but putting it into his pocket. It lay in his desk until it was so faded that few would have guessed its original colour, and at last it was thrown carelessly into the fire with a bundle of old papers and other rubbish. This was the nearest approach to a romance that Jacob Varner had ever known.

It was hardly worth telling, or even remembering. Yet as he lay and listened to Cassie's voice, he vaguely wondered how it would have been with him if that girl had given him a smile instead of a frown? Was there something within him just at that moment that might have expanded under her sunny look? Every man goes to his grave with a hundred undeveloped possibilities buried in his heart; but Uncle Jacob was no philosopher, and these thoughts of his scarcely assumed a shape. It did not matter; he had made a fortune, and had done very well for himself. Perhaps he might not have done so well if ——

Here Cassie's song came to an end.

"That was very sweet," he said, opening his eyes and speaking with unwonted softness. "Go on, my dear, if you are not too tired."

Cassie had succeeded beyond her expectations.

She went home that day in high spirits. Mrs. Varner, fagged with work and inwardly fretting at the thought of parting with Rose, looked almost wonderingly at Cassie's serene face.

"Have you had a very tedious day, my dear?" she asked, as the girl took her seat in the family circle.

"Not very," Cassie answered. "Of course, Uncle Jacob demands a great deal of attention, but I have got used to his oddities. *I am quite* ready to finish that seam for you, mamma. You are looking dreadfully tired," she added, holding out her hand for Mrs. Varner's needlework.

The doctor's wife got up and kissed her.

"What an unselfish creature you are, Cassie!" she said, warmly; and the others echoed her words.

Did Cassie's conscience reproach her as she laid her head on her pillow that night? Once or twice it did smite her faintly, but when Rose showed her the betrothal ring that Mr. Newcastle had given her that day, there was an end to all compunction. Cassie's mood made her take another's joy as a personal mortification. She had come home from the Rookery bruised and humiliated by her unsuspected defeat, and Rose's happiness chafed instead of healing the sore.

"You have been a good sister to me, Cassie," cried Rose, affectionately. "How often you have done things that I was too clumsy to do for myself! God bless you for it, dear."

If the causeless curse falls harmlessly to the ground, what becomes of the undeserved blessing?

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

MARIANNE.—We are not aware of the existence of any correspondence classes for teaching the Spanish language. Should you apply to Talfourd Ely, Esq., at University College, Gower-street, W.C., or at any such institution, you might obtain the address of a teacher and advice respecting the books you should obtain, as we cannot undertake to supply such information. We have published some works in Spanish ourselves, and if you write to Mr. Tarn for the general catalogue of the Religious Tract Society, you can make a choice of one, if you choose. They are all of a religious character. Perhaps you might like "The Martyrs of Spain."

HELIOTROPE.—See "Nursing as a Profession," page 454, vol. i. Try to write better; your handwriting is so illegible, we can scarcely read it. Cross the "t" properly, and do not make a great loop flourish over it.

A WOULD-BE STUDENT.—Apply for information to the College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. A fee of 10s. is required on entrance. The secretary is C. R. Hodgson, Esq. Lectures on the theory of teaching are delivered in the college rooms. Your handwriting promises well, but does not "run" yet.

EDITH ELLEN.—For all information respecting the Civil Service appointments write to the secretary of the Civil Service Commission, Cannon-row, Westminster. The qualifications of candidates vary according to the different departments in the service. Printed forms will be sent to you on application. The work in the telegraph offices is divided into two departments; one for the working and charge of the various offices throughout the country, the other the examination and checking of a portion of the messages thus sent at the Central Telegraph Station, Albion-place, Blackfriars, S.E. Another department in the Civil Service is the Returned Letter Office.

RADESWORTH.—Send us your printed circulars. You should be paid by a certain percentage on each member of your "Instrumental Practice and Intellectual Reading Society."

ANGELA.—Nurses are trained at Winchester at between twenty-three and thirty years of age for one year without wages, and then £20 each for two years, after which the salary rises. Ladies are trained there, on paying an entrance-fee of twenty-eight guineas. Write to the secretary for the printed terms. Read our article, "Nursing as a Profession," page 454, vol. i. You can easily find a hospital where you will receive a salary from the first.

ART.

DAFFODIL is thanked for her pretty little card. It is quite impossible for us to inform her whether she will find a sale for such at any stationer's. She must show specimens of what she can do.

A SCOTCH GIRL.—See page 40, vol. ii., in reference to making fancy frames for pictures and cards. Also, page 335, vol. i., for rustic frames. Your hand is tolerably good, but your spelling very bad. You have written the word "writting" six times, instead of "writing"; "education" with two "d's," and "received," with the "i" before the "e." You also reverse the right use of the words "shall," "will," "would" and "should." Thus we think you will not be eligible for some time to come to fill a situation as "help" or "teacher." In grammar, spelling, geography, history and arithmetic, you could finish your education unaided by masters.

CALLILINE.—The second volume of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER begins with No. 40, October 2, 1880.

BROCKVILLE.—Paint on the rough side. See pages 198 and 455, vol. iii., for "A Chat About British Ferns." Also, see our answer to "May Morning," respecting maidenhair fern, page 831, vol. iii. To re-pot the young plant might do no harm; but do not put it outside the window until all chance of frost be over.

A. B. C.—1. Unless you employ the proper appliances for the work, and keep them in good condition and with a fine edge, your success cannot be ensured, however cleverly you may use them. You may cover the boards with coloured cloth, marbled-paper, or leather of any kind. Without seeing your work and your peculiar difficulties, we could not assist you further than by the practical directions supplied in our articles. 2. Plaids of all kinds, in every combination of colour, size and material, will be fashionable this summer.

TOPSY.—Splash-work is usually done on a white wood. We are going to give an article on painting on materials.

COOKERY.

COOK and ADMIRER OF MUSIC.—You will find lists of new music in our magazine. We do this much to oblige our readers, but do not advertise the publications of other firms in reply to questions. See "Lemon Cheese-cakes," and "Lemon Sponge," page 494, vol. i. For a lemon pudding, chop six ounces of beef suet very finely, mix with it half pound of breadcrumbs, half pound of sugar, the rind of two large lemons pared very finely, and then chopped small, and add a pinch of salt. Mix thoroughly; moisten with two eggs well beaten-up and the juice of one lemon, strained. Turn the mixture into a buttered mould that it is sufficient to fill, tie a floured cloth over the top, plunge it into boiling water, and keep it boiling for four hours. Let it stand for a minute, turn it out, and serve with sauce. One egg and a teaspoonful of baking powder, moistened with a little water, would answer the purpose of the two eggs above named.

WILD ROSE.—It is impossible to fix exact and invariable periods of time for baking, boiling, or frying small things. The size and heat of the fire, the thinness of the fire-side of the oven, the thinness of the pan and the cake upon it, are all to be taken into consideration by the cook. You must watch your cakes and judge for yourself.

P. B. J.—We thank you for the recipe for the "German butter biscuits," which we transcribe. Take half pound of butter, half pound sifted white sugar, and two eggs. Beat up the butter and sugar to the consistency of cream, break in the two eggs without further beating, but mix well, and adding a little milk, and as much flour as will bind all together. Roll-out very thinly, and cut into cakes, either with a pastry cutter or by means of a wineglass reversed. Bake in a very quick oven. This amount will suffice to supply a large tin full of biscuits. You should be accompanied by someone while taking your music lesson. Your master's parents being resident in his house would not be by any means a sufficient chaperonage for you.

WORK.

A YOUNG WIFE.—We thank you for your kindness in sending the servant's cap, which we think pretty, but are unable to give full directions for making it to our readers.

NORWOOD.—The inventor of the system of Equilateral Dressmaking has written to us to say that his method of cutting has met with general satisfaction. Therefore we should recommend you to apply to him for instruction.

JESSIE EVA DOBBELL.—We know of no way except washing; but if you sent the blinds to the manufacturers they would clean them best. For making rhubarb wine, see page 399, vol. i.

OWL.—A little damp cotton wool is generally used to pack the flowers in, and a tin box is the best. An ottoman silk is the most fashionable for trimmings this spring. A brown one with terry spots would answer.

H. C. K.—Coarsely crystallised Epsom salts are used for frosting evergreens. The leaves are previously covered with a coat of gum. We have already told our readers how to clean their gloves, and white kid shoes and boots, with a bit of soft flannel, some white curd soap, and a little skim milk; but we gladly repeat it, finding you recommend it so highly. The gloves, etc., only look yellow until put on the hand.

LILY MONTEITH.—A tweed jacket would be preferable to a black one. We are not acquainted with the poem you name. Your writing is not sufficiently regular.

MUSIC.

BROWN EYES.—We should think the violin the most difficult to learn. The 18th February, 1868, was a Tuesday.

GREEN GOSLING and TIMO.—You do not mention your present age in your letter. We think sixteen years of age a good period to commence learning to sing, provided the health be good. The 13th January, 1868, was a Monday; and the 19th December, 1866, was a Wednesday.

SNOWDROP.—You will find the song in any collection of Irish national ballads and music.

SOPHY MUNRO.—We could not say which examination was the most difficult, probably the first-named. We should prefer the violin, as the most portable and useful instrument.

POLYPHEMUS.—The fancies of famous artists, and the things they have partaken of in order to clear the voice for singing, would form a history in themselves. A lozenge of five grains of chlorate of potash, sucked for half-an-hour before singing, is recommended by a physician.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISS POWEL is requested to send her full address to Miss Roberts, as a letter, directed according to her instructions, has been returned insufficiently addressed.

LADY MARIENNE writes to tell us that "Betsy and I are out," was written by Will Carleton, an American author, a book of his, containing the above-named piece, being in her possession. We acknowledge all her kind remarks about THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER with much pleasure, and our best thanks. Her writing is good and free, but for a clerk in a public office it should be reduced in size and all superfluous flourishes curtailed.

E. A. L.—You should study prosody before you attempt to write verses. Those you sent us are very incorrect in rhythm, and contain no original idea.

LITTLE WREN.—The subject of the verses you quote is "the weary" who, after life's toil and trial are over, and it may be persecution by "the wicked," have "entered into rest," that haven of eternal blessedness and peace, where "the wicked" can trouble them no more. We thank you for your kind sympathetic letter. Reduce the size of your writing and it will be much improved.

S. ADAMS.—You "go" when you depart from your place of residence, or present position; you "come" when you return home. Thus you say, in reference to others, "come here," not "go here"; "are you going away?" not "are you coming away?"

ROMA.—To remove an ink-stain from wool can only be accomplished by leaving a permanent white spot instead of a black one. The medium to which we refer is oxalic acid, a dreadful poison, so beware of leaving it about, of touching a scratch with it, or of dropping it on anything. Your handwriting promises well. It is not yet permanently formed.

F. W. S. T. is quite right in saying that the conduct of girls towards boys is far from what is amiable and courteous. But it is not in an article addressed to boys that we give our advice to girls. Our young friend has overlooked the fact that the whole magazine is devoted to the training and teaching of these sisters of his, and that they suffer from no lack of counsel, warning, and reproof. Doubtless, you are often tried and aggravated, but those boys who bear with such treatment in a quiet gentlemanly way, place themselves in a far more dignified position than those who retort in a rude and snappish manner. We deplore the effect produced on the minds and manners of young people of either sex by the coarse vulgarity, or presumptuous assumption, manifested by those of the other. We thank you for your kind and sensible letter.

A RELIC OF TEL-EL-KEBIR. — The work entitled "Castles and Abbeys of England" is by Timbs. We cannot give addresses nor prices. Any bookseller would procure it for you and acquaint you with the cost of the book.

ONE ANXIOUS TO DO RIGHT.—The word "anent" is of Scottish use. It is a preposition, and is employed to signify "concerning," "about," and "over against." The French phrase *Ah! vous dirai-je?* means "Ah! shall I tell you?" You should write for papers to either the Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, W., or else to the new Royal College of Music, hon. secretary, Charles Morley, Esq., at *Kensington-gore*, S.W.

LEY FERN.—You are quite at liberty to give MS. for publication to a dozen different firms at once. Only personal feeling need prevent your so doing. Were there any chance of wounding the feelings of your friend in giving your new MS. to someone else, you should first speak to him about it, and explain why you thought of so doing.

LENTEN LILY had better employ herself otherwise than in trying to make verses. Seven lines of the four sent us begin with "How." The metre is full of faults, and so is the grammar, and the supposed rhyming of "boy" and "bye," "gather" and "chatter," "sister" and "laughter" with each other respectively a great mistake on her part. But our little friend expresses some good sentiments, and we wish her well and all success in other branches of art.

ADRIA.—Paignton (Devon), situated in the centre of Torbay, faces the east, and must therefore be rather bracing, if not cold, and the air likely to be somewhat irritating for a consumptive person. It is said to be well drained, the houses clean, and to be well supplied with water. The season is from May to October; the bathing very good, the beach is of firm red sand, and the coast is rocky. There is a pier 700 feet long, and there are three hotels, and plenty of furnished apartments. It has a population of about 4,000, and there is boating, fresh water fishing, lawn-tennis, archery, football, cricket, and such like amusements to be had, besides pleasant excursions in the neighbourhood for those who need recreation of a little fatiguing kind. There are two doctors in residence.

ANOTHER "PADDY."—Your apology for the first "Paddy's" rudeness does you credit; we thank you for it, and wish that all your countrymen and women had as much good feeling as yourself. If you felt so "thoroughly ashamed" when you read the extract from "Paddy's" letter, we hope that she will take a leaf out of your book, and do better hereafter.

MARIE HODGSON.—Certainly, children may compete for any prize we offer; let them try by all means, and we hope they will prove successful.

A TROUBLED ONE.—It is quite possible that you are suffering from a partial dislocation. Make very sure on this point. We have personally known of a case which was pronounced by apparently the best authorities, "hip complaint," and treated for it to no benefit, and it proved to be a dislocation and was set right in a moment by the usual manual treatment of such an accident.

MAID OF ATHENS.—You should have a concordance of the Bible, and find the texts for yourself. Those you now seek will be found in the Philippians ii., 9, 10. We pity your friends who "none of them seem to know where the verses are." They ought to be ashamed of their ignorance of the New Testament; were it the Old there might be a little more excuse for them. Do not spell "answer" "answear."

JEAN.—There would be no impropriety in your going to a hydropathic establishment, accompanied by your sister, for medical treatment. You are more especially forturate under the circumstance of the resident doctor and his wife being old friends of your parents. We hope you may benefit by your visit to the baths.

"SUMMER QUIET,"

THE HOLIDAY NUMBER

OF

"THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER,"

Will be ready on Midsummer Day, June 25. Price Sixpence. As it has been decided to print only a limited number of copies, our readers are advised to give their orders to the booksellers at once, in order that they may have the advantage over the ordinary purchaser. Last Summer and at Christmas we reprinted the extra numbers in consequence of the extraordinary demand, but this forthcoming number will on no account be reprinted.

Summer Quiet.

All things pure and all things fair,
  Murmur of the rippling brook,
Breath of blossom-scented air,
  Lessons learnt from nature's book,
Dreamy moments by the sea,
  Golden hours in wood or dingle,
Country rambles far and free,
  With our "Summer Quiet" mingle.

If its teaching added charm
  From these bright surroundings borrow,
Many a time it shall disarm
  Sickness, weariness, and sorrow;
And its influence ever stay,
  With sweet recollection blended,
When our summer holiday,
  Swiftly passing, will have ended.

VOL. IV.—No. 179. JUNE 2, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

ON PAINTING IN OIL COLOURS.

By JOHN C. STAPLES.

WE come next to the consideration of the paints, or colours. These are the most important and interesting of all the materials, for they are, in fact, when mingled and tempered with judgment and deftly laid upon the canvas, the very picture itself; and if, in the last paper, I seemed to speak slightingly of them, as though you should not concern yourself with them or their qualities, it was that I might emphasize strongly and impress deeply upon your minds the idea that while you are painting, your whole consciousness should be filled and permeated with your subject. To give that truthfully and cleverly upon the canvas is the business of the moment, and you should permit no preoccupations or disquietudes as to your materials to disturb you then.

If, however, you love your painting you will have a tenderness for your tools. And you cannot occupy yourselves better, when you are not sitting down to the contemplation and study of nature or noble works of art, than by making yourselves acquainted with the nature, qualities, properties, and especially with the combinations of the colours you use.

Within the limits of these papers it is not possible to give you all the information under this head which might be desirable, but enough may perhaps be said to arouse your interest and to point the direction in which your reading and experiments may be profitably extended.

The raw material of the various pigments is derived from the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal kingdoms, and the paints, as we buy them, are prepared for use in some instances by chemical processes which totally alter the colours and qualities of the basis from which they are derived, in others by a simple grinding of the natural product.

Thus the brilliant chrome yellows are produced from the dull-grey metal lead by chemical means, while the more sober ochre occurs in nature in the form of an earth, and needs only careful grinding and purification to fit it for use. The process of grinding is one of the greatest possible importance, and in old times formed the most laborious part of the artist's trade. Thorough grinding adds to the brilliance, the workable quality, and even, *it is* said, to the permanence of colours; and if formerly the master could delegate the manual labour of this detail of his profession to his pupils, he dared never omit the duty of thorough personal superintendence. Now, ingenious machinery and the skilled attention of men whose reputation depends on the accuracy and perfection of the processes they

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employ have relieved the artist from much toil, and have substituted the responsibility of selection for that of individual manufacture.

Of the various sources from which the pigments are derived, the mineral forms the basis of the most numerous class. Next in number and importance, but at a long interval, come those colours which have a vegetable origin, and last, those derived from animal substances. The various colours, when commingled, have often a strong influence upon one another; in some instances this influence is of a favourable, at others of an unfavourable character; thus, the ochres and all pigments derived from iron as a base have the effect of blackening Naples yellow, which is a compound of the oxides of antimony and of lead; on the other hand, a little burnt umber added to vandyke brown, which is an excessively bad drier, causes it to dry with fair rapidity.

The vegetable colours are fugitive; as for example, indigo, brown, pink, yellow, lake. The notable exceptions to this rule are the madders (pink madder, rose madder, brown madder, and purple madder) and vandyke brown, which are quite permanent and of great value. Among the colours derived from animal substances are carmine and the ordinary lakes, which are prepared from the cochineal insect (these have all a bad character for permanence), sepia, a secretion of the cuttle-fish, and ivory black, which is an animal charcoal.

The following is a list of some of the colours in most general use, with a brief note of their most distinctive qualities appended to each. It does not contain one-half of the colours to be found in the lists published by artists' colourmen and manufacturers, but it contains all and many more than you will ever need, and perhaps five times as many as you will want at any one time; for if in the prismatic spectrum we see all the vast range of natural colours reduced to the elementary yellow, red, and blue, it follows that a good red, a good yellow, and a good blue will help you far on your way towards composing the varied tints which you see in Nature. Add to these, white; two more yellows, of characters differing as widely as possible from each other and from that already chosen; one green, such as emerald, which cannot be produced by mixture; a lake, a vermilion, and a brown, such as raw umber, and you will possess a palette which, though some may think it scanty and poor in resource, is sufficient for nearly every purpose. The saying is trite and threadbare, but it deserves, nevertheless, to be ever present to your minds that "the secret of good colouring lies in a simple palette." Make acquaintance with as many colours as you please, but let the colours of your choice, like the friends of your bosom, be a select and well tried few. It matters comparatively little which they are, provided you have arrived at an intimate and thorough understanding with them.

Flake White is an oxidized carbonate of lead, which depends largely for its good qualities upon the amount of honest care devoted to its manufacture. The best samples are excellent in all respects, and may be thoroughly depended on for durability. It has great body, that is to say it is very opaque, and a very small quantity makes itself strongly felt both in mixtures and in "covering" the canvas, and it "works" well; in other words, its texture and substance are such that it is easy to lay it on the canvas with the brush with crisp precise touches, or even and smooth sweeps. This is a quality which is much less marked in some other colours, such as raw sienna, terra verte, &c.

Naples Yellow is a good and useful colour, prepared in several depths of tint. Of these the lightest is the most generally useful. It is very opaque, permanent, dries rapidly, and works well. It should not be rubbed up with a steel palette knife, as iron causes it to become black. For the same reason it should not be mingled with the ochres, Prussian blue, or other colours of which iron is the base; but may be used freely with flake white and other colours derived from lead or from antimony. It is said that the French Naples yellow is free from this drawback; it is, however, of a different cast of colour to the English.

Yellow Ochre is an earthy substance, which owes its colour to the oxides of iron present in it. It is found in a natural state in this and other countries. It possesses all the qualities of a good pigment, being permanent, drying well, working well, and possessing a fair substance or body.

Raw Sienna is of the same origin as the preceding, but is transparent and somewhat stronger in colouring properties. It is permanent, but does not dry well. It is very useful in landscape.

Cadmium Yellow.—This is a bright, warm, strong, semi-transparent yellow, prepared from the metal cadmium by a chemical process. Its extreme brilliancy renders it very useful on occasion. It works well, dries fairly well, and is said to be quite permanent.

Pale Cadmium is of the same origin as the above, and has the same qualities, but in colour it differs much, since it approaches the lemon, primrose, or pale-greenish yellows, while the former tends more towards the orange. The pale cadmium is the more widely useful in landscape, in mixed greens, by itself, and in tints with flake white.

The Chromes are colours whose chief recommendation is their cheapness. Though brilliant, they are coarse and heavy. They are not permanent under certain circumstances, and some of the greens formed with them are fugitive. They are prepared in several tints, of which that known as orange chrome is the least objectionable. The other tints may with advantage be replaced by such colours as the cadmiums, lemon yellow, and the like.

Lemon Yellow.—This is a fresh, bright yellow of a light tint, and of a chemical origin, with a tendency towards the greenish scale. It is semi-transparent, and very weak in colouring properties, but is permanent and very useful in landscape.

Indian Yellow is a pure, strong yellow, very useful for compounding strong, rich greens. Field in his "Grammar of Colouring" gives it a bad character for permanence, and but an indifferent one for depth and body.

Yellow Lake.—This is rather an unsatisfactory colour, but very tempting in consequence of its transparence and brilliancy. It does not dry well in oil, and does not form permanent tints with white lead or other metallic colours, but produces in mixture with the blues very bright, fresh greens; and with white—clear, cool, sunny tones; but it is not very permanent in any circumstances or combinations.

Italian Pink is a variety of yellow lake, for which, if preferred, it may be substituted.

Light Red is of earthy origin. It is, in fact, yellow ochre burnt until it assumes a red colour. It is a most valuable pigment, very permanent, a good drier, and works well. It is classed as semi-transparent.

Venetian Red is similar in nearly every respect to the above. The one difference being its rather more vivid colour, which approaches more nearly to scarlet, while light red tends rather towards orange.

Indian Red is a very valuable colour of earthy origin, owing its characteristic colour (which should be of a slightly purplish tendency, and more approaching to the lakes than either light red or Venetian red) to the presence of a large proportion of peroxide of iron. It is quite permanent, of very strong colouring properties, and a good drier. Opaque.

Vermilion is a sulphuret of mercury. It has great body and brilliance of colour, and when pure is quite permanent. It is opaque, and it dries fairly well.

Rose Madder, Madder Lake, Madder Carmine, are all preparations in varying depth and differences of tint of the same pigment, which has a general character of rosy redness, and is of vegetable origin. As a class they are bad driers, but are quite permanent, and on this account and on account of their purity and beauty of colour to be preferred to the lakes which are prepared from the cochineal insect, and are fugitive and comparatively coarse in colour. They are all very transparent.

Purple Madder and Brown Madder.—These pigments may be mentioned here somewhat out of their true order, since they are of the same origin and have the same characteristics as the above. The one, as its name implies, has a purple colour; the other is of a warm, rich brown.

The *Lakes—Crimson, Scarlet,* and *Purple*—have much the same qualities as the madders, but lack their permanence. The latter are much to be preferred, but the lakes are still often and largely used.

Ultramarine is the most permanent and beautiful of all blues. It is prepared by grinding from the *lapis lazuli*, and has every good quality except that of cheapness, in which it is conspicuously deficient.

French Ultramarine is a cheaper substitute for and imitation of the above. It has nearly all its qualities in a lower degree. It is a good drier, and the purer samples are permanent. It is nearly transparent and most useful—almost indispensable to the landscape painter.

Cobalt is a pure blue of metallic origin with less body than ultramarine and paler in tone. It is also less transparent. It is, however, a useful colour which dries and works well.

Prussian Blue is a strong transparent colour prepared from iron; it has great body and dries well, but is of doubtful permanence. It is very useful.

Antwerp Blue, similar in all respects to the above, but not quite so strong.

Indigo is a beautiful, strong, and transparent vegetable blue, not so bright as the last two, and inferior to both in permanence. It dries well.

Ivory Black and *Blue Black* are two neutral black pigments, the one prepared from animal the other from vegetable charcoal. Of these the former has the greater body and the latter a paler, greyer tone, which is sometimes serviceable. The former is the most transparent. They are both quite permanent and work and dry well.

Burnt Sienna is a very valuable colour of the same origin and general characteristics as the raw sienna, from which it is prepared by heat, that is to say, it is permanent, has considerable transparency, works well, and dries better than the raw sienna.

Orange Chrome is the most eligible of the chromes and a useful adjunct to the palette. It has all the disadvantages of the other chromes, though in a less degree, but it also shares in their brilliancy and body.

Orange Vermilion is an excellent and useful colour of great body and opacity, permanent like the pure vermilion, and of the same chemical origin. It dries well.

Vandyke Brown is manufactured from a bog earth which is of vegetable origin. This is a valuable pigment of a coolish brown colour; it is very durable, of a semi-transparent texture, and good body. Its great drawback is the difficulty with which it dries.

Cappah Brown is of a similar character and origin as the last, but contains the mineral

manganese in admixture. The larger or smaller quantity of this mineral determines the varying quality of the sample. That containing more of the mineral is lighter and less transparent; that containing less is deeper and more transparent. Cappah brown dries much better than vandyke brown.

Brown Madder has already been noticed.

Raw Umber and *Burnt Umber* are two pigments of the same origin and general characteristics—the burnt umber simply acquiring by the process of roasting a deeper and more russet hue.

The umbers are of the same nature as the ochres. They are permanent, work well, dry excellently, and impart their drying qualities to other pigments with which they may be mixed, as, for instance, vandyke brown.

Emerald Green is a very brilliant, cold green of a tint that cannot be produced by mixture; it is permanent, but does not work very well nor dry rapidly. It is, however, useful and can be replaced by no other colour.

Terre Verte is an earth like the ochres, but of a cool, sad, green colour. It is semi-transparent, very permanent, and dries well, but does not work well, and is deficient in body.

Green Oxide of Chromium is a permanent green of a deep tone, but not very brilliant hue. It has great body and needs to be used with care.

Verdigris is an acetate of copper of a deep, cold green, very rich and transparent, but not durable. It affords, however, both in mixture with white and with other pigments, a range of colours not easily found without its range.

As I have already said there are many other colours the enumeration of which would be tedious. The above form a sufficient group to select from, and the curious or the dissatisfied may turn to more comprehensive handbooks, or to original experiment. In the next paper I shall touch briefly on colours in combination, and proceed to the qualities of oils and varnishes, &c.

HOW TO SING AT SIGHT.

By Edwin M. Lott.

"Can you sing at sight?" "I only wish I could!" I wonder how many times I have overheard similar remarks, and from some of our girls too, who, if a melody were placed for the first time before them, could go to the pianoforte and give a very fair rendering of it, though confessing an utter inability to convey the least idea of the same passage with the voice. The question that consequently presents itself to an inquiring mind, is, why should there be so much difficulty about singing at sight when almost every girl with any practical musical education at all can play at sight?

To this question, like most questions, so easy to ask, let us see where we can find a satisfactory answer, and endeavour to solve the problem of how the thing is done.

As, in learning to read, a child has first to study the alphabet, with its successive metamorphoses into syllables and then words, so must we, in learning to sing at sight, study the tonality of the different sounds comprising the musical alphabet; for, in singing, we have to produce the tones ourselves, whereas, on the pianoforte, the notes are all ready for us, and to produce the sounds we have only to strike the keys.

That the art of singing at sight is no invention of modern days is amply proved; in fact, the first singing school of which we possess trustworthy evidence dates as far back as A.D. 330, and was founded by Pope Sylvester. In the same century St. Ambrose, Archbishop of Milan, effected great improvements in church singing, everything in his time being sung in one of the four diatonic scales, then called the Authentic modes. This state of things seem to have lasted until the pontificate of St. Gregory, between the sixth and seventh centuries. He instituted a music school at Rome, being himself the head teacher; and to him we owe the four extra scales, called the Plagal modes, which, combined with the Authentic previously mentioned, form what are now known as the Gregorian modes.

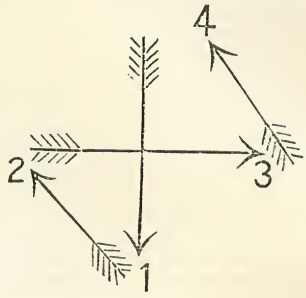
To come a trifle nearer our own times, Guido d'Arezzo, a Benedictine monk, in the eleventh century invented what has since proved a source of endless trouble to a good number of my young friends—to wit, the stave; and on this stave he placed the notes, calling them by the following syllables, Ut, Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, these syllables being found in the accompanying hymn in honour of St. John the Baptist:—

Ut queant laxis Resonare fibris
Mira gestorum, Famili tuorum
Solve polluti. Labii reatum
Sancte Joannes.

You will observe that here we have the names of six notes only, corresponding with C, D, E, F, G, A, the seventh, or leading note, B, not having been introduced until the seventeenth century, when it appeared under the name of Si. These syllables are still in use in France, though other countries have replaced Ut by the more musical syllable, Do.

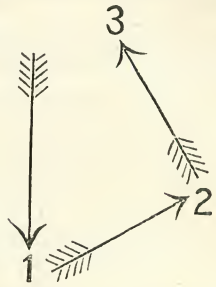
During the present century several systems have been invented for the facilitation of sight-singing, but I must confess to a partiality for old and tried friends in preference to new ones, and the solmisation in use in the seventeenth century, and founded on Guido's system, has not, in my opinion, been improved upon. By the word solmisation, I mean the appropriation to each note of its corresponding syllable; and the reason for preferring Do, Re, Mi, &c., to C, D, E, &c., for sight-singing, is that the former are certainly more adapted for the prolongation of sound. For instance, the note occupying the first space in the treble can very well be sung to the syllable Fa, but it could hardly be sustained with the letter F.

Now that we have, by a somewhat circuitous route, arrived at the most convenient names for the notes, let us consider how we can best determine the sounds to be represented by these notes. Kind Mother Nature has implanted in us, or at least in most of us, a fixed idea of tonality, a kind of musical conscience, which may be, to a certain extent, our guide. Of course this idea of tonality, commonly called an ear for music, can be developed and improved by education. The first requisite is a fixed starting-point from which the various intervals may be reckoned. Where there is no instrument as a check during practice, I should recommend, as a substitute, a tuning-fork or pitch-pipe, sounding Do. Up to the present we have said nothing about time. I presume all my young readers know the value of the various rests, with which an intimate acquaintance is really necessary to become a good sight-singer, and it is well, before beginning to sing, to be able to beat time with the right hand. Thus, for common time, the beats should be—down, left, right, up.



The four beats separately represent four crotchets, or one semibreve in a bar.

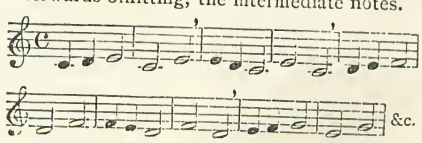
For triple time—down, right, up:—



For duple time—down, up:—

Singing should never be practised without this beating of time.

When once the Do is found, we should proceed to ascertain the tones of Re, Mi, Fa, Sol, La, Si, and the octave Do, the easiest way to accomplish this being to practise the ascending and descending major diatonic scale, and note where the semitones fall. The distance from one note to its immediate neighbour is always called a second; but as there are two kinds of seconds in a scale, it is necessary to know which are major and which minor, the major seconds invariably consisting of a whole tone and the minor of a semitone. The intervals of major and minor thirds should then be practised by introducing, and afterwards omitting, the intermediate notes.



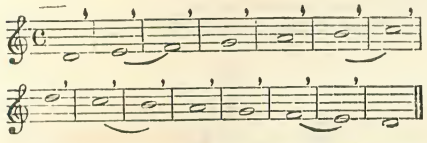
The next interval, the fourth, may be learnt in a similar manner, giving special attention to the tritone fourth between Fa and Si, which contains a semitone more than the other fourths. The difficulty here is occasioned by the fact that the ear wishes to hear the perfect fourth as before, and would naturally rest contented with Si flat, instead of Si.

The interval of the fifth is the easiest, with the exception of the imperfect fifth between Si and Fa, which is the inversion of the tritone fourth, and as difficult to sing as the interval from which it is inverted, and for correspond-

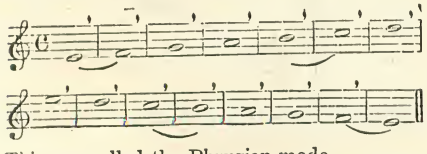
ngly inverted reasons, viz., the imperfect fifth containing a semitone less than the other fifths (whence its name), the ear is in this instance expecting its accustomed interval and would prefer Fa sharp to the more correct Fa.

The sixth, like the third of which it is an inversion, is major and minor. We have now arrived at the seventh, which is of two kinds—major and minor—the former being the most difficult interval in the scale, one semitone less than the octave, at which resting-place the ear is always anxious to arrive.

After having fairly conquered all these intervals in the diatonic scale of Do, which was formerly called the Ionian mode, I would recommend the student to commence on Re, reaching its octave through those sounds only found in the scale of Do, thus—

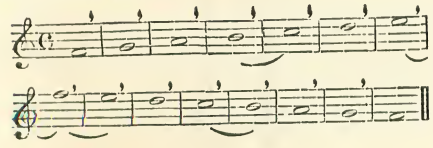


This was called the Dorian mode, each note to be well sustained, the commas indicating the breathing points, and the slurs denoting the semitones. Mi should then be taken through its octave in the same manner, thus—

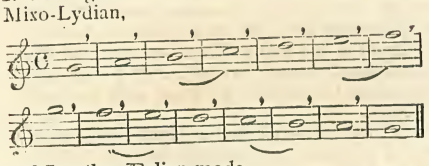


This was called the Phrygian mode.

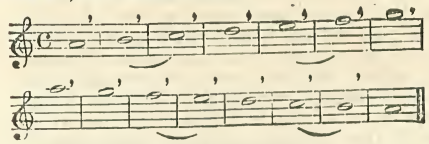
Fa can be treated similarly, and was called the Lydian mode—



If the register of the voice permit, Sol, the Mixo-Lydian,



and La, the Æolian mode,



may be practised in like manner.

Of course, all the other major scales are composed of precisely similar intervals to those comprised in the scale of Do, and should be similarly and in all cases slowly practised; nor should the minor scales be neglected. In fact, scale-practice forms the very foundation of all good singing, just as it most indisputably does of all good playing.

Having just given a rough outline of a plan for obtaining a satisfactory acquaintance with intervals, we will suppose such terms of intimacy established, when part-singing might, with every chance of success, be attempted. We often hear of people who can sing what they call "seconds," a feat that, if accomplished, would certainly produce an effect the reverse of musical. Such performers are, in point of fact, second singers singing thirds.

It would be difficult to trace the origin of part-singing, though if you care to try, I could refer you as far back as the 10th century, when Hucbald, a Benedictine monk of St. Amand, is reputed to have written fifths and octaves below a given plain song or melody; but matters improved considerably in the twelfth century with the invention of discant or biscant, *i.e.*, the art of writing music in two parts, not to be confounded with descant, which more correctly indicated the embellishment of the upper part.

The earliest specimen of part-writing in England was composed for six voices somewhere about the 13th century, and called "Sumer is i cumen in;" the name of the composer is unfortunately enveloped in mystery, although the manuscript is to be found in the British Museum. Since this initiatory effort, the art of part-writing has been making rapid strides up to the present day, the innumerable and charming works of the kind both for female and for mixed voices bearing ample testimony to the increased and increasing love for music, and for that particular form of music which requires interpretation through the medium of that most beautiful of the Divine gifts, the human voice.

Nothing, of course, can improve sight-singing so much as reading a part in concerted vocal music, though it would be little short of a trial of temper to commence anything of the kind until the tonality of each note has been firmly imprinted on the mind and memory.

It would be impossible within the limited space allotted to me to write an exhaustive treatise on this important subject; I have therefore contented myself with a cursory glance at the most salient points connected therewith, and the few hints I have thrown out with regard to the facilitation of sight-singing by the mastery of the various intervals, &c., may I hope prove of some small service to my young friends, and be a slight reward to those who have taken the trouble to follow me through the somewhat dry details I have inflicted on them. We have certainly had to indulge in retrospect to an almost alarming extent, but, to my mind at least, it is always interesting to trace a thing to its source, to begin, so to speak, at the very beginning; and to those of my more youthful friends who dislike all such antiquarian researches, I beg to tender my excuses, and only trust that the next time our Editor asks me to write a paper, we may have the good fortune to hit upon some subject that will please everybody.

A LONG LANE WITH A TURNING.

By SARAH DOUDNEY, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

"SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY."

ONE month after Mr. Beachley's death, Arthur and his sister again sat together in close conference. The state of their father's affairs was now fully disclosed to them both.

For some time Mr. Beachley had lived up to his income; the means of the master of the Rookery were not nearly so large as people had supposed, but he had loved to keep up the general idea of his importance. Not one iota of pomp would he sacrifice to prudence; even when Captain Glendon's continual demands on him had cruelly drained his resources, he had made no retrenchment. Gardeners and under-gardeners still laboured to preserve the perfection of his Eden. Indoors the housekeeping was carried on upon the magnificent scale which Harris deemed necessary for the honour of the family. And now—now that Mr. Beachley had gone where social distinctions are of small account—his son found himself the possessor of the house and grounds, and Kate and her helpless children were left upon his hands.

It took hours and days to come to the decision which may be very briefly stated here. About seven or eight miles away from Rookfield was a flourishing college for boys, whose master found that his pupils wanted more rooms than he could give them. The Rookery would accommodate them all; its situation was as healthy as Dr. Lintop could desire, and when Arthur offered to let the old mansion to him, he showed himself eager to come to terms. Everything was satisfactorily arranged, even to the disposal of Kate and her little ones. A corner of Mrs. Glendon's old home was still to be her shelter in these new and desolate days. She was to live in Dr. Lintop's establishment, under the especial protection of his wife, who had known and loved her in her girlhood.

Poor Kate's Indian habits had not tended to make her a good housekeeper, and she was more than willing to content herself with three small rooms on the second floor of the Rookery, so that all duties of providing and organising were taken off her mind. Moreover, the old roof would still be over her head, and to her simple, affectionate nature this was sufficient to ensure a sense of rest and peace.

"Don't think that I shall try to keep you from being a missionary, Arthur," she said, when she had been made aware of his desire. "I have been troublesome enough to you without thwarting your wish. It would have been very nice if you had married and settled in a pretty parsonage somewhere in England," she added, wistfully; and then something in his face warned her not to go on. Sorrow had

"STANDING THERE, WITH ONE HAND RESTING ON ITS ROUGH BARK."

made Kate Glendon keener-sighted and more tender.

"There are hundreds of good men ready to do simple parish work," he answered, "but not many are found willing to go abroad and toil in the dark places of the earth. I am fitted for this kind of labour, Kate, because I have no ties; and I believe I have heard the call."

She looked up at him with reverence and affection in her blue eyes.

"I don't understand how you can be willing to sacrifice everything," she said, falteringly. "And yet it is the very people who try to hold everything that lose all. If I had been more like you, Arthur, things would not have gone so hardly with me."

But there was in Arthur's mind one frustrated plan of which Kate had no idea. It had always been his hope, when he became his own master, to give a munificent sum towards building a new church at Rookfield; and this he would have done, no matter what personal economy it entailed, if his sister had not thus unexpectedly been thrown upon him for support. Only Mr. Wenlock knew of this disappointment, and had comforted his old pupil after his own fashion.

"Remember what an old writer says, Arthur," he had said, kindly. "'Love will express itself where it can; and where it cannot, yet it is love still.'"

But Arthur was but half consoled. And one evening, when September was beginning to thin the foliage, and paint the bracken yellow, he left the house, and strayed alone down the long avenue to think over all the schemes that had been already devised and abandoned. It was twilight; under the great oaks the shadows were deep and still, but over the open ground there was still a soft glow from the golden sky. He did not go to the end of the avenue, but paced slowly to and fro, and came back at last to pause under Katherine's oak.

Standing there, with one hand resting on its rough bark, he forgot the subject that he had come out to consider, and let his thoughts wander back into the past. He remembered a day when he and Kate had played at being knight and ladye under that very tree; how he had proudly drawn his wooden sword in her defence, and had fought with and vanquished an imaginary foe. Alas! poor ladye, not the truest knight on earth could save her from the enemy who had been of her own heart's choosing, and whose weapons were of her own furnishing. Arthur looked up through the screen of branches to the lighted window of the room where she was sitting with her children, and sighed.

And then he thought of someone else, over whom he would fain have cast the shield of knightly protection, and have done her all true and loyal service. But she had no need of him, and might never even know how gladly he would have served her. No need of him; well, there is One who has always need of us, although we seldom tender ourselves and our lives to Him until they have been rejected elsewhere!

This brought Arthur back to his starting-point. A little breeze was whispering in the boughs above him, one or two leaves dropped down, and then the wind died away as suddenly as it came. At that moment a voice within him seemed to speak with startling distinctness.

Cut down the oaks and sell them! It was the first time that such an idea had ever entered his mind. At first it seemed rash, cruel, intolerable; nevertheless, he forced himself to give it due consideration. Many a goodly cedar had fallen beneath the axes of Solomon's workmen, in Lebanon, before the house of the Lord was built at Jerusalem in Mount Moriah. And was it not clear that the Beachley oaks must fall, if the walls of a new church were to rise in Rookfield? He thought of the rapidly-increasing population, of the new terraces stretching out where only hedgerows used to be, and then of the poor little church with its mouldering walls and crazy tower. And for a moment he bent his head, and rested his brow against the rugged bark of Mistress Katherine's grand old tree with almost a groan, for he knew that the time of sacrifice had surely come.

Yes, it had surely come. A fortnight later every mighty bole bore the fatal mark of destruction, and people came to stare over the gates and gossip to the old lodge-keeper, who shook his head,

and said that he wondered the old master could rest quietly in his grave.

One calm October day, when the earth was clad in all its richest colours, James Listowe opened the lodge gate and walked slowly up the carriage-drive of the Rookery. All around him lay the felled trees; men were busy in stripping off their bark and lopping off their boughs; the work was going on apace. They were laughing and jesting over their toil, and James passed them all with a look of disgust. He was angry with Arthur for this desecration, as he termed it, and he was angrier still at seeing the subscription list for the new church headed by his friend's name. Arthur was not at all the sort of man, he argued, to take the lead in anything; his natural place was in the background. Moreover, why had not James himself been consulted in the matter? He could have given them really sound advice, and shown them the best way to proceed. As it was, old Wenlock and Arthur were managing it all, and they were sure to muddle the whole thing between them.

He came at last to Katherine's oak, laid low among its brethren, and then his indignation knew no bounds. Arthur was stooping over the tree, breaking off a small twig, as James approached.

"This is a sad scene, Arthur," Listowe began, in his most imposing manner. "A man who doesn't respect the wishes of the dead, can hardly hope to be useful to the living."

If Arthur was silent, it was not because he was at a loss for a reply. He stood still for a moment, looking from the twig to the prostrate oak, and hen he said in his usual calm tone—

"Come indoors, James, and look at the plans for the church. They only arrived this morning."

Listowe silently followed him into the house. There was no longer a retinue of well-trained servants waiting to obey their master's commands. Harris had departed. The cook was gone, and the page also; only three maids remained, and one of these acted as nurse to Mrs. Glendon's children.

"The plans are upstairs in my room," said Arthur, leading the way thither, and James still followed in silence. He had meant to give his friend what women call a good scolding; but Arthur's perfect serenity convinced him that this would be a mere waste of breath. They turned into the long corridor, and entered the little chamber that faced the west, without saying another word to each other.

It was an oak-panelled room, furnished with the utmost simplicity. A small iron bedstead stood in one corner, and in the centre was a writing-table covered with neatly-arranged books and papers. One or two pictures hung on the walls; a water-colour sketch of Kate; a photographed group of college friends; an engraving of Holman Hunt's "Light of the World;" and a crayon head of St. Agnes, which had a pathetic look about the eyes that always reminded James of Mary Berrithorne. Arthur seated his friend at the table, laid the plans before him, and proceeded to attach a piece of narrow ribbon to the twig.

Listowe saw him suspend this relic of Katherine's oak from a vacant nail on the wall. And then he came to the table, and began to discuss the drawings.

"If the new people of Rookfield want a church, why don't the project begin with them?" asked James, impatiently. "I should think they might curtail their expenses, make their wives and daughters dress more plainly, drink less wine, put down their horses. You are just encouraging them to mimic their betters by taking their lawful duties on yourself."

For answer, Arthur took a letter from the table, and put it into his friend's hand. It was from one of these "new people" of whom James had spoken with such manifest contempt—a retired tradesman, who was taking his rest after an active life of business.

"I have been thinking about a new church for many a day," he wrote, "but if I took the lead I knew that there would be a dozen voices crying shame on my forwardness. The squire, they might say, is the proper man to do it. And now that it is to be done, I will gladly follow your example by giving the same sum that you will give. We have all been like sheep, waiting for our leader to jump through the gap that we might come after, and you will find that not one will be willing to be left behind."

"And was there no other way?" said James, laying down the letter, after reading it in silence. "Were you really compelled to sacrifice those trees?"

"There was no other way," Arthur answered. "It has been hard—very hard. Glendon's extravagance impoverished my father terribly, and now there are poor Kate and the children to be thought of."

"A little common-sense and firm management would have kept that fellow in check," said James, loftily. "You should have insisted on knowing more about your father's affairs, Arthur; you ought not to have stayed contentedly in the dark. If I had been in your place, how different things would have been!"

Again Arthur held his peace. He rolled up the plans, and laid them quietly aside.

"Now there is that twig," said Listowe, fretted by his silence. "It is always a morbid thing to keep relics. When you are miles away it will hang there to sadden Kate by reminding her of happier days. You had better throw it into the fire."

"Don't be too hard upon my little sentimentalities," replied Arthur, with perfect good humour. "Will you stop and dine with me, to-day?"

"No, thank you," said James, rising. "I must go at once. The Ranfords were driving to Rookfield, and set me down at the lodge. They have promised to pick me up again, and I must not miss them. To-night I give the first of my course of lectures at the institute. Mary will expect me to call for her."

"How is Mary?" asked Arthur, quietly.

"Quite well, and very much improved. I think I am succeeding in forming her mind. She has some splendid qualities. It is likely to be a long engagement; I don't consider that I am in a position to marry yet. But that is best for Mary; she has much to learn, and she will have time to fit herself for the place that I mean her to fill."

James spoke as if that place were the half of a throne, and Arthur silently wondered why the wife of a country lawyer should need such long and careful training. James's tone had jarred upon him painfully, and for the first time he felt himself stung by a doubt—was his friend really capable of making this girl happy? He followed Listowe out of the room, and downstairs to the hall-door.

"You don't leave England till January, I think?" said James, lingering for a moment.

"No; I am to go on the second or third of the month."

"Ah! the time grows short. I hoped you would always have been amongst us, Arthur. I think your departure a mistake—a very great mistake. You are just the person for a country living, and domestic happiness, and that sort of thing, not at all the kind of man to face the hardships of missionary life. I'm afraid you'll break down at the outset."

"I hope not," said Arthur, tranquilly.

"Well, well, it is a pity you can't content yourself with home duties, instead of running away in search of a wider field. For myself, I don't aspire to be a hero, but I think I may contrive to do a little good in the world."

He went his way, and Arthur turned back into the house. As well might Christain have gone to Mr. Worldly Wiseman to ease him of his burden as Arthur Beachley to ask for sympathy from the friend of his youth.

That evening Mary sat in an inward flutter of pride and delight while James delivered his lecture. Although the lecture was said to be intended for the working classes, all the *élite* of Yare were present, an entertainment of the tamest kind being always welcome in a country town. The speaker had nothing particularly striking or original to say, but he had the art of saying a commonplace thing in an uncommon manner. He rolled out his truisms in such a sonorous voice that men and women were deeply impressed by his eloquence, and his handsome person pleased their eyes at the same time.

"And so he is engaged to a little chit of a teacher!" thought some of the young ladies, glancing at Mary, who was outwardly as demure as a nun. "Not even pretty," was the general comment; and then they wondered why he should have chosen one who was so obviously his inferior—good enough, no doubt, but altogether too ordinary and simple for such a brilliant man!

And at that very moment, Arthur, studying in his own room, looked up wearily from the page and rested his eyes on the crayon head of St. Agnes.

"God grant that he may know how to value her!" he said, half aloud, and then applied himself to his task again.

(To be continued.)

SCREENS FOR FIREPLACES.

We have lately noticed two very simple and effective ways of making these screens; and as the covering and the ornamenting of these can be accomplished entirely by amateur hands, we give a description of them. For the first screen, have made by a common carpenter a deal framework composed of three leaves joined together with hinges, each leaf three feet in height and a foot and a quarter wide. The deal frame should be of inch thick wood, with a support of the same thickness across its centre, and should be elevated upon short, square feet. The frame would not cost more than ten shillings to make, if so much. Buy some diagonal cloth, cut it into long strips not more than five inches in width, and neatly stitch these strips round the framework, covering each piece of woodwork entirely, but leaving its shape visible. Cut three strips of white crash or fine linen about twelve inches wide and three-quarters of a yard long, and work upon them with crewels either a handsome outline or filled-in design, either worked in shades of one colour or in many colours. Sew a ball fringe matching the diagonal cloth to the bottom of each strip, and double ends of ribbon to each corner. Tie the top of each strip with a smart bow to the top rail of each leaf of the screen, and the bottom to the bottom rail, and the work is complete. The advantage of this screen is that the embroidered part can be changed and varied as often as the owner likes to work a fresh subject, as nothing has to be done but untie the bows of ribbon. Indian and Persian embroidery, Lustra painting combined with needlework, and many new kinds of work, can be displayed and changed without difficulty.

The second screen is lower and longer than the first, and is entirely covered with material. Its peculiarity consists of the different natures of the material used to cover the lower and upper halves, and it also can be made up at home without much trouble. Procure a threefold frame of deal made like the first screen, but two and a half feet in height, and with each leaf of the same breadth. Put on the hinges, and cover the screen entirely with a lining of brown holland, which pull very tight, and nail on well. Sew across the whole screen, so that no join is visible, and a little below the exact centre, a coloured material, either of soft blue or green diagonal cloth, stamped plush, or velveteen. Secure this firmly to the sides and bottom of the three leaves with ornamental nails, and cover the bottom part on both sides. Take some cream-coloured or pale blue satin sheeting, or some fine white lining, fit it so that it shall cover the top part of the screen without a join, and meet the lower material, and upon this material trace a design, such as birds and reeds, water-lilies and flags, fishes swimming, etc., on a stiff Greek wreath caught up at set intervals with ribbon; so arrange this pattern that it covers without a break the whole width of the material, work the design in *filoselles* of various shades, sew the material on to the screen above the lower material, finish off where the two meet with a small ball edging made of colours matching the *filoselles*, and ornament the outer sides of the leaves with small ornamental nails, so as to hide the stitches that secure the various coverings.

B. C. Saward.

OUR JOURNEY TO PERSIA.

Our readers will be interested in the following extract from a letter by Miss Read, the first missionary sent to Persia by the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East. It is written from Julfa, where there is a mission station, under the Rev. Dr. Bruce, missionary to the Armenians. Miss Read had the advantage of travelling with Dr. Bruce and his family, who were returning to Persia.

"We reached this on November 24th, after a safe and comfortable journey, and felt thankful to arrive at our destination in health and safety. We left Berlin on October 18th, and travelled night and day till October 23rd, when we got on board the steamer at Tzaritzin. We travelled *viâ* Koningsberg, Vilna, Minsk, Smolensk, Orel, Grivici (see atlas).

Along our route, we heard reports that the Volga was already frozen, and that the steamers had ceased to run. This made Dr. Bruce very anxious, as the route by Odessa would be much more tedious and expensive. However, after repeated telegrams, he obtained satisfactory information that the steamers were still running. It was intensely cold in Russia, but the trains are kept very warm, having double windows and double doors, and stoves kept well supplied with wood. From Tzaritzin we went by steamer to Astrachan, where we had a few hours, in which we saw the Greek Cathedral, and the town. Thence we went on to a "flat," some hours' journey to the steamer on the Caspian, and reached Enzeli on October 29th, having had a magnificent view of the snow-capped Elbruz range of mountains. I was much interested in watching the motley crowd on the deck—Greek priests, Jews, Mohammedans, Tartars, Armenians, Cossacks—and the boats which came alongside, wherever the steamer stopped, with fruit and flowers. We got into a boat which came to the steamer, and rowed ashore to Enzeli, where we got into a larger boat, and rowed about twelve miles across a large lagoon, then we landed, and rode on to Resht. Here we remained for two days, until sufficient mules and horses had been procured for our large party of eleven. Dr. Bruce's trusted servant, Carapet, who has been with him for twelve years, undertook the charge of the money, and attended to the buying of provisions, &c., for the journey.

Mrs. Bruce travelled in a kajavah, half-swung, half-balanced on a mule, and Miss Bruce and I took it in turns to sit in the opposite kajavah, and to ride a pony. Kajavahs are the most uncomfortable things imaginable. Miss Bruce and I both thought we should be sea-sick for the first hour or two we were in it; but when we got accustomed to the motion, and to some plans for stowing our legs away, we got on much better; I even went to sleep for a while, one or two hot days.

Our road, for the first few days after leaving Resht, lay over the Elbruz mountains, and the scenery was indeed magnificent; hills clothed with trees of the most gorgeous autumn tints, and snow-capped mountains towering beyond. But when, on November 5th, we crossed the Kazan pass, 7,000 feet high, we came into a totally different country; an extensive plain, perfectly brown, and barren-looking. We stayed two days at Kasbin, and there our party divided, four going to Teheran, and the remaining seven going by Kum, Kashan, Soo, to Julfa.

During this part of our journey we crossed several extensive plains, hills, and a range of mountains, by a pass 8,500 feet high. It was sometimes very hot for a few hours in the plains, but the nights were often chilly, and in the Karood mountains there was ice upon the ground. Some days we rode for twenty miles without seeing half-a-dozen people, and not a single village, through a perfectly barren country. In other places we saw many villages, and much cultivation. The principal produce seems to be cotton, oil, wheat, and fruit, melons, pomegranates, grapes, quinces. Many of the the towns are half in ruins, presenting a most desolate appearance.

We had often to sleep in wretched rooms in the posthouses, or in the caravansaries. In some places we slept in small rooms, with dusty floors, dirty walls, black roofs, and holes in the walls for windows; but it was wonderful how comfortable they looked when the servants had laid down a carpet, and we had made our beds; and, as Dr. Bruce said, we could not look at the black roofs while we were looking at our dinner, or while we were asleep. The cloth for dinner (I cannot call table-cloth) was usually laid in the centre of the room, and we sat on the floor round it; we ladies had a decided advantage over the gentlemen, as our legs were shorter; they were constantly mourning over the unwieldly length of theirs.

Our journey from Enzeli took twenty-four days, and we were fortunate in having only one day's rain, and that day we spent at a comfortable hotel at Kasbin. The only accident of any consequence that happened was, that the day we reached Julfa, at a village about sixteen miles off, the pony carrying our bedding fell into the water, and the things were very wet; but it was most fortunate that this happened at the end of our journey. It was most curious, when passing through wild barren deserts, to see the long straight line of telegraph poles and wires which connect London and Calcutta in an unbroken line; they seemed a link with the civilized world.

Many of the orphan boys, school teachers, and members of the congregation came out to welcome Dr. and Mrs. Bruce back to Julfa. We all felt thankful to be at our journey's end in safety, after our forty-three days' travelling. I enjoyed the journey very much, there was so much novelty to me, who had never before been outside the British isles, and our party was very pleasant. Mrs. Bruce has been most kind and thoughtful, in telling me beforehand what things would be useful in the journey, and that made a great difference in my comfort. She very kindly taught me my letters on the journey, so that I am ready to begin to read as soon as I get a teacher. Dr. Bruce has not fixed on one yet, but he promises to do so next week, and I hope to begin hard work then. Unfortunately I missed the last step of the train a few days ago, and sprained my ankle slightly, and have had to keep it up, and stay quiet; but that will not interfere with my studying the language; on the contrary, it may keep me to it more diligently.

I was greatly interested in attending service last Sunday, with the Armenians. There is an English service in the afternoon, and a Sunday-school afterwards, attended by Armenian men, women, and children. I hope at once to begin studying the language, so as to assist in the good work. I am very happy, and very glad to be in Persia."

SUMMER
R. TAYLOR

SUMMER.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

Oh, the sweet, sweet summer,
With her lavish hand,
Wealth for every comer
Flinging o'er the land!
Day by day uncloses
Into perfect prime
Throngs of fresh, fair roses
All the summer time.

Birds and bees are roaming
In the bosky bowers,
Till the dewy gloaming
Veils the sleeping flowers;
While in fragrant meadows
Little children play
Through the lights and shadows
Of the live-long day.

Oh, the dimpled smiling
Of the sapphire seas—
'Neath the soft beguiling
Of the sun-steeped breeze!

White-sailed boats are swaying
Softly to and fro—
Golden sunbeams playing
Round them as they go.

'Tis the self-same story
Told by birds and bees—
By the rose's glory—
And the sapphire seas—
By the soft wind playing
In the winding wood—
Hearken! All are saying—
"Truly, God is good."

Oh, the sweet, sweet summer,
With her lavish hand,
Wealth for every comer
Flinging o'er the land—
We, with hearts o'erflowing,
Join in Nature's praise,
For the beauty glowing
In the summer days.

STUDIES OF GIRLS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

Part III.

The Girl who Served.

"I HAVE made up my mind, grandmamma, that this year I will gain our 'general merit prize,'" said Emma Barbour, one frosty First of January.

"It is a worthy ambition, my dear," said the old lady, "provided we always remember that the gaining of prizes is not the great thing, but the attainment of wisdom and good habits."

They were great friends—the soft-eyed grandmother and the bright young girl. They lived together in a tiny house in a quiet town among the hills in the south of Scotland. Though it was such a small house, it had a great view. It stood on the very edge of the town, and the back windows overlooked one of the fairest of scenes. Not very far from the house flowed a river, every mile of whose banks is famous in history or song, while on the low hills of its farther shore, among masses of rich woodland, rose the great, grey towers of a castle, while farther still lay the awful, mysterious mountains which the legends of old time had peopled with fairies and ghosts, but which to little Emma's reverent imagination always seemed full of the presence of Him who owns the deep places of the earth and the strength of the mighty hills.

From the front window Emma and her grandmother could see the townsfolk going to and fro, and as they could generally see the hands of the town clock, so they could keep their kitchen clock set by it. But they always took their sewing or their books to the back window, and sat there. They never talked much about the silent beauty stretching far away before them. It only entered into their very souls. If either of them ever had to leave those hills, and go to live on some dull flat country or in some close noisome city street, then they would talk over the grand outlines, and the silvery mists, and the flying shadows which would remain in their memories. But while they had them, that was enough. They were part of their daily lives.

Mrs. Barbour was quite an old woman, but she was one of those women who are like noble trees: they grow grander and dearer every year they live. For God does not take all the good people away in their youth. He leaves many of the very best people the longest in this life. If He did not do so, what a terrible place this world would grow! And we know God loves this world and claims it as part of His own kingdom, or He would not have sent Jesus to live and die among us, and to teach us to pray that "God's will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

Mrs. Barbour had been born and had always lived in that little town. Her husband and all her children, except one son, lay buried in its churchyard. Mrs. Barbour had once been rich, and now she was rather poor, but she always seemed able to help everybody who wanted help. When Emma was quite a little child she remembered hearing an old minister say that her grandmother was "a king's daughter." She wondered then what he meant. She knew now. She knew, too, that she might be a King's daughter also.

Anniversaries were greatly kept in that quiet little house. Only they were not kept in quite the common way. On all the good dates in her own history, Mrs. Barbour tried to make bright days for other people—it might be only by a visit, or a bunch of flowers, or a knitted shawl, or a pair of winter stockings.

"All the happiness of the old memories goes into the gift," she said. "And my pleasure in giving it is the angels' gift to me."

They kept New Years too. All the drawers in the house were tidied anew; any little fresh arrangement which seemed advisable was started.

"For it is the turning of a new leaf," said Mrs. Barbour. "That is such a beautiful phrase that it is a great pity it has fallen to be seldom used except when the old leaf is supposed to have been wasted. In reality we have to turn new leaves not only when we have spoiled the old ones, but also when we have filled them. Only whether we have spoiled them or filled them the new leaf always seems to waken hope and energy. For bad, there is possible change to good, and for good there is probable growth to better, and to best."

Mrs. Barbour had a habit of taking a motto for every New Year's day. She chose short texts which stuck in the memory, and rose up with encouragement or warning at all sorts of unexpected moments. It was always Emma's duty to write out this text in careful Old English characters, on a piece of cardboard, and then it stood on her bedroom mantel-shelf for the twelve months to come.

"What is to be this year's motto, grandmamma?" she asked on that New Year's morning, when she had announced that her own determination was to win that coveted "general merit prize" which proved its owner to be the cleverest, most industrious, and best-mannered girl among the pupils of the excellently organised school of which the little town was justly proud.

"It is not a very long one," said grandmamma, "and I think there is something in it very suitable to your new ambitions, my child. It is only—

'Covet earnestly the best gifts.'"

Emma Barbour had a great many thoughts of her own while she sat daintily illuminating these words. Surely she was coveting the best gifts! To gain this prize she would have to be constantly in early attendance at the school, and were not early rising and punctuality good habits or "gifts," whose value grandmamma had never wearied of inculcating? How carefully, too, she would have to learn her lessons—how her memory would be trained and exercised, and grandmamma

always said that a quick and responsive memory was a great blessing! And there could be no indulgence in school whispering or trifling during classes, since one such lapse from the paths of propriety would irretrievably forfeit the coveted prize. Would not this compel her to obey grandmamma's often repeated precept, "Work when you work, and play when you play"?

All Emma's thoughts were the thoughts of a well brought-up and well-meaning girl, and yet somehow Emma did not feel quite satisfied with them; but she was sure all her aspirations and wishes were right so far as they went. What could be wanting?

And then Emma fell to wondering what would happen in the course of the year. Young people are always curious about the future; they want to know how it feels when events come into life. As they grow older they grow more content; they know by experience that events will come, and that change, even for the better, has some pain in it. Little children turn over their new picture-books very quickly, and are never happy till they have seen the last page; when they know them all, they linger long over each.

And that very day the postman was bringing news of an event of such importance as had never before happened in Emma Barbour's life. It came in a letter from India, and grandmamma read the letter twice over, and thought about its proposal for some minutes before she told the news to Emma.

Mrs. Barbour had one son still living. He was an official in the Indian Civil Service, not very high in the ranks, so that his salary did not permit of a palatial Calcutta residence, with marble courts and balconies gleaming amid tropical verdure, and troops of oriental servants to tend the weariness of oriental languor. He had to live with his wife and little daughter in a neat dwelling in the rather dismal Calcutta suburbs. They could not afford constant trips to the healthier hill-country, still less visits to Europe. Mrs. Barbour had often been made anxious by the reports of her daughter-in-law's health, clearly fading among the unwholesome swamps, from which there seemed no escape. And there had been cause for this anxiety, for the letter that came in on this New Year's day brought word of young Mrs. Barbour's death.

The old lady had never seen her daughter-in-law, but she had loved her for her wifely devotion to Archibald Barbour, and her heart ached to think of his sorrow now in his lonely exile. His own thoughts were evidently less of his own pain than of the loss his little daughter had sustained. With the uncertainty of life staring him in the face from the grave of his young wife, Archibald Barbour had been brought to practical reflection as to what might befall his daughter if she should happen to be left fatherless as well as motherless in the strange country.

Perhaps he mistook the sinking sense of his own loneliness for some foreshadowing of doom, for he had come to the conclusion that his little daughter's best place now was her grandmother's quiet cottage in the town where his own heart often turned so longingly. And having made this decision, he had felt either unable to brook further delay, or else that promptitude was rendered desirable by the forlorn condition of his widowed home, and the peremptory necessity of quickly rearranging his own plans; for his letter went on to say that his little girl was already on her way to Britain.

He knew he could trust his mother. Whatever he thought best she would be sure to second and further. Archibald Barbour had had a struggling and now a sorrowful life; but a life that still has one human being, in whose helpfulness and steadfastness it can unfailingly rely, is a blessed life. For does it not possess the best type of Him whose power equals His love?

Mrs. Barbour read her son's letter to Emma, but she left out the part where he asked her to have patience with his little Julia. She had been neglected during her mother's long feebleness, had probably been somewhat misguided by the native servants, was inclined to be idle and fretful, and was very ignorant.

Mrs. Barbour made a free rendering of this, which she thought better fitted for Emma's ear.

"Your little cousin is not strong, and we must expect this change of climate to try her, so we must be very kind to her. Besides, she will be quite strange to all our ways, and will know nothing of many matters which come quite naturally to the knowledge of English folk. How she gets on, and whether she is happy, will greatly depend on you, Emma."

Of course Emma was delighted. The mere prospect of a young companion in the very same house with herself seemed almost too good to be true. She never thought of fearing lest she should lose half of her grandmother's love. Perhaps there was something about Mrs. Barbour which made one feel that she had enough love to satisfy everybody, however many came to partake of it.

It seemed to Emma as if the date when her cousin might be expected would never come. Mrs. Barbour had gone to the seaport to receive her grand-daughter from the hands of the captain who had taken her in charge, and Emma went down to the little railway station to meet them both. There was grandmamma, stepping smilingly from the train, and then followed the stranger! The new life was fairly begun!

What a little, pale creature Julia Barbour was! There was a quaint, perfect harmony between herself and the slight foreign fabrics of which her dresses were made, and the small dainty ornaments of ivory and tortoiseshell which she presently produced from her luggage, and set up on the brackets among grandmamma's bonnie sea-shells and bright old china.

They made the house prettier, and she certainly added interest to the household. Grandmamma, narrowly observant beneath her kindliness, was glad to feel that her son had honestly set forth his daughter's character without any attempt at softening its defects, nay, had stated them boldly and unblenchingly as only perfect love can dare to do, since what is perfect love but a feeling of oneness, and what honest heart uses any disguise of its own frailties?

Julia went with Emma to school. The two girls could not be in the same classes. Julia was far, far behind. She readily accepted her lower position. Whether this arose from good nature or from want of appreciation of the advantage of knowledge, Mrs. Barbour found it hard at first to determine.

But it did not take the shrewd old lady long to see that Julia was living a life of quiet, easy self-pleasing, aye, that she had no idea that there was any other life to be lived. She had no thought that what was not easy to do might yet be right and necessary, and had best be done willingly, and without compulsion, if it is ever to be conquered and become pleasant. And that is the first lesson in noble living.

Oh how hard it was for Emma to get her to rise in the morning! How long she took to dress—how helpless she was—or as the old Scotch servant graphically called it, how "handless!" Over and over again, Emma had to hurry off to be in time for school, and keep pace for her prize—leaving Julia to follow—and in consequence to arrive so woefully late that she was punished by being kept in after school was over.

"I should have been a great deal sooner, if you had not gone off, Emma," she said; "but I fell asleep again after you left the bedroom, and I never awoke till grandmamma came up to me, just after you had gone. And then I had such a bother to get dressed. Everything in Britain seems so hard and toilsome. To begin with, there are twice as many clothes to put on."

She spoke quite uncomplainingly. It would never have occurred to her to ask her cousin's help or to expect it. It was quite right that Emma should go on about her own business and her own pursuits. Only it was unfortunate for her!

Emma was sitting on the end of her bed during the conversation in which Julia said this. She looked up at her cousin, reclining on her own little white couch, with her rich, black waving hair making such a beautiful background to her ivory-pale, finely-cut face, which had a sweet brightness of its own, different as it might be from the sturdy earnestness of the Scotch lassie. But Emma's eye travelled on past her cousin, and rested on the illuminated text—

"Covet earnestly the best gifts."

Was it best that Emma should gain prizes and honours, while poor Julia was left to bad habits and punishment? But what about Emma's own habit of punctuality? Surely that ought not to be sacrificed! Emma's face flushed hotly as she instantly saw the solution of that problem. It was possible to maintain her habit of punctuality in all its integrity, and yet to remain and stand by Julia and save her from indolence and disgrace. It was only the prize that need be sacrificed. Which was best, the prize—or Julia's happiness and welfare? She looked back at the illumination.

"Covet earnestly the best gifts."

There was no mistake about it.

"I would always wait for you, Julia," she said, "but I am anxious to gain a prize which I cannot win *if I am often late*——"

"I don't want you to wait for me," said Julia, tranquilly. "It does not matter how often I am late; I shall never get any prize at all, you see."

Nevertheless, the next morning and the next, Emma waited for Julia, and by dint of strenuous assistance, Julia was got ready and started off to arrive before the school-bell ceased. So the coveted prize was still unforfeited, and Emma held her breath, as it were, with hope and expectancy that the victory was won. But victories are never won at small cost.

Presently Emma had to hear and combat Julia's specious arguments.

"Late rising was not a sin; it could make no difference to God at what hour one got up."

And Emma had her quiet answer, "Not to do whatever is one's duty is a sin; and none of our sins hurt God; He hates sin because it hurts ourselves."

And then there came days, one after another, when Julia was provokingly dull and most forlornly helpless. Emma had to make her choice between giving up her prize or leaving her cousin to herself. It was a struggle. But she chose the "best gift," as undoubtedly the service of others must always be. She was helped in her decision by some expressions of thankfulness which Julia had uttered on the more successful days. Yet the sacrifice cost her some tears, aye, and some bitter, rather grudging feelings. It did seem hard when, because she happened to speak a little fretfully on the afternoon of the day when she had, in all probability, surrendered her ambition, Julia said carelessly—

"Dear me! what makes you so disagreeable?"

So Julia had not thought enough about the matter to notice what she had done! Emma

ran off to her bedroom and threw herself on her bed and cried bitterly. Why had she done it? If she had to do it again, she would do differently! Nay, there might still be a chance of recovering her lost position—it was little likely, for the competition was keen—but if there was, she would avail herself of it, and let Julia lapse into her accustomed habits and get the customary reprimand. It did not seem to hurt Julia. Why should she suffer to spare her cousin from what she did not feel?

But presently wiser and gentler counsels prevailed in the girl's mind. If Julia really did feel the disgrace she suffered, why then she would not need much help from Emma—the delirious or unconscious sufferer is the very patient who appeals most to the nurse's sympathy. Besides, if she was only trying to serve Julia that she might win Julia's appreciation and praise, would not that be still working for a prize only? If it was right to serve Julia in trying to help her to good habits, then it remained right, whether it was successful or not.

And so Emma dried her eyes and washed her face and went downstairs, and Julia had no more occasion to ask her why she was disagreeable. She almost fancied that Julia seemed a little regretful and tender. And how kind grandmamma was! but then grandmamma was always kind.

On and on Emma struggled day after day. She soon had to give up all hope of the "general merit" prize, but there remained several minor special prizes for which she could still compete.

Only Julia found her lessons all so hard, that she could scarcely do them at all without a great deal of help. And that help took much of Emma's evening time and energy. After one had been struggling with Julia's deficient and unreasonable arithmetic, one did not feel in the right cue for writing a very brilliant essay for the English Literature class, nor could one easily master the intricate politics of English history, with Julia committing to memory the names of English counties and capital towns in a low monotonous murmur, and calling on one every few minutes to hear her recite, or to explain to her the subtleties of the English grammar.

But the great pain and bitterness came one morning, when Julia was most perversely obstinate and sleepy, and poor wearied Emma sitting down beside her, actually fell asleep too, and was found sitting up so, completely dressed, by grandmamma, who came upstairs at last to see what was keeping the girls from their breakfast! How grave she looked—how silently she hastened them through the spoiled meal! Of course, they arrived at school late—not only unpunctual, but shamefully late, so that they were both openly rebuked—a thing which had never before happened to Emma in all her school-life.

Her face was crimson, her lips trembling, her eyes full of tears; but she made no excuse, uttered no protest, hinted no accusation. She did not even look at Julia as they both turned from the teacher's desk and went to their own places, or she would have seen Julia turn towards her with a light in the soft dark eyes which had never been there before. Something dimmed it a moment later, and Julia spent the morning busily writing an exercise, and never raised her head. Even when school was dismissed, she still went on writing till all the scholars had left, and then she sprang up suddenly, put her arms round Emma's neck, and cried out—

"It was all my fault! And I know I have cost you your prize—and I was not worth it."

Ah! that was a moment which made up for all the pain and effaced all the bitterness, only poor Julia was so miserable, and must be comforted. And it was hard that she could not be got to believe that to try to help her was infinitely better than to compete for a prize, and that no happiness could be so great as to succeed in helping her. Emma's heart was filled with a great love for poor struggling Julia, and love wants only to give itself away, and its only agony is that it seems to have so little to give.

From that day the girls were real friends, though that burst of bright warm sunshine between them was often over-clouded. There would be grey days—aye, and showers, and sometimes even storms. They had never had storms before then. Hitherto, when Julia had been listless or indifferent, Emma had been calmly and patiently persistent in doing what she had felt was a duty; but now that it had grown a delight, she could dare to be quite indignant when Julia repelled it. Some storms are wholesome; they clear heavy atmospheres as nothing else can. Julia felt in her heart that Emma did well to be angry, that if she had not been angry it must have been because she loved her less. Besides, it was worth making a strenuous effort to discharge duties whose omission really disturbed and distressed somebody. Julia was roused!

There were times when she lay awake in the clear nights, and the silver moonbeams crept over Emma's little illumination, and Julia would repeat it softly to herself, and wonder whether Emma had not really chosen the very best lot in life, bearing suffering and loss for another's sins and deficiencies, if so be she could raise her out of them. Of course, Julia had always heard of the Divine life which entered into man's nature, and was crucified in human flesh that the sons of Adam might become the sons of God. But it had always seemed a far off story—a something lying outside her own personal comprehension and actual experience—just like the law of gravitation, for instance, learned about but not known, in the sense that we know a mother's face or our own fireside.

And lo! here was the same law of sacrificing love working in her own life. Seeing Emma giving up her own interests to help her out of bad habits into good ones, Julia caught a glimpse of that great sacrifice freely poured upon all the world that all may be redeemed from the slavery of self and sin.

Julia said nothing of these matters. She was not a girl who spoke much of her deepest feelings. Only every day it grew clearer that she had set all her own will to work with Emma's, and that, with exercise, her will was growing stronger and stronger. Relapses grew farther between, and less complete. The struggles continued, and there were still failures, but each failure found the power of self-recovery greater.

As for Emma, she was now quite happy, though she had no doubt of having lost all the prizes. She felt sure she had lost nothing else, besides having gained Julia. Her habits of early rising were far more secure than if they had been formed for the purpose of gaining a prize, and so might have relaxed when it was won. If in her lessons she had not made those brilliant advances upon new ground which would have gained distinction, she had got well grounded in the old foundations, for she was in no danger of forgetting the studies she had gone over so diligently with Julia! And somehow, too, she had learned to regard her dear grandmother with a more understanding and appreciative love. She had found out something of the cost with which good habits are inculcated and insisted upon.

The New Year was again drawing near. A few weeks before the holidays the governess suddenly announced that she intended to give a new prize, one open to all the classes, high or low—a prize to her who had made most marked progress during the year, from whatever her starting-point might have been.

Emma rejoiced to think that some other schoolfellow would be thus unexpectedly made happy. She knew too well that this new prize opened no vista of hope for her, for if she had made any movement at all, it was to outward seeming rather a backward one!

The prize day came. The reward for "general merit" was carried off with great honour and applause by one of the elder girls, who could not help feeling that she would not have won it if "that clever Emma Barbour had not been so unaccountably unlike herself this year."

The other prizes were distributed. Emma had thought she had allowed herself in no hope, but it was only as the names were announced and hers never came that she found how much hope will always linger in our hearts, unbidden and unrecognised, till it is fairly dislodged by bitter certainty.

And now there only remained the prize for "the greatest improvement." There was a good deal of excited interest in this matter among those who dared not hope reward for any special excellence, while the clever girls were perhaps rather inclined to rest upon their cleverness, and to measure the height on which they stood rather than the rate at which they advanced, which is the reason why the tortoise does sometimes beat the hare in real life, as well as in the fable!

There was a start, half of sudden surprise, half of quickly assenting conviction, as the governess announced the winner to be "Julia Barbour." The lady stated the case in a few direct, kind words. She did not spare the lethargic, indifferent mood in which Julia had arrived in her school. But the progress was certainly unmistakable. The once disgracefully late arrivals were exchanged for seldom varying punctuality. The lessons might still be rather lowly for a girl of Julia's age and capacity, but they were now diligently and intelligently learned. "In a word," said the governess, "Julia Barbour is now thoroughly in earnest, and when anybody is in earnest, it does not matter whether she knows much or little—she will soon know more. It does not matter how far one is from home; if one's face is set towards it, one will reach it. I must congratulate Julia Barbour, and if she goes on advancing as rapidly as she has begun, I shall congratulate myself on having her for a pupil."

There was no word of praise for Emma Barbour—she was only one of the great mass of scholars who had failed to gain distinction. What did that matter? Why! she absolutely forgot all about it. Were not Julia's fingers twined round her hand? Was not Julia's prize lying on her knee? To the loving heart the honour bestowed on a dear one is always sweeter than its own, and oh, how much more so when that honour has been achieved by its efforts!

"Your cousin has not got a prize this time," said one girl to Julia, rather ill-naturedly. "She always had one before, for something."

"No, she has given one instead, for a change," said Julia, shortly.

She thought the facts were so self-evident that her words could not be misunderstood. Some of the girls guessed the truth, but others were puzzled, and thought that Julia meant that Emma's early failure in the competition had bestowed a chance on some whom she could have easily defeated.

"Grandmamma, give me another new year's text, please," said Emma, that evening, when they were sitting together lingering over the fire awhile, after Julia had gone to bed.

Mrs. Barbour looked steadily at Emma with her gentle, aged eyes, and then she passed her hand softly over the bowed brown head.

"You learned your last one very thoroughly," she said, "and it was a hard one. You shall have an easier one this time. It is 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.'"

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.

"A HANDFUL OF HER TREASURES."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

UNDINE MAKES A DISCOVERY.

THE savages again appeared at the same season of the year, and, seeing that their visits were likely to prove annual, I could not but feel some anxiety as to whether we should ever be molested, although they did not seem to come with any intention of exploring. This time as heretofore they left after a few hours, apparently only using my island as a kind of half-way house for refreshments whilst on one of their expeditions.

My occupations were carried on in different parts of the island in the customary manner. Undine always accompanied me, and was very pleased to carry something in her little basket; I dare say she thought she assisted greatly. She was five years old when I took her for her first sea voyage, and great was her delight as she sat in the stern of the boat, her long hair floating in the breeze. I was going for a three weeks' sojourn at the brick kilns, intending to leave the boat there, and go inland to bring back some of the white clay I had discovered long since, and with which I hoped to make a finer kind of earthenware. I used the boat frequently from this time, for Undine was not old enough to walk very far, and the cow, who had often carried the child in one of the panniers, had lately died, the second of my faithful four-footed friends whose loss I had to deplore. Undine was enchanted when we turned up the Nile, clapping her hands with glee at the sight of the birds as they flew from side to side. After carefully mooring the boat in its accustomed place, we started on our walk, each one provided with a basket, and reached our destination in time to settle ourselves comfortably in the hut for the evening. The clay bank was almost opposite, so that we had not far to go on the following morning. Undine amused herself with the pebbles by the river side, whilst I filled the baskets. I then called her to take a meal before returning with our load, and she ran to me holding up her little skirt filled with pebbles.

"Why, little one," I said, "you will have enough to carry with your basket of clay," but seeing her look of disappointment and reflecting how few childish toys she had, I promised to make a hole in the clay in her basket, into which she might put some of her pebbles, and so carry them home.

"Very well, mamma," she replied, her face brightening, "I'll take the pretty yellow ones, they shine so;" and she proceeded to make her selection whilst I prepared a place for them.

"Mamma," she said, coming with a handful of her treasures, "I wish I had some more like these, they're the very prettiest of all." And so saying she placed in the hollowed clay a number of small gold nuggets.

I stared in astonishment at the shining particles, which were of various sizes, the largest, perhaps, about as big as a pea. For the moment I felt as if I had met with some wonderfully good fortune, until I remembered how comparatively useless this precious metal was to one in my position. Yet there was a certain fascination in the thought of the discovery, and a feeling came across me that possibly in the future it might in some way be of use to me, for every now and then latterly some slight hope that I should yet find means of returning to my native land would visit me. So, explaining to Undine that I wanted some of those pretty things for myself, she trotted with me to the bank, quite delighted that mamma should like some of the playthings.

I must confess that I was sordid enough to spend my time altogether in the search for gold, neglecting totally the preparation for making my superfine crockeryware, and the spot was ever after called "Gold Creek." From the manner in which we found the gold, either in nuggets or in broken pieces of quartz, it was evidently washed down from Mount Desire, where the river had its source, and I had no doubt from the yellowness of the mud and sand in some portions of the river bed, that a great quantity might be got by washing. We ascended the river to a good height, until one day, time having passed more quickly than I realised, on looking seaward, I observed in the far distance the usual flotilla of canoes, so I hurried off to regain the security of Cave Castle.

There being much risk in returning by water, I left the boat where it was and returned on foot, part of the way carrying my basket slung on my back and Undine in my arms, for she could not run so fast or for so long as I wanted her to do.

CHAPTER XXXV.

ADIEU TO THE SAVAGES.

So soon as I got safely home I ran to the armoury window, and there saw the party already seated as usual making preparations for a meal, but this time I could not discern any human victim, so concluded they were not about to indulge their cannibal propensities. They were fewer in number than before—not more than three or four in each canoe, and of these there were five. I had been thinking the last few weeks of the probability of their return, and it occurred to me that the fact of their non-appearance the following year, after I first saw them, might have been due to their recollection of my firing, and that

possibly some of those who were then present being dead, or the remembrance of the event partially lost, others might have been courageous enough to venture on a second attempt, and, meeting with nothing to alarm, had renewed their unwelcome calls. But was it wise of me to let them go so peacefully? Might they not become still bolder, and begin a survey of my beautiful land? I therefore determined to give them another fright if I could; so, loading my gun, I discharged it from the window. The effect was instantaneous: they started to their feet, and some at once began to jump into their boats. A few only appeared inclined to brave it out; but as I kept on firing as fast as I could reload, they also took alarm, and so scared did they become that they not only left some of their weapons behind them, but also one of their canoes, which had been dragged higher up the beach than the rest, and, therefore, I supposed in the panic that ensued after my second shot, was left.

I could not help laughing at their precipitate flight, but I reflected that the sound of my shots would naturally revive the memory of the excited and no doubt exaggerated tales they had heard, and probably they would imagine this was but the precursor of something still more terrible which they were in no wise anxious to experience.

Be that as it may, they took their final leave of the island that day, for since then no savage has to my knowledge ever set foot on its beautiful shores.

We returned to the brick-kilns to make our crockery-ware, going by Gold Creek for a supply of clay, but not lingering there, as I really wished to see what I could do in a better class of pottery.

Patience was required even to a greater extent than in my former attempts; but my wheel greatly facilitated the work, and after trying my hand on several little plates and dishes as a toy dinner-service for Undine, which gave her boundless delight, I manufactured some very creditable cups and saucers. We spent some time longer in this part, occupied in sugar-making, which was always a treat for the little maiden, as she also set up her store of sugar-candy, which was to last for the year.

Whilst the sugar was boiling we made many a short excursion, partly in search of game, and partly for amusement and instruction, for Undine's education was carried on side by side with our mutual labour, and she never began any work without our going a little into the history of each thing employed in it. As a matter of course, my instruction was obliged to be oral; at the same time, I knew well the use of a certain amount of learning by rote, both in exercising the memory, and in supplying some rudimentary facts as a groundwork for further teaching, and therefore obliged her to say my words after me every now and then, as if reading from a book, and then requiring an exact repetition, the next day perhaps.

We were one day wandering along the river bank, I a little in advance of the child, when she gave a sudden terrified scream. Turning to see the cause of her alarm, I found it to be the sight of an iguana, an animal well adapted to strike a child with terror, though I believe it to be harmless. As it crept sluggishly across the mud on its way to the water, with its body scarcely raised above the ground, and the row of reversed hooks along its back and tail, it put me in mind of the pictures of the fabulous dragon, though on a small scale. I soon quieted Undine's fears, and shortly after this incident we set sail for Cave Castle.

(*To be continued.*)

"SHE GAVE A SUDDEN TERRIFIED SCREAM."

VARIETIES.

FLEETING HOURS. — As she that lives longest lives but a little while, every girl may be certain that she has no time to waste. The duties of life are commensurate to its duration, and every day brings its task, which, if neglected, is doubled on the morrow. But she that has already trifled away those months and years in which she should have laboured, must remember that she has now only a part of that of which the whole is little; and that since the few moments remaining are to be considered as the last trust of heaven, not one is to be lost.

THE RIGHT SIDE OF HEAVEN.—A little Swedish girl, while walking with her father on a starry night, absorbed in contemplation of the skies, being asked of what she was thinking, replied, "I was thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be?"

COMPLIMENTING THE BRIDESMAIDS.—The bridesmaids at a recent wedding were thus described by a local paper:—"It is no idle compliment to say that they are like three Graces, their faces mirroring back the purity and softness of the skies, their eyes floating in a light of dewy tenderness, or throwing radiant flashes from the inner shrines of thought, like jewel-tinted sparkles caught from broken rainbows."

INNOCENT AMUSEMENTS.—Innocent amusements are such as excite moderately and such as produce a cheerful frame of mind, not boisterous mirth; such as refresh instead of exhausting the system, such as recur frequently rather than continue long, such as send us back to our daily duties invigorated in body and spirit, such as we can partake of in the presence and society of respectable friends, such as consist with and are favourable to a grateful piety, such as are chastened by self-respect and are accompanied with the consciousness that life has a higher end than to be amused.—*Dr. Channing.*

"CUCKOO! CUCKOO!"

The cuckoo, as everyone knows, lays her eggs in her neighbour's nest. The people of Denmark account for this fact in the following way:—

When in early spring, they say, the voice of the cuckoo is first heard in the woods, every village girl kisses her hand and asks, "Cuckoo! cuckoo! when shall I be married?" and the old folks, borne down with age and rheumatism, inquire, "Cuckoo! cuckoo! when shall I be released from this world's cares?"

The bird, in answer, continues singing "cuckoo" as many times as years will elapse before the object of their desires will come to pass. But, as some old folks live to an advanced age and many girls die old maids, the poor bird has so much to do in answering the questions put to her that the building season goes by: she has no time to make her nest, but lays her eggs in that of the hedge-sparrow.

Double Acrostic.

A modern wat'ring-place, that art
Has made complete in ev'ry part
With strong sea wall, with landing-stones,
Each house a diff'rent order owns,
And winding banks of turf, that screen
From north-east blasts the foliage green.
A neighb'ring port by cliff and down,
A fashionable bathing town,
Along whose sands our children play
With pails, or nets, or spades all day.

1. If those who make me only knew the cost,
   There'd be less weeping for the lov'd and lost.
2. Crafty, *ambitious mother!* who didst bring
   The crime of treach'rous murder on thy head
   By slaying, at thy gate, the guileless king
   In order that thy son might reign instead.
3. A German princedom; cockney bards would say,
   The people must sing hymns there all the day.
4. Chief city of an ancient state, renown'd
   For the thick heads its country people own'd;
   And yet (the paradox may well surprise)
   'Twas here that literature took its rise.
5. I only take two persons, while on shore;
   But when at sea I hold a number more.
6. The Roman wife, whose husband, doom'd to death,
   Shrank from inflicting yet the self-*aim'd blow;*
   She drew his shining weapon from its sheath,
   To show him what a Roman ought to do,
   And plung'd it in her faithful, loving heart,
   Saying, "Oh, husband mine, it doth not smart!"
7. 'Tis odd that words should have the pow'r
   To change their sense; sometimes I'm *sour*,
   Yet by and by (extremes thus meet)
   You'll take me and pronounce me *sweet*.
8. A noble house, that, in the olden day,
   On fair Italian soil held ducal sway.

XIMENA.

Answer to Tennysonian Puzzle (p. 531).

Solution: Lynette.

1. Lilian.
2. Cyril (*"The Princess"*).
3. Annie Lee ("Enoch Arden").
4. Adeline.
5. Isolt ("Last Tournament").
6. Juliet ("Gardener's Daughter").
7. Guinevere (from the fragment "Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere.")

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

Emilie.—Write for information to C. R. Hodgson, Esq., College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, W.C. He will give you the address you require.

Sylphide.—Write to the secretary of the Zenana Medical Mission Home and Training School for Ladies, 71, Vincent-square, Westminster, S.W. A printed statement of terms and rules will be given you. Your handwriting appears to be scarcely formed yet. The "y" needs improvement, and the letters all need to be sloped better.

Monica.—You should advertise, and likewise read all the advertisements for nursery governesses. Perhaps some of the tradespeople with whom you deal would allow you to put up a notice in their respective shops.

Mac Squack.—Read "How to Form a Small Library," pages 7 and 122, vol. ii. This will give you some good suggestions in reference to the books you should study.

Carrie.—With reference to the prospects of young women trained for the Zenana mission work in India, they are brightening much. Her Majesty the Queen has expressed her interest in the efforts made to send out fully qualified medical women; and Miss Manning, hon. sec. of the National Indian Association, has received a letter from Sir Henry Ponsonby, stating that Her Majesty gladly countenances a proposal suggested by Mr. Kettridge, of Bombay, to raise a guarantee fund for the benefit of English women-doctors (with the co-operation of native Indians) who are willing to settle in India.

Pussykins.—1. You might be sufficiently well educated at seventeen years of age, and certain mothers might not make a difficulty of your youth, the little weight carried, and complete inexperience in the art of teaching and ruling and discernment of character amongst the little pupils; but we do not recommend the vocation, for as the children grow older in each situation, you will have to seek new ones successively, and before many years have passed people will cease to employ them. 2. Your quotation, *i.e.*—

"Alas! how easily things go wrong!
A sigh too deep, or a kiss too long,"

is to be found in George Macdonald's "Phantastes."

L. D. A.—A system of education by correspondence has been set on foot at Oxford, similar to that at Cambridge, and all particulars can be obtained from Mrs. Ewing, 17, St. Giles, Oxford.

ART.

Katie Sterling.—1. Keep to the directions given on terra-cotta painting in our paper. If no sizing be ordered you need not trouble yourself about it. The safest plan is to make a few experiments on worthless scraps of material, whatever the art may be. 2. Skim milk or milk and water should be used to set pencil-drawings.

Little Kitty.—There are plenty of handbooks, and the first of a series of articles will be found at page 401 of the April part, vol. iv.

A Reader of The Girl's Own Paper.—Use marking-ink for etching on linen, and Indian ink for paper.

Violet.—Many thanks for your kind note of gratitude.

One of the Girls.—We cannot give you all the information you ask, but you would find it in the back volumes of the *Art Journal*, and also in a biography of Sir Edwin Landseer.

Camel will find full instructions for crystoleum painting in last year's summer number of The Girl's Own Paper, called *Silver Sails*.

Stella, and A Friend of the "G.O.P."—Use Roberson's medium for mixing your colours. There is an article on terra-cotta painting in vol. ii., page 226, also read Mr. Staples' articles, at present appearing. The price of the oil colours and brushes is not very great, and a few only are needed.

Xantho.—No preparation would be required if the ground were of pine, or any ordinary wood, which could be varnished after the painting was complete. "Artist's black" was advised probably because the table was old or discoloured. Both derivations may be right, but ours is, we think, the right one, because of the date, when the name appears to have become known.

COOKERY.

Sirrah.—You ought to have served an apprenticeship to the trade of a confectioner before attempting to set up in it for yourself. Otherwise, you should attend classes, and learn the art practically, taking a certificate, which you will not obtain until thoroughly efficient. Study the best cookery books, and also learn book-keeping. Information and advice may be had at the London National Training School for Cookery, Exhibition-road, South Kensington, S.W.

Lily B.—1. New dishes for breakfast are not easily devised. Perhaps you might find the following "savoury toast" appreciated. Cut some slices of bread (without crust) about half an inch thick and two and a half inches square. Butter the tops thickly, and spread a little mustard on them, and cover them with a deep layer of grated cheese; on this lay a slice of dressed ham, which, if desired, may be seasoned with cayenne pepper. Fry the toasts in butter, but without turning them; and, lastly, place them in a Dutch oven for about four minutes, so as to dissolve the cheese. These toasts should be served very hot. Gentlemen would probably like this dish. 2. To clean the painted wainscot of the dining-room, you may try "potato liquid," if soap and water be not sufficient, by dipping a sponge into it and then into a little fine silver sand. The liquid is made by grating raw potatoes into a fine pulp, and passing them through a coarse sieve into water. Let the liquid stand undisturbed until the fine white particles of the potatoes are precipitated, then pour away the liquid from the pulp for use. The right proportions would be two ordinary sized potatoes to one pint of water.

Amateur Cook.—There are two or three ways of dressing salsify. When fried, you must first boil until tender (having first washed, scraped, and thrown them into cold water), then drain, and press lightly in a soft cloth. Make some French batter, throw them into it, and then fry them to a light brown; then drain, and serve very hot.

Chrissie L. D.—Endeavour to do all that your mistress desires willingly and carefully, and you will succeed in pleasing her, at least, by the effort which you make so to do. It is simply an act of dishonesty to accept her wages and eat her bread and yet not do your very best to earn them. A sweet macaroni pudding is made thus: Boil a quarter of a pound of macaroni in water until quite tender, but not until broken. Drain it, and then add to it half a pint of cream, or milk, three ounces sugar, and flavouring (Vanille or some other kind). Simmer it again until it be quite thick, and stir it, so as to keep it from being burnt, yet not so as to break the macaroni. Turn it upon a dish and serve. Stewed fruit, or some kind of preserve—such as apricot—may accompany this pudding on a separate dish.

WORK.

Liverpool Lassie.—Line the basket or small hamper with quilted satin or silk—the latter is said to wear the best. Sew some straps inside the cover for holding scissors and other appliances, and make little pockets inside—two or four. Bind the rim of the basket and the lid with some bright colour. The straps and the pockets should be made and sewn on the linings of the basket and lid respectively before being secured into their places. We thank you for your recipe for Everton toffee.

Ellen May.—For cleaning a straw hat or bonnet, see page 783, vol. iii. In addressing the lady by whom you are engaged as governess, you should say, "My dear madam."

Guernsey Lily.—We are not personally acquainted with the institution in Liverpool which you name, so could not give the sort of recommendation of it which you require. There is another Ladies' Work Society in Liverpool, at 83, Bold-street. A clerical reference would be required, and the subscription is 5s. per annum, 1d. in shilling. She must write direct for further particulars.

Forget-me-not.—See page 314, vol. i., for "Swiss Darning." Were you to reduce your hand it would be very good.

Betty.—We propose to give a recipe for the knitting of gloves. We have given one for a mitten having a thumb-stall.

Caracactus and Boadicea.—You may use the ends of wools in making variegated fringes in rug or mat-making, for poor children's tippets, and in cross or long-stitch on canvas, producing a fancy pattern in imitation of Chine silk, looking as if the various colours had run one into the other. An hour's good careful practising daily is quite sufficient for an amateur.

Rosie.—For instructions respecting "Point Lace Making," see page 307, vol. ii. Your writing is good.

March Hare is a very pert little body. She says, "When I get an answer to this I shall believe in the correspondents." She will have to believe in a great many people, and some of them not very worthy of the honour. Little Miss "March Hare" proceeds to warn us: "I have heard a great many girls say that they would take in The Girl's Own Paper if the prize competitions were more suitable. The needle-work ones, for instance, 'Samplers,' are no use to anybody." We refer this "Hare" and many friends to pages 525 and 526, vol. iii., and there they may discover that stitching, veining, hemming, whipping, running, top-sewing, cross-stitch, hem-stitch, herring-bone-stitch, feather-stitch, and buttonhole-stitch are all taught in one of these same samplers. We should like "March Hare" to learn to spell correctly and how to write! The brown hat might be dyed black.

G. C. J.—If you were to refer to page 476, vol. iii., you would find the boot or sock you require, both illustrated and described; and pattern in knitting at page 597.

Akaroa and Blossom.—We have recently given the full recipe for cleaning crewel and silk embroidery. Collecting cards for the Girl's Own Home may be had on application, certified by a minister or teacher, to John Shrimpton, Esq., Hon. Secretary, Homes for Working Girls in London, 38, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.

MUSIC.

A Student of Music.—The pocket metronome is sold by Mr. Lamborn Cock, music publisher, and costs two shillings. In our experience as teacher we have found that the price of the ordinary metronomes puts them out of the reach of the students who most require them. These small pocket metronomes cannot of course assist a player to keep good time throughout a piece, but they give the rate of movement, and that is all that most students require. They are specially useful to those who are studying alone, and who have no opportunities of hearing great works performed. Nearly all good editions of musical works are now marked for the metronome. We suppose our readers all understand that ♩=60 means that the tape must be held at the number indicated, and that every beat is worth a crotchet.

Little Tulip.—In singing, as in speaking, the word "chastisement" is pronounced with the stress on the first syllable. In Handel's *Messiah*, however, there is a chorus where the word is introduced and the accent falls on the second syllable, but this is the only such occurrence to our knowledge.

Bertha M. Stirling.—Burns did, we believe, remodel and modernize "Auld Lang Syne," besides adding two original stanzas, which possibly accounts for the popular error of attributing its authorship to him. The following note to the poem appears in a recent edition of Burns's works: "Burns gave this song to the public as a production of the 'olden time,' but it was afterwards discovered to be his own. 'Auld Lang Syne' owes all its attractions, if it owes not its origin, to the muse of Burns. So exquisitely has the poet

eked out the old with the new that it would puzzle a very profound antiquary to separate the ancient from the modern."

TALKATIVE LUCY.—By all means, if you are able to play without notes, cultivate the talent, as one which enables you to give more expression and thought to the music and more pleasure to your friends. But the notes should be learnt correctly, and played so likewise. You evidently must cultivate your much-neglected talent for *spelling*, as your short note contains five faults—"opinon," "writeing," "threeteen," "obidently," and "talkitive." Look them all out in the dictionary, and write them each out twenty times.

A MUSIC LOVER.—See pages 11 and 582, vol. ii., for advice on the art of playing the pianoforte. Other good daily exercises are Heller's, Czerny's "Forty Daily Studies," Chaulieu's "Extensions," Kalkbrenner's and Plaidy's "Exercises." You will find scale-practising with each hand separately a great assistance. We should think you would succeed with the violin.

LADY DITCH.—Pianofortes were first introduced into England in 1766 by a German named Zumpe, who improved them considerably. 'R.S.V.P" means "Reply, if you please." "*Répondez, s'il vous plaît*," in French.

ROBINA CRUSOE.—Forward the money you have collected by postal order.

A COUNTRY GIRL.—Read "How to Play the Violin," page 232, vol. i. You would find several good violin instructors at any music shop, but we could not say what progress you would make alone.

ROY.—We regret that we cannot give you any advertisements of books not published in our office. You could obtain those on the theory of music at any music publisher's. Private friends could give you advice as to the other educational works.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AN ANXIOUS NURSE.—You should never force a child to eat food for which it entertains any feeling of disgust. Much harm is done by such injudicious treatment. Obedience must be exacted; do not enforce your authority where there is not a "needs be." Were it medicine, insist on submission.

BIT OF BLUE RIBBON.—Perhaps you have left your parrot in a draught. Give him a hard boiled egg twice a week, grated into bread and milk, and also a little Indian corn boiled and given cold. Be sure he always has clean gravel and plenty of clean water.

INQUIRING MIND.—Your first question has been recently answered in the correspondence. As long as the gentleman recognises you, you must, of course, continue to bow. It seems a kindly act on his part.

PUZZLED.—"Why go into battle unless fully armed for the fight?" Paley's "Evidences of Christianity," price 3s.; the "Bible Handbook," by Angus, price 5s.; and "Our English Bible," by Stoughton, price 6s., will all or any of them give you the information you seek.

LILY CORANA SILLAS.—Brush up the silver jewellery with the plate brush, and brighten with the leather after washing with soap and water. Areca nut powder is also recommended.

CHANTEUSE.—We think the process called "vitremaine" would answer your purpose. Inquire of any first-class artists' colourman. A strong solution of Epsom salts is sometimes used as a wash; also putty can be rubbed on.

E. A. S.—Never mind, your straightforward and fearless honesty will be deserving of a first prize if you get it. Your letter does you credit.

NEMO.—The consent of the parent or parents is absolutely needful to make a Frenchman's marriage legal in his own country. No Frenchman who endeavours to persuade a girl to marry him in England without that permission is an honest or an honourable man. The name of the English authoress is given.

WAITING.—We cannot but approve of your desire to make your spare time of use to others; but being on Sundays your choice of employment is limited. Ask your clergyman or pastor whether there be any bedridden or feeble person, unable to go to any place of worship, amongst his people, in a respectable house and street, where it would be suitable for you to visit and give an hour to the invalid, reading a chapter of the Holy Scriptures to them and some portion of an interesting book, as invalids need to have the thoughts agreeably diverted from their pains and aches. This will be time well spent for them, and in the service of God. If so deaf, try to obtain a seat nearer to the pulpit.

C. S. L.—When your little scholars have repeated their verses, read them some short story suitable to their age. Get the General Catalogue of the Religious Tract Society and select one; the prices are given.

EUGENIE.—If you have no hereditary right to use a coat-of-arms—having its origin in the use of them by your ancestors in mediæval times, when the knights used to be so covered with armour that they could only be identified by the arms they bore on their shields—you must purchase a coat-of-arms. To do so, you must apply to the heralds, at the Heralds College, Queen Victoria-street, E.C., who will make up something as suitable to your surname as they can, and to have a legal right to engrave them on plate, or use them in any way, you will also have to pay a tax. After all, they will only be a sham if you ancestors never wore them, and could have no family interest attached to them. All such applications as you name must be made to Sir Henry Ponsonby, Her Majesty's private secretary. Address him as General Right Hon. Sir Henry F. Ponsonby, K.C.B.

KIT.—Leather should be cleaned with white of egg. "Shrove Tuesday" derives its name from the ancient practice in the Roman Church of being "Shrove" or "Shriven" (*i.e.*, absolved after confession) on that day, being the next before Lent. It was a festive occasion, and the festivities began on the previous Monday, called "Collop Monday," from the old practice of eating "collops" of salt meat and eggs on that day, as pancakes were eaten on the Tuesday. We thank you for your nice, kind little letter.

R. CYMRAEG.—See "Flowers, to Press," page 80, vol. iii., and "To Preserve the Colour of Seaweeds," page 542, vol. iii. Give the old stamps to sick children, together with some sheets of coloured paper to be mixed with them, and teach them to make stamp snakes.

BERTIE.—The size of the hands and feet forms a distinctive characteristic of race, as a general rule. The Normans had small and delicate ones, the Saxons, large and powerful. There are highly born persons who do not possess small ones, and some of humble origin who do. But from the care taken of both hands and feet, the position in life is usually very decidedly marked. The several races composing the English people are much mixed, and even when the name is distinctive of any particular race, frequent intermarriages with other races serve to modify, or completely obliterate, all the original characteristics it once possessed.

VALENTINE.—For curing chilblains, see our advice at pages 51, 238, and 525, vol. ii., numbers for 1880. Rubbing the arms and legs, and indeed the whole body, with a "flesh brush" would circulate the blood, and tend to preserve you from chilblains. We strongly recommend its daily use on other accounts. It cleanses the skin, frees the action of the pores, removes the superfluous "scarf-skin," bringing it into a smooth and beautiful condition, and renders you less liable to receive or to spread infection.

J. DUKUMS.—There is no method of which we possess the recipe for a growth in grace, save persevering prayer, and steady earnest effort. It is a farce to say that you love Christ, and do not make this effort. "If ye love Me, keep My commandments;" "why call ye Me 'Lord, Lord,' and do not the things that I say?" It is simple hypocrisy, or self-deception. "Strive to enter in," "the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence," that is to say, while you never can earn, nor deserve it, strive as you may, yet you must struggle against temptation, an evil nature, and sloth, just as earnestly as if you had to earn it yourself, and do all such good works as God has prepared for you, cultivating the "fruits of the spirit," and praying for God's grace to renew your heart, and aid you in your efforts.

ONE WHOM NOBODY LOVES.—We are told "not to sorrow as those that have no hope" over those of our friends who "sleep in Jesus," "for if we believe that Jesus rose from the dead, even so them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him." But while we are to "comfort one another with these words," our blessed Redeemer will be, as He should be, the first object of love, and the centre of all happiness, and His love and approval the very climax of all glory and bliss. You speak of your "friend;" what do you mean by your name? Write copies daily.

BUNNY.—1. There is nothing extraordinary in a white rabbit having pink eyes, and a black patch on nose, tail, and ears. 2. English penny postage stamps are of no second-hand value.

MENTOR.—Go to a dentist, have the tartar completely removed, and then keep your teeth clean yourself.

ONE IN TROUBLE.—To ridicule you for making any allusion to religious subjects is disgraceful in one who is a Sunday school teacher. Let your friend see that such jesting at your expense made no impression upon you, and then, if only for mere thoughtless mischief's sake, she will soon desist. If there be no sympathy between you on the subject of the highest interest possible to a human creature, your friendship will gradually "die a natural death." But far better so, than that you should be laughed out of your best thoughts, and most precious hopes.

ERA LABORA.—You should apply to the Women's Emigration Society, New Buildings, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W. Women have succeeded singularly well as farmers in the States. Why not go to one of our own colonies? There are "free grant" lands in Muskoka, Ontario, where you may take up land for your nephew as well as for yourself. Take out a letter of introduction from your clergyman and others to show to the Bishop of the district, or the clergyman. You will derive much advantage from having good testimonials with you.

CERES.—You have no right to wear the badge of any society to which you do not belong. The wearing of one is intended to denote that you are a member, and have taken on yourself the obligations, and may claim all the rights and privileges, which such a membership respectively entails and confers.

VANTAGE-ALL.—The tennis net should be dipped in boiled oil (linseed), to be procured at any oil-shop. This will preserve it from the bad effects of atmospheric moisture. The height of the top of the net at the posts should be four feet six inches, and three feet in the centre. The net ought to be made of tanned string, sold for the making of hammocks, which is not affected by damp, and is stiffer. We appreciate, and thank you for, all you say of our paper.

NANCIE.—While suffering from certain cutaneous complaints, such as small-pox, measles, and some others, washing can only be of a partial character, the face being sponged, and especially the eyes, with warm soft water and no soap. But, with the exception of cases such as these, washing for cleanliness' sake should always be done, although it may be essential to accomplish it piecemeal, keeping the rest of the body covered and warm. Owing to the natural greasiness of the skin, mere bathing without the use of (a non-irritating) soap will not make it clean. The latter should be used at least once daily. Of course, the hands need it still more frequently. The use of soap at night is preferable to its use in the morning, at least, to the face, as a little vaseline or glycerine and water can afterwards be applied to it in frosty weather, or after exposure to the sun and wind.

WELSH GIRL (S. W.).—We sympathise with you exceedingly, but are truly glad that you can realise the fact that sometimes when permitting the trial our heavenly Father is doing better for us than in granting the prayers offered up in ignorance of our true interests. Our Saviour's human nature shrank from the terrible sufferings and humiliation before Him; yet He said "Not My will." St. Paul besought God thrice to be delivered from his infirmity, yet recognised the fatherly love and wisdom shown in the refusal given, and records the promise which accompanied it, and given not to him alone, but to God's people to the end of time—"My strength is sufficient for thee," etc. (2nd Cor. xii. 9). May you realise still more the blessedness of a loving trust; "without faith it is impossible to please God," impossible to enjoy any true peace in this transition state, in which His people must be "tried as gold is tried, in the fire!" May He relieve you shortly of the burden laid upon you.

E. A. CUMMING.—We regret that we cannot make any exceptions in reference to the price of our magazine, already so cheap. Bound vols. are 7s. 6d. each.

Q. E. D.—1. "Ralph" is the same as "Rudolphus," a Latin name, signifying a famous wolf, or a hero. In German it is "Rudolf." We know of no meaning to the other name. 2. There are as great varieties in the writing of men as of women, only when a handwriting is a peculiarly delicate one, or has many spider-like lines and flourishes, we doubt its having been formed by the heavier hand of a man. There is nothing very characteristic in your writing one way or the other.

M. J. R.—The best of your poems are "Springtime" and "The Power of Thought." But, excepting as a recreation, which appears to be so particularly agreeable to you, we should not encourage your spending your time in versifying. In the specimens sent to us there is no new, beautiful, nor striking idea, and there is no advantage gained to writer or reader in telling simple, commonplace facts in rhyme. We regret thus to discourage you. You should attend to your spelling, as several errors appear in the verses.

GRACE.—We feel much sympathy for you. Consult your clergyman, and be guided by him. You are permitted to attend his ministry, and are one of his flock, and may feel confidence in his advice and direction. Of course you should be baptised at once.

ANT, SPIDER, and BEE.—We thank you much for your kind and grateful expressions. "Ant" and "Spider" write much alike. We rather prefer "Bee's." But all slope the letters the wrong way, and completely spoil their handwritings.

LOUIE HARE.—We quite agree with you that sleighing and other amusements of the winter season in Canada are very enjoyable, and that the intense cold of the weather is rendered less trying by means of the heating of the houses and the dress worn, than the comparatively trifling severity of an English winter or spring to persons in this country. You might obtain *Christmas Roses* by writing direct to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, London, E.C. In reference to warts, see pages 447, 457, and 592, vol. i. We thank you for the recipe for making camphor cakes for the benefit of your English sisters. "Melt three drachms of spermaceti, four drachms of white wax, and one ounce of almond oil; stir in three drachms of camphor, previously reduced to powder by moistening it with a little spirits of wine. Pour the mixture into gallipots, so as to turn out in the shape of small cakes."

A. M.—1. All persons present at the wedding should kneel down at that part of the service where the Lord's Prayer is said, and remain kneeling (where there is space so to do) until the end of the prayers. 2. It is not necessary for a lady to stand up when a gentleman bids her farewell. But much depends on the circumstances of the case, whether the interview be quite informal or not, the degree of intimacy, or even the age of the two parties respectively.

A LASSIE.—1. We are glad to hear that you have been "trying to live a better and more useful life." Why should you feel discouraged? So long as you have the promise that your heavenly Father will "give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him," you have no cause for desponding. As for evil things to be avoided, it is not difficult to enumerate a few. It is wrong to speak evil of your neighbour, to speak hastily and crossly, or irreverently of holy things; to "say" prayers and grace at meals without thinking of the Great Giver of all whom you address; to

allow even the most innocent of recreations or most necessary business to absorb your chief thoughts and interest; to neglect your daily duties at home, or your spiritual ones, etc. What recreations are suitable, and what proportion of our time and means should be expended upon them, we cannot take upon ourselves to dictate. No hard and fast rule can be laid down for all alike in these matters. The amount of your fortune, your position in society, your age, etc., must aid in deciding such vexed questions as these. The most holy and devoted Christians vary in opinion upon them. We do not think what you name is "wrong." 2. To clean Maltese lace, wash in a tepid lather, and stiffen in a very slight solution of sugar and water, and iron on a flannel on the wrong side.

CORRIGENDA.—The heading should be, "To the memory of Anna Smith," christian name and surname in full, or "verses composed in affectionate remembrance," etc. Add the author's name at the end.

MARY DAVIDSON.—For examples of pretty handwriting, see page 538, vol. i. No. 4 and 11 are very pretty, and worth copying.

ANNIE.—In the latest authorities the word is written indiscriminately — "Mahometan" or "Mohammedan;" hence, both are correct.

LADY CLARE.—The "Judas tree" is of the genus *Ceris;* the *C. siliquastrum* of Linnæus. "Hortensia" is probably derived from the Latin word *hortensis*, a garden.

BYETT.—Wash the curtains, and if the colour should need darkening, dip them into coffee.

TWO FRIENDS.—Apply to the Women's Emigration Society, Northern Branch, 13, Dorset-street, Baker-street, W.; or to the British Ladies' Female Emigration Society, 43, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, W. Secretary, Miss Tipple.

A. A. O. and HYPATIA.—For all information and books on the kindergarten system, apply to Mrs. Berry, hon. sec. of the Frœbel Society, 27, Upper Bedford-place, W.C.

VIVIAN.—Wash the face well with soap, take plenty of exercise and bathing, and avoid heating articles of food.

STAUNCH ONE.—It would be impossible to give you a reliable opinion without seeing the entry in the baptismal register. We strongly advise you to consult a lawyer; the fee of a few shillings will be well spent. Probably the name of both parents was entered, and no surname appended to the boy's christian names.

LOVER OF THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.—If sufficiently acquainted with the science of harmony, and proficient as an instrumental performer, you might go out to give lessons. Or if your knowledge of French were thorough, and you could converse freely in that language, you might give lessons in it, putting notices in some of the tradesmen's shops that you gave them in "Conversational French." You only name these two branches of education; to make money by any your knowledge should be thorough.

NELLIE W.—We regret that you did not receive our thanks for sending us a Christmas card. Your handwriting seems scarcely yet formed; copy some pretty, well-formed hand daily. You say, "I should like to know how to improve it; also something pretty to put on a birthday present for a friend." We do not understand so vague a request. If your birthday present were a book, and you laid your photo. on it, it might, perhaps, be "something pretty"; but were it a flower, it certainly would be so. Both are God's work, but we have marred our faces by the sin that ruins the expression, and has produced the disease, deformity, and decay, of which we all, more or less, deplore the inheritance. Explain what you mean, and we will endeavour to help you.

A WOULD-BE TRAVELLER.—"Through Siberia," by the Rev. Dr. Lansdell, is now in its fourth and cheapest edition, price half a guinea. It records a journey of 8,000 miles from the Urals to the Pacific, on the rivers Obi, Amur, and Ussuri, and by the hire of a thousand horses. The author travelled privately on an expedition of a philanthropic and religious character to the penal establishments of Siberia, and describes his visits to nearly all its hospitals, prisons, and mines, giving a mass of authentic information concerning the exiles such as has never been published before. The book treats more or less fully of all parts of the country, as to its geography, natural history, and inhabitants, both Russian and aboriginal, pointing out also the commercial prospects of Western Siberia in connection with the voyages of Wiggins and Nordenskjold; whilst 3,000 miles of the Amur and Ussuri are here described by an English author as an eyewitness for the first time.

CONSTANT READER (Hastings), MORGIANA, PEARL, W. M. M. HAIGH, and several anonymous friends are heartily thanked for sending us lovely Easter Cards.

AN UGLY GIRL IN G——.—We can only advise you to read the articles written by "Medicus." We are very sorry for you if your personal appearance is a subject of worry to you. Try to forget it. A lovely mind and sweet disposition are worth more than mere personal beauty, and neither sickness nor old age can take them away. See Proverbs xxxi. 30.

LAL BEBE.—You may copy any of the small sketches you please for that purpose.

MEMMIE.—"The grey mare will prove the better horse," is a very old proverb, quoted by Butler, Prior, and Fielding. Lord Macaulay thinks that it originated in the preference given in England to the grey mares of Flanders in the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII.

A MARCH HARE.—Full particulars of the Girl's Own Home and its origin are given on pages 6 and 64 vol. iii. (Part 34, November, 1882).

UNDINE.—We are much obliged for your verses; they show some originalty, but are too faulty in construction, and the subject is unsuitable to "our little paper," as you are pleased to call it.

JESSY JANE writes to say that the word "Bethlehem" does not occur in St. Mark's Gospel, though in all the others, and "Ionicera" says the word "laws" answers the same conditions. We cannot but feel pleased to have stimulated the energies of our readers by inviting research on this subject.

EDYTHE.—Take your book to a first-class bookbinder, and consult him as to the possibility of any satisfactory restoration. If his opinion be unfavourable, have it rebound. If the enamel be actually "peeling off," we think the latter will prove your only alternative. You write a very pretty hand—legible, well formed, and "ladylike" in the common acceptation of the term.

MAUD.—Your handwriting is superior to your poetical compositions, and your kind expressions of approval of our paper are gratefully acknowledged. To make the first two lines of your poem match with the second two, they should be divided and filled up with extra syllables, thus—

"Alone I stand upon a star
Lit shore," 1, 2; 1, 2.

(Four feet to be made up in second line).

"While long-forgotten memories
Come crowding o'er and o'er;
They fill my brain,
They fill my heart,
They make me think of Cupid's dart,
Which I—oh, joy! once felt of yore.
1, 2; Upon this star-lit shore,
Once felt of yore,
But oh, Aurore,
Shall never feel again," etc.

Who is "Aurore"? It is a pity that she did not correct your verses for you. We hope you are not still "standing alone upon the star!" Though, as you are addressing Mistress "Aurore," we conclude she may be somewhere within hearing.

E. B. WELLINGTON.—You do not mention where you reside; in asking our advice you should have been careful to do so, as we might give you an address in London when you perhaps live in the north of England. At any incurable or consumptive hospital near you they would be glad of such things. February 19th, 1863, was a Thursday.

ONE IN A TRUB.—Wear gloves whenever possible during the day, and always at night, and keep them well greased inside with a little mutton suet, which is very healing to the skin. Rub the music with a piece of indiarubber, or with some stale bread. Many thanks for your kind and grateful letter.

VOL. IV.—No. 180. JUNE 9, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

FAST COLOURS.

A TALE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

One among the Reflections (wise, witty, pretty or profound) of a Looking-glass.

By FAIRLEIGH OWEN, Author of "When I Was a Girl," "Patty's Victory," &c.

CHAPTER I.

ONLY A DUSTER.

My first conscious memory is of a sweet, serious face, and two dark grey eyes gazing into me, not studying themselves at all, but occupied intently with dusting my surface of highly polished, very superior quality of plate-glass.

I must have had a distinct being before that day, and, in fact, at times there comes over me a vague reminiscence of burning heat, of jarring noise, of thumping, planing, and twisting, all more or less painful.

But on this morning I awoke to a sudden consciousness of my full powers, and the face of the young girl before me filled me with

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pleasant anticipations as to the world on which I had just entered.

Since then I have reflected real beauties, have learned all the advantages of colour, sparkle, glitter, and glow. But the impression of that first face remains with me more than all these later ones; perhaps because it was the first, something perhaps because of the absorbing care with which she brushed at every cranny, and polished every turn of my fittings, seeming to concentrate all her attention upon her work.

Around me were mirrors of every form and size. Far as my view extended it embraced members of the same family. Long, broad, short, wide, round, square, oval, from the plainest to the most highly ornamented, glittering with metal work, sombre in ebony frames, guileless even of moulding—all sorts and varieties appeared to be there.

From the reflection of myself cast in an opposite mirror of imposing proportions, I learned that I was far from ranking with the most ornamental of my kind. Solid as to frame of some light polished wood; turned as to supports with very little elaboration; distinguished only by the addition of some china cups or vases at the sides, with a larger one in front, of which I then knew not the use, nor the advantage they gave me over my neighbours, none of whom appeared similarly endowed.

Some ten or dozen women and girls were occupied in dusting the mirrors, and I could not but mark the difference between the way they flicked and flapped with their cloths, and blew on the polished surfaces with their mouths, and the absorbed attention which I was receiving from the girl who was now so carefully removing every particle of dust from my mouldings, and rubbing with a leather at the china ornaments.

Many of them appeared to have finished their tasks, or to be resting from their labours. They stood chatting in a subdued voice, with their hands before them, or mechanically dusting to and fro at the same piece of furniture, with an appearance of doing something; now and again a laugh arose, but was quickly smothered. Others of the women rushed on from place to place with a dash, as if only anxious to be gone. One of these bustled past me, saying as she went—

"What a job you are making of that, my girl. You will earn your ha'pence over that glass, I should say."

The girl raised her serious eyes for a moment.

"They look so much better when they're well dusted," she said.

"Ha! will they pay us in proportion, that's the question? Not much odds to us how the things look; we don't get the benefit."

She hastened away. The other continued her work without abating one jot of her careful scrutiny. Having finished with myself, she moved on to the looking-glass beside me, and began a similar process upon that.

I felt rather chagrined, having encouraged an idea that some especial excellence in myself might have induced her extreme attention.

I amused myself, however, with studying the various peculiarities and varieties of my species around me, above all interested in the glimpses I caught of my late fair attendant from different points as she moved on among the mirrors, always intent, absorbed, and serious.

She wore a brown stuff dress, with a white collar and apron; her dark hair was smoothed upon her forehead, and wound tightly about her small head. Some of the girls had curly hair, which came low upon their brows, and as the morning sun shone through it there seemed to be dust and bits of feathers and things in it. They had bows, too, and frills, these others; but though I did not know much about dress at that time, I liked best her I had first seen, with the serious grey eyes and the quiet ways.

Suddenly a stir ran through the room; footsteps were heard coming upstairs, pacing through an echoing gallery, and voices preceded their owners.

The women and girls retired into corners, "hushing" one another, and silently continuing their labours with much assiduity. Only the girl in brown went on with her dusting as if nothing had occurred.

The new comers entered: a young man, the head of a department; following him two ladies, whom he conducted with much ceremony, and blandness of expression and voice.

His quick eyes glanced round the room. The women had most of them disappeared by another door.

As the ladies entered one gave a sigh of relief. "Oh dear! those stairs, they have taken away my breath! Why do they have such stairs? Why don't they have all the things on the floor below, I wonder? It would be so much better."

The other lady laughed lightly. "It would be difficult, I imagine; the building would cover miles. You might rest a little." She looked round, but there were no seats visible.

The young man who accompanied them had just caught sight of the girl in brown.

He made a gesture with his hand, and his voice was far less pleasantly modulated than it had been a minute before.

"Bring that stool," he said.

The young lady brought a heavy wooden stool, which was apparently used by the workpeople for some purpose.

She dusted it carefully, then set it down by the ladies, who had meanwhile advanced very near to where I stood.

Then I saw that one was middle-aged, the other quite young, and, as it seemed to me, a very picture for bright complexion, fair hair, and laughing lips. Both were richly dressed. The younger, as she stood, had her arms encumbered by the trains of her violet velvet dress, and what I supposed to be a muff.

The elder lady sank upon the stool with another sigh of relief, then she said, "But, my dear, what will you do? You should sit down!"

"Oh! dear, not at all; we have been sitting all the morning," was the reply of the younger; then, turning to the head of the department, she said, "We will not keep you, sir; we shall be some time making our selections, my friend and I, and would prefer to saunter through the place at our leisure. When we have made our choice, if you will then tell us the prices and so on——"

"But my dear," put in her companion, "perhaps it is not usual here; you see the man——"

"Oh, certainly, madam, as you please, most certainly!" said the head of the department; and, with a bow, he withdrew somewhat huffily, for he had been called a "man," and he made clear the inappropriateness of the title by snubbing severely a poor old duster who crossed his path on the threshold of the adjoining show room.

"Now we shall get on," exclaimed the young lady, extracting a gold pencil case and tablets from a pocket. "If I could only put these darlings down somewhere. "Oh! *would* you mind taking them for me just a little while?"

She had addressed herself to the girl in brown, who drew nearer, and then I saw, as the lady held out her hands, that what I had believed to be a muff was a couple of kittens, round and fluffy as a cotton ball, white as snow newly fallen.

The young girl hastily put her dusters in the pocket of her apron, and took the unconscious half-sleeping kittens into her arms, with a pleasant smile and tender handling.

Both ladies looked at the girl in brown for the first time, the younger very intently.

"You like kittens?"

"Yes, ma'am, I like anything like these," was the answer, rather vague; but the other seemed to understand.

"I have just bought them, and I dare not leave them in the carriage, they are too precious. How they nestle down. I declare they seem to take to you; now sit you down there"—the elder lady had risen from the seat—"and nurse them for me, please, till we have done."

The girl in brown hesitated.

"If you please, ma'am, I think I had better stand. I am not tired, thank you."

"Why, what is it? You are not afraid of that—of the person who came up with us?"

"Well, ma'am, you see, I am only a duster here."

"Sit you down at once," said the young lady, imperatively, "or you will not hold my pets——"

"But, my dear, if it's not allowed," began the elder lady; then as the girl sat down and they walked on, she said loud enough for the former to hear, "Is she not a pretty creature?"

"Dear me! do you think so?" returned her companion in even a louder key. And they wandered on, exploring the treasures of the richly stored show rooms.

It was very early in the day, they were not interrupted by other customers, and the two had ample leisure for examining, comparing, and making notes, which the younger lady did very freely in her note-book.

Prices were guessed at, I heard now and then, but this appeared to be quite a secondary consideration. Whether such an object would match or "go well with" another—whether it would fit in here, or could be adapted there—was more the question.

Presently they found themselves very close to myself. A handsome full-length glass faced me. The younger lady regarded this for a minute or two. Looking so she took in the figure of the girl in brown, sitting patiently on the stool, with the kittens warmly bestowed in her lap, half covered by her hands.

"They would make quite a picture," the lady said, half to herself; then turning to the girl, who again met her look with a serious smile—

"Do you get your living at this dusty business?"

"I do a little upholstery work, ma'am; that is, I help a woman."

"And altogether you earn——?"

"Ten or twelve shillings a week, ma'am."

"Shillings!—a week!" echoed the lady; "and your father, your mother—you live with them?"

"I have no mother or father," the girl in brown said hurriedly, the colour rising in her cheeks. "I am quite alone here, ma'am."

"Alone!—in London!"

"Just look at this glass, Adelaide; most absurd!" exclaimed her companion, as she beckoned the younger lady to a small oval mirror which hung beside me.

Both ladies laughed heartily as they gazed into it.

"I must have that for the comicality of it," said she of the note-book, and down went a memorandum.

"I should like to see Dr. Verity's face as he catches sight of himself in it," said Adelaide. "Even he would relax his grimness, I believe, dear old man."

"You should not say *old*, my love; Dr. Verity is far from old."

"It is all comparative," began the younger, lightly; then she suddenly interrupted her-

self. "Now here are some quite different from any we have seen."

And she paused before myself, gazing with a gratified look, which, although it was shared with a neighbour, was pleasant to my self-esteem.

"They are both handsome; which do you prefer, Mrs. Fribel?"

"This with the gold fluting would light up beautifully," was the reply, indicating my neighbour, a very showy piece of goods indeed.

"Yes, but then this satinwood matches better my amber hangings."

"It is so very plain, dear," put in the elder lady, as she looked at me with a glance of disparagement.

"Come, now," said Adelaide, turning to the girl in brown, "let me hear your opinion; you should know something of the matter. Which of these do you think the nicest, for a lady's room, you know?"

The girl rose, and at once indicated myself.

"If you ask me, ma'am, I should say this. The gilding looks well, but it's apt to tarnish, and you see, ma'am, it isn't gold all through. Now the wood can always be kept nice and polished, and the china is so easy washed. It will wear right through all alike, being, as you may say, as good as it looks, and not pretending to nothing."

Adelaide smiled, nodding her head.

"It is these little porcelain cups I have fallen in love with," she said.

"For rings and things," said Mrs. Fribel.

"Or flowers, I should say," urged Adelaide. "I shall fill them with violets."

"There is no other like it," observed her companion, "that I can see."

"The more it pleases me to have it," remarked Adelaide. "Dear Mrs. Fribel, do not say another word to unsettle me; this I must have, and Jack shall be the first to use it."

She held up one of the kittens, as she spoke, to view its face in my polished surface.

Down went another entry in the note-book.

"That is settled then; and now for the curtains, though I suppose we should first interview that stately personage who came up with us."

They were moving towards the door, when the girl in brown put in a word gently.

"I could not come downstairs, ma'am. I can keep the little things with me, if you please, for a bit; it is my dinner-hour, and I shall be glad to mind them for the time."

"But why could you not come with us? Would there be a bother?" asked Adelaide.

"Well, ma'am, it is against rules for us to leave this part of the house. Maybe they wouldn't say much, if you wished it; but it's against rules."

The young lady stopped short within the doorway. She looked steadfastly at the speaker.

"Do you like this work?" she asked; "this dusting business?"

"No, ma'am," the girl began, eagerly; then, with more composure, "I was very glad to get it."

"But you could do better, surely?" the young lady went on, impulsively. "I want a maid, not to dress hair, or that sort of thing so much; but to fetch my books, take care of my pets, wind my wools, bring my breakfast when I am lazy—oh! a hundred things! I believe you would do. Should you like it?"

The girl in brown raised her serious eyes to the other's laughing ones. A faint colour rose in her face.

"Yes, ma'am, indeed I should. But, I have no one to speak for me."

"No references, you mean. But the people here; would not they?"

"Adelaide, my love. Where are you? Whichever way is it?" called a plaintive voice from a floor below.

"Oh! come along," said the young lady, impatiently, "take care of Jack and Jill."

Beckoning to the other to follow, she hurried on; letting fall the heavy folds of her velvet train, which wound slowly out at the door after the footfalls had ceased to sound along the matted passages.

* * * * *

Now there ensued for me a short period of puzzle and perplexity, on account of things which passed around and before me in dumb show.

I, with several of my companions, were lifted and carried, swathed in haybands and paper shavings, handled with care at one time, hauled and shoved and banged at another, according as our "firm" might be present in person or otherwise.

We were placed in some vehicle, and carried, as it seemed to me, many miles; swiftly and rapidly some portion of the journey, then slowly, and with toiling pace; uphill I learned later on. But, as I have said, all this was in dumb show; not a word or a sound did I hear, though the lips of those about me moved; and, to judge by the expression of the faces, language of a kind none too gentle would issue therefrom.

My sight I was in full possession of so soon as the wraps and haybands were removed; and I found myself in view of a wide lawn, almost surrounded by trees, sloping to a river, near a house built long and low, round part of which ran a covered walk or verandah, supporting a second gallery, with a roof of open trellis, over which and its supports clustered pretty greenery and flowers of many hues.

Upstairs I was carried, with much ostentation of careful handling, which I was not sorry to see, being not without some fear that I should suffer under so much travelling.

Then I was set down on a table draped with lace over amber silk near a long window hung with curtains in similar style.

The room was full of beautiful things, not the least of which seemed to me a cosy bed, half hidden in pure white fleecy hangings, in a small recess opposite to me.

The man who had carried me upstairs proceeded to carefully put me in position, and bestowed on my plate glass surface sundry rubs with his apron, by which I felt in no way benefited.

A lady entered, to whom the man made his best bow, and I recognised the younger of the two who had visited the warehouse of Messrs. Beech.

Her bright eyes seemed to dance with pleasure, the sun shone through her gold-coloured hair, her dress waved, and flowed, and wrapped about her like a soft cloud. She held in her arms one of the kitchens, and her lips moved, but to my amazement I heard nothing.

The man took from some soft paper the small china cups or vases belonging to myself, also some hollow tubes of silver, which he was about to adjust to my sides, when the lady seemed to dismiss him with a word or two. She placed some coin in his hand, and he left the room, a smile of complete satisfaction on his face.

Adelaide looked upon me for a minute or two with a pleased expression, as well she might, if only at the picture I perforce reflected.

Then she quitted the room by a door near the head of the bed. As this stood open, I became aware that directly facing me was hung a late neighbour of my own at Messrs. Beech's, an oval mirror of diminishing powers, in which were distinctly reflected the verandah with its climbing plants, on to which the long windows of the room opened; also the lawn, the trees, and the river beyond, with a boat lazily gliding down the sun-lit surface.

It was like a miniature picture, and was so pleasant to look upon, that I did hope the door of that closet might be often open as now.

While I gazed, a figure came quickly through the doorway, and lo! here was another friend—the girl in brown.

She wore a dark-blue dress now, soft and fitting her perfectly, also a pretty apron with a bib, and a little cap of pure white muslin, with which her soft, brown hair and smooth forehead and serious grey eyes seemed as well suited as if it had been part of herself.

I wished I could have done something to show her how very glad I was to renew our acquaintance amid these pleasant surroundings; but it was not possible.

She proceeded to screw the silver tubes in several places, then in their hollow sockets to arrange the small shell-like stands which held the cups of thinnest porcelain.

These she filled with water; then in each placed a spray of fern, a rose-bud, a morsel of scented verbena, and a leaf or two of sweet thyme. How grateful to me was the perfume which I felt now exhaling itself about me. The oil and varnish of the warehouse had sickened me, though I was unaware what sense they had offended. I had been unconscious till this moment of any other odour, though many must have been present during my late transit.

"There, I think she will be pleased."

The words sounded clearly enough to me, though they had been uttered barely above a whisper; but I saw her lips move as the girl gazed approvingly at her own handiwork.

Here was magic, I thought.

Was I to owe the restoration of both the senses to the hand of her to whom I already had given my first affection?

But the mystery explained itself to me. In the addition of those artful tubes and vases lay the secret of the advantage I possessed over the rest of my relatives not similarly endowed.

My old friend had just quitted the room, when there entered my newer ones, Mrs. Fribel and Adelaide.

"Well, my dear," the elder lady was saying, in that plaintive voice which seemed most usual with her, "I really cannot see the sense of it. Goodness knows, there are hundreds of respectable girls to choose from—girls who have learned their duties, too, in first-class houses."

"And, therefore, would be less likely to suit me," was the reply.

"And the risk!" went on her companion. "You positively know nothing of her. Even the people at Beech's would not be in any way responsible."

"At any rate, there was nothing unfavourable to tell, or we should have heard it," said Adelaide. "She has been there some time, and they were evidently unwilling to lose her services. She had done her work well, at any rate."

"Work! my dear; as though any idiot could not dust!"

"I don't think Winnie is an idiot," returned the young lady, placidly.

"Winnie! Why, they called her Sally. I am sure I heard one of the women call her Sally," exclaimed Mrs. Fribel.

"Her name is Sarah Wynne, and I have settled to call her Winnie."

"Settled! Then you have quite made up your mind to this absurdity? What you can see in the girl! and you said yourself she is not pretty."

"Well, it wouldn't be wise to say so in her hearing, I suppose, if she were; and, indeed, I do not think she is actually pretty, though I do like her eyes—did you notice them, dear? They reminded me of poor old Bel's——"

"Absurd, a dog's! and old again; really, Adelaide! Why, Bel was not two years when you lost him."

"Ah, it is a habit I've got—a term of endearment, I believe. But I will not call you old, my dear; so don't be vexed."

"Endearment! well, I don't know. Dr. Verity, you——"

"Oh, but we were talking of Winnie," said Adelaide, hurriedly. "Somehow I cannot help liking her; the way she took to Jack and Jill, and the pets already run after her, more than after myself, I declare. And see, now——" the speaker turned to me, as she went on—"see how she has arranged these bits of flowers, all sweet-scented, not a gaudy one among them; would Corvée have done as much, think you?"

"Corvée is an excellent maid, Adelaide; I am sure I don't know what we should do without her."

"Do not say *we*, my dear; henceforth Corvée shall be your own especial property. I have made up my mind to deny myself her valuable services."

"Do without Corvée!" interrupted Mrs. Fribel, excitedly; "my dear, what can you be thinking of?"

"I am thinking," was the response, "that, with a little patience and instruction, Winnie will soon be able to manage all I shall require."

The elder lady gazed at her young friend in amazement, which for some moments found no expression in words. Then she almost gasped—

"Well, what now? Some new fad? Oh, Adelaide, you are a trial to any nerves."

The other laughed merrily.

"Dear Mrs. Fribel, be sure none of my fads shall inconvenience you. Indeed, you will be the gainer, since Corvée can devote the whole of her time to you."

"She will be dreadfully put out, I know," murmured poor Mrs. Fribel, as she turned away. "There's one comfort," she added, as a parting shot, "your fancies do not last long."

Then she quitted the room by the long window which opened on to the verandah.

Adelaide became grave when she was left alone. *She gazed absently* before her, while her fingers unconsciously toyed with the blossoms in my cups.

"I am afraid she is right there," she said softly, "but I do believe I shall keep to this. At any rate, I mean to, and this girl will be a help to me, I feel almost sure, for I have faith in first impressions."

That evening a housemaid was busy about the bedrooms, drawing blinds, folding down quilts, and disposing things for the night.

She lighted a couple of candles set on each side myself, then stood a minute or two before me.

"Mam'selle," she called, as a footstep sounded outside—"Mam'selle Curvy, is that you? Come and look here; have you seen this pretty thing?"

In answer to her call, there entered a figure which certainly had not earned the corruption of her proper name by its suitability.

A form with less of curve and more angularity of outline it would be difficult to imagine.

As she came close to me, I saw a thin and sallow face, but with a pair of such dark vivacious eyes, and a set of teeth so white, that altogether seemed to speak before she uttered a word.

"Ah, so! that is the newest vim, eh!" She shrugged her shoulders and spread her hands with a gesture the like of which I had never seen. "It will p'haps last as long as de oder vims. This fille too, this young one, that is anoder vim—how long to last, eh?"

"But isn't the glass pretty?" urged the maid, "with the flowers and all so tasty."

"Oh! it is pritty, and so is the young one, the new fille—girrl, as you call. The flowers will last, how long?—to-morrow—so! the vim will last, eh?"

The housemaid had passed on into the other rooms about her work.

Mam'selle remained before me. She tightened her waistband and smoothed her dark eyebrows, continuing her talk as though I were not her only auditor.

"She will learn, this other one, she will help mee. *Ciel!* And Mees Adelaide! what of the blonde hair? the so fair complexion? Ha! bah! I shall see! I shall see!"

She turned round, found she was alone, frowned, and, snatching a bit of the lemon thyme from the vase, she smelled at it, then with a "pah!" and a gesture of contempt flung it through the window.

Mrs. Fribel was right: Mam'selle Corvée was "put out" by the introduction of my little girl in brown.

(*To be continued.*)

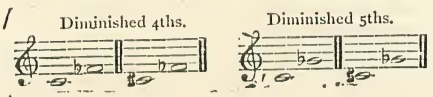
NEW MUSIC.

W. Morley and Co.

Harmony. By Carl Mangold.—Evidently the work of a sound musician; but it would have profited by a little more careful revision on the part of the author, who, in spite of either haste or oversight, cannot help showing himself to be thoroughly up in his subject.

In a text-book destined for the guidance of our young people, as we have before had occasion to remark, the first *sine quâ non* is undoubtedly accuracy on all points, and to show that this accuracy is not always obtained, we will cite a few instances of inaccuracy.

On page 10, in the table of intervals, we meet with two kinds of diminished fourths, also two kinds of diminished fifths, which, to say



the least of it, are very confusing to a student. On the same page the ninth is called a ninth or second, whereas the treatment of the ninth and of the second is acknowledged by all theorists to be different, thus clearly proving that the two intervals cannot be identical.

On page 13, speaking of clefs, it would have been more complete to have included the mezzo soprano and the barytone clefs.

Again, rule 1 says, "Consecutive fifths are forbidden." It should be consecutive perfect fifths, because consecutive fifths of different characters are certainly permissible, as Mr. Mangold himself indicates later on in rule 9. The same remark applies to rule 2, concerning consecutive octaves.

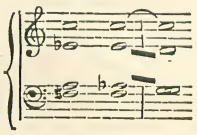
Rule 7 states that, "A musical composition must finish with the harmony of the tonic, preceded by that of the dominant," thus totally ignoring the plagal cadence or any other close.

In rule 3 we read, "The triad consists only of three intervals," while the examples to rule 12 are written in four parts, and headed "Examples of Triads." We maintain that these are common chords. A triad consists of three notes only, in the same manner that a triangle consists of but three sides. If the triangle be made into a four-sided figure by the repetition of one of its sides, it loses its triangular character, and becomes a square or parallelogram. If one of the notes of the triad be repeated, that triad is converted into a common chord.

Further, we cannot agree with the author's method of arriving at the creation of the diminished triad, by suppressing the root of the chord of the dominant seventh, the leading note possessing a triad of its own without requiring any suggested bass.

It is an open question whether the chords of the eleventh and thirteenth as compound fourths and sixths, which would, in our opinion, greatly simplify matters.

In treating of modulation on page 41, the two consecutive fifths must surely be an



oversight. On pages 52, 53, and 54 are examples of harmonising a given melody, which at once prove the cultured musician.

The short appendix, in catechism form, evidently an after-thought, contains some very useful matter, though we think it a pity that in the book there is not a single exercise for pupils, as exercises would greatly enhance the value of the work, both as a text-book and as a test of its comprehensibility.

Trusty as Steel. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A most effective song, with a stirring melody; the accompaniment is bold and martial; altogether much above the average of many of the patriotic songs that have come under our notice. It requires a good barytone voice.

Home to Thy Heart. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A charming song, full of feeling and pathos. It has also the great advantage of variety in the setting. There is no monotony, and the beautiful refrain, "Take me back, my darling," occurring at the end of each verse is most pleasing. We have pleasure in recommending it to our readers.

The Gate of Heaven. With pianoforte, harmonium, harp, and violin (*ad lib.*) accompaniment. Words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. Music by Berthold Tours.—This oft-told story of poverty and woe has been frequently rehearsed of late. The poor, homeless wanderer is attracted by the singing to the minster door—

"And ere the prayer was ended
All his sorrow passed away,
For 'mid the vesper music
He had heard the angels say,
'Wand'rer, tho' thou comest late,
Open still is heaven's gate.'"

The words are set in the usual style of this talented and gifted composer.

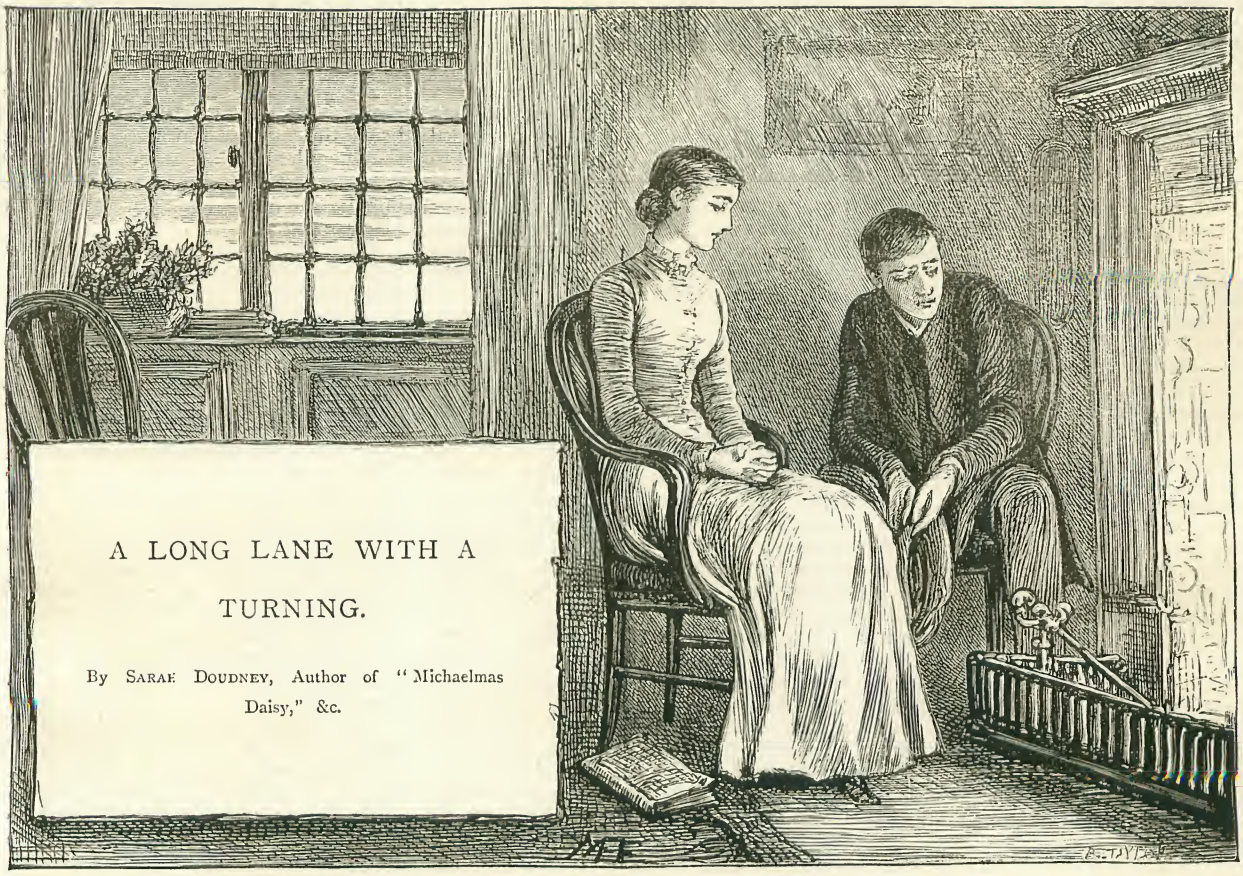
Turning the Tables. Written and composed by Alfred J. Caldicott.—A cheerful, pretty ballad; the words and music light and playful; written in the composer's happy style. We recommend it to our girls.

Angel Echoes. Words by G. Clifton Bingham. Music by Thomas Hutchinson.—An effective song, admirably treated. The music expresses the sentiment of the words.

An Old Story. Words and music by Louisa Gray.—The oft-repeated old, old story is most pathetically expressed. The composer has most artistically introduced a few bars of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" in the accompaniment.

"Then through peals of organ music
Steals unheard a woman's cry,
And her soul is borne from sorrow
To a bright eternity."

Fancy That. Song. Words and music by Atherton Furlong.—A cheerful song, fresh in idea, and easily acquired. Sung in a light and airy style, would be generally pleasing.



A LONG LANE WITH A TURNING.

By Sarah Doudney, Author of "Michaelmas Daisy," &c.

CHAPTER X.

"THE LITTLE RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE."

Christmas came and went, finding Rose Newcastle settled in her new home, and Uncle Jacob back again in Portman Square. He had remained at Shingle Point until the end of October, prolonging his stay far beyond its intended limits, and before he departed he had asked that Cassie Decke and one of the Varner girls might pay him a visit in January.

When this request was made, the Varners could scarcely believe their own ears. The doctor declared that his uncle's unusual affability was due to Cassie's influence; Cassie, who had softened his hard old heart by her unvarying sweetness and patience, was regarded with wonder by the whole family. Neither Lizzy nor Bertha was willing to accept the invitation; as January drew near, their reluctance increased. But the authorities decided that Uncle Jacob's first advance must not by any means be rebuffed.

"I cannot part with the two most useful ones at once," said Mrs. Varner, settling the matter herself. "Bertha must go with Cassie. Don't look so gloomy, Bertha; you won't make any blunders while Cassie is with you, she has tact enough for both."

But Bertha could not be persuaded to look upon herself as anything but a victim, doomed to suffer for the good of the family.

One Saturday afternoon, a few days after Christmas, Mary Berrithorne sat alone by the fire, enjoying her emancipation from school duties. She had a big volume of Shakespeare on her lap, and was poring over "As You Like It" with keen satisfaction. It was a clear wintry day; every bough of the old trees in the High-street had been stripped by sharp winds; the sky, grey with approaching dusk, showed a cheery gleam of gold here and there. Many people were out walking; there was an almost ceaseless sound of footsteps on the pavement as Mary read on. Yare was still keeping up its Christmas holidays; clerks and artizans had not yet gone back to common working life, and their wives and sweethearts paraded the causeway in gala dress. The pale young clergyman who passed quickly along the street returned many a kindly salutation before he stopped at Mrs. Edney's door.

Mary rose hastily as he entered the room, and laid aside her book. All the brightness had faded out of her face in an instant. He had come to say a long good-bye—this friend of her childhood and girlhood—and the parting was almost more than she could bear. She had been trying hard not to realise that it was so near; trying hard to think that Arthur's resolution would be shaken, and that Kate's entreaties would keep him in England. She had not counted on Mrs. Glendon's acquiescence, nor did she comprehend the change wrought in her by the discipline of sorrow. In the old days Kate had never scrupled to protest against anything that ran counter to her wishes, and Arthur had invariably humoured her every desire. Even Cassie had not believed he would carry out his intention of becoming a missionary.

"Now that Kate has returned, he will have to stay at home, and be her protector," she had said, confidently. But when he came into the room that winter day, Mary knew at once that his plan remained unchanged. She had always been quick in reading faces, and his face wore an unmistakable look of farewell.

"Oh, Arthur," she said, sadly, "is this to be our last meeting?"

There were tears in her soft grey eyes, and her lips quivered as she spoke. He paused a moment before he answered—

"I hope not, Mary."

"But shall you—must you go?"

Never, perhaps, had his firmness been so severely tried. Every token of deep feeling on her part cost him a separate pang. What might not have been had he spoken before James had won a hearing? He sat down in a chair by the fire, and looked away from her face into the cheerful blaze; the flames danced and crackled merrily, as if in mockery of one who was going far away from an English hearth and all its sacred associations. James Listowe's words came back to him with a new bitterness: "You are just the person for a country living, and domestic happiness, and that sort of thing." What if this were a truth, and he had indeed mistaken his

vocation and miscalculated his strength? If he had verily heard God's voice calling him, how was it that he was beset by all these other voices, bidding him turn back?

And then he remembered the past days, when his heart had been free from the influence of human passion, and out of that remembrance he spoke.

"Before I went to college, Mary, this desire to be a missionary was in my mind, but afterwards certain new purposes sprang up and choked its growth. Well, the purposes all died, Mary, and the old desire outlived them. Now do you not see that I must go?"

"Yes, I think I do," she answered, slowly. And then she too fell to gazing into the fire, and the sadness in her eyes again almost unmanned him.

It was not a long interview, and the words spoken were not many. When he rose to go, and they stood up and confronted each other for a moment, both faces were deadly pale; Mary heard a blessing breathed softly over her heard, and then the door had opened and quickly closed. He was gone.

He was gone! She went back to her chair, and sat there quietly, with hands folded in her lap. Would there be many more partings like this in her life, she wondered? And if so, how should she bear them? Surely if Arthur had stayed and lived amongst them all their lives would have been the better and purer for his presence? But he was gone, and neither tear nor prayer of hers could call him back.

Then, suddenly and irrepressibly, she began to weep. Her tears had flowed for some time before she remembered that James Listowe was coming to take her to a working men's entertainment that evening. There were to be dissolving views and amateur musical performances at the institute, and James, as usual, was to be the ruling spirit. For the first time since her engagement she was conscious of a lack of interest in these proceedings, and felt herself too bruised and shaken to feign enjoyment. The dusk had deepened; Mrs. Edney's knock at the house-door reminded her that it was nearly the hour for tea, and she ran hastily upstairs to her own room to banish all traces of agitation.

But this was not easily to be done. She might smooth her hair and make certain dainty alterations in her dress for James's satisfaction, and yet the sadness in her face was still plainly visible. She heard his voice as she ran downstairs; the sitting-room was bright with gaslight, and the maid had carried in the tea-tray.

"Here is a fine evening for the entertainment," he said, as she entered. "We shall have a crowded audience—men, women, and children, I daresay. But what is the matter, Mary?"

"Arthur has been here to say good-bye," she answered, simply.

"Oh, is that all?" he responded, in rather a curt tone. "As you have known for months of his intended departure, I don't know why you should have disfigured your face in that way."

"But, James—do you not feel as I do? He is such a dear friend," she added, sorrowfully.

"My dear Mary, I have often told you that I am a matter-of-fact man. I can't regard Arthur in the light of an interesting victim, offering himself up on the altar of a great cause; I simply look upon him as one misled by sentimental enthusiasm. I have done all I could to turn him from his purpose, but he has been quite deaf to my advice. Of course I shall always have a sincere affection for him, but I won't indulge him by any romantic parting scene, and I am sorry that you have done so."

"There has been no scene, James. He only stayed a few minutes. But after he was gone, I could not help thinking over the old days when we were all so happy together—we four young people, you know. Things will never be the same again."

"Of course they will never be the same again. There is nothing more harmful than this morbid habit of retrospection, Mary. It unfits you for the duties of the present and future. And, really, there is no need to go back to the past in search of happiness!"

Her own intensely truthful nature failed to detect his suspiciousness. She was pained by his coldness to his friend, chilled also by his tone to herself. For a few seconds she stood silent and troubled, wondering why he should be so seriously displeased, and longing, helplessly, to win him to a pleasanter mood. Any other man would have been touched by the sorrowful perplexity that gave her face the look of a distressed child. But James Listowe could at times be pitiless.

"You must indeed try to cultivate common sense," he continued. "It is an antidote for all the imaginary sorrows of life. I confess I see little prospect of comfort before us if you give way to floods of tears on every ordinary occasion."

"This was not an ordinary occasion, James," she said, quietly. "There was a time when you too would have been grieved at this parting. It seems to me that there is an evil in feeling too little as well as too much."

"I hope I know how to guide myself between the two extremes," James replied, very stiffly. "And I am quite capable of guiding you, too, Mary, if you are willing to submit yourself to my direction."

"I am willing," she answered, with much sweetness.

She had mollified him by her submission, and when Mrs. Edney joined them at the tea-table he exerted himself to be agreeable. Mary listened, and smiled, with a sore heart, and yet all the time she was trying hard to believe that she was to blame for her childish grief. Let anybody be wrong rather than James, she thought, with a true womanly clinging to the infallibility of her lover.

After tea they went out together into the winter starlight, making their way to the institute; and as they walked, Mary found her thoughts wandering again. James did all the talking, and waxed eloquent upon his own excellent management of the working men and his knowledge of their tastes and habits. His companion vainly endeavoured to give him her whole attention; but, looking up into the December sky, she thought of the splendour of tropical nights—of the lion's roar, and the stealthy tread of savage feet. Arthur was going forth to brave the "arrow that flieth by day, and the pestilence that walketh in darkness;" and she remembered the blessing that he had solemnly whispered with his farewell.

After such thoughts as these, James's talk was like the tinkling of a muffin-bell following a cathedral chime. But he entered the institute without finding out that Mary's attention had wandered. Having provided her with a commodious seat on the front bench, he took his own place on the platform, and threw his whole soul into the business of the evening. A very wearisome business it was to the little teacher, who sat demurely just where he had placed her. If she could only have sought a dark corner, and let her silly tears trickle freely, her heart might have found relief. But it was not so much for Arthur that she wanted to weep, as for James and herself. She was like one who has found out a terrible rent in a garment that was confidently warranted to last for a hundred years.

Mrs. Edney had sittings in the new church, and on Sunday morning she went there with her niece. In the afternoon Mary left her aunt to the enjoyment of the fire and sofa, and took her way to old St. Martin's, while the bells were ringing for service. The day was clear and still; although the gardens were mere strips of frost-powdered mould, with a cluster of brown stalks sticking up here and there, yet there were shrubberies bordering Church Road that glistened, freshly green, in the winter sun. Holly and laurel leaves caught and reflected the cheery beams, red berries glowed, and a thousand tiny lights twinkled and flashed from the December foliage. Mary enjoyed it all, but in a sober fashion, and turned into the churchyard gate with a quiet step and a grave face.

St. Martin's church would have made any devout Anglican tear his hair; indeed, so hideous was the edifice that Mary in her childhood had innocently asked, "Why God did not have a prettier house built for Him?" Again and again the question had recurred to her mind while she had sat swinging her little legs on the seat of one of the high pews, and throwing back her head to get a glimpse of the black-robed vicar, preaching from the topmost of the three oaken cupboards that rose one above the other.

But that day, as she entered by a side door, and took her place in a big square pew, her heart softened towards poor old St. Martin's. She thought of sorrows, and mercies; of partings here, and meetings hereafter; of all the voices that had mingled themselves with her life, now coming, then going; and her tears flowed silently as she knelt. There was no James at hand to see or to check them; they flowed freely and comfortably within the high wooden walls of the pew.

It was not until the prayers were over that she became aware of Arthur Beachley's presence in the church. He ascended the corkscrew staircase leading to the pulpit, and stood up high above her head, to preach his farewell sermon to a most scanty congregation. His voice, calm and very clear, went echoing through the great empty building, and a few sleepy old men and women roused themselves to listen, for among the poor that voice was well beloved. What was he saying? At first Mary scarcely heard the words, because the familiar tone raised a strange tumult in her heart; but by-and-by they took sense and meaning.

James had said dozens of times that Arthur was no preacher; but Mary, as she listened, did not once ask herself if this were eloquence. She was merely conscious that he was speaking to her, answering all her doubts, silencing all her fears. Whether the sermon were excellent or not she could not decide; she only realised the quieting influence that it had upon her whole being.

She went out of the church, along the path under the leafless limes, and then through Church Road again. The shubberies no longer glistened in the sun; the winter twilight was grey and chill, and there were lights in the houses. The last house in this road belonged to Mr. Newcastle. The parlour blinds were up, and Mary caught a glimpse of tea-things on the table, and Rose and her husband standing before the fire.

Something in the attitude of the two figures indicated the repose of perfect ease and content. So strongly did Mary feel this, that she lingered for a moment outside the window.

"Shall we be as happy when we have a home like theirs?" she mused, thinking of James and herself.

On the following Monday Cassie called on her friend. The old intimacy, or rather the form thereof, was still kept up. Miss Decke was looking very pretty in her well-worn serge, although she wore only a red woollen scarf twisted round her neck, instead of the sable boa which was one of the secret desires of her heart.

"This fair damsel, Cassie Decke, is going to London to seek her fortune," she said gaily.

"But surely you are coming back again?" asked Mary. "Everyone seems to be going away."

"Who knows? Perhaps I shall take the wings of the morning, and fly after our missionary! I didn't think Arthur would really go abroad; but it seems he is keeping to his purpose."

"Yes," said Mary, sadly.

"Well, I think he is a foolish fellow. He has not much money, it appears. But he might have stayed in England, and have done pretty well for himself."

Mary was silent, just because she felt that Cassie, like James, was quite incapable of understanding Arthur Beachley. She was conscious that she saw him in the daylight, while they looked at him in the dusk.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Advice to a Bride.

In thy first solitary hour after the ceremony, take the bridegroom and demand a solemn vow of him, and give him a vow in return. Promise one another sacredly never, not even in jest, to wrangle with each other; never to bandy words or indulge in the least ill humour. Never, I say, wrangle in jest: putting on an air of ill-humour merely to tease becomes earnest by practice. Mark that!

Next promise each other, sincerely and solemnly, never to have a secret from each other, under whatever pretext, with whatever excuse it may be. You must continually, and every moment, see clearly into each other's bosom. Even when one of you has committed a fault, wait not an instant, but confess it freely—let it cost tears, but confess it.

And as you keep nothing secret from each other, so, on the contrary, preserve the privacies of your house, married state, and heart from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. You two, with God's help, build your own quiet world; every third or fourth one whom you draw into it with you will form a party and stand between you two. That should never be.

Promise this to each other. Renew the vow at each temptation. You will find your account in it. Your souls will grow, as it were, together, and at last will become as one. Ah! if many a young pair had on their wedding day known this secret, how many marriages would be happier than, alas! they are.—*Zschokke.*

One Thing is Needful.—There are no greater objects of pity in the world than those who are admired by all around for their nice discernment and fine taste in everything of a worldly nature, but who have no taste for the riches that endure for ever—no love of God or His word—no love for Christ or their souls.—*Cecil's Remains.*

A Word for the Young.—Learn all you can; for youth is the time, and the time alone, in which learning can be attained. I find that I can now remember very little but what I learned when I was young. I have, it is true, acquired many things since, but it has been with great labour and difficulty; and I find I cannot retain them as I can those things which I gained in my youth. Had I not got rudiments and principles in the beginning, I should certainly have made but little out in life.—*Dr. Adam Clarke.*

Much and Little.

See much	Admire little.
Hear much	Believe little.
Know much	Speak little.
Avoid much	Fear little.
Labour much	Use little.

Self-Contentment. — She who is contented with herself must certainly have bad taste.—*Zimmerman.*

"Not of Much Consequence." — A short time since a gentleman who had been requested to estimate the value of the books of a deceased clergyman, found to his surprise that many of the most valuable works were imperfect, having leaves torn out. Upon asking a servant who had lived with the divine some years, if she knew anything of the circumstances, she replied, "Why to be sure, sir, I did now and then tear a leaf out, but I never went twice to the same book, so it couldn't be of much consequence."

A Rule of Manners.—'Tis a rule of manners to avoid exaggeration. A lady loses as soon as she admires too easily and too much. In man or woman, the face and the person lose power when they are on the strain to express admiration. — *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

An Ideal Young Girl.

The following verses, obtained from an American source, will be recognised as a parody on one of the most popular numbers of the opera of *Patience*:—

A common-place young girl;
A decidedly-rare young girl;
Stay-at-home-night,
Do-what-is-right,
Help-her-old-mother young girl.

A hard-to-find young girl;
A reader-of-fact young girl;
An extra-poetical,
Anti-æsthetical,
Care-nothing-for-novels young girl.

A minus-her-rouge young girl;
A show-all-her-brains young girl;
With an unpowdered face,
One that don't lace,
A dress-for-her-health young girl.

An up-in-the-morning young girl;
A help-with-the-wash young girl
One that can rub,
Not afraid of the tub,
A roll-up-her-sleeves young girl.

A quiet and modest young girl;
A sweet and pure young girl;
An upright, ambitious,
Lovely, delicious,
A pride-of-the-home young girl.

A remarkably scarce young girl;
A very-much-wanted young girl;
A truly American,
Too-utter paragon,
The kind-that-I-like young girl.

A Story of a Honeymoon.

A Belgian bridegroom, being about to start for Paris on his honeymoon tour, was informed by his bride that she thought of concealing several thousand francs worth of lace about her, hoping by its sale to pay the cost of their journey.

The bridegroom was not smitten with this frugal project, and pointed out that there were Custom House officers and a female searcher at Ercquelines, who were sometimes struck with an unaccountable fancy for examining passengers' pockets. This he said, being a timid man, and his bride to humour him promised to give up her plan; but of course she secreted the lace all the same without telling him about it.

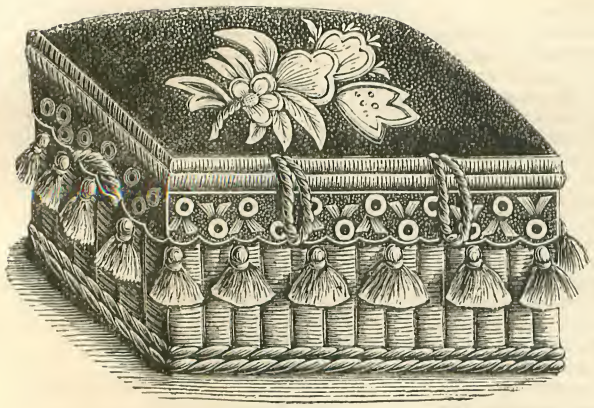
As the train approached the French frontier, the husband reflected that if his wife were not searched, his fears would be mocked at as having been groundless, and he would start on his married career with prestige impaired. This was not desirable—the rather it was essential that he should from the very outset assert his infallibility. So when the train stopped at Ercquelines, and the passengers alighted, the Belgian bridegroom left his bride's arm for a moment, and sidling up to a *douanier*, whispered—

"I think if you search the lady yonder you may find some lace."

The *douanier* winked, and the happy bride was accosted with an invitation to walk into the female searcher's room. She turned pale, but was led away, and five minutes later dismal sounds of hysterics were heard. Then the *douanier* reappeared and said to the horrified husband—

"Thank you, sir; it's a good capture. The lady will be taken to prison, and half the fine will go to you."

MY WORK BASKET.



MUSIC BASKET.

Music Basket.

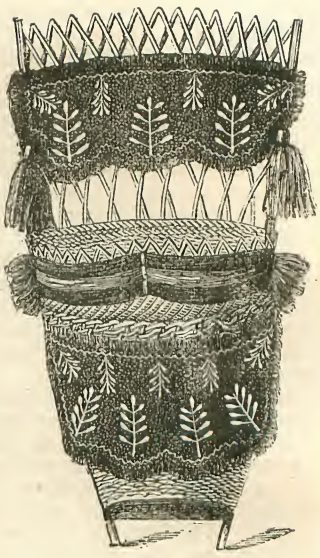
This is a time when everything is being utilised, whilst adding to the brightness of the room. The music basket is composed of a strong, square, brown wicker basket, mounted on white castors. The top is covered with a cushion forming a seat. The embroidery is on black satin or fine cloth, worked with bright and varied wools in long stitch, Russian cross stitch, and *point de Boulogne*, and large tied knots. The lambrequin is of good merino, the rounds worked in deep *points de feston;* the rest in stemstitch and *points lancés*. Large pompons of wool in different colours are fixed on the band, and nearly cover the rest of the basket. The basket is used for sheet music or light fancy work.

Wicker Basket.

The basket is wicker, and is trimmed with two lambrequins of coloured cloth worked in two shades of red, and two of faded greens. The leaves are formed in chain stitch, caught in a point at the extremities. The edge is worked in post and rail, and trimmed with a cut fringe of wool in all the shades used in the embroidery.

Ring Receiver.

This open pocket is intended to be hung on the toilet glass—rather a novelty in its way. The cardboard shape is covered with peacock blue plush, on which a branch of eglantine is embroidered in floss silks. The flowers and buds are in shaded pinks, the stems green, and the French knots in gold colour. The small white flowers are slightly shaded with yellow, and the foliage is variegated. All the edges are covered with a fine cord, and a small gilt ring is fastened on the back by which it can be suspended. The design given for the embroidered back is the full size.



WICKER BASKET.

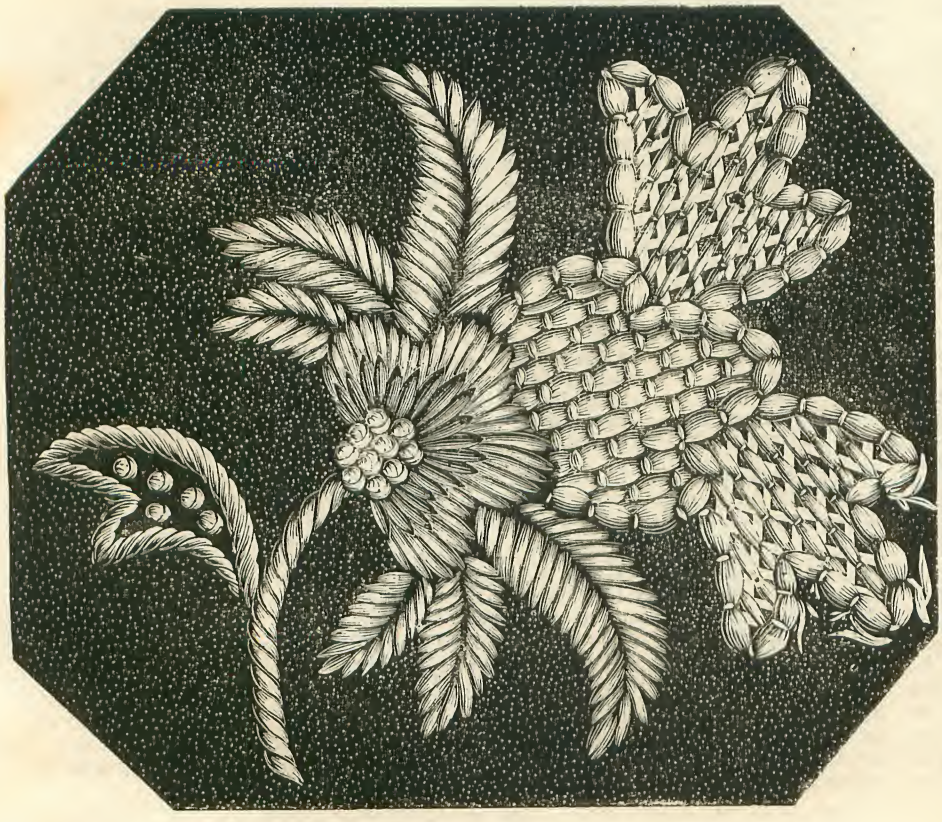
Stand-up Crochet Collar.

The collar is made quite straight. A chain, a little longer than the length required for the throat, is worked with a row of double crochet, with three chain between. 3rd Row—Five chain, miss three. 4th and following six rows—Five chain, one single in centre of five in preceding row. The three little leaf pattern on the band is worked in button-hole stitch with soft French cotton. The border is worked backwards and forwards according to the design.

Cuffs are made to match, but much deeper than the collar.

Embroidery of Jet Beads.

This embroidery is very easily accomplished, and most useful for trimmings of dresses or mantles—an ornament so universal and prettily used that a method for making the bead trimming will be gladly received. A piece of leather or moleskin, the width necessary to work upon, has the pattern drawn on in white paint, over which is a good black tulle. The beads are taken up by the needle and sewed on the net with very fine silk. When finished, the net is cut away and the embroidery is ready to be appliqué on the article for which it is destined. With careful fastening off, the embroidery will wear well, and prove cheaper than that purchased.

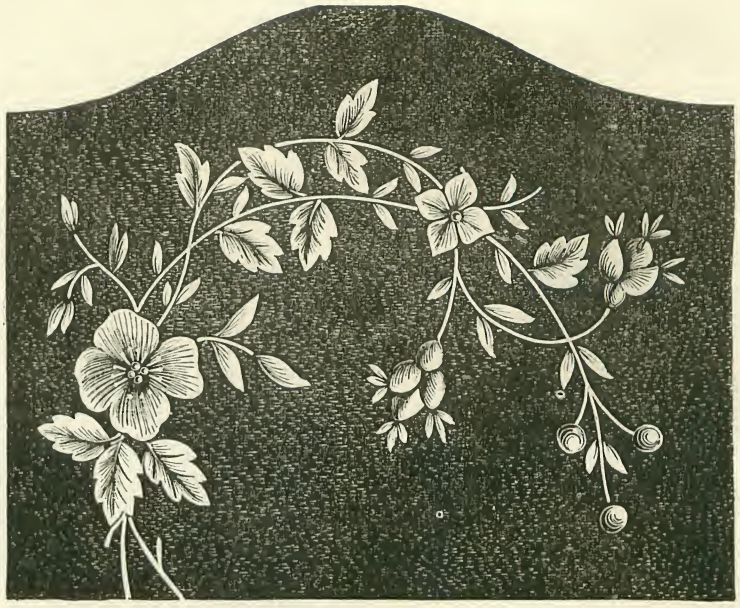


MUSIC BASKET.—DETAIL.

Child's Knitted Vest.

Knitting a child's vest with sleeves.—This little vest is very pretty-looking, and is soft to wear. The size given is for a child of from two to three, but by increasing or decreasing the number of stitches cast on, the vest can be altered for smaller or older children. To work: Cast on 90 stitches (the number must divide into three), and use Lady Betty three-ply wool and bone needles, No. 12. Work in brioche stitch thus: Make 1, slip 1, knit 2 together, to end of needle, and continue until a length of thirteen inches is done. Be careful always to slip the knit stitch, and knit the slipped of previous row, as any mistake will show. Cast off all the stitches but the last 9, and work them in brioche for an inch and a half beyond the others, then cast off. This piece forms the front of the vest; cast on 90 stitches, and work another for the

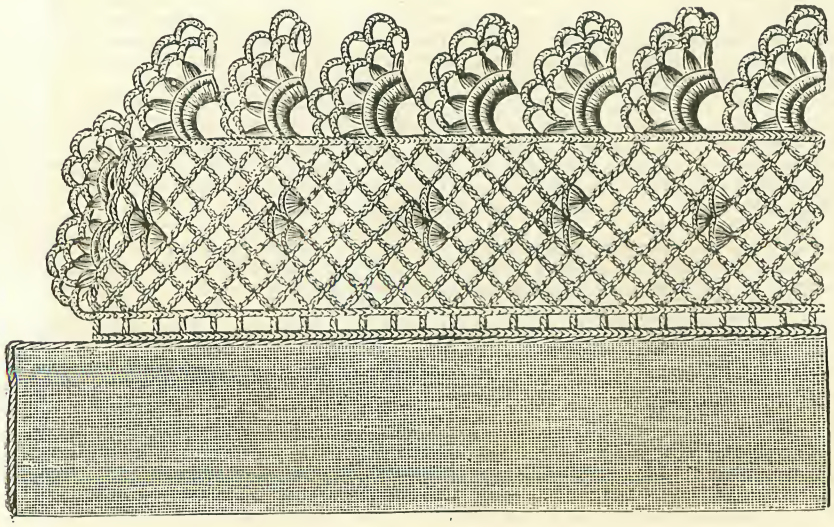
RING RECEIVER.



RING RECEIVER.—DETAIL.

back in the same manner, not forgetting to extend the last 9 stitches beyond the others.

For the sleeve.—Cast on 70 stitches. Work 60 in brioche, and the last 10 plain. In second row: Purl the first 10 stitches, and brioche the 60. Repeat these two rows until twenty rows are finished; then cast off and work the second sleeve. Take a wool needle and wool- sew the two body pieces together up to within four inches of the top, arranging the elongated bits at the top of the vest and on opposite sides. Sew their ends on the top of the body pieces so as to form shoulder straps. Take the sleeve pieces, turn the part where the 10 plain and purl stitches come into a gusset, by sewing one side of it, and not its edge, to the narrow edge of the brioche end. Where the point of the gusset comes will be the wide part of the sleeve. Arrange this side into the space left in the body part for the sleeve, and sew it to the body. Finish by working round the neck and bottom part of vest, and round the sleeves with a crochet edging. Use a bone hook and the same wool. First row: 2 chain and 1 double into every rib of the brioche. Second row: 3 treble, 2 chain, 3 treble, into the firs loop on the first row; make a slip stitch into the second loop, an repeat these two stitches to the end of the row. Take the narrowest white sarscenet ribbon, and run it into every alternate loop of the first row of edging round the neck of the vest, and tie the ends into a pretty bow, and the work is complete. A more elaborate edging than the above can be knitted as follows: Cast on any number of stitches that will divide into eleven and one over. First row, plain; second row, purl; third row, plain; fourth row, knit 4, * make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 3, knit 2 together twice, knit 3; repeat from * to end of the row; fifth row, knit; sixth row, purl; and cast off and sew the edging on to the sleeves. Commence with the edging for the bottom part of the vest, as the first rows make the scallop. For the top of the vest, instead of casting off when the brioche is finished, knit a plain row; and for the second row make 1, and knit 2 together alternately, then cast off. This last row will provide the line of holes into which the ribbon is run, and a foundation on to which to sew the edging, which make separately.



STAND-UP CROCHET COLLAR.

EMBROIDERY OF JET BEADS.

MARGARET'S NEIGHBOURS.

By Dora Hope.

DURING the winter and spring, Margaret's three children, with their little adopted brother Julius, had been steadily improving under Miss Baines' care, both in point of knowledge and general behaviour; her plans of education and management had succeeded admirably, and she had contrived to gain the hearty affection of all, including even Julius, to conquer whose rooted objection to anything like discipline had been a hard task; but she had steadily persevered, and to his sisters' surprise had been able to a great extent to cure his trick of lisping. Her unvarying patience and kindness, even in his most troublesome moods, combined with gentle firmness whenever her authority was in question, and persistence in watching for and encouraging all his good qualities, had at length begun to make an impression on her turbulent pupil, and though he was as vivacious and full of mischief as ever, he began to have a faint perception of the fact that there are times for lessons as well as play, and occasions when obedience is more suitable than rebellion.

As the holiday time approached, the question of the summer outing began to occupy the minds of the elders. As soon as Wilfred was able to fix the time when he would be able to leave town, Margaret arranged with Miss Baines that she should take her holiday at the same time; and then following the advice of several friends, she inquired at a Governesses' Home for a holiday governess. There was no difficulty in finding one, in fact Margaret was quite bewildered with the number of applications from teachers who, not being required during the vacations, and having no home to go to, were anxiously looking out for a temporary situation. A French governess was fixed upon at last, who agreed to go with Margaret without salary, in return for having all her expenses paid. She was not required to do any regular teaching, but just to help Margaret in taking care of the children, to talk French with them always, and hear them practise the piano for a short time every day, only occasionally giving them a short lesson on wet days. Before making this arrangement, however, Margaret ascertained that Miss Baines had an invitation to visit some friends in the country, as had this not been the case, Wilfred had suggested that she and her mother should be asked to stay with them, as their guests, during part of their visit to the seaside.

The next difficulty was to decide where to go. Wilfred advertised in the newspapers for a furnished house, within an easy walk of the sea, to which he received several replies, and they fixed upon one, within two hours' journey of London. The owners of the house wished their cook to remain in charge, to which Margaret made no objection, as in fact it suited her plans particularly well. She arranged to take her nurse with her for the whole time, and for the first half, the housemaid also, and when she returned the cook was to take her place, so that both her servants would have the advantage of a fortnight at the sea. As for her own house, the maids were to divide the cleaning between them, and a poor woman was engaged to sleep at the house the whole time, and assist in the cleaning whenever she had no other work.

The party at the seaside was to be a large one, for the house was roomy, and Margaret was determined to make good use of it; so she had invited Tom's wife and two little children to go down with her and stay as long as they could be comfortable away from home, and Tom himself promised to join them from Saturday till Monday each week.

As soon as they were fairly settled down, and had declared themselves more than satisfied with the place, Wilfred left them, and started on a yachting cruise with a friend, and Margaret, finding she had still a room to spare, wrote to her nieces, the Lancasters, to come to her, two at a time, so that Jack should not be left at home alone. Accordingly, Evelyn and Lulu joined the party at once, and a very merry party it was, for Margaret threw off much of her matronly dignity and gave herself up to enjoyment. Her fondness for boating exploits returned with its old vigour, and her town-bred nieces became infected with the same tastes, and under her tuition were soon expert boat-women. Lulu especially took to the water like a native, for having learnt to swim, dive, and otherwise disport herself in the water several years before, she revelled in this unexpected opportunity for her favourite exercise. She alone of the party had been taught the principles of saving drowning people, and many merry bathes they had whilst she tried to impart her knowledge to her companions. Evelyn, having only just mastered the art of swimming, declared it would be as much as she could possibly do to save herself, and she would have to leave her drowning friends to their fate. Margaret was a strong swimmer, but she could not manage the saving business. She would grasp the make-believe drowning girl by the hair, and, keeping her head with apparently studied care under the water, she would get along bravely enough till Lulu, shrieking with laughter, rescued the panting and indignant victim, who usually refused to be practised upon any more, whilst Margaret was intensely astonished that her system of life-saving was not approved by all concerned.

Wilfred was particularly anxious that his boys should excel in all manly sports, and had made arrangements with a young fisherman, before he started on his cruise, to give Claud and Julius some lessons in both swimming and rowing, and he had promised a reward to the one who should have made the best progress when he came to fetch them home. Accordingly, their new instructor called for the boys every morning and gave them a good swimming lesson three times a week, on the alternate days taking them with him in his boat, letting them help him with his fishing-nets and lobster pots. Then, giving them each a light oar, while he himself sculled, he would make them keep time with him, and though at first their rowing did not materially affect the speed of the boat, they presently acquired such skill that they were quite able to pull the boat alone, though slowly, while the fisherman acted as coxswain and gave his instructions from the stern. On the days when the boys did not have a swimming lesson, they bathed with the other children, under the supervision of Mademoiselle Piton, the governess; but Margaret herself was generally somewhere near, and the nurse had strict injunctions to see that the children were thoroughly warm before their bath, and if there was any doubt about it, or the day was chilly, to send them for a run first.

By being careful on this point, and seeing to it that the children were trying to swim, or otherwise exercising themselves all the time they were in the water, Margaret was able without fear to let them bathe even on somewhat chilly days, for as long as they were exerting themselves in the water they did not feel the cold, and the moment their energies seemed to flag they were called in, the nurse being ready to dress them as quickly as possible, and they were sent off for a run before they had a chance of shivering. Poor little Hugh was the only one who did not enjoy this daily bath, and he could by no means be induced to enter a bathing machine without tears. Margaret insisted at first, but finding that the child really dreaded it, and judging truly that the unhappiness would do him more harm than the sea-water would do good, she desisted, and instead of sending him with the other children out of the bathing machine into comparatively deep water, she let him play unmolested on the edge of the tide, and by coaxing him to sit down on the sand, close to the water, though not in it, so that an occasional ripple would wash over him, she gradually accustomed him to the shock.

Before they left he had quite conquered his nervousness, and though he still had a violent aversion to the machine, yet if allowed to run in from the beach, and to take his own time about it, he would go in quite as far, and enjoy himself almost as much as the others. Of course, as Hugh did not attempt to swim or play games in the water, he could only be allowed to bathe on warm days, and, except when the weather was very hot, remained but a short time in the water.

Claud and Julius were old enough to join in most of the excursions of the elders, whilst little Cicely spent the whole day with her nurse, paddling a good part of the day barefooted on the sands, digging holes, building castles, and chasing with eager fingers the unwary shrimp. Hugh wavered between the two parties, sometimes going with the elders boating, in which his joy was mingled with fear and trembling, and sometimes staying with Cicely, which in his heart of hearts he enjoyed the best, for he could dig the most elaborate system of trenches, and he and Cicely were ever a most harmonious little couple.

Tom's wife, Laura, did not care for boating, and preferred to keep her children with her, so they rarely joined in any of the excursions by water, though she was always ready for a drive or very moderate walk. She generally spent the day under a tent-umbrella on the sands, she herself reading or working, whilst the children played about, with strict orders not to stray far, nor upon any account to take off their shoes and socks.

"Paddle, Margaret!" she said, when one bright morning it was suggested that the little ones should join the young Trents on a grand bare-foot shrimping expedition. "No, indeed, I do not wish to lay up a store of rheumatism for them when old."

"But it does not injure them, I assure you, Laura; the salt water, as long as they keep running about, can do them nothing but good. You know you were grieving only this morning that little Ethel's ankles were so weak; I know you bathe them with salt water every day, but running about bare-legged on the sand would strengthen them far more quickly."

This argument touched a tender point, for one of Laura's most constant sources of anxiety was a fear lest her children's legs might not grow perfectly straight, and after a little more coaxing and arguing from Margaret, she at length consented to it for a short time every day. Laura was a most devoted mother, and would do anything for

the good of her children, but having been always rather delicate herself she had got into the way of fancying everyone else must be the same, and she gave herself endless trouble and anxiety to prevent any possibility of the children taking cold, instead of hardening them so as to be able to resist it. She had so carefully guarded against a breeze ever blowing upon them, that they had become really delicate, and in need of constant nursing, so that it was with considerable nervousness that she consented to let them run about as they liked with their cousins.

"And then, Margaret," she added, "you must excuse me, but I do think it is a pity not to let your little ones have large hats; their complexions will not be right again till Christmas," and she looked complacently at her pale little girls, whose faces, never without the shade of a large brimmed hat, were guiltless of a freckle.

"Why, Laura, I love to see them tanned; I think it is beautiful to see a lot of fine brown faces when one gets back to town, and at any rate it is better than teasing the children and spoiling their holiday by thinking of their complexions."

"My nose is peeling, Aunt Laura," said Lulu, in complacent tones. "I am very anxious to get brown, and have always exposed my face as much as possible, with this happy result to my most prominent feature. I shall be as brown as a nut in a week's time."

"I suppose you prefer to be mistaken for a fisherman's daughter, and you may certainly hope to succeed," said Evelyn, who agreed with her Aunt Laura, and was perpetually anointing her face with cream and buttermilk, and all sorts of other unpleasant remedies for sunburn.

They were all sitting under Laura's tent for a chat before starting off on some excursion; the children were enjoying their bath, a short distance away, in charge of Mdlle. Piton. This lady was of opinion that bathing was an unpleasant and barbarous institution, and the most she could be persuaded to do herself in that line was occasionally to join the children (the elders took to the water too energetically to suit her), when she would remain upon the bathing machine steps, just touching the water with her toes.

From her post here this morning she was directing her charges to plunge and wet the head, not to venture out any further, and so on, in shrill and voluble French, repeating her injunctions in English when she found they did not understand. The laughter and screams of the children themselves were unceasing as they frolicked and splashed about, to the amusement of the party in the tent, who could hear their merry voices, and the sharp tones of the governess, as they turned now and then to watch the number of sleek little heads bobbing up and down.

Suddenly Lulu started up with such violence as to over-turn the tent, and send her aunt's books and work flying in every direction, half burying Evelyn in the wreck. With a quick cry she sprang away, and before anyone had time to recover themselves or reproach her, they saw her flying across the sands, tearing off hat and cloak as she ran. On she fled like lightning, over the rocks to the little wooden breakwater; another moment and she had reached the end, and, pausing only an instant to snatch off her shoes, she leaped into the sea.

Without speaking, the watchers knew it was a drowning child. Evelyn burst into hysterical weeping and wringing of her hands, which with an effort she subdued as Margaret, with a white face, ordered her sternly to be quiet and run to the lodgings, get some hot blankets, and fetch a doctor; then, gathering up some wraps, Margaret was down at the breakwater in less time than it takes to tell, whilst Laura, unnoticed, had quietly fainted away.

Meantime, the children had all, save one, gathered frightened and crying in the machines. Mademoiselle Piton seemed paralysed with fear, the nurse only kept cool enough to hurriedly dress the shivering children.

Meanwhile, the little figure, whose struggles had caused Lulu's sudden terror, had sunk and reappeared once. When the small black head rose for the second time, Lulu was within arm's length of him. The boy (of course, it was Julius) struggled frantically, but to Margaret's horror, Lulu, instead of seizing him, swam a stroke away and quietly watched him without an effort to help, till with one more struggle and cry he sank out of sight. A groan burst from the crowd who had now gathered round Margaret. Some fishermen, who had seen from a distance that something was the matter, and had run as quickly as possible along the beach, now reached their boat, and, pushing off, prepared to row with all their might towards the spot where the child had disappeared. But before the boat was fairly launched the little head appeared once more, this time still and motionless, and Lulu, catching his hair, turned him over on to his back, and supporting him with one arm, swam slowly to the shore.

Margaret received the cold, motionless little body, wrapping him in her cloak, and pressing him to her bosom as she ran the short distance across the sands to the house. Lulu's strength was gone too, and she sank trembling on the beach after trying to walk a few steps, hampered by wet clothes and the shawls which some women had hastily thrown round her. A dozen strong arms were eagerly offered to carry her home, and to this indignity, as she afterwards called it, she was compelled to submit.

Evelyn's nature for once had seemed to wake up into life and self-forgetfulness, and she had quickly and quietly done all that was possible. A doctor was hurriedly sent for, and at his direction she provided hot blankets and hot bottles for Lulu, and made her drink a cup of coffee, while he himself did all in his power to induce some sign of life in the motionless form of little Julius; but twenty minutes passed, and still there was no movement. Margaret had almost given up hope, when there was a little sigh and a twitching of the lips, and the doctor looked up with a smile.

"He is saved," he said; "now you can help me. Get some hot blankets, and we will try to bring back warmth as well as life."

Margaret, who had been watching in an agony of fear, was thankful to be told to do anything, and soon their exertions were rewarded by reawakening life. A little longer, and the doctor stopped rubbing the cold little limbs, saying, "There, he is safe now; give him a few days' coddling and he will be playing about and getting into fresh mischief."

A little langour and sense of weariness for a couple of days were all the ill effects Lulu suffered, and what the doctor had said about Julius came true, for in a week he was quite as lively as ever again, though his adventure had taught him a severe lesson of obedience which he did not soon forget.

"How was it, my boy?" asked Margaret, as soon as he was well enough to talk to her.

"Oh! that old Piton won't say her h's, you know, aunt, and she called out to me not to go along that way to the breakwater, 'cause there's an 'ole there, and I said, 'What is an 'ole, madamosel; I don't know what you mean,' and she said, 'Jules, it is a nole, I say,' and I pretended I couldn't make out what she meant, and went on, and all of a sudden I popped under into a deep place, and the water all got in my mouth, and I never knew no more about it till I felt the doctor thumping my chest."

"Oh, Julius, when will you believe that older people know best—when will you learn to be obedient?"

"I'm not going to be naughty never no more, aunt, 'cause Evelyn says I nearly drownded Lulu too through being naughty; only it was madamosel's fault this time, she oughter sounded her h's and then I shouldn't have gone, and please aunt may me and Claud have a donkey ride?" The aspiration of the "h" was the one and only good thing to be said for poor Julius' *manner of speech*, and this fact probably caused him to be so critical on the point.

After this, Margaret was extremely careful that the children should never bathe except under the charge of some older person who could swim, and would keep a strict watch upon them, though there was no longer any cause for anxiety, for the children were now as timid as they had before been rash. She was especially careful, too, that none of the party should bathe when the tide was going out, the careless neglect of which precaution had been a great cause of Julius's misadventure.

She could not help remonstrating with Lulu when she was perfectly recovered, for having allowed Julius to sink again when she could easily have caught hold of him, thus running the risk of his not rising again.

"Didn't you notice, aunt, when he came up he was struggling and kicking so, that as I was weighted with my wet clothes, if he had caught hold of me he would have dragged me under, and we should certainly have both been drowned. I knew if I let him go down he was sure to come up again, and if for any reason he had not, the water was perfectly clear so that I could watch him all the time, and I should have dived after him—in fact, I was just going to do so when he came up."

One day towards the end of their holiday the boys came home in triumph carrying between them a large conger eel, a present from their friend and tutor, the fisherman. Margaret was pleased with it at first, particularly as the boys were so proud of their contribution to the housekeeping; but after having a dish of it at every meal for some days, the unusual fare began to pall. First they had a thick slice boiled, but though they all tried to like it, it was so very tasteless that no one cared to eat much. The next day it was served with lobster sauce; and as Mdlle. Piton said, *la sauce fait passer le poisson*. Another day it was curried, and again, made into fish pie, with the addition of a whiting to give flavour to it, and well seasoned with mace, nutmeg, and very finely chopped lemon-peel, so that they at last succeeded in eating all the fish, though in truth it must be said no one was very sorry when they came to the end of it.

The month's holiday slipped away so quickly that all the party were dismayed when Wilfred wrote reminding them that their time was nearly up, and suggesting that he should return from his cruise a day or two sooner than he had intended, in order to escort them home. The boys were heart-broken at the idea of leaving the sea, and not even Margaret felt quite the proper amount of pleasure at the prospect of being at home again. The children were partly reconciled, however, by a promise from Wilfred that if he was satisfied with their progress, they should go on with their swimming lessons at some baths near home, and the elders had various ties in London, the thought of which gradually reconciled them to returning, so that by the time Wilfred arrived they had recovered their good spirits, and were all ready to accompany him home.

(To be continued.)

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.

"BEHOLD ME NOW TURNED WRITER, WHILST UNDINE ATTENDED TO THE DOMESTIC AFFAIRS."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A RESCUE.

As is usual with children of warm climates, Undine's faculties developed rapidly. At eight years of age in many respects she was as advanced as an English girl at twelve, and was really most useful to me, so much so that, finding I had more leisure, I conceived the idea of beginning a journal, which afterwards formed the basis of this history.

It was not difficult, I found, to make ink. Although I had no oak-galls, there were others which answered the purpose. I had sulphur for the production of sulphuric acid, which, with iron, would produce copperas; other gum had to take the place of gum arabic; but I managed to make a serviceable black ink, wondering much I had not thought of doing so earlier. The paper was a greater difficulty. I had a few sheets of note-paper I had found in my fellow-passenger's trunk, and I managed to make a kind of parchment of some of the skins of animals; but it was not very satisfactory. Behold me now, therefore, turned writer, whilst Undine attended to the domestic affairs. And could you see my original MSS., young readers, it would cause you much amusement.

A year or two had passed without anything special to mark them, when a memorable event occurred.

On one occasion when Undine and I were collecting gold on Mount Desire, we were suddenly startled by the sound of gun-shots. We looked at each other in alarm, and Undine proposed we should ascend the mountain a little higher to try and ascertain whence the sound proceeded. She ran on, and presently, as something arrested her attention, she stood still with upraised hands. "Oh," she exclaimed, "a boat, such a beauty, much larger than ours!" Hurrying to her side, I saw a splendid vessel lying at a short distance from the shore. Of what nation she was I could not judge; but from the reiterated firing it was evident she was either in distress or some dreadful work was going on on board. The former it could hardly be, as the sea was perfectly calm.

Desiring Undine to return to Cave Castle, I descended the mountain on the other side, intending to hide myself in the forest of pines which fringed the shore, and watch events. Arrived at an elevated spot which commanded a full view of the ship and the coast, I was able to distinguish the clashing of cutlasses whenever the noise of the guns ceased. I was wondering what could have hap-

"A BOAT!"

"TRANSFIXED BY AN ARROW FROM MY BOW."

"QUICKLY THE TABLE WAS RE-ARRANGED."

pened, whether she had been attacked by savages, or whether pirates had appeared in these waters, when the firing suddenly ceased, and the smoke clearing off, I observed figures moving on deck, and to my horror several bodies were thrown overboard! I shuddered to think what dark deeds must have been perpetrated, and felt thankful that Undine was not with me. Towards evening a boat was lowered, and, being filled with men, approached the land. It was evidently a gay party which occupied it; a strange contrast to the sounds I had heard were the merry songs they sang as they rowed to the shore. Closely watching them, as my suspicions were aroused, I saw them disembark a number of half-drunken sailors. There may have been about twenty, and, strange to say, they brought a youth with them, who, with his hands tied behind his back, had to bear the brunt of their coarse brutality and drunken levity. After dragging several kegs from the boats, which were soon opened, they gave themselves up to drinking; song succeeded song, and they evidently tried to force the youth to join in their revels; but he appeared to shrink from the men with abhorrence, and, at length, having exasperated them with his refusal to drink, they all rose in anger, and the poor fellow would certainly have been murdered before my eyes, had not one man, who seemed to have some authority over the others, stepped forward to his rescue. I saw by his gesticulations he was arguing with them; probably what he proposed was considered to their advantage, as they allowed him to lead the youth away, whom, drawing some cord from his pocket, he bound hand and foot to the stem of a tree, returning to join the revellers.

Before quitting his prisoner I heard him, so near was I, enjoin him in my own language not to try to make his escape, or he would assuredly be shot; but he counted without his host, for I had already fully determined on rescuing the lad.

I waited a while until the brutes—as great brutes I thought as the savages—should have drunk themselves into insensibility. At last the moon arose over the scene, showing me the men lying here and there in drunken unconsciousness. Deeming this a favourable moment, I was preparing to issue from my hiding-place, when a shadow thrown across the ground caused me to hesitate. It was well I did so, for the same man I have before mentioned approached with as much steadiness as his intoxicated state would permit. "Now my lad," I heard him say, "be reasonable, and do what we ask of you." "Never," replied the youth, with determination.

"Never," laughed the other; "that's a long day. And do you know the consequences of refusal, you young jackanapes? Didn't you see what a hard matter I had to keep the men from killing you just now? You don't suppose, do you, I saved your life for nothing? And I tell you what, if you don't let out where your father hid the money, I'll leave you to fate. Come now," he continued, in a coaxing tone, placing his hand on the young man's arm, "listen to reason; you needn't let the others know anything about it, and we two can share it together."

But the youth recoiled in horror from the contact. "Unhand me," he cried; "you are my father's murderer, and were I free, you should answer for his blood."

A scowl of hatred passed over the man's face. "You do well to talk of revenge—a stripling like you," he replied, and, holding up a manacing fist, "I could crush you in a moment. But come, no more foolery; I only saved you from my comrades to treat with you myself. Tell me the secret, or I lay you dead at my feet."

"Never," repeated the brave young fellow, unmoved by the threat.

With a horrible oath the murderer drew a pistol from his belt, and took aim at his defenceless victim, who raised his eyes imploringly to heaven. At that moment his would-be murderer fell at his feet, apparently dead, transfixed by an arrow from my bow. Then, to the astonishment of the youth, I issued forth, enjoining him by signs to remain silent. Drawing my knife, I cut his bonds, placed my gun in his hands, and seizing the weapons of the prostrate man, I crept silently through the forest, signing to my young companion to follow me. The moon's rays glinted between the trees and dimly lighted our way; but not a word was uttered until we reached the entrance to Cave Castle, when, descending, I bid him come with me without fear, for he was with friends and would be out of all danger. He seemed like one walking in a dream, and told me afterwards that it almost appeared to him as a kind of vision: the strangeness of my attire, the suddenness of my appearance from the gloom of the forest, the cold silvery moonlight, and, above all, our descent into the bowels of the earth, had something as unreal about them as an Arabian Night's tale. But hearing himself addressed in his own tongue brought him back to reality, and when once in the cave, he seized my hands and covered them with kisses, calling me his deliverer. Undine had placed a light in the passage-way against my return, and by its aid I could distinguish that my new visitor was

TELLING HIS STORY.

apparently seventeen or eighteeen years of age, tall and slight in form, of fair complexion, and with an expression of mingled nobleness and gentleness in his pleasing face.

I tried to hide the emotion I felt as I silently thanked God who had made me the instrument of saving this young life. Staying him as he continued to pour out his thanks, I said, smiling, "Young man, I am but the guardian of this palace. Follow me, and I will introduce you to the Queen," and so saying I led the way into the interior hall.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

HENRY'S HISTORY.

WE found Undine anxiously awaiting my return; she had prepared a supper as a welcome, and now arose eagerly at the sound of my approaching footsteps. Alarm seized her for the moment on hearing I was not alone, and at our entrance she stood hesitating, her head bent forward in a listening attitude, looking like some lovely bronzed statue. The youth may indeed have fancied a vision had again appeared, as he uttered a half-suppressed cry of admiration at the sight of this beautiful Queen of the Castle.

"Undine," I said, "I have brought you a new acquaintance; he has been in distress and danger to-night. Show him now that he is amongst friends."

Quickly the table was re-arranged for our unexpected guest, and all the best our larder offered, produced, whilst the said guest watched the graceful girl with approving eyes. After he had yielded to my persuasion to try and take some refreshment, which I could see the terrible events of the day little inclined him to do, he gave the following account:—

He was the son of the captain of the merchant vessel we had seen, and was apprenticed to his father. It appeared that property in jewellery had been consigned to their care by a personal friend to take to some relatives abroad, and Captain Davis, feeling an extra interest in the charge of this, had concealed it in a place known only to himself and son. Several of the sailors happened to be of a very lawless and riotous disposition, and the captain being a strict disciplinarian, thay had more than once shown resistance to rule. By some means or other one of these had got knowledge that there was hidden treasure on board, the value of which was doubtless much exaggerated as they talked over it, and in a drunken folly some of the more daring had determined to find the hiding-place, and on their demand for its discovery being treated with the severity it deserved, they mutinied, intimidating the better inclined, and ending the disgraceful scene as I had at a distance witnessed. Slightly sobered by the fearful effects of their violence, they had at first promised Henry they would spare his life if he would consent to accompany them to some distant colony, the chief mate being capable of taking the command; but with the proviso that an oath should be taken by all, that not one would ever reveal the dark deeds just perpetrated. This, as may be supposed, Henry emphatically refused. It was then counselled that he should be put to death at once; but a few suggested that as they had failed as yet to find the hidden valuables, they might as well try and make him confess the secret of their hiding-place first. This they also failed to do; but, determining to land and have a carouse, they brought him with them, intending to stupefy him with drink, and then worm the secret from him. This, however, was also unsuccessful, as we have seen, and the wretch who in this instance had only spared the young man's life for his own selfish purposes had met with righteous judgment.

"What they will do," said Henry Davis, as he concluded the recital of these terrible occurrences, "when on awakening they find I have disappeared, and that their comrade lies dead, I cannot imagine."

"Whatever they may do, you are safe in this impregnable cavern," I replied. "My idea is that, finding this man has been killed by an arrow, evidently manufactured by savages, they will conclude the island is inhabited by such, and that you have fallen into their hands. Possibly they may make a search for you, but when they have found this a hopeless one they will most likely take their departure. Your wisest plan is to remain here, in the meantime.

"And thus probably expose you to danger on my account," said Henry, in a deprecatory tone.

"You would scarcely fear did you know the resources of our wonderful cavern," answered I; "but it is too late for me to introduce you to all its wonders, and I am sure you need rest." And leading him to my own little bedroom, I bade him try and take repose, making myself a bed by Undine's side, who was full of curiosity concerning the new inmate of our establishment.

(*To be continued.*)

WHAT A HOUSE OUGHT TO BE TO BE HEALTHY.

By MEDICUS.

WE do not, as a rule, have the houses in which we live built specially for us. If there be any truth in the old proverb that fools build houses and wise men live in them, it is probably just as well that we do not. The fools referred to are certainly not the architects. No; these gentlemen are never fools, whatever else they may be. But I think the proverb, which is a very ancient one, must have arisen from people observing that when men advanced in years make fortunes and build houses and lay out gardens, as if certain of living for fifty years to come, they are but working for others, and seldom live long to enjoy the blessings and comforts they have promised themselves. Like the rich man in the parable, they say to themselves, "I will pull down my barns and build greater. And I will say to my soul, Thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease; eat, drink, and be merry."

We all know what followed.

It is generally the case that anything we set our heart too much upon in this world is almost certain to be taken from us.

But although elderly people should think more of "the house not made with hands" than on an earthly habitation, it is as natural for young people to wish to have homes of their own as it is for the birds to build their nests in spring-time. It may not be the good fortune of many of my readers to have houses built for them, but, for all that, there is no reason why they should not know what a house ought to be, to be healthy.

Said the poet—

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more!"

It is pretty evident that this bard, whose name, by the way, was Cowper, thought he could live happily enough without ever getting a glance at a morning paper. This longing, however, for boundless contiguity of shade shows he had not studied the laws of hygiene with much profit; for light is as essential to a healthful existence as pure air or fresh water. Very likely Cowper, had he found a lodge or lodgings in some vast wilderness, would have soon tired of it, and three months might have found him back again in his city club reading the *Times*.

But now we want to find or build a healthy house, or rather you do, and are willing to have my advice about the choosing or building of it. The first thing to be thought about, then, is its site or situation. We will not go so far into the country as Cowper wished to. We live in an age of civilisation, and though we rail at the city, the city's din, the city's smoke and vanity, we like to run into it once in a way at all events, and so we do not care to bury ourselves alive miles and miles from a station.

The more healthy the actual site on which the house is built and the neighbourhood around it are the greater will be the chance of those who dwell therein, not only of living long, but of enjoying freedom from sicknesses while they do live.

Well, your house should be built, if possible, on somewhat elevated ground; and if it be shaded, or rather protected, from north and east winds by a hill or tall trees, so much the better. The soil should be a porous one. This stands to reason; because, if it be clay, for instance, instead of gravel or sandstone, the surface-water cannot get away, vegetable matters, &c., rot and decay, and give off obnoxious vapours that poison the atmosphere and may even breed fevers.

A healthy house should be well removed from low-lying, marshy ground, canals, or even from the banks of streams whose sluggish flow shows them to be not over-wholesome.

If the house is to be in the city itself, a good elevation is still to be chosen, and it ought to be built in an open situation and in the neighbourhood of trees; but care should be taken that the site has not been made up of old rubbish—as the ground on which so many town houses stand so often is. Such a foundation will throw up unwholesome gases for years and years to come.

When a person builds a house, it seems pretty evident that he means to make it his home for some time to come. Well, he may be fortunate enough to get the most healthy and salubrious site possible, the country all round may be charming, and the air bracing and every breeze laden with the balm of health; but, for all that, it may not be altogether a desirable place of abode. It may be perfect as regards everything necessary for the

body's health, but not for that of the mind. It may be far too reclusive—I say *may be*, for there are some people who seem to be born hermits; but, generally speaking, man is a gregarious animal, and genial neighbours, human beings within reach, with whom one may exchange ideas, and in whose company one may often while away an otherwise irksome hour, are part and parcel of a healthful existence. So there is a deal to be said in favour of a city life in a healthy house.

"And Charles Lamb, the wise and witty,
Gentle lover of the city,
Sensibly he spoke,
When he dealt his pungent pity
To us poor country folk."

But, on the other hand, we must not

". . . Rail at country pleasure,
For there is unmixed treasure
In its quiet calm;
In its garden-loving leisure,
Gilead's very balm!
In its duties, peace-bestowing,
In its beauties overflowing;
Rides and rambles, sports and farming,
Home, the heart for ever warming,
Books and friends and ease;
Life must, after all, be charming,
Full of joys like these."

And now, if at this moment the mantle of poesy were suddenly to fall upon me, or were I on Parnassus hill, I would pen an ode in praise of railway trains—unromantic though the subject may seem; for, with all their din and dust and danger, shriek of engine, and gride of wheel, do they not enable us to combine the pleasures of a town life with the ease and quiet and comfort of existence in the country? And for this very reason I recommend would-be house-builders to live in the country, but within a measurable distance of the highway to some city of note, for rest and change are almost synonymous terms—the dweller in the still country finds it amid the sights and sounds of a busy town, the sojourner in cities can only obtain it down in the cool, green country or by the sad sea waves.

But, now we have chosen our site, let the house itself arise. Some have a craze for houses all in one floor, with neither upstairs nor down. This may do very well if the building is situated on the slope of a hill; but if it be on the level ground, it is better it should have two stories, and even attics, or one elevated room above all, in case of sickness. The house should be built on arches, these arches to be the cellars; * there would thus be steps up to the front, or hall doors. The stairs to the upper rooms should be in a tower outside and not in the house. This is a much nicer and healthier plan, and the roof ought to be flat or nearly so, and surrounded with a bulwark. What a delicious retreat such a roof makes on a quiet summer day or evening. Here an awning or arch tent may be placed, a hammock swung, creepers may be trained over the parapets, and the whole roof indeed may easily be converted into a beautiful aerial garden; while, if the topmost branches of some lordly tree, such as the lime, or plane, or oak, be close adjoining, you cannot help feeling the romance of such a retreat. You are in leaf-land, bee-land, bird-land, any land you like to call it, but quite away from all things earthly.

About the actual construction of the house I shall say but little; it must be built of the very best materials, whether these be wood, or stone, or brick, or all combined. I should be glad to discuss this part of the subject fully if I were not afraid of wearying my girl readers. The house, however, should be as pleasant to look at outside as in. It need not be showy by any means, but it may be refined-looking and home-like, and surrounded with pretty flower gardens and lawns, a house that makes you feel contented and happy even to gaze upon from the gate before you enter. The rooms should be large and lofty, and with plenty of big windows, not mere prison holes; they ought to descend low and rise to within a few inches of the ceiling. They should open wide, and my opinion is that they should open French fashion—casement windows. For sake of warmth and ventilation all rooms should be furnished with a fire-place.

The glass in the window should be of the first water, without either hue of green or distorting streaks and blotches. Blinds and curtains may be arranged according to taste, only we should not forget, as too many people do, that windows are looked at from the outside as well as from the inside of the house. They ought, therefore, to have as cheerful an appearance about them as possible; for, depend upon it, a gloomy house cannot be a healthy one.

I would have the furniture and furnishings of this healthy home as tasteful as good taste could make them, and I would be most careful about the kind of wall paper I put up, and of the things I hung thereon.

I have said nothing about drainage. Country houses do not need much; they should be built far from cesspools, and be supplied with plenty of good "hard and soft water," as it is called. Great care should be taken that the drinking water be not poisoned, either from leakage through the ground from cesspools, or, as is more often the case, from surface water finding its way down into them.

Country folks who live in detached houses have, at all events, one advantage over the dwellers in cities; they do not run the risk of being poisoned by the emanations from their neighbours' drains, but even they cannot be too careful about the removal of all waste water from their dwellings. Servants are not always very particular, but they ought to be made to empty the slop-pail into its proper receptacle, and to be most particular about the cleanliness of the kitchen or scullery sink. There is a pipe to take the water away from this into a drain, and however well the entrance end of this pipe may be protected against any back draught of foul air, it will itself become clogged and filthy, and it therefore requires special care. As little greasy water as possible should be poured down it, and once a week it ought to be treated to a bucketful of boiling water, in which a little sulphate of iron has been dissolved, or a teaspoonful of the permanganate of potash.

Not only purity of air but as equable warmth as possible should be secured all the year round. No room, however, should be kept too hot. By staying for a time in a warm room and then going suddenly into either the open air or a cold dressing-room one is very likely to get a chill, which may result in something very serious.

The temperature of the living rooms has much to do with the health of the inmates. It should be moderate, certainly at no time not over 70 deg. Fahr. But drawing-rooms and even dining-rooms in this country, especially in winter, are often kept so stuffy and hot that we can only look upon them as civilised editions of the black hole of Calcutta. Those double windows are often dangerous contrivances. I really believe they do more harm sometimes than good. They give the notion to young people that the pure air of heaven that circulates everywhere out of doors, and vivifies and rejoices every beast of the field and herb of the ground, is something dangerous to life indoors, something we should barricade ourselves against, and look upon as one of our greatest enemies. There should be no double windows in any house that I built to live in. If they were put there unknown to me, I would soon make work for the glazier.

The bedrooms in a house should be kept warmer than the ordinary day rooms, warm but thoroughly well-ventilated, because one needs more heat when at rest, and especially when asleep. When a person is moving about, there is little or no danger of catching cold; but if he or she sits down, especially if in a draught, the shoulder ought to be immediately wrapped up, as well as the neck.

A room cannot be healthy that is heated with a petroleum stove, and to carry such a thing into a bedroom, as is sometimes done, and allow it to burn all night, is really to endanger life itself.

Pipes are sometimes brought through rooms for the purpose of heating them, and other times slow combustion stoves are used. Now I do not object to either plan if means are taken to secure proper ventilation on the one hand and proper hydration on the other. By hydration I mean a rendering of the air in the apartment moist or healthfully humid. This is too often forgotten. A dry heat is most obnoxious and even dangerous, therefore an utensil with water should be kept constantly on the top of a stove. Again, an iron stove, especially if it becomes too hot, gives off most deleterious vapours or fumes, and this should be borne in mind by those who make use of them.

There is another thing which people who dwell in towns and make much use of gas should not forget: the burning of it vitiates the atmosphere, and wherever gas is used for cooking, there should be means of escape, a kind of chimney in fact, for the products of combustion.

A word about the water tank. It should be periodically seen to, and cleaned out, and at all times a wire screen of some kind should be kept over it to prevent mice or spiders, beetles, &c., from falling into it and defiling the water.

Food should be kept in open places where plenty of free air circulates, and where there is not the slightest chance of its being contaminated by obnoxious gases or vapours. Hence the necessity of having a well-aired, well protected pantry in every house where health is the paramount object to be desired.

No house can be healthy that is not kept perfectly clear and free from dust, for often the germs of disease float about, ay, and ripen and grow in dust. The dusting of the room ought to be supervised by the mistress of the establishment herself, for servants are too often careless in the matter; perhaps they commence operations too soon after sweeping up, before the dust has settled, or they merely whisk the dust about, driving it off one place and giving it a chance of settling on another.

All articles of furniture, especially the cushions of chairs and sofas, should be taken out and dusted regularly. Mats ought to have special attention, and carpets cleaned more often than they generally are. Therefore a carpet that is not nailed down, and probably covers only a part of the floor, is best and healthiest. The floors themselves should be frequently washed, but allowed to get thoroughly dry before the carpet is replaced. A really good carpet is the cheapest article in the house. That may seem a paradox, but it is truth nevertheless.

Just one word in conclusion: no house or home will be a healthy that is not a happy one. I need not remind my readers how much, how very much the female portion of the family have to do with the happiness of the male; and when they have done all they can to make the house bright and cheerful and homelike, all their labour will be lost unless that brightness and cheerfulness are reflected in their own faces.

* Dr. B. W. Richardson's idea, not my own.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

EDUFF.—We see no reason why you should not undertake any correspondence classes, and you will find several named in our columns, but do not select any that promise to be too laborious, in your circumstances. No, do not wash the soap off until after you have used the towel.

LILLIE LOTT.—The Cambridge Senior Local Examination is for girls under eighteen; the Cambridge Higher for women over eighteen.

PRIMROSE.—Certificates are always valuable, as being reliable gauges of the knowledge of the teacher who possesses them.

A GIRL OF B. G. G. S.—Many thanks for the suggestion, which, however, would not be at all suitable to our work. You will find an article on "How to Improve the Education" at page 794, vol. ii., which may be of use to you. There is a vast amount of reading in English literature and poetry, which every girl should do, which should leave small leisure for "rubbish" of any kind.

D. B. A.—The only hospital that we think would suit you, under the circumstances, is St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, London, W. Write to the lady superintendent, and state your case to her. There is an excellent children's hospital at Manchester, at Pendlebury, which you might visit and inquire about.

FLORA MACDONALD.—Somerville's "Physical Geography" is one of the Cambridge class-books. We do not supply our correspondents with characters divined from their writing. 2. The late Lord Mayo, assassinated in the Andaman Islands in 1872, was an earl, the sixth of his line, and a representative peer of the United Kingdom. You will find all particulars respecting his family in any comparatively recent edition of the "Peerage."

WORK.

A SUBSCRIBER writes as follows: "Will you send me a rich tricot-stitch for a lounger blanket? The "fly-stitch" in vol. ii., No. 60, is not up to the mark; I have seen handsomer." What? We regret to observe that her writing is far from "up to the mark!" The "fly" pattern, to which she refers, was subsequently more fully explained at page 608, in the same volume. She will find the "Double Roseleaf Insertion" described and illustrated at page 597, vol. iii., very handsome for a sofa rug; and should this fail to give her satisfaction, she is supplied with a choice between three other patterns, viz., the cable and open stripe, the step pattern, and the chevron pattern. In course of time we may give other varieties.

PASSION FLOWER. — Refer to vol. i., and read the articles entitled "Crochet for Little Workers," at pages 442, 506, and 596. In vol. iii. you will find some very good patterns (pages 476 and 477).

EDITH recommends the employment of Chinese white, moistened with a little water, for restoring white kid shoes to their original whiteness after use. It should be applied rather thickly. Her hand is good.

'Ανδρομαχη.—An allowance of £25 per annum would, with economy, be quite sufficient. Of course, if you were obliged to go much into society, visiting at wealthy houses where much company is received, and handsome silk dresses are to be provided, the allowance we have suggested would be insufficient. But all depends on how your parents wish you to be dressed. You might tell your father that you will do your utmost with the amount named, and that if he wish you to have a handsomer dress for best, at any time, than your allowance has been able to provide, he may give it to you as a present. Try to join your letters in each word, and slope them. Your writing has an uncouth appearance at present.

A FRIEND OF SAILORS informs us that Miss Weston, of Portsmouth, "the sailors' friend," is very thankful to receive contributions of woollen knitted cuffs for coastguards, sailors, and fishermen, who accept them gratefully; and she begs us to suggest to our little girl readers that they will perform a very charitable deed in making and sending some to be distributed by the good lady above named.

COOKERY.

MAUD.—We are obliged to you for the following recipes. No. I. Potted Eggs.—Boil six eggs hard, remove the shells, and rub them through a hair sieve with one ounce of butter. Mix with them two dessert-spoonfuls of anchovy sauce, pepper, and mace; place in dishes, and pour melted butter or lard over the top. No. II. Method of Treating Cold Christmas Pudding.—Butter a mould, and well line it with fine bread crumbs; break up some cold plum pudding, and put in a layer of it, and then one of bread crumbs alternately, until the mould be full. Make a good custard, and pour it over the whole. Steam it, and serve with wine sauce, or without, as preferred. In reference to the damp walls of which you complain, a coat of boiling oil on paint is said to be good for keeping out damp. But when nothing else answers, the whole of the present coat of plaster should be removed and a first coat of Portland cement given, mixed with sand. Finish with a coat of plaster.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GRATEFUL READER.—1. We sympathise with you in the loss you have experienced. You may have a visiting card, but your sister is in the school-room (or ought to be so) and too young to have her name on a card. When old enough you should have "The Misses ——" engraved on one card, or "Miss Mary ——," and "Miss Jane ——," underneath the first name. 2. Be in bed by eleven o'clock at latest, and be called at half-past seven or seven o'clock. The verses are very good. We thank you for them.

SIXTEEN.—The "h" is not sounded. We have recently given a list of words in which the letter "h" occurs, and rules about them, in reference to the sounding or otherwise of that letter.

PYRAMIDE.—1. Write only on one side of a sheet of manuscript-paper—printers never turn it round—and break up the matter written into paragraphs. 2. "Cæsar's Commentaries" would be the best classical Latin work for a beginner to read. We think you write English very creditably for a foreigner, who has not had much practice in it, and we feel obliged to you for your kind letter.

CRESCENTIA.—Accept our thanks for so kindly offering us a serial story, but we regret to say that we are much over-stocked with them at present.

BEETLE.—Sycamore is the softest wood for carving; the best knotted walnut is very good; but like oak, is very hard. If the light colour be no objection, box-wood is the finest of all for the purpose of decorative carving, in relief, the grain being so close and even. Your writing is too large and upright. It should be reduced to half the size, and sloped the right way.

AN INVALID.—You write a pretty hand. Your verses are incorrect in their construction, but the sentiments are very good.

T. T. T. seems to be a very good and grateful little body, and gifted, moreover, with scientific powers far beyond any with which we are acquainted, judging from what she says about the sunbeam—

> "Onward through this life we pass,
> With feelings of a better class;
> No more for life we say, alas!
> Proud for the boon upon us cast,
> At last *we grip the sunbeam fast*,
> Possessing gems of heavy frought,
> Enchanting is this argosy of thought," &c.

ROSALIE H.—Perhaps your sister's digestion is out of order. You should obtain a doctor's opinion on her state of health, as spots in the face are indications of a state of body which should be inquired into, and properly treated. Young people often suffer in this way, when there is not much amiss, but sometimes poverty of blood is the cause. Change of air is always beneficial to the general health.

A NURSE-MAID is thanked for her polite and well-expressed letter. She should write to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for any of the back numbers required, and the cover and index of each volume, or the numbers could be sent to him for binding.

HIGHLAND LASSIE.—For removing ironmould from cotton or linen, see our answer to "Dorothy," page 127, vol. i. The cloth should be laid wet on a hot-water plate—the water boiling—and a drop of essential oil of lemons put upon it. When dry, wet it again, and drop the oil as before, keeping the water in the plate at boiling heat. When the stain has faded out, wash the linen well, to get rid of the acid and its injurious effects.

IOLANTHE.—The system of "equilateral dressmaking," about which you lately inquired, has been explained to us by the inventor, and has been favourably noticed by the press. We are assured it is very successful as applied to dressmaking, and is easily learnt. It might suit you to learn it, should you reside in the neighbourhood.

BLUE RIBBON.—Pronounce as "sow," a pig; not as the verb "to sow" seed. We regret the disappointment occasioning a "nine-days' wonder." We were not aware of it till now.

MAY GOWING.—

> "Life is a jest, and all things show it;
> I thought so once, but now I know it,"

is the correct rendering of the quotation from the poet Gay ("My Own Epitaph"). We regret to say that it was engraved on a tablet in Westminster Abbey.

SERJEANT BLACKBELT.—Your brother's signature will be sufficient, under the circumstances.

TONY BROWN. — "Melissa" is the name of the prophetess in "Orlando Furioso," by Ariosto. It is not a Scripture name.

MASCULINE CURIOSITY.—Your quotation is from Sir Walter Scott's "Lord of the Isles." The song begins,

> "Merrily, merrily goes the bark."

AN IGNORANT ONE.—The "Muggletonians" are so called from Ludowic] Muggleton, a tailor, born about the year 1641, and died 1697. He and John Reeve affirmed that God the Father, leaving the government of heaven to Elias, came down and suffered death in human form. They also asserted that they were the two witnesses of God. See Rev. xi. 3.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.—From Sir Walter Scott. See the "Lady of the Lake."

N. H.—Wallace was defeated at the battle of Falkirk, July 22, 1298, by Edward I. He was a Roman Catholic.

ORANGE BLOSSOM.—The wife of Perkin Warbeck was a near kinswoman of James IV. of Scotland, and was the daughter of Lord Huntley. Gordon was the surname of the Huntley family then, as now.

A SORROWFUL ONE.—There are two places called Lismore in Australia, one in Victoria, and one in New South Wales. We do not know which you mean, but we shall be glad to give you further information if you will write again.

JANE SHORE.—1. The word "Æsthetic" should be pronounced with the stress on second syllable. 2. Cramp is generally produced by acidity in the system, and may be removed by a dose of magnesia, soda, or bi-carbonate of potash, and the avoidance of food producing it. In your case the muscles are over-fatigued, without doubt, and this fact may point to the cure: more rest. We are glad you like THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER so much.

"EDITH WYNNE."—Confide your trouble to your father or to an elder brother, and let them be on the watch for the man that speaks to you against your desire. He should hear from them that he must desist so doing. Any respectable friend of your family might be glad to do as much for your future protection. When, by chance, you meet this man, look another way, and do not answer him. Some of your friends are likely to know who the man is, and to make him understand that they disapprove of his conduct.

AGNES H.—We quite understand why you are in so much spiritual trouble. You are depending too much on your feelings and frames of mind, and looking more to these than to your Saviour. Doubtless these "feelings" may be as faulty, and as unreliable too, as any of your words and deeds, and culpable omissions in the path of duty. Grant all that, and then pray for grace to amend all, and doing your utmost to please God in daily word and deed, trust only to Him for your salvation. "Having done all, say we are unprofitable servants, we have only done that which was our duty to do." When you remember that you owe existence, health, food, and clothing, home and friends, intellect and education, and the offer of everlasting bliss hereafter to God, and that day after day, and year after year, your blessings are renewed, and when you weigh against all these, your love and gratitude to your most forbearing Benefactor, the poor efforts you make to please Him, the wretched few minutes at a time which you devote to prayer and praise, or to do service to Him in the person of "one of the least of these, my brethren"—when you weigh against these your struggles to subdue evil tempers, covetous desires, evil-speaking of others, waste of time and energies, &c., and the giving so very much more of your heart to the creature than to the Creator and Redeemer—then you will see and "feel your own sinfulness." It is your duty to "Confess Him before men." Do so, imploring His grace to make you faithful.

TAN.—The famous "Letters of Junius" were on political subjects, and they appeared in *The Public Advertiser* at intervals of time between the years 1769 and 1772. There were in all 44 of them, exclusive of 15 signed "Philo-Junius," 113 written under a variety of signatures, and 72 privately addressed to the publisher of the paper, Woodfall, as well as to Wilkes. An agitation was designedly kept up by the unknown author, the ministry being fiercely attacked, and with great power. The writer declared that the secret of his identity should "die with him," and it did, in spite of the efforts made on all side to unravel the mystery. Upwards of thirty persons were credited with the authorship of these remarkable letters, amongst others, Philip, then Earl of Chesterfield, Pitt, Edmund Burke, the Earl of Chatham, the Duke of Portland, Lord Lyttelton, Sir Philip Francis, John Wilkes, Horne Tooke, and Sergeant Adair. You write a nice hand, but should put more words into a line, and shorten the dashes made at the end of terminal letters.

TWO MINCE PIES.—The quotation you give is not from any well-known or distinguished author, and gives but a very meagre list of a woman's vocation and great responsibilities in life. For what purpose were her "talents" of intellect, and education, money and time given her, and her conscience also? Were they to be "laid by in a napkin"? See Prov. xxxi. 19; Phil. iv. 3; Acts ix. 39, etc.

JOAN.—Apply the raw white of eggs to the leather, and perhaps this may improve the look of the chairs. If too far injured, you should then send them to an upholsterer's to be more effectually restored, or else re-covered. You write very well.

ANNIE F.—You should first bevel off the edges of the torn indiarubber with a sharp rough-edged knife and water. Scrape the bevelled parts rough with the knife, and when quite dry, give them a coat of india-rubber solution, viz., one ounce of the rubber not vulcanized, to five ounces of turpentine. When the first coat is dry, give a second to the two parts separately, and when the second coat is dry, place the two sides to be joined together.

MOTHER'S LASSIE.—If your hair be black and rough, and you cannot by ordinary brushing make it look bright and smooth, you should employ one of those preparations called "Brilliantine," or a little "Vaseline," which will serve to make it smooth and glossy. We thank your brothers for their kind message; we are glad that we have their approval, as well as your own, of our magazine, and we "all" accept your kind commendations and thanks very gratefully. Your hand would be exceptionally good if not sloped backwards.

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A LONG LANE WITH A TURNING.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XI.

"SO TENDER WAS HER VOICE, SO FAIR HER FACE.

ON a bleak January afternoon Bertha Varner stood at a tall narrow window, looking out disconsolately into Gloucester Place. You might have guessed her mood at a glance; her shoulders were shrugged up to her ears, her eyebrows were raised, and the corners of her mouth drooped dolefully. At ordinary times she was a good-looking, buxom girl, but to-day all claims to beauty had vanished.

"I am so miserable, Cassie," she whimpered, at last; "I want to go home. This house is like a prison, and the streets are so much alike that it would take years to tell one from another. Oh, how I wish that all the opposite doors and windows didn't match so exactly! And then one can hardly see a bit of sky, and what one does see isn't the proper sky-colour."

Uncle Jacob had gone out. Cassie had possessed herself of his armchair, and was sitting with her feet on the fender, and a huge screen betwixt her and the door. She was resting her head against the chair-back, and drumming softly with her fingers upon the arms. As poor Bertha made her little moan those quick dark eyes gave her a shrewd glance.

"You have only been here two days, my dear child," she answered, in her most silvery tone.

"Oh, I know that! But it seems as if I'd been away two months. You can't think how I miss them all, Cassie. I

All rights reserved.] "'CHILD, YOU FRIGHTEN ME,' HE SAID, TREMBLING."

should even be glad if Bobby came and bawled into my ear, as he does sometimes. I'm made to live amongst a lot of people—not to be in a great empty house like this!"

"Patience," said Cassie, sweetly. "In a month's time you will get back to bawling Bobby, and the other delights."

"A month! Oh, Cassie, you can't surely mean that we are to stay so long as that!"

"Uncle Jacob wants us to remain six weeks," replied Cassie, in her calm way. "I don't see that we can give him less than four."

Bertha turned away from the window, and, sitting down on the nearest chair, began to cry.

The door opened while she was still weeping, and Uncle Jacob paused on the threshold to listen to her sobs.

"Hey-day! young ladies," he said, with evident displeasure. "Two women can never be left alone without quarrelling."

"Indeed, dear Uncle Jacob, we were not quarrelling," said Cassie. "Poor Bertha is not quite herself to-day. She is afraid that London doesn't agree with her."

The old man gave a contemptuous snort that frightened Bertha's tears away. Then the housekeeper entered, and lit up a single gas-burner before she brought the tea-tray.

"Let us be cosy," said Cassie, cheerfully.

She wheeled the armchair closer to the fire, and sat down beside it to the small round table to pour out tea. Uncle Jacob took his seat, and looked keenly from one girl to the other. Cassie still wore the perennial serge, but it was put on as carefully as if it had been a silk of the richest texture. A little bow of scarlet ribbon fastened her linen collar; not a hair of her dark braids seemed out of place. Poor Bertha's gown, of precisely the same stuff, hung in tumbled folds; her light hair was tangled, and her cheeks and eyes were inflamed with crying. Uncle Jacob regarded the untidy dress and distressed face as affronts to himself. Cassie certainly gained by the contrast.

Bertha almost wished that Cassie would leave her alone, and not be so fussily kind. Her attentions only drew Uncle Jacob's notice to the poor girl's low spirits. Before the meal was ended Bertha was suffering from a violent nervous headache.

"You must go to bed early, dear," said Cassie, soothingly. "Uncle Jacob will excuse you, I am sure."

She attended Bertha to her room, and did not come downstairs again until she had seen her settled for the night.

Uncle Jacob had already lost all patience with his unfortunate niece. She deprived him of Cassie's society, and got more than her share of attention. He wished she would pack up her belongings and go home, leaving Cassie behind her.

"You are a slave to that girl," he said, angrily, as Miss Decke came softly back to her place by his side.

"They have a right to make use of me," answered the silver voice, plaintively. "And, indeed, I try to do my best for them all."

"Poor child," he said, patting her shoulder with his shrunken hand.

She looked up at him with a quick glance of gratitude, and thought that his face seemed more pinched and wizened than ever. It was so, in fact. Jacob Varner had never been a hale man, and he had led a hard, grasping life, denying himself many of those little comforts that his condition required. And now that he had well-nigh reached old age, he found his strength giving way while many men of his years were still hearty and strong.

"Shall I sing to you?" she asked, gently. "Bertha won't hear me in her room upstairs. Will you have your favourite song?"

And "Long, Long Ago," resounded through the gloomy London room as it had echoed through the little lodging-house by the sea. It was very sweet; the old man listened, and watched the singer with earnest eyes.

"Cassie," he said, when the song ended, "let that sulky minx go back to her own people, and do you stay with me."

Her pale, dark face flushed and brightened. She put out her hand and took his wrinkled fingers into hers.

"She wants to return," she answered, thoughtfully. "Leave it all to me, dear Uncle Jacob. We must not offend anybody."

That night, when Cassie went upstairs, she found Bertha in a deep slumber. It was a cheerless chamber, she thought, as she moved softly about, not a single attempt at decoration had been made, there were no bed-hangings, and the window curtain was of faded drab moreen. She drew aside the blind and looked out upon the long London street, starred with lamps, and murky with the mists of night. She watched a wretched figure of a woman leaning against a lamp-post until a policeman came up and told her to move on. And then for a few moments her thoughts roamed away from herself and her schemes, and followed that forlorn creature into the darkness.

Did it occur to her that she too might have been a houseless wanderer, but for those kind hearts that had sheltered her from childhood to womanhood? If her good angel whispered such a thought as this, it was quickly chased away from her mind. Young as she was, Cassie had already learnt to disregard any suggestion of self-reproach. She turned from the window, and lay down by Bertha's side; and her brain was again busy with the plans that were now developing fast.

Morning came, but although Bertha woke with the full intention of making herself agreeable, the power was wanting. She was really far from well. A feverish cold, aggravated by nervousness and discomfort, had laid its hold upon her; it was evident to Cassie that there would soon be a reasonable excuse for sending her back to Yare.

"Would you like to go home, dear Bertha?" she asked, as she stood by the poor girl's bedside, with a breakfast cup in her hand. Bertha had taken nothing but a little tea.

"Oh, yes, Cassie. Do—*do* send them a telegram to say I'm coming. Let me go to-day; it would be terrible to be ill here!"

"I don't think you are going to be very ill," said Cassie, in a soothing tone. "But I'm afraid you will frighten yourself if you stay," she added, thoughtfully. "I will do as you wish, Bertha, provided that you will travel alone."

"You will come, Cassie?"

"My dear child, Uncle Jacob is already seriously offended. If we both leave him, we shall make matters worse. And I must own he has some ground for saying that you evidently find his company intolerable."

"Oh, what a stupid, blundering creature I am!" wailed poor Bertha, penitently. "Do you think I have done dreadful mischief?"

"None that I cannot undo, if I remain, and persuade Uncle Jacob that the Varner family don't hate him as much as he seems to imagine. You really won't find your journey very frightful, dear Bertha, if you make up your mind to be brave."

"I see you are right; I will go alone," said Bertha, more calmly. And then Cassie kissed her and went away to make arrangements.

The stars in their courses seemed to fight for Cassie Decke and her schemes. She consulted Bradshaw, and despatched the telegram in a business-like way which confirmed Uncle Jacob in his good opinion of her. Then she sat down and wrote a pretty little note to Mrs. Varner, begging her not to be vexed with Bertha for her attack of home sickness. The poor girl, she added, was really not well, and to keep her in London would probably bring on an illness. She touched upon Uncle Jacob's displeasure, and assured the Varners that she would do all in her power to win him back to good humour.

At midday the two girls rattled through the streets in a cab on their way to London Bridge. Cassie took the railway ticket, and placed Bertha in a carriage under the care of a motherly lady who was going nearly all the way to Yare.

"Good-bye, dear," said Bertha, putting her face out of the window for a last kiss. "I shall tell them all how good you have been to me. I wish I were more like you, Cassie—always kind, and unselfish. We shall be so glad to get you back again."

The signal sounded; the train moved on; Bertha caught a final glimpse of Cassie standing straight and tall upon the platform, in her dark serge gown, and plain hat, waving her hand in token of farewell.

Uncle Jacob sat in his fireside chair, warming his hands before the blaze, and anxiously awaiting Cassie's return. He almost feared that Bertha would turn coward at the last moment, and insist upon having her as a travelling companion. He smiled when the door opened, and Miss Decke entered and stood by his side.

"Here I am, dear Uncle Jacob," she said, "ready to be your most devoted slave."

And from that day, Cassie became to the old man as a daughter, ministering to his wants, soothing him with her sweet voice, sitting with him for hours. He seldom went out of doors in these days, but crouched over the fire, looking so strangely pinched and white that Cassie knew that his time was short. She must accomplish her purpose speedily, if it was to be accomplished at all.

Did she ever venture to remind him of another life, which lay beyond the poor, sordid existence that was fast drawing to a close? It is doubtful if in those days Cassie ever realised the fact of immortality herself. She had been brought up in a household where religion was a real thing; and yet in all her undertakings God was never thought of. He might be her Father; but He was no nearer to her than that other father who had died in India, and was little more than a vague tradition to his child.

Oh, if she had but known the mischief wealth can bring and the value of honest work, and had she only experienced the wonders of the grace of God, how it illumines our whole being with heavenly love!

But so passionately was her heart set upon her wicked scheme that sleepless nights succeeded the wear and tear of each day. She used to lie awake in that gloomy chamber of hers, listening for any unusual sound, fearing lest Uncle Jacob should pass away before her purpose was achieved. Sometimes she even rose and went to the door of her room and opened it, regardless of the chill air that would come rushing up the staircase; and then, satisfied that the house was quiet, she would steal back, shivering, to bed, and court slumber in vain.

In the day she allowed herself no rest lest she should lose an atom of her power. She grew thin with anxiety; her dark eyes looked hollow, eyebrows and lashes were inky-black against the pallor of her cheeks. Uncle Jacob began to notice her altered looks with concern.

"Cassie, child, you are not well," he said, one evening, an evening which she remembered to the last day of her life.

She had been singing to him, as usual, song after song. He had listened, leaning back in his chair, and scarcely removing his gaze from her face. He knew in his heart that his life was fast wearing out, but he had never hinted at this conviction to Cassie Decke. Might not such a hint scare the girl away from his side? And he wanted to keep Cassie with him to the very end.

"Child," he said again, "what ails you? You have been here just three weeks, and you were far brighter when you came. Are you not happy?"

She rose suddenly; and then, as if obeying an over-mastering impulse, threw herself on her knees before him.

"Uncle Jacob," she answered, in a low, clear voice, "Uncle Jacob, how can I be happy? A miserable dependent—think of it! A creature subject to the lightest whim of those who support me—liable to be thrown penniless upon the world at any moment—so unused to kindness that yours is more than I can bear! Look at me, see how fragile I am! Am I fit to fight with poverty, and struggle to keep body and soul together? Unless you take pity upon me I'd rather die than go on living; yes, *die*, Uncle Jacob!"

"Child, you frighten me," he said, trembling. "Believe me, I want you to be happy! I don't know how fathers feel, but I think I couldn't care more for you if you were my own daughter."

"Ah! would that I were!" she cried, lifting her pale, passionate face to his. "Then I should know that you would not leave me destitute, as I am now; then I should feel assured that when you were called away from earth (and I pray that such a time may be far off!) you would not leave me to the mercy of the world. You would leave me in peace and comfort, Uncle Jacob—you would give me the wealth you toiled so hard to win."

"Child, what are you saying?" he murmured, shaking from head to foot. "Do you want it all? Don't ask for too much, Cassie; I am such a weak old man."

It was probably the first time in his life that Jacob Varner had ever made a confession of weakness. It was wrung from him now by the influence of the strongest feeling he had ever known.

"You would have given it all to me if I had been really your child," she said, pleadingly.

"It would be so unjust, Cassie. I've always said it should be theirs."

"But you do not love them. Have they ever shown you any attention or affection? Are they not counting upon your death as the very best thing that can happen for them? Don't they expect to inherit all your money without having ever made a single effort to win your love?"

"It is true," he muttered, and an angry flush crossed his wan face.

"When you went to Shingle Point, didn't they send me to be your companion? It was an irksome task to minister to Uncle Jacob, a burden which they gladly transferred to the shoulders of their poor drudge. Ah, it was the kindest thing they ever did; it became a labour of love indeed!"

"Ah, Cassie, it is all true," he said again. "And my money is my own."

"All your own, Uncle Jacob. You have often told me how hard you worked for it. Don't let it all go to those who do not care for you."

There was a pause. How loudly the roar of London sounded in that silence! The rattle of wheels, the endless turmoil of human life, went on around the two who faced each other that night by the fireside. In London every hour has its tragedies and comedies, every moment is burdened with the fate of a soul. Cassie could hear the beating of her own heart as she waited for Uncle Jacob to speak again; and she remembered vaguely that thousands were waiting also—waiting with the same heart-throbs, the same sickening alternations of hope and fear.

"Cassie," he said at last, "if I make you my heiress, you must never leave me."

"Never," she answered, with a sigh of relief that was almost like a sob.

"I am old and weak, child," he repeated. "I have not long to stay with you, Cassie."

Her tears came readily enough. It was easy to weep when every nerve was so highly strung.

"Don't say so," she entreated. "Think how lonely I should be without you now. And if, indeed, you are soon to leave me, the gain will be the Varners'—only the loss will be mine."

"That must not be," he answered, thoughtfully. "What is to be done shall be done quickly."

"To-night?" she asked, eagerly.

"Ay, to-night. What time is it, child?"

"It is a quarter past eight, Uncle Jacob. I heard St. Mary's clock chime a minute ago."

"Cardew must come to-morrow," he said, speaking to himself. "Yes, Cassie, I will write a note to-night."

She brought an inkstand and blotting-book, and put them on the table before him. And as she dipped the pen into the ink and gave it to him, their fingers met. Both those hands—the young and the old—were as cold as stone, and both were trembling as if some guilty deed were about to be done.

He wrote a few words to his lawyer, bidding him come to Gloucester Place without delay on the morrow. When the note was stamped and addressed, Cassie summoned the maid, and desired her to post it at once.

If she had dared, she would have carried it to the post office herself instead of intrusting it to the servant. But Uncle Jacob had sunk back in his chair, looking so haggard and white, that the sight of his face alarmed her. It was plain that the strong excitement under which he had laboured was too much for such a feeble frame.

Without much difficulty she persuaded him to go to rest at once. The harsh, tyrannical man had become strangely docile under her influence, and there was now a touch of grateful affection in her manner which gave it a new charm.

After he was gone she sat down in his vacant chair and gazed into the fire until she could bear the solitude no longer. Then, instead of ringing the bell, she went to the head of the kitchen stairs, and called softly to the housekeeper to bring supper.

She had made a point of conciliating this woman, who had looked rather grimly on Bertha and herself when they had first arrived.

"Mrs. Stride," she said, as the housekeeper entered, "Mr. Varner seems very unwell to-night."

The person addressed liked to be called Mrs. Stride. Her master was accustomed to use her surname alone.

"Yes, miss," she answered, setting a little tray on the table. "He's been trying hard to seem like himself ever since you came, but I knew he'd break down again."

"Again?" Cassie repeated.

"He was quite ill, miss, before he went to Shingle Point," Mrs. Stride continued. "Dr. Saltash advised him to go to the seaside. I can't rightly say what was the matter with him."

"And has he been better since his return?" Cassie inquired.

"Better for a little while, miss; but at Christmas he was ill again, and kept his bed for some days."

"Do you think seriously of his state, Mrs. Stride?"

"Well, miss, I don't like the look of him," the housekeeper replied, putting up one hand to her chin and stroking it thoughtfully. "He changes more and more."

"He has altered lately," Cassie admitted.

"You're but a young creature, miss," said the woman, with a tone of real kindness in her voice, "and, if I might make so bold as to advise, I'd say go home—go back to your friends. You're over young, miss, to stay in a house where, maybe, there'll soon be sickness and death."

"Thank you, Mrs. Stride," Cassie responded, cordially; "but it would seem unfeeling to leave him while he is ailing, and I have strong nerves. Moreover, I don't think I'm expected at home at present. It isn't like a real home, you see; I am merely a dependent."

She spoke with a soft little sigh that quite melted the housekeeper's heart. Poor Bertha had not made a favourable impression on the servants. Mrs. Stride had thought within herself that if all the Varners were like that woe-begone young lady they must be a troublesome family.

"I'm only sorry, miss, that this house isn't more cheery-like," said the woman, earnestly. "It's pleasanter for us all when you're in it, and the master's taken a wonderful fancy to you; but if sickness comes you mustn't let yourself be worn out with watching and nursing, that's all."

Cassie ate her solitary supper by the waning fire, and then crept upstairs to her room, to lie awake and restless until the tardy dawn broke slowly, and the day that was to make her an heiress had fairly set in. She rose and dressed in a tremor of excitement, and was just ready to leave her chamber when the housekeeper tapped at the door.

"The master says you are to have breakfast without him, if you please, miss," she said. "He's had a bad night."

(*To be continued.*)

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A NEWSPAPER.

THE *following morning* the table was spread before Henry made his appearance. Traces of fatigue had mostly passed, but there was sadness in his eyes which testified that the thought of his lost father was uppermost in his mind. He spoke but little during breakfast, and we were loath to break the silence and intrude upon his grief. Thinking, however, it might distract him from dwelling upon his great sorrow, I told him a little of my own history, and offered to show him over my castle. Assenting to this, he was soon lost in astonishment over its dimensions and in admiration of all the wonders we had accomplished in its arrangements. I also told him how Undine had come to be my companion, a recital which seemed especially to interest him.

"OH, MAMMA, MAMMA, WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU? ARE YOU ILL?'"

We kept a good look-out from the armoury window, and saw during the day a party of the sailors evidently seeking their escaped prisoner, and had it not been for our sakes I should have been quite powerless to hinder the poor young fellow from rushing out upon them. But we left them the day to prosecute their search, intending ourselves to sally forth at night, and, if circumstances favoured, to carry out a little plot we had formed, which was the following: We wanted if possible to secure the treasure, and thinking the sailors, failing to find any inhabitant, would renew their carousals in the evening and leave the vessel unprotected as before, we determined to board her then, accomplishing our purpose whilst they were in a state of intoxication. It was rather a bold scheme; but as I never had been timorous, it was not likely I should be now I had such a brave young spirit to aid and abet me.

The day, therefore, was spent in preparing our arms. The weapon taken from the sailor was a splendid revolver which had belonged to the captain, and which, of course, was rightfully his son's property, who, besides this, put two loaded pistols in his belt, and a formidable knife, also taken from the sailor. I shouldered my double barrelled gun, and with my pistol in my belt, and a bow and arrows at my back, we sallied forth as though on murder intent; but, truth to say, I most devoutly hoped we should meet with no occasion for using any of our manifold weapons, and I shuddered to think of my yesterday's work, albeit it seemed to me justifiable.

But in the midst of our preparations the cord of my bow snapped. I regretted this much, for it was far more perfect of its kind than any I could make.

"Stay," said Henry, "I have the very

thing," and he turned out of his pocket a miscellaneous mass, amongst which was a roll of steel wire and something wrapped in an old newspaper.

I noticed it immediately, and stretching out my hand eagerly begged to look at it.

"However ancient it may be," I said, "it will seem to me something like a return to civilised life to read its pages."

Smiling, Henry unrolled the parcel and gave me the wrapper.

So whilst he adjusted the string I sat down to that journal of doings in my own land. How strange to read parliamentary speeches, leading articles, notices of public events, advertisements, etc., of that other world to which I had formerly belonged, but from which I had now been severed nearly twenty years! It was a year-old paper, but I perused it with as deep an interest as though it had been this morning's *Times*. No word escaped my eyes, and suddenly they fell upon a short paragraph, which riveted me:—

"We regret to announce the death of Lieut.-Colonel James Crusoe, which took place at his residence in May Fair, on the 6th inst. He was formerly Governor of New Connaught, and that he supported this position most honourably was abundantly testified a year since, upon the appointment of his son to the same post. Some of our readers may remember that the Colonel's only daughter was one amongst the passengers of the ill-fated vessel, the Druid, which foundered at sea with the total loss of all on board. It was soon after this melancholy event Colonel Crusoe retired from public duty. But his death will be deeply deplored by a large circle of friends, both public and private. He leaves a widow and one son, the present Governor of New Connaught."

The paper dropped from my hands. My fondly loved father dead! My dear mother still living, perhaps, nay, almost certainly, thinking with sorrow of her lost child! Oh, how much those lives seemed to tell me of the love my parents had borne me, of the misery I had so unblamably caused them! What a longing seized me to feel that dear mother's arms around me once more! Just at this moment Henry and Undine returned, the former having run to lift something he thought too heavy for the young girl, who was smiling at his notion of her helplessness. At the sight of my tears Undine sprang forward, and throwing herself on her knees by my side, cried, "Oh, mamma, mamma, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

But Henry, regarding the paper, guessed that that had caused my grief in some way.

"You have found bad news, I fear," he said, pityingly.

"Yes, sad indeed; my dear father is dead, and I now know certainly what I have often feared, that I shall never see him again on earth."

"And I have been the bearer of these evil tidings," said Henry.

"You have also brought me good news, for my mother and brother are both spoken of as living, and it may be they are still alive. My tears flow almost as much for the longing I have to go to them, as for the loss of my father," I replied.

At these words Undine looked at me, and then at Henry, with a frightened expression.

"Oh, mamma, has Henry come to take you away in that ship? Will you leave me?"

"Leave you, my darling! Never; wherever I go or stay there you shall be, so long as you wish it," I answered, drawing her to me.

"And Henry too, mamma," she said, "he is so kind, let us all stop together."

The youth flushed at these words, said in all child-like innocence, as he affirmed "that nothing should ever part us if he could help it, that he would rather stay here with us than ever go home, since he had now no near relative."

I smiled through my tears at his impetuousness, and thought I might safely prophesy of a future when the companionship of one of the trio now vowing a life-long friendship might be dispensed with, without causing irreparable heart-break to the pair left; but this passing glimpse of a possible coming time was for my eyes alone, and was quickly dispelled by the vision of my own desired future.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LETTER WRITING.

BEFORE starting that evening, I had devised a plan by which I hoped to communicate with the civilised world. I wrote two letters, one to my mother, the other to my brother; and with a portrait of the former, which I had in a locket, I enclosed them in a tin box, which had contained "bouilli," and then consigned it to my capacious bag, to be disposed of as the reader shall see. These letters were written on odd bits of paper, backs of letters, etc., Henry had in his pocket. I need scarcely say how excited I felt as I wrote them, although it was but a forlorn hope I had that they would reach the eyes I meant them for. My purpose was, if we should manage to board the vessel, to secrete it, in the hope that some one finding it might be induced to get it conveyed to the address I put upon it. I directed it thus:—

"Edmund Crusoe,
"Governor of New Connaught,
"Care of Colonial Office,
"London.

"Whoever will carry this to the above address will have £200 reward."

I had been able to ascertain the bearings of the island pretty accurately, I imagined, from Henry, and had entreated my brother to send a vessel for me, telling him that I had gold enough to defray any expense that might be incurred.

It certainly seemed rather a wild notion of mine, and I could see Henry thought so; for was it likely any of these men would venture back to England? Still, I had a feeling that I could not let the vessel leave without making some attempt to send with it tidings of my existence, knowing that most unlikely means have at times brought wished-for results. At any rate, this could do no

"THEN THE WRETCHES GAVE THEMSELVES UP TO DRINK AGAIN."

harm, and so I was resolved to venture upon it.

And now we were ready for our dangerous project. Reflecting that our firearms would be useless were we to swim to the ship, we determined to sail round to it. This also would give us the advantage of being able to fly more quickly from pursuit if attacked by the mutineers. Setting sail from Cave Castle we sped quickly on our way, favoured by the breeze, and arriving at the mouth of the Gold River, we determined to land and reconnoitre before proceeding farther. It was well we did so, for the party had not all assembled, a second boat-load being on their way. Some were expressing fear that it was not very prudent to leave their vessel so unprotected, and others laughed at these fears, saying that they had pretty well proved the place to be uninhabited.

"You forget!" cried one, who seemed more nervous than the rest. "Who shot Jim Stevens? The boy had no arrow."

"Besides, who built the huts we saw to-day?" added another.

"Well, whoever did or didn't, there must be mighty few folks to live in 'em, or they wouldn't have escaped our eyes, the whole lot of 'em. I tell you what it is," continued the man, whose voice Henry recognised as that of one of the most daring of them, "I've seen a good deal of the ways of these dark-skinned gentry in my time, and I've known parties of 'em go to some neighbouring island, just a-gathering fruits, and off again in a day or two. I bet some of 'em were here, and took fright at the noise of our guns, and skedaddled."

"But what's become of the boy?" asked the former speaker.

"Oh! the darkies have walked off with him; or p'raps he's hiding somewheres. Maybe it 'ud be better to have a look round for him in the morning. He's safer out of the way. Strange things happen, and if ever the young chap turned up, it might be rather an awkward piece of business for us—eh, lads?" and the man laughed a brutal laugh, in which the others joined. The remainder of the crew landing at that moment were informed of the subject of conversation, and all then agreed that they would divide into two parties on the following morning, so as to investigate the island more thoroughly, and in case of either being surprised by savages, it was arranged that they should fire three shots in succession as a signal for the others to come to the rescue.

Then the wretches gave themselves up to drink again, and we waited until they sunk into heavy sleep, after filling the air with their uproarious songs and coarse jests.

(To be continued.)

A DIP INTO THE EDITOR'S CORRESPONDENCE.

We hope that we are not abusing the confidence of our dear correspondents by printing for the benefit of the general reader a few of the letters recently sent to us. We know that all will be glad to read them, and to see that many are really helped by our earnest and laborious work.

Dear Mr. Editor.—This is the first time I have ventured to address you, knowing so well how overwhelmed you must be with so many girl correspondents, but, indeed, I feel as if I were writing to a dear, faithful friend, who always gives me the best of advice in the kindest possible manner. I cannot tell you what a friend you are to me through the instrumentality of your charming and elevating magazine, for I have had to grow up to womanhood with a constant longing for that deep and tender love which a good father and mother alone can bestow. Oh, that girls who are blessed with it would appreciate it more! I am sure the good seed you are sowing all over the land cannot fail to bring forth good fruit. I trust by God's blessing it may do so in my heart and life. I am of age now, and I hope you will not think me shamefully ignorant for asking you to be so kind as to explain to me the difference between a "Liberal" and a "Conservative," also to kindly tell me your opinion of my handwriting. Please forgive me for my long letter; I will try to be much more brief the next time I write.

To the Editor of The Girl's Own Paper.

Induced by the gentle courtesy and forbearance that characterise all your answers to correspondents, I, too, shall venture to ask your advice. What a grand idea The Girl's Own Paper is! I am nineteen, but still I like to think it is for me as much as a young one. I have read it all along with great interest, and your gentle, forbearing answers to many letters that, to speak as mildly as possible, have been very impolite, have surprised and pleased me. Surely your patience must be sorely tried at times. Please bear with me this time, as it is the first and probably the last time I shall address myself to you. For a long time I have had great doubts on the subject of predestination. In Romans, eighth chapter, 27-30th verses, one reads what would naturally lead her to believe in predestination, and yet, if there is a line of conduct marked out for one, she is not responsible for her own actions. I always take this standpoint, viz.: God knows everything. Suppose a man were to commit a murder. From all eternity God knew that that man was to commit the crime. The man could not help himself. He was not a free agent, and yet I cannot see how we are not free agents. Surely the God who said, "Thou shalt not kill," never intended one man to kill his fellow. Oh, how much I wish information on this subject, and how eagerly I shall look for an answer! Another thing that troubles me is this: I am a teacher, and very often get out of patience with my scholars. I have sometimes felt very angry and yet have spoken gently, but the effort has been enormous. Oh, sometimes I think it would relieve me so just to give way to it! What would you have me do? I am convinced, however, that it is not the children's fault. When I come to school bright and pleasant all seems to go on well. If, on the other hand, I come in a morbid frame of mind, the reverse is invariably the case. If my letter is worth your notice (but you have so many correspondents that I can scarcely expect an answer), would you please give me a few hints about how my handwriting may be improved? It has always been a weak point with me. I must not trespass on your kindness any longer, however, so, sincerely hoping I have not wearied you, I remain, yours faithfully,

Portia.

Hungary, Christmas, 1882.

Dear Mr. Editor,—I cannot allow this season to pass without sending a few lines of thanks to you and your staff for all the entertainment and beneficial instruction I have derived from The Girl's Own Paper. I hope you will enjoy the Christmas festivities, and that the New Year will be a very happy one to you and yours. May God bless you and your work! Your paper, from all I can gather, does a great deal of good, and may God reward you for all the trouble you take to improve the youth of England, and, I may add, of all countries as well! I cannot thank you enough for all the good I have derived from the pages of The Girl's Own Paper. I am not well off, as I have to dress so as to appear in society of the highest class, and provide myself with everything on £15 per annum; still, I would rather give up other things than my paper. I look forward with the greatest pleasure to receiving it monthly, and can hardly wait with patience until my mother and brothers have read it and can forward it to me. How kind it is of you to provide us with a Christmas and Summer number! I cannot but admire the patience you must have to answer all your numerous correspondents, and I might often have written to you before had I not nearly always found answers to my questions in the correspondence lists. I most heartily regret reading some answers which show that you receive such rude and ungrateful letters from some of your girls; but I hope their numbers are few, for the girls of England must be grateful to you for the amount of advice, instruction, and amusement which you provide for them. Dear Mr. Editor, I should be very grateful to you if you would be so kind as to express an opinion with regard to my writing and composition. I am nineteen years of age. With best Christmas and New Year's greetings, and may God bless you, believe me, dear Mr. Editor, yours very gratefully,

Liaceloga.

Melbourne, February 6th, 1883.

Dear Sir,—Having a due sense of the importance of your time, I will content myself with a few lines on the subject of The Girl's Own Paper. Perhaps the crude opinion of a young lady is not of great value, but "every little makes a muckle," as our Scotch friends say. Since I read the first volume of your periodical, I have often intended to write and thank you for the help, encouragement, and valuable information contained in it. The succeeding ones of course could but confirm my opinion, and I thank God for having raised up those who can see and remedy so many defects and errors in the domestic life and education of the girls of the present day. The sound, wholesome tone of the book goes far to counteract the evil influences of the world on its readers. What can I say but God be with you? Surely, "when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—Yours, in respect and esteem,

Sturdy.

The Manse, Yarrawonga, Victoria,
January, 1883.

Dear Mr. Editor,—While reading to-day the part of The Girl's Own Paper devoted to "Answers to Correspondents," it flashed across my mind that though letters

reach you from sultry India, snowy Scotland, and balmy Tasmania, few came from the Australian Bush. I just this moment went to look at the thermometer, which hangs on the verandah, and it registered 75 degrees Fahrenheit, and it is 9 o'clock p.m. on a dark January night. This, however, is "beautifully cool." But we do not so designate the state of the atmosphere when in the night-time we toss restlessly when the thermometer is 90 degrees, and reaches sometimes in the middle of the day (in the shade) 114 degrees. But then we have the beautiful moonlight nights, when we may row up the wonderful River Murray, in the bright silver pathway of moonlight; the water rippling by with ceaseless and musical motion; while on each bank droop bright wattles, and tall majestic gum trees cast their shadows far down into the clear water.

Many girls write to you asking for suggestions for a means of earning a little money. Of course "at home" there may be more hand-painted cards offered for sale than are demanded; but still, by perseverance something may be gained by painting Christmas or Birthday cards. I painted half a dozen and sent them to Melbourne, and I expect soon to get some small sum for them, which may at least help to keep me in some small article of dress. But as papa says, there is nothing like beginning early to be independent, for one never knows when one may be compelled to earn money for a livelihood.

On Christmas morning, instead, as in "Old England," of gathering round a roaring fire, our family assembled in a cool room, from the windows of which might be seen a verandah carefully shaded (by curtains) from the ardent rays of the morning sun, while outside the long shadows lay on the bleached grass, and the birds made music amidst the trees. On the table were piled not only eatables but huge mountains of paper parcels, which created much joy amid our excitable family. We each amid profuse thanks and laughter at last came to the end of our parcels, when someone cried, "Oh my" (not elegant, but expressive), "there's something else in the middle of the table." Eager hands tore the wrapper from the parcel, and there in all the glory of new binding and gilt letters lay our true friend (the new volume of it), THE GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL. My brother was greeted with many thanks, for we soon discovered he had brought up the volume from Melbourne for his five sisters. How I do enjoy your nice paper—it is pleasant to think that somebody ministers to the need of us girls, and is kind enough to take the trouble to manage such an extensive and (as my father remarked, while, with his artistic taste he was admiring some of your beautiful illustrations) "exceedingly well got up" magazine. I can only say that all praise is due to the kindly impulses which tend towards making the answers even to the most ignorant, and even rude, correspondents so kind and considerate of the feelings of other. Now, I wish with all my heart "A Happy New Year" to all concerned in the management of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and apologising for taking up your time by sending so uninteresting a letter, I am, Dear Mr. Editor, your unknown friend,

A MURRAY RIVER BUSH GIRL
(Australia), No. 1.

Via Vignali, Padova, Italia.
March 9th, 1883.

DEAR EDITOR,—You are so kind to all who come to you in their perplexities that I, too, though a far off unknown reader of your dear paper, will take the liberty of troubling you a little. Permit me first of all, dear Editor, to tell you that THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER has been a great blessing to my Italian pupil. With God's help she is getting more and more a sensible, loving girl. She finds such pleasure in reading your pretty English stories, but unfortunately we cannot get on with them, as No. — has never reached us. It is the one published during the inundations and it is quite probable it has been lost in that sad time. You would oblige us very much by sending it as soon as possible, and to join the numbers with the articles on terra cotta and china painting, for which I enclose stamps. Please excuse my disturbing you so much. With kind regards and many thanks.—Yours truly,

ROSA LUTTRY.

Victoria, 4th December, 1882.

To the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

SIR,—Having taken THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER from its commencement, I have learned to prize it as one of my best friends, and think it only fair to tell you and all connected with you in your work how grateful I and numbers of other girls are to you for giving us a book for ourselves, and just the kind of book we have long felt the need of, so it was no wonder that we welcomed it heartily in our sunny southern land and gave it an honourable position on our bookshelf; and I am sure that every girl who has the good fortune to know THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER wishes that the circle of its acquaintance may increase with every issue, feeling sure that once acquainted they will soon become fast friends. Where so many benefits have been derived it would be difficult to specify any particular one, but this I can say, that I have often taken up THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER with some half-formed resolution to try to do better in a certain direction in the future working in my mind, and have found there something to help me to form the resolution, to give an impulse to my already awakened feelings, and to put an end to vacillation. Many and many a time I have had to be thankful to it. "My Work Basket" is a source of unqualified delight to me, as I have a great deal of spare time, and in making up the pretty and useful articles described under the above heading, I pass a good part of my leisure time both profitably and pleasantly. Living as I do in the "bush," only going to town two or three times a year, the articles by "Medicus" and those on "Dressmaking" are very useful; in fact, I find something to suit me in mostly all of them. When writing this the thought just crossed my mind how different nature will appear to the Editor to what it does to me! I have the clear blue sky above my head and the green grass beneath my feet; spreading around me are large paddocks full of corn almost ready for reaping, and on the Squatters' "runs" the gum-trees and wattles cast a most inviting shade for the sheep and cattle. With you, of course, everything is reversed, and everything bespeaks winter. But, oh, dear! how inconsiderate I am, rattling on like a steam-engine, till I am afraid, dear Mr. Editor, kind and all as you are, that you will be vexed with me and will not want to hear from me again. However, I am going to stop now, only waiting to wish you and your staff a "happy and prosperous New Year." As that wish comes from the land of gum-trees, I cannot do better than sign myself by the name given in general to us Victorian natives, viz.,

A GUMSUCKER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Pray forgive me for troubling you, but as I have taken your most charming paper from the first, and have only written to you once, I think you will not be very cross at my writing to thank you for a good husband and a comfortable home. I wish you could come and stay with us, we would try to make you enjoy your visit.

No doubt you wonder how you can possibly have aided such a happy state of affairs: it just happened like this. When THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER first appeared three years ago I was twenty-five, and never had received an offer of marriage. As I had always been taught to consider that woman's first duty was to marry, you may suppose I was in rather a melancholy, discontented state of mind, but thanks to my dear GIRL'S OWN PAPER, both from tales and articles, and most of all from the "Answers to Correspondents," I learnt differently, and tried by God's blessing to fill my life with work for Him. I took up French, music, &c., which I had sadly neglected, asked for and got a district, and determined by God's help if I were to be an old maid I would at least be a contented one and make others happy. You *cannot imagine how your* paper comforted and sustained me in my resolutions.

I had quite left off thinking of the possibility of marriage for myself, when I was electrified by receiving a proposal from a gentleman much my superior. He tells me how that he was first attracted to me by the bright, contented expression of my face and total lack of self-consciousness. So you see, dear Mr. Editor, I have indeed great cause to be truly grateful to THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, for most probably, had it not been for its teaching, I should never have taken a higher view of life, never striven to make the world a wee bit better, but always have kept my discontented look, and as I am very plain, perhaps sunk down to be a disagreeable, cantankerous old maid. If not too late, may I wish you a very happy New Year? Will you kindly tell me what course will be best to pursue with my little niece, four years old? She has been left in my care whilst her parents have sailed for New Zealand in search of health. She is not bad tempered, but dreadfully saucy, and though such a mite, is an adept at slang. She has been in America, and has lots of Yankeeisms in her vocabulary. She is a model of disobedience—I really think she makes an effort not to do what she is told. Accept the grateful thanks of

A HAPPY YOUNG WIFE.

MANY thanks for answering my question. You say I am badly educated; you are right; my education has been neglected on account of my bad health. But, dear friend, you also said, and for that I thank you, the letters even from badly educated readers were gladly received. One of your correspondents says, through reading one of the tales in your paper she first began to think of better things. Dear friend, I am not at all surprised, for though I am thankful to say I loved and trusted Our Saviour *long before I took this* paper, still there have been tales that have helped and encouraged me to do the little part of Christ's work He has given me to do. Another young lady suggests that the papers be given to the poor. I find it a good plan to offer them each year to all the girls in my Sunday-school class for half price, if they will promise to take it all the year. I am glad to know that they all like it, and each Sunday someone is sure to have found something extra nice in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. How sweet the Master's work is! I wish that all girls that have not tried it would take a class in some Sunday-school, and if the children do not get round her heart she must have a hard one. What a nice tale "Laura Leigh" is; how plainly Marion Hayward shows that none are so happy as true Christians, walking and living as near as they can to Jesus.—I remain, yours sincerely,

FLOSS.

BARBOTINE POTTERY PAINTING.

IN TWO LESSONS.

Second Lesson.

In our former article we dealt more particularly with merely technical details, and although we touched on the subject of putting in backgrounds and painting, we purposely left over the more careful consideration of the latter subject to this article. The two illustrations accompanying the first article on Barbotine painting were of a more decorative or conventional character than the ones given to illustrate this article, and consequently our remarks there on the subject of backgrounds were directed to those of a decorative character. But there is no reason why the student should paint only in the conventional style, for Barbotine painting can be made as natural, as pictorial as an oil painting. For instance, landscapes can be painted most successfully with Barbotine colours, with all the richness and subtlety of an oil picture, and it was remarked to us by a very clever landscape painter who tried his hand at pottery painting, that Barbotine was quite a delightful medium of artistic expression, and that he could produce effects which would have puzzled him to have obtained in oil on canvas. This is no exaggeration, as the writer of this article can testify, for in the hands of an expert a more beautiful effect of colour can be produced with Barbotine colours than with either oil or water-colours. This may seem undue praise, but the reason is simple. Oil-colours are pigments applied to a material which has no special affinity for them, as the same colours can be painted on wood, metal, or canvas with equal results. Pottery colours, on the other hand, must be applied to one kind of material only, and must undergo the firing, and in the case of Barbotine colours the glazing, to perfect them and bring out their qualities. This firing and glazing produces a luminous transparency which can be obtained by no other means, and when developed and directed by the cunning hand of the master produce the most beautiful results. This being so, it be-

hoves pottery painters, both amateurs and professionals, to deal very lovingly with their materials, and not, as is too often the case, paint pottery more carelessly and thoughtlessly than they would a water-colour sketch. Pottery painting requires more forethought than any other art I am acquainted with, as the work in hand must be *so studied* as to produce the desired effect when glazed and fired with little reference to the result obtained before the painting is put into the kiln. Many pottery painters, especially those used to oils or water-colours, are content to get what seems to them a desirable result now, forgetting that the glaze and heat may upset all their calculations. In underglaze painting you cannot be too careful how you study your work while it is in hand, so that you will not be disappointed with the finished result.

This brings us to the first practical consideration which, just touched upon in the former article, we return to here in order that our readers may avoid a very fruitful source of *non* success.

First, be careful in putting in backgrounds, especially when you use colours mixed with white, to cover your pottery thoroughly in every part. Wherever the colour does not quite obliterate the ware, there will the glaze appear to eat away the colour, making it look thin and weak. To avoid this error it is as well, until practice has accustomed your eye to see when you go right, to wash over the colour with some of the medium and a soft brush. This gumming will soon show you where the colour is too thin, and it will also give you some idea of the depth of your colour, and be some guide as to what your painting will look like when fired; for the colours as the moisture evaporates from them assume a much lighter and more chalky appearance than they really are. Those who have painted in distemper, or who have watched a man colouring a wall or ceiling, know how dark a colour looks when wet, and how astonishingly light it dries. This lightening of the colours as they dry leads many into the error of trying to get depth of effect before firing, ending in blackness and sombreness afterwards.

Where a background is light there is not the necessity of mixing as much white with the colours as there is when the background is dark, for in this latter case you have to make all the colours sufficiently solid to "stop out" the background. The gumming, to see how the work looks, is very useful here, and wherever you see a colour with the ground showing through, you may be sure that you have painted that part of your work too thinly. In painting some flowers, like daisies for example, after you have put in the flower in grey, have some pure white mixed on a palette, and with one of the sable riggers put in the light petals, making those most prominent stand out with colour; for by putting on the lights thickly, so that the colour stands up in relief, an additional roundness is given to the flower. It will naturally follow that the shadows are to be painted on thinly, and indeed it is possible to produce the effect of shadow by painting on the white sufficiently thinly to allow the ground to show through. This requires so much practice to know how much of the ground ought to be blocked out, so that the desired effect is produced when fired, that it is safer to paint your shadows; and as an endless variety of greys can easily be obtained, there is no necessity to adopt the former suggestion.

In fig. 1 we give a design for a 12-inch plaque, treated more naturally than were our two former designs. The background should consequently be treated as sky, either pale blue or grey. In any case keep the ground light, and do not indicate too many clouds or strong effects of light and shade. Skies

SPRING.

SUMMER.

AUTUMN.

WINTER.

should never be too "busy," as they tend, if they are, to interfere with the design. Some light tone of grey is as good as anything. White toned with yellow and black will give you a good grey. Be careful to thoroughly cover the plaque in every part. We should advise our readers to enlarge the design and make a pounce of it, as unless the branches make agreeable angles with each other the design will be greatly marred. Our readers will recognise that the foliage is the young branches of the larch, drawn about March or April, when the tree is made additionally beautiful by its curious pink flowers. The foliage is only just bursting through the little nobs or bosses that cover the branches a month earlier, some of which are still seen in the design. Later on these "needles" expand until the whole tree is one mass of light yellow-green leafage, very beautiful, but not so adapted for designing purposes as it is in its barer state. I would recommend my readers to draw most trees and shrubs before they get their garments of luxurious foliage, as they are then easier drawn and more easily adapted to art purposes than when every part of the plant is covered with its full complement of flowers and leaves. The piece of larch from which the design was drawn was painted from nature without any attempt at alteration or adaptation. The design is the result of studies of several different pieces of larch, and by combining these, and making a few alterations so as to make the main lines fit into the space without forming ugly patterns, nature has been hardly departed from. The result is that the portion of the tree figured in our design might be found growing exactly as we have rendered it in nature; but as everyone has not the opportunity of searching through Nature's storehouse to discover just what is required, the licence of making a branch grow downwards or perpendicular instead of horizontal, is a designer's privilege—nay, his purpose. I have heard the remark made more than once concerning the blackberry—for instance, that the fruit is made by designers larger than it is usually found in nature. The only reply to that assertion is, that the duty of an artist is to carefully select those objects in nature which seem to him to suit his requirements and fit themselves, so to speak, into the niche he requires them to fill. He is not bound to take the first blackberry that may come to hand, as many causes may have been at work, preventing it from becoming a perfect blackberry. The better the designer, the more characteristic and suitable will be his selection from Nature's storehouse.

The stems of the larch are a dark, dull brown, with here and there a greenish tinge, the leaves light green, flowers pink. The introduction of the cones, which is quite in accordance with nature, will, we think, be admitted by most of our readers to add to the general effect. The birds introduced are blue tits. The bodies of the birds are pale greenish yellow, heads dark blue, backs dark blue, going into olive green, under-wings grey. A reference to a bird itself, if obtainable, will greatly help the student in painting them. Those of our readers who can get to the British Museum will find many kinds of tits which will guide them in their colouring.

The other four illustrations are drawn for 8-inch tiles, and, in some sort of way, are suggestive of the seasons. There are many purposes tiles can be put to, and in this instance they might be made to form the four sides of a flower-stand for the table. The framework can be made in wood or zinc, and it would be as well to have a tin tray to fit inside to catch any water that may run through the flower-pot stood in the stand; or it might be used to hold cut flowers. There are several firms in London who make window flower-

boxes who would make the framework in metal; or if wood is preferred, almost any carpenter could manufacture it for a few shillings. It would be better to paint the tiles first and leave them to be fitted together, as there is often a slight variation in the size of tiles, quite enough to throw the work out of the square.

Fig. 2—Spring—is a study of anemones or wind flowers, and bluebells or wild hyacinths with a sprig of wild cherry; material that can be met with in any country place in March and April. Longfellow says in one of his poems, "That is best which liest nearest," a truth proved by designers continually, as no plants offer such suggestive material or are so full of ideas as wild and everyday plants. While people are searching through conservatories and hot-houses for exotic and rare plants to paint from, they neglect the inexhaustible treasures spread all around them at their feet. In spring one is embarrassed with riches rather than with a paucity of subjects, for at no time in the year is there such a profusion of wealth as then. Primroses, violets, marsh marigolds, wood-sorrel, and dozens of lovely flowers, easily adapted to the purposes of the artist, are met with on every side, and all the student has to do is to select those which seem to him to fit in with his fancy. The anemone is a delicate white with a suspicion of pink, especially on the underside of the petals. The flower-stalk is also pinkish in hue, centres light yellow, leaves coldish green. The wild hyacinth is a purplish blue inclining to azure, leaves similar to the garden hyacinth. The wild cherry has very warm reddish-brown foliage in its early stages, with white flowers and pinkish calyx and flower-stalk, stem warm brown. In commencing this tile, put the ground in first, beginning with light yellowish-green, gradually deepening and breaking into brown. The flowers, leaves, blades of grass, and other details can then be painted on the ground.

Fig. 3—Summer—is treated in quite a different manner to the last design, consisting as it does of a branch of the wild rose, and to give a point of interest a bird has been introduced gazing rather hungrily at a butterfly. The ground in this case will be the sky, and should be kept light as in the plaque. The main stems are reddish-brown, the flower-stalks green. The flowers vary from pure white to a deep pink, but something between these two colours is desirable—stamens light yellow, foliage deep green. The bird can be painted as a blue tit, or another bird might be substituted according to the fancy of the student.

Fig. 4—Autumn—is treated similarly to the last design, a branch of bramble showing the flower as well as the fruit, with a bird to add to the interest of the subject. The bramble affords great scope for colour, as the foliage turns to the most glorious tints of yellow, red, and russet in the autumn. The fruit should be painted in white, making each berry to stand up in relief, and a thin wash of purple or violet put over, darker on one side than the other. By this means a richer and more juicy effect is produced than if the colours were mixed with white. A spot of light on each berry on the light side will add to the roundness. Some of the berries should be blacker (produced with purple and blue), and some pinker.

Fig. 5—Winter—brings us to the end of our article. It is a companion to Spring, being similar in treatment, as the plants chosen, the Christmas rose and crocus, are growing from the ground as in fig. 2. Here again the background should be put in first. The foliage of the Christmas rose is a dark green, the younger leaves yellower. The flowers are white with yellow stamens, and a slight pinkish tinge on back of petals. The crocuses should be yellow, as the white and mauve varieties have not quite the same growth as those indicated in design.

It will be noticed that the designs are not taken to the extreme edge of the tiles, but a margin is left all round to allow for the edges hidden by the rebate of the frames. This margin can be put in with pure colour, such as turquoise, yellow, orange, or brown. In colouring any of these tiles the chief point to be observed is to get a harmonious effect rather than a literal adherence to nature. Too many amateurs are apt to get their greens too strong and crude in colour, and I should recommend those liable to err in this direction to place a natural leaf by the side of their painted representation, and they will then see how very far from being bright and crude are the tints in nature. Spring would naturally suggest light delicate greens, summer rich greens, autumn warm tints, winter dull greens; and by thus forming a scheme of colour in your mind's eye you can work up to this imaginary key, getting unity and harmony of effect.

The subject of vase painting will be dealt with in another article.

We may remark that the illustrations accompanying this and the first article were drawn full size and reduced to their present dimensions by photography. If our readers enlarge them up to the sizes given they will only be bringing them back to their original scale.

FRED MILLER.

FAST COLOURS.

A TALE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

One among the Reflections (wise, witty, pretty or profound) of a Looking-glass.

By FAIRLEIGH OWEN, Author of "When I Was a Girl," "Patty's Victory," &c.

CHAPTER II.

AN INDISCRETION.

"NOT much the matter! It is all very well to say that, Dr. Verity. Of course, I did not suppose I was going to die actually—but ill, I feel so ill, my poor nerves have been so upset. It is no wonder if I feel utterly prostrate."

Mrs. Fribel was the speaker, as I could see by the aid of my opposite neighbour. The door of the closet being open, there appeared a diminished picture of the lady reclining in an easy chair, just within the window of my mistress's bedroom. She wore a silk dressing gown of rather gaudy hue, a fleecy shawl was about her shoulders, and a lace cap covered her head.

Her dress and attitude suggested invalidism, though her voice and gestures were brisk as ever. Near her stood a gentleman, beyond middle age, tall and slender. He leaned against the side of the long window, and was looking at the lady while she spoke with less of the interest, real or assumed, than is usually seen in the face of a medical attendant.

Half weary, half amused, I should have called the expression which, as his head was far above hers, was not visible to his companion, whose eyes were turned to the chamber within.

"This fine air and tranquil surroundings should do much for you too, after all your wandering to and fro," he said, soothingly.

"Well, really I don't know," was the fretful rejoinder; "I sometimes think it was a mistake leaving India. Of course the climate was fearful, but there was much to interest one—the dear friends I had, and one was somebody out there; really here everybody seems——No, Corvée, I shall not want them."

This was to the maid, who came through the apartment with a pair of walking-boots in her hand. "I shall rest here till luncheon; I get the shade so beautifully this side the house, that is why I had my chair placed here. You've no idea, Dr. Verity, how fearfully the sun beats upon the windows of the front."

"Not quite so fierce as at Singeusobad," suggested the doctor.

"Oh well, that is different—don't take the boots away, Corvée, I may change my mind and go out; leave them there—that will do."

"Now, here," said Dr. Verity, stooping to take up one of the boots, with its high heels and sloping instep—"here is a more fruitful source of the maladies so many of your sex complain of than you would be willing to suppose. If I could only hope to make you all believe in the fact, the terrible injury you are inflicting on yourselves by a practice so utterly at variance with——"

"Oh, my dear Mr. Verity," interrupted the lady, "please, please do not begin a lecture here. My head really could not bear it. I have no doubt we are very foolish, and don't in the least know what is good for us, but habit is second nature, you know, and to make any change would worry me more than all the heels—I have always worn them, they have never hurt me that I know of."

"At least, you might influence others," said her companion, gravely, "those younger."

"Younger! Oh, well, they are full enough of absurdities, goodness knows! I am sure Adelaide has taken up with such notions and fancies——"

"Good ones, I hope," said Dr. Verity. "Miss Franklyn could scarcely have any others."

The lady glanced sharply up at him. But the doctor was gazing out into the garden, and whether he had spoken ironically or not it was impossible for her to guess.

"Well, I suppose you would approve, since you condemn my poor boots. She has lately been worrying our bootmaker dreadfully to get some made after her own idea—low heels and square toes, hideous things! At least, I think so," added the lady, as she caught a glance and a word which testified the approbation of her listener.

"And there are other things," Mrs. Fribel went on, "oh, absurd things. Of course, if people are to live in the world they must do as the world does."

"My dear lady!" ejaculated her com-

"SHE HEARD NO ONE APPROACH."

panion, "is not that a very sweeping assertion?"

"Oh! but you know what I mean. Of course, nothing wrong."

"Can there be a greater wrong," he went on gravely, "than wilfully to pervert the intents and purposes of that wonderful organisation which the Creator has so marvellously fashioned and adapted to every possible requirement of health, usefulness, and enjoyment; yet which is so woefully misused under the sway of vanity, sloth, or evil passion?"

"Dear, dear, of course, we know all that. It is quite shocking, as you say, doctor; and, really, you *should* have been in the church. You put these things so well."

Dr. Verity made a mocking bow; poor Mrs. Fribel fidgeted in her chair, and put up her parasol as a stray sunbeam made its way between the leaves of the acacia.

"But it is not that altogether," she went on. "Adelaide is, of course, a sweet child; and I never would have come to England with her if I had not loved her dearly, though certainly that frightful climate was killing me, as it did her poor dear mother. But if only she did not have such fancies! Now, here is this girl, you know; she has taken her without the least bit of a character, and no one has any idea who or what she is; and she is put to sleep in the dressing closet, between our rooms, and she will not have Corvée, who is the very pattern of a maid."

"That is the Frenchwoman?" queried Dr. Verity.

"Yes, a perfect treasure; and, of course, this girl, Winnie, as Adelaide has called her, understands nothing of the toilet, or how to dress hair; so—would you believe it?—Adelaide is doing almost without at all."

"Without hair?"

"No, no, dear me, without assistance—dressing herself, you know. Can you imagine?"

"Indeed, I can," was the reply, very heartily given; "indeed, I can, and the pleasure she must find in discovering her own abilities."

"But it will not last," urged the lady; "my dear Dr. Verity, it will not last. And there will be the upset, and Corvée is already offended; and when the fancy is past, and Miss Franklyn requires her again, imagine the airs she will give herself, and all for nothing."

"I cannot agree with you there, my dear Mrs. Fribel. It is not for nothing, even should our young friend relinquish her present admirable resolution. Such an attempt shows a mind at work in the right direction. She dares to think for herself, which is much, very much, in this age of shams and blind imitations."

"It is dreadfully worrying to those with delicate nerves, I know that," said the lady, with a sigh; "and oddity is such a dreadful thing in a woman, her father would never forgive me. You know, doctor, you advise quiet, and you must see how all this unsettles me."

"The quiet must come from within, my dear lady," was the reply. "It appears to me, forgive my saying so, that you disturb yourself needlessly. Here comes Miss Franklyn: she does not look particularly like a disturbing element, I think."

Almost as he spoke, my young mistress came in sight, ascending the steps from the garden to the verandah.

She wore a wide chip hat, encircled by a wreath of natural green leaves. Her dress, in colour a bluish grey, was of some soft fabric, the trimmings and pelerine of satin the same hue.

By this time I had seen Miss Franklyn in various dresses, and had duly made my reflections concerning them; but I thought I had never seen her look more charming than in this toilette, of which simplicity was the sole charm.

Perhaps Dr. Verity had something of the same idea, for the weary expression on his face was changed for one of the liveliest interest, as he went forward to meet the young lady.

I had fancied my mistress was unduly pale when she went out that morning; but the fresh air had given a tinge to her cheeks which excelled any I ever saw.

After the first greetings had passed round—for the ladies had not met before that day—the younger asked of her friend if she felt better.

"Yes, I think so; at least this side of the house is so very much cooler. How I could have chosen those rooms I do not know. But Dr. Verity has condescended to prescribe for me; though you know, Adelaide, he has really almost ceased to practise, and doesn't it seem a dreadful pity? And why the fact of having all that money left you should deprive one's fellow creatures of such skill—— Oh! you will stay luncheon, of course, doctor?"

"Only half an hour," said my mistress, looking at her watch.

Dr. Verity accepted the invitation, and descended to the garden to while away the interval of time.

Mrs. Fribel went to her room, followed by Corvée, while Adelaide stepped from the verandah into her own apartment, to take off her hat and scarf.

Her hair, which hung in a thick, slightly curling mass, below her hat, she now proceeded to loop up with a comb from her neck, leaving a few locks to stray behind her ears.

The style was picturesque, and if less in the fashion, was certainly more in keeping with the youthful freshness of her face than that in which I had first seen it arranged. The pale, soft brown, with a tinge of amber running through, was Nature's, and owed nothing to the contents of a certain case and bottles, which had been quietly disposed of, to my knowledge, the day after my advent, and the secrets of which I could only guess at, never having been made a party to their use.

Adelaide had few preparations to make. A ribbon passed through her hair gave apparent satisfaction. Then another was sought for her waist. A match being desired, she found some difficulty in suiting herself. A drawer full of odds and ends was almost emptied on the bed, then an antique box was rummaged, with no better result. Suddenly she pounced upon what she wanted in a corner of another drawer, and was regarding somewhat ruefully the confusion she had created, when Winnie came in, carrying a small basket of fresh flowers.

Adelaide turned towards her.

"See, Winnie, I have been dreadfully untidy. Put them all in order, please; I shall be late for uncheon. The lace must be all put together in the pearl box, mind. Sort them out; the sleeves are all there."

She pointed to the box, and quitted the room hurriedly.

Winnie finished her task of filling my cups with flowers. She carefully picked up every scrap from the table, and placed the basket outside the window. Then she began her task of tidying. She sorted, and folded, and relaid in order, each dainty little article to its kind. Then her attention was arrested by the exquisite beauty of some old lace which Adelaide had shaken out from the antique box. In the drawer Winnie found other pieces, the whole evidently forming a set most rare and beautiful.

The girl took them in her hand, and brought them to the table in front of me, where she proceeded to gently shake them out. The cobwebby meshes, dropping slowly apart, disclosed patterns of intricate device, like woven gossamer for lightness and delicacy.

For a few moments Winnie stood gazing in bewildered admiration. She had never seen or imagined anything to compare with it.

Then, with a sudden impulse, she placed the cape upon her shoulders, where the dark blue of the dress she wore threw up the exquisite beauty of the lace, and brought out new perfection.

So absorbed was the girl in beholding the reflection which I gave back, that she heard no one approach, and she started and blushed like one guilty when a voice spoke close to her.

It was Corvée, who had entered the room through the dressing closet, and who had been herself too deeply engaged to notice what the other was about.

"See, how they sparkle! but look! never you have seen things so fine."

She held her two hands wide spread; on them were displayed a quantity of jewels, which glittered and sent out such rays of sparkle that Winnie's sight was dazzled as she turned towards the other quickly.

"Oh." was all she could utter, as the Frenchwoman coming nearer, the gems in her hands were reflected again by myself; and the sun, pouring in by the open closet, the whole atmosphere seemed suddenly filled with a blaze of light.

"It is too much for my eyes," exclaimed Winnie; "it seems to blind one."

"But are they then not beautiful?" asked Corvée, waving them to and fro, bathing herself, as it were, in radiance. "They are all my lady's jewels. Every one are here. Are they not fine?"

"Oh, mam'selle! I wouldn't have the charge of them for the world, as you have. I think it would send me crazy, such responsibility."

"Bah! crezzie! what for you should be crezzie for these bagatelles?"

"But if they were to be lost? What they must be worth!"

"Worth! eh! see then *that?*" pointing to the lace which Winnie, in her surprise, had neglected to remove from her shoulders. "That fichu, those sleeves; why, they are worth so much. Do they make you crezzie? You handle, you try them on."

"I oughtn't to, of course," said Winnie, hastily taking off the lace. "I was looking at them; they are so lovely; I never saw anything like it. And they are worth a great deal, I expect. They must be."

"There is no more finer in the world," said Corvée. "They are of the oldest of the best Italienne. See, there is no more to be made like this. They could never be found again—what you call *re*-placed. They are worth, oh! more than all these two, three, four times over, and again."

"More than diamonds! Oh, mam'selle, surely not!" cried Winnie, in tones almost of awe.

"Diamonds! Bah! To you young ones you see to shine, you cry 'gold,' you see to glitter, you cry 'diamonds.' Ah!"

"But if they are not——" Winnie was beginning, when voices on the terrace below sounded so near that both girls started, fancying them close at hand.

"The kitten! the kitten!" screamed Mrs. Fribel. "Mind, the creature will be crushed."

"It is all right, Mrs. Fribel. Jack is perfectly safe," said a man's voice. "And here is Jill, curled up in my hat."

"Dear, dear! It is not that I care about the little wretches, but to see anything happen to them would shatter my poor nerves for a month."

Corvée shrugged her shoulders, and waved the hand which held the jewels towards the window with a gesture that might have suggested a comparison to a mind less pre-occupied than that of her companion, who was now employed in carefully restoring the lace to a place of safe keeping, with a degree of conscious responsibility apparent in her countenance.

Mam'selle was passing into the closet on her way to the apartment of her mistress, when Miss Franklyn was heard calling from the steps leading to the upper verandah.

"Winnie, are you there? Come, and bid Corvée and Alice come, too. Francks, the pedlar, is here, with lovely gown-pieces, and Dr. Verity is going to give you girls all one apiece, for a fairing, as he says. Come, and take your choice."

The two very quickly obeyed the summons, and I was left alone.

But the closet door being open, a very lively picture was shown me by my neighbour opposite.

On the lawn was the pedlar, his pack resting upon a couple of garden chairs, surrounded by the maids of the house—we kept no men—from the stout, elderly cook, to little chubby Rosa, the kitchen wench, who were to be enriched by the liberality of the good-natured visitor to the extent of a new gown-piece each.

A little apart were my young mistress, with Mrs. Fribel and Dr. Verity, also another gentleman, an occasional caller. The group were evidently amused by the animated discussion which was going on over the pedlar's wares.

Presently the several knots dispersed. The doctor was left to settle accounts with old Francks, the ladies disappeared into the shade, and a few minutes later I heard a confused murmur, accompanying footsteps on the stairs, as two of the maids ascended on their way to the garrets to put away their new treasures in safety.

They were followed by Corvée and Winnie. The four stood within the doorway of my mistress's chamber, comparing the merits of the precious gifts.

"It will suit you exact," *I heard one* pretty housemaid say to another. "Of course, I should have liked it, and he had another very similar; but then I never can wear anything but blue."

"Well, pink always was my colour, though it is not everyone can wear it, I'll allow. And Mam'selle Curvy's is sweet, isn't it?"

She fingered a corner of the folded muslin which the Frenchwoman was already pleating up, as though her agile fingers longed to be about the making at once.

"But whatever made you choose that dull-looking striped thing?" the chatterer went on, addressing herself to Winnie. "Why, you could wear anything a'most with such a skin as yours. A pretty pink, or a light blue, or even that chintzy pattern of mam'*selle's—it* is stylish; but, of all things, that dark, solid-looking stripe! Why, one's grandmother might wear it."

"Eh! Yes, but it is of a shade sad," said Corvée, with an accent almost of tragic despair.

"It is fast colour," said Winnie, quietly. "That is why I chose it."

"Fast!" repeated the two maids in a breath, while the Frenchwoman flashed her hand in the air, and her eyes twinkled, as she exclaimed, "Eh! *vite!* fast! It will fly then so!"

"No," laughed Winnie, "just not that; it will wash, you know, and be fast right through to the very last."

"I never thought of that," said Jane, one of the maids.

"And won't ours wash?" exclaimed Alice.

"They may," returned Winnie, with some doubt. "But 'tis a chance—those delicate colours that show up so bright when new. I know this will. I had one very like it once, and it wore just as true to the end. I always choose fast colours."

Corvée shrugged her shoulders as she went her way, only half comprehending. The others ran singing up the stairs light-hearted and thoughtless. Winnie carried her gown-piece into the little closet, where unexpectedly she found her mistress, who had entered by the window, into her own room, unheard by any of the gossips on the landing, though doubtless their chatter had reached her ears, falling as it had distinctly enough on my own.

"That is an unforeseen piece of good fortune," Miss Franklyn said pleasantly to Winnie, some minutes later, "and you will have ample time to make it up. We are going away for a week or so, Mrs. Fribel and I, to stay with Madame Sautaine. We leave to-morrow. Corvée is to go with her mistress, so you will have quite a small holiday, and I shall expect to see the muslin made up on our return. You will I know take the greatest care of my pets, Jack and Jill, and the flowers for my glass too. Though I shall not be here,

I shall wish those to be kept freshly supplied just the same."

Later on she was in the room alone, and standing before me, she said under her breath, thinking aloud, more than speaking, "I suppose it is because you have shown me only the better way so far, and the result is not so terrible as I fancied it might be—anyway I seem to like you, old glass."

She smiled half comically at herself as she spoke, and again I could not but reflect a face changed somehow since the day we had first met in Messrs. Beech's warehouse.

It puzzled me then. I was new to the world. Since that time I have learned much of what are called secrets of the toilet, but which can be scarcely secrets to any who have eyes to see and intelligence to comprehend.

I was glad my mistress approved of my reflections. I did not mind being called "old," perhaps it really was a term of endearment with Adelaide.

The ladies departed the next morning on a visit to a friend, residing some ten miles off, so I understood. And then ensued a period of very perfect calm and restfulness, I may say laziness, on my part, so very few reflections was I called upon to make, beyond the image of my little Winnie, when she renewed each day the fragrant posies in my china cups, and carefully as ever removed each speck of dust from my polished surface.

The days passed on in unbroken quiet, the morning air breathed sweetness through the open windows, and when the sun came round later on to my side of the house, his beams played hide and seek among the trellised leaves, and cast chequered shadows on the floor, while the soft rustle of the trees and the song of the birds outside chimed in with the click of Winnie's thimble, as her busy needle was plied industriously within.

It was a peaceful time. I mark it the more in my reflections contrasted with the commotion, the tears, the regrets, and misery which followed it so closely.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME HINTS ON GIVING PRESENTS.

OST persons in the world are fond of presents; fond of giving them, fond of receiving them. To many the former is even more delightful than the latter, or rather would be if (and "ifs" will enter into and spoil so many things in this life) the purse were but heavy enough, and had not too many demands upon it for other things, more prosaic and less attractive. Yet this latter consideration applies perhaps to the majority among us, and turns what should be the pleasantest task into one of anxious care and perplexity. Relations and friends give us presents, we must return them; birthdays are for ever coming round; weddings are always happening; the drain on our pocket grows with the years, till 'tis no wonder if we sometimes sigh over the expense and trouble of "giving presents," for who has not felt the difficulty of combining suitability, goodness and prettiness, with cheapness?

The following hints are only mere ideas or suggestions on this subject, yet perhaps they may not be without use. Certain it is that there is much money spent on presents that give little or no pleasure, sometimes even the reverse, to those who receive them. Failing thus of its object, the money may be said to be wasted. This ought not to be. A little care, a little thought beforehand, would prevent many a failure, would secure the pleasure we wish to give, as well as gratitude to ourselves.

If we cannot afford to give a present, it is absolutely wrong to do so. One must be firm and strict with oneself in this. The plea that one has been given us, that one is expected from us, that we must give one, will not hold. There is no "must" about it. To give a relative or friend a present and owe money at the same time, or so hamper ourselves that we have to borrow from some other relative or friend, is little short of robbery. Yet one has heard of such things. Nor should we sacrifice more important matters in order to spend money on presents. Our almsgiving should never suffer, nor should our savings for illness or old age. Kindness is no excuse for so doing. What if the kindness or generosity be but pride or the wish to appear grand? It is often hard not to give, especially if we have ready money in hand; but if we do right, our inclinations must be fought against, however hard the struggle.

We ought to know, roughly at all events, how much money we can spare from our income for presents. With due regard to other items, we should every year determine and decide, each one, what the amount should be. We know within a little to how many we shall have to give presents. Having fixed the amount, we should divide it, on paper or mentally, between those to whom we shall give it. Not equally divide it, oh no! Some have far more claim on us than others, parents especially. What a world of bother and worry would be saved if we all did this; how very much best we should find it! As regards expense we should be free all the year from any more thought about the subject. We should know the amount we should have to spend on each person, and so would be saved all doubts when we came to buy, whether or no we could afford this or that, whereas if left to chance in the ordinary way, with only the present state of our resources to guide us, is it any wonder if we make mistakes? Another very important advantage is this:—many do not begin to think of what to buy until a very short time beforehand. They thus have little time or opportunity of seeing or comparing suitable articles, and, buying in haste, make an unwise choice. Those who have settled the amount at the beginning of the year have plenty of time to look about them, and being able to buy as long beforehand as they choose, are almost sure to make a better choice.

To those to whom money is an object, would it not be better to give less often? Would not a good article, that would always be useful, given once in two or more years, be better than to give every year or oftener some small present, which a short time after the receiver cannot remember, without thought, what it was she had received? Again, it would be worth while deciding if it would not be better to give to fewer friends, so as to give the few far more useful and better presents. We cannot possibly give to all we know. If we try to do so, the presents would be of little use in themselves, while by spending the same amount on fewer friends the money is certainly spent to better advantage. We should give pleasure to fewer, some say. It may be so, yet we think the greater pleasure and greater usefulness of the articles to the few, more than balance the small amount of pleasure to the many. This applies only to yearly and regular presents, as unexpected presents, little remembrances of visits to the seaside, etc., show a kindly thought, and perchance give more pleasure than that which is looked for.

It is a trite remark that the most costly presents are not those most appreciated, yet it may console those who have little to give. Common sense, the power of thinking, will enable us to give a present that no money without these could buy. We should always try to give what a person wants, what is suitable for them. How often are wedding presents given utterly unsuited to the position in life of the newly married pair. Many in giving presents buy what they like, instead of what their friend likes. We should not judge others by ourselves. Different persons have different tastes and likings. Let us study them if we would give pleasure, which is what most of us want to do, not pleasure to ourselves, but pleasure to them. This is why girls often fail in giving their brothers presents. They cannot understand their (to them) peculiar tastes. It requires a struggle to an ordinary girl to buy her young brother a cage of white mice, instead of a necktie or worked slippers. Yet the former would often give far more pleasure than the latter, and the sister should be thankful it is so, and encourage rather than check the tendency. Many persons have a hobby (would that we all had!); when this is the case anything connected with it will always give pleasure. We can generally find out something they have set their hearts on, if we watch. Why should one scruple to buy what is not often given as a present? Books on any particular hobby would always be acceptable, though perhaps they might be as dry as dust to the buyer. Birds and other animals are not so often given as presents as those who are fond of them could wish. Fretwork, carving, and especially ordinary carpenter's tools (as a good saw or plane) are the best possible presents to a handy youth. They are what every male person should possess, and know how to handle. They might be useful a lifetime, and would save many a shilling. Articles connected with chemistry, and other scientific pursuits, form good presents to those whose tastes run that way. In every case the principle is the same—not to buy what we like, or what we think they ought to like, but what they do like.

Articles of clothing, useful or ornamental, are much in favour as presents. For ourselves, we should not care either to receive or buy them as such. It is a matter of individual taste. A present is best that is always of use, that always recalls the kindness of the person who bought it. Articles that are worn are soon used up and cast aside, and to our thinking it is best for each to buy her own clothing. This applies only between equals, and even here there may be exceptions.

In buying presents, due consideration should be given to the use a present will be

to the owner. Such things as work-cases, writing-desks, inkstands, are always a good investment. They cost little and are useful a lifetime. Anything that helps to make a home more pleasant is money well spent. Screens, pictures, lamps, vases, small tables even, decorative needlework of all kinds—there is no stint of choice. With regard to pictures, good oleographs hardly distinguishable from oil-paintings, good plate engravings, cabinet portraits, photographic views of native scenery, texts for bed-rooms, etc., can be bought cheaply, and if simply and neatly framed would add much to a room's appearance. Growing flowers, for which the taste has grown so rapidly of late years, would give daily pleasure and brighten many a home, such as a lovely maidenhair fern, or handsome indiarubber plant, or even a few hardy scarlet geraniums. The money spent in towns on buying cut flowers to give to others would be better spent on growing ones; the former give but a few days' pleasure, the latter please for weeks and months.

Books present an enormous choice to the buyer of presents. Much judgment is needed in choosing, and one ought if possible to have first read the book oneself. It is useless to give a Tennyson to one who has no taste for poetry, and so in many cases. But by means of books we may have a higher object than mere giving pleasure to the recipients. A well selected book, given by some near one, may prove a turning point in life. It may say to them what we cannot say, may advise where we cannot, and the voice will be as our own. There are many shops that sell new books at threepence in the shilling discount, by going to which a dearer book may be bought than we could otherwise afford. It is a good plan to send for the catalogues of the societies and large publishers, so as to have a wide choice, and see the price of different books, instead of choosing from the few we can see when we buy. Magazines are certainly the cheapest books, and are presents much appreciated. Standard works can now be bought at almost every price. The sixpenny reprints (sold at some shops at fourpence-halfpenny) are marvels of their kind, and there is now a large choice, which grows monthly. Two or more of these bound together, such as "Tom Brown's Schooldays," White's "History of Selborne," Rev. J. G. Wood's "Strange Dwellings," would form a valuable present for a boy, at a far cheaper rate than formerly. The last two would be equally suitable for a girl, as would also the "Voyage of the Sunbeam," and the reprints published by the Religious Tract Society, which are cheaper still.

Most of our readers visit bazaars, more or less often. Those with little money to spend buy a useless pincushion or some such trifle, which is dropped in a drawer on reaching home and there remains. They would like to buy more, but cannot afford to. Yet we think it a good suggestion, we once heard, to buy articles at bazaars for presents. But, things are always so dear at bazaars, it is said. Yes, but the money we spend does not all go on the present; that is worth so much, the rest goes to the cause for which the bazaar is held. We know how much we have wherewith to buy this present; we can tell about how much the article is worth. The first we reckon out of the money set aside for presents, the other from the money set apart for God; thus many could help a good cause more than they otherwise would, as they might not think of buying the article for themselves. Having the money to be given on presents determined on beforehand, it matters not when the present be bought. The late tendency to price bazaar articles at their true value should make this suggestion the more often acted on.

Among very near relations, who live together, and know quite well as their birthday comes round that they will receive presents from sisters or brothers, is it not the best plan to ask them what they would like? They would often doubtless prefer it, and they would then be certain to get what they cared for. "It is so much nicer to give what they do not expect," some answer. Nicer for the giver, maybe, but the recipients may perhaps wish very much they had been consulted, for so-and-so which they have long wished for would have cost less, and given them greater pleasure.

To give presents our own hands have made should make them doubly valuable. To those with plenty of money a bought present may be no proof of love, but this will seldom be said of one who has given time and labour to make one. It gives an individuality to a present, one cannot buy its counterpart in a shop, the present is doubly hers who made it, and the recipient will ever see the giver in the gift. By this means, too, we may give very valuable presents at comparatively small cost, or turn a cheap present into a valuable one, by our skill. THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER has given numerous helps on this subject, which supplemented by busy brains and careful fingers might do wonders. Blotting and music cases, painted or crewel worked, screens, brackets, terra-cotta, tapestry painting—all offer a wide choice. Let us see, however, that the work be of our very best, for it is better by far to buy something finished outright at a shop, than give second-rate workmanship.

As in other matters, so in giving presents; whatever is worth doing is worth doing well. Let us in future bestow more care and thought on the subject, both on deciding on the gift, and also in choosing it, and the increased pleasure we give, and the gratitude our gifts will excite, will amply repay us. W. L.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

DEWDROP.—You had better apply direct for printed terms and all other information to the Kindergarten College and Practising School (under the auspices of the British and Foreign School Society), 21, Stockwell-road, S.W. There are ten of these schools in town, and five in the provinces. You may also obtain general information respecting the training and the work from Mrs. Berry, hon. sec. of the Froebel Society, 27, Upper Bedford-place, W.C. Your hand is quite spoilt by writing with a very bad pen.

THE DUCHESS.—Provide your pupil with some nice child's story-book, with good print; and make her read without dividing the syllables. Read certain chapters to her of the New Testament, the Gospels especially, and talk to her about our Saviour, encouraging her to ask questions, that you may teach her what she does not know.

MUSIC.

JESSIE R.—We do not imagine that changing the part you take in singing would injure your voice, unless it were a very weak one and of small compass. But, not being acquainted with its strength or quality, nor with the amount of fatigue which it is expected to sustain, we could not give an absolute opinion. Your handwriting is legible and fairly good.

NOEL.—1. There is nothing unladylike in playing the violin in public, any more than in playing the piano or the violoncello. 2. See page 172, vol. ii. The black spots of which you complain are the result of the obstruction of the pores with dirt and perspiration combined. Clean them out and keep them clean.

MAYFLOWER.—We do not give names, prices, nor addresses in reply to inquiries; but we give recommendations of new music occasionally. See edge for counterpane (knitted), page 205, vol. iii.; also "Knitted Leaf Edging," page 461, vol. ii.

KATIE.—Your general health needs attention; any weakness may affect the voice. Local applications, apart from such a measure, would be of little service. The tone and the power of the voice on certain notes determine the kind of voice, whether a contralto or not.

BRYDE.—It is far less painful to the fingers to play the harp than the guitar, for the simple reason that most of the notes have to be made by pressure on the frets; and if played as it is capable of being played, not as a mere accompaniment to the voice, the sliding of the fingers up and down these frets, with a pressure sufficient to produce good clear notes, is very painful, and the fingers become very sore until more or less horny.

A TROUBLED ONE.—If you cannot play the piano agreeably, so as to afford pleasure to your parents and friends, after having devoted "four hours a day" to practising "for the last four years," your case is certainly a peculiar one. An hour a day is surely sufficient time to devote to a mere amusement of any kind, especially one of a noisy character, likely to disturb your neighbours, unless you propose to make it your profession, and a means of making a livelihood. Your finger-joints might perhaps be rendered less stiff by anointing them with oil or vaseline, rubbing well, and sleeping in gloves after being thus greased. But you may be rheumatic, and this would explain your difficulty. Give one hour still to music, and one or two to some other agreeable and, above all, profitable accomplishment. At sixteen you have still much to learn—housekeeping, cookery, nursing, and needlework of all kinds, valuable arts not taught at school as they should be.

EDITH DOMBERG.—We could not tell you the price of any musical instrument, nor of lessons, as they all vary so much in expense. But we think you ought to take lessons at first, that you may not form any bad habits, which are difficult of cure; and that you may also learn methods of producing a variety of effects, which you could not know how to produce untaught. Violins vary in price from a few shillings to hundreds of pounds. We are very glad to hear that our articles on "Crystoleum Painting" have enabled you to practise the art.

WORK.

LANCELOT.—Having given patterns for a baby's shoe or boot, both in crochet and knitting, it may be some little time before we give any more. See page 489, vol. i., for a knitted boot; 207, vol. i., for a crochet one; 149 and 150, vol. i., for a crochet boot-gaiter; 516, vol. ii., for a child's crochet gaiter. For a child's knitted sock, 158, vol. ii. Two patterns of a baby's knitted shoe, 159, vol. ii., and for a baby's knitted sock or boot, 597, vol. iii. Altogether, eight patterns illustrated, and we think a considerable variety has been supplied.

COSTANZA cannot tell us through what means the white silk handkerchief became stained, so that ordinary washing will not restore it. We can only direct her attention to pages 64, 80, 399, vol. i., page 126, vol. ii., and pages 92 and 655, vol. iii., and tell her that we are likely to give an article on the subject of stains of every description, and on all sorts of materials. 2. Of course, transfer-paper can be used several times for crewel-work designs, and we do not understand any difficulty in connection with it.

LEONIE.—With reference to coffee stains on a pale blue silk, we can only repeat what we said to "Costanza," that an article will be given on the subject of stains. *Fama semper vivat* means, "May his fame endure for ever."

LIZZIE L.—You should procure a little manual for teaching knitting, as you do not appear to understand the ordinary terms used in recipes. Your writing is too angular; make your letters rounder.

MARCH VIOLET.—Put the gloves on glove-trees, and using a small piece of flannel, wash them in a tepid lather of curd soap and soft water.

KATE.—See page 47, vol. iii., for a recipe for cleaning gloves.

HEBE.—See "How to remove tea and coffee stains," at page 126, vol. ii. We feel much obliged to you for all you so kindly say of our paper, and its usefulness.

FRED'S SISTER.—1. Tight-fitting jackets of checked tweed or cloth will be worn by young girls. 2. See our series of articles, entitled "How to Wash and Iron," pages 18, 107, and 219, vol. ii.

AURORA.—Russia-crash, or towelling and unbleached linen (employed for crewel embroidery), can be had at any large draper's or Irish linen depôt. The first-named is about half a yard in width, and is used for towelling; the latter ranges from a yard to three in width. You probably employed the former name, improperly, for the latter. We thank you for so kindly telling us that people of mature age enjoy our paper, and find it of use to them.

M. A. B.—Make a strong solution of coffee, and colour the starch with which you mean to stiffen your lace curtains. This will make them "écru-colour" or cream.

MICKEY.—You have expressed yourself in so obscure a manner, that we scarcely understand what you mean. We advise you to show your various descriptions of work at suitable shops, and endeavour to obtain trade orders. We do not advise your sending them to any Ladies' Work Societies.

THE REGENT'S DAUGHTER.—You could wear a velveteen bodice with your dress, of the same colour, which would look well out of doors. From the patterns you send we think the dress must be well dyed, and you perhaps could improve the bodice by damping and pressing it. The cashmere would probably be easily matched at a good shop, as the colour is an ordinary brown.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INNOCENTIA.—We should think the dress a suitable one for any purpose in the morning. When the weather is warm enough, young people rarely wear mantles. We could not say yet what will be the summer fashions. The right-hand side is the right side to take in walking, and the left side is the proper side in driving. You would keep to the right whoever you met.

TINA.—The actual method of presentation is as follows. The Queen puts out her right hand, you courtesy low, and placing your own right hand beneath it, bend and kiss it. When you rise, courtesy in succession to each member of the Royal Family present, walking sideways along, being careful on no account to turn your back.

THEE WEE.—The real author was Miss Fanshawe, though generally thought to be Lord Byron.

ROSE ENGLAND.—The "Lady of Shalott" is a poem by Tennyson, the tale being similar to the story of "Elaine" in "Idylls of the King," by the same author. "Astolat," or "Shalott," is Guildford, in Surrey, and the "lily maid" is described as loving Sir Launcelot with "the love which is her doom." "Guinevere" was the wife of King Arthur.

PYGMALION.—*Pygmalion and Galatea* is the title of a mythological play. In it the sculptor's wife is called "Cynisca," and she is represented as being made very miserable by the presence of Galatea, whom her husband has caused to come to life.

BELFAST.—We think the prose quotation you send is probably from one of Dickens's works. We thought it was "Little Dorrit," but cannot find it. The next likely would be "The Old Curiosity Shop," or "Oliver Twist."

M. E. McL. writes to say that "toboggans" are both known and used in West Shropshire, where they had a week of excellent fun during last winter. The toboggans were brought from Montreal, and are made of basswood and cane. Many thanks for your kind and cordial note, and the information contained in it.

A CRUSHED SPIRIT wishes to have a "crushed" body likewise, and inquires for "the best way to get thin." To "burn the candle at both ends" might answer the purpose. Work like a navvy all day, and study all night from 10 till 3 a.m.; get up at 4 and begin work again; eat dry bread and thin water gruel for breakfast, ditto and vinegar and water for dinner, and order supper the same as breakfast. Six weeks of this treatment will accomplish your wishes effectually, but we advise you to consult your parents before you adopt such a course. It is very surprising to hear girls complain of being fat! Is there anything so attractive in looking like a scarecrow! Why should they wish their skeleton framework to become so apparent? It is only an indication of present, if not constitutional disease, or of poor living and over work. Many treatments to reduce flesh are dangerous, and may induce mortal complaints.

ANNIE EDITH W.—If handy with your needle, you might make up bonnets, caps, and neckties and frills for your neighbours, or for shops, after school hours. Observe the last fashions in the windows, and make up a specimen or two to show what you can do. To obtain work from two or three shops would be more satisfactory than work for individuals. Perhaps you could knit or crochet articles of wear. Book-keeping may be taught at the Diocesan Training College, Warrington. Address the Reverend Canon Hornby.

BATTERSBY.—You appear to have a good deal of facility in writing verses; but "genius," whom you apostrophise, is bestowed on few, and is not apparent in them. We sympathise with you in the grief from which you suffer, but must point out that the verses entitled "Weary" are written in a very morbid and unhealthy state of feeling. You do not seem to wish for death to "be present with the Lord," and to be delivered from sin, as well as from its present penalties; you "earnestly long and crave" simply to lie "in the grave" on the seashore, there to be "soothed to 'endless' sleep!" Are you a "Sadducee?" Do you deny the glorious doctrines of "the resurrection of the dead" and "the life everlasting"? Your handwriting is remarkably pretty.

STRAWBERRY JAM.—The word "stone," employed to signify a weight, does not form its plural by the addition of a terminal "s." You should say, "eight stone-four," not "eight stones-four." We are not acquainted with any second tune to those words.

CONSUELO LORIAN.—1. Although your verses do not show any originality, and are incorrect in composition in many places, there is something agreeable and sympathetic about them, and we approve of the sentiments, and the spirit in which they were written. 2. If you employ initials instead of the descriptive terms, you should use the article "an," not "a." But it is a vulgarism to say, "He is an M.P." Give the words in full.

ROBINA CRUSOE.—The initial letters following the name of the lady who presented another at the Queen's Drawing Room, viz., "C.I.," stood for the order of the "Crown of India."

ALPEN ROSE.—"Bound to Earth" begins in the number for October 7, 1882, and "Laura Leigh" in the same number. We thank you for your kind letter and are glad to number foreigners amongst "our girls." Your English does you credit, and you write a very nice hand.

NATHALIE.—Such a work as you name is professedly a record of facts; if not, it bears a disgraceful falsehood on the title page. You speak of being an "amanuensis," as if it were at all times a profession "in the market" to be had if applied for. A few private individuals keep secretaries, and these, like those under government or employed by societies, need higher qualifications than a knowledge of grammar and spelling, and a good hand. Some are required to write more than one language as correctly as their mother tongue, and to be able to write with good judgment on subjects of which but a few leading points are briefly notified to them. Everything may depend on the style of the letter, the words used, and the whole construction of the sentences. Even a clever, experienced, and highly-educated woman might not possess the natural gifts and qualifications that would render her worth her salary in such a situation, supposing she were so fortunate as to obtain one. We are glad you find our paper such a comfort to you.

APRIL SHOWERS.—The staple food of every tribe of the genus parrot should be bread-and-milk. Cut some stale bread into slices, lay it in a pan, and cover it with warm water. After having been left to soak for a quarter of an hour, take it out and squeeze it as dry as possible, as it must not be sloppy; then pour some scalding milk over it, sufficient only to moisten it without making it "pappy." In addition to this you may give cold boiled Indian corn, biscuits without seeds, any kind of nuts (including sweet almonds), and a small quantity of almost any kind of fruit. Scald-out the food tins each day and wipe them dry, and never leave a particle of yesterday's bread-and-milk in them. Sour food would cause "scouring," the most dangerous complaint to which a parrot is liable.

DA CAPO.—We do not consider an income of £200 a year sufficient to justify a clergyman's taking upon himself the expenses and responsibilities of married life.

E. S.—We think that you might get the young man taken in at the National Hospital for the Paralysed, etc., 23, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C. Write and make inquiries, stating the case, and ask for advice as to where he could be taken in, if not by themselves. Many of our correspondents omit giving their address, and thus we are unable to suggest institutions that may be in their near neighbourhood.

ROWE.—We cannot give you any further advice on the subject of blushing than we have already given. Let your sister concentrate her thoughts on what is said to her, and forget herself. Self-consciousness is the root of the mischief.

MAUD.—Eightpence is the right charge by post to Australia of the monthly numbers. The charge of three-halfpence was a mistake; the direction probably escaped the officials' notice.

HIAWATHA.—Pronounce the names Schiller and Du Chaillu as if written respectively "Shiller" and "Deu Cha-yew." The "the" is pronounced as "tay" in the name Goethe. We cannot write the peculiar sound of the first syllable.

M. H. FLANAGAN.—Grey and gold or light green would look well with crimson. Paint the walls. The spots on the back of the looking-glass are mildew, arising from damp. You can do nothing to restore it yourself; send it to a looking-glass seller to have it rewashed with quicksilver. You should keep the room dry by means of good fires or a stove.

AN ACADIAN GIRL.—We, in England, never pierce the ears of an infant, nor of a very young child.

ROMOLA.—We have already given an answer respecting Gog and Magog. The tradition is that they were the offsprings of demon fathers and the wicked daughters of the tyrant Diocletian, born in this country. They were giants, like the rest of their race of the same origin. Brute and his companions, who were refugees from Troy, extirpated them and brought Gog and Magog to London in chains to his palace, which stood on the site of the Guildhall. There they served as porters. The old effigies which preceded those to which you refer were at the Guildhall in the time of Henry V., and their substitutes date back to the year 1708, carved by Richard Saunders, the original statues having been destroyed in the great fire of London, 1666.

SPY-WRINKLES.—Spy your own "crows-feet" as much as you like, but do not shoot the original owners of such appendages. Why should you? Rooks are valuable scavengers, and follow the plough to good purpose when an overplus of worms and grubs are turned up. The young folks who chance to possess a gun are only too reckless in practising with it on birds of all kinds—an ill-advised and disgusting habit.

A HAPPY GIRL is thanked for her kind and gratifying letter. She writes a very legible and fairly good hand. We are very glad that our magazine is found so useful to her and her friends.

AMBITIOUS DAISY writes far better than the majority of her sisters. We altogether object to the coarse, park-paling," masculine writing that many girls imagine to be "fashionable." It is usually affected by "fast" girls, who wish to appear manly in style and appearance. Your writing is delicate, well-formed, and feminine. We hope that your health will benefit by change of air.

CARRIE kindly informs us that the verses entitled "Betsy and I are out" are to be found in Lewis's Penny Reciter. Any librarian or newsagent would procure it if ordered.

GRACIE.—You should have written "Maronites," not "Maronides." The name denotes a body of Christians in the East, the followers of one, Maron, in the fifth century. In 1180 they numbered 40,000 on or near Mount Libanus, and were of service to the Christian kings of Jerusalem. They are in communion with the Church of Rome. In 1860 they were attacked and massacred by their neighbours the Druses: The "Massagetæ" were the first Aryan colonists on the borders of the Lake Aral, and were probably the ancestors of the Goths, as we find that Cyrus the Great was killed in conflict with the Massagetæ, B.C. 529.

ANNIE.—Headaches arise from different causes—disordered digestion or liver, over-fatigue, or want of sleep, crying, neuralgia, or a blow, &c. We could not prescribe for an effect and leave the cause untreated. You should be seen by a doctor, and when he has discovered that cause, he may be able to cure you, or at least alleviate the pain. Perhaps you are suffering from "brow-ague."

N. G.—The name "Eunice" is pronounced as if written "u-nice-ee." The song, "Home, Sweet Home," was written by J. Howard Payne, 1792-1852, but the music was composed by Sir Henry Bishop, and little would comparatively have been thought of the words, apart from the music. Your writing is fairly good.

J. G. RAINSFORD.—"Theresa" is of Greek origin, and signifies "carrying ears of corn." We are glad that our magazine is so highly appreciated in your neighbourhood.

INCURABLE.—We advise you to apply personally at some of the chief map-makers' offices; these are to be found in the Strand and elsewhere; having previously stated your wishes by letter, and described your sister's case. You have our best wishes for success. We would gladly help you, and regret that we cannot give you any addresses.

TURTLE DOVE.—At page 126, vol. ii., you will find directions for removing tea and coffee stains, viz., simply to sponge them with cold water. An article on the subject of stains will be given in course of time. You omit to name the nature of the material stained.

HOPING PATIENTLY.—We are very glad to hear that the spiritual advice given to Portia has proved of so much benefit and comfort to you. Perhaps your troubled friend may obtain consolation in the same way by reference to some of our replies to others.

M. A. Y.—You may get any extracts from other people's works printed, but must not publish them on any account. Your spelling and grammar are very bad. You should not say that you have "got a meny," and the spelling of the last word is wrong; as also "anough" for "enough."

SNOWDROP.—No one is legally authorised to grant coats of arms, crests, and mottoes but the Heralds, at the Heralds College, in Queen Victoria-street, E.C. To have a legal right to assume them you have to pay certain fees; and to be permitted to use them afterwards you must pay a tax, under the penalty of being fined. Write to the Heralds College, and you will ascertain the amount of the fees due, before you place all the information you possess respecting your family and ancestors, in their hands, and incur perhaps much greater expense than you may have anticipated.

ELLAN VANNIN.—To find a recipe for cleaning sponges, see page 606, vol. i. We have quite recently given another. Send your filigree silver trinkets to a silversmith to be restored to a good colour. To leave the sponge in a strong solution of washing-soda and water for some time is of service, but you can buy sponge powder at any chemists, for a few pence a box, that will cleanse them.

A STRUGGLING GIRL.—Happily, religion does not consist in denying yourself certain recreations, since the most truly God-fearing and earnest Christians differ amongst themselves as these minor considerations, while they are perfectly agreed on weightier matters, *i.e.*, the exercise of faith, love, and gratitude, and of charity, in its most comprehensive sense (see first Cor. xiii.), in the mortifying of evil tempers, self-denial for the sake of others, the careful fulfilment of all religious and home duties, and in active work for the souls and bodies of others. The "tything of the mint, anise, and cummin" are only secondary considerations. Young girls of your age should be guided by their parents or guardians in the small particulars to which you refer. If we regarded the enjoyment of music as wrong, or to be understood as a reprehensible "loving of the world," we should neither give articles upon it nor notices of new music. See Eccles., third chapter. "The world," in the sense in which the term is there employed, only stands to represent the evil which exists in it, pride, covetousness, immorality, and Godlessness in general. But were this earth and its ways as good and pure as in the days of Eden, you would still be as truly a traitor to your God if you loved it in preference to Him, as you would be if you did so in its present condition.

ULF.—H. R. R.—1. "A very delicate person, with weak lungs" should not on any account "go out in all weathers." Use your own common sense in such matters. People suffering from coughs and colds should remain in one even temperature as much as possible, and avoid draughts and blasts of wind. 2. Get your hair singed, the short as well as long hair, and use a good rosemary wash. We cannot prescribe for new eyelashes.

VOL. IV.—NO. 182. JUNE 23, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A LONG LANE WITH A TURNING.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XII.

"I HAE NAE KITH, I HAE NAE KIN."

WHEN Mr. Cardew arrived, he found Uncle Jacob ready to receive him. By a great effort the old man had risen from his bed, and concentrated his thoughts on the business that was about to be done. Cassie caught only a brief glimpse of the lawyer—a brisk, gentlemanly man with an iron-grey head and watchful eyes. While he was closeted with Uncle Jacob, she warmed herself downstairs by the kitchen fire. Presently the sitting-room bell was rung and Mrs. Stride answered it. The housemaid was required to sign her name, and the housekeeper was requested to step into the next house, and ask her friend the butler to be the second witness. This was soon done, and then the lawyer took his leave.

"Your master looks very ill," Cassie overheard him say to Mrs. Stride, in the hall.

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"'I SUPPOSE YOU DON'T WANT ME ANY LONGER,' SHE SAID."

"Yes, sir, we must coax him to see Dr. Saltash if he isn't better."

"*Who* is the young lady staying here? I caught sight of her as I came in," he said, dropping his voice.

"Miss Decke, sir, from Yare."

"Indeed, is she related in any way to Dr. Varner?"

"No, sir, she's *told me* herself that the Varners are no kinsfolk of hers, although they brought her up. She's quite friendless, poor dear, and as nice a young lady as ever breathed."

"Ah," said the lawyer, thoughtfully. "Good day, Mrs. Stride. I advise you to send for Dr. Saltash."

The rest of that day dragged by wearily enough. Uncle Jacob sat dozing in his arm-chair, and Cassie, with some sewing in her hands, kept watch by his side.

How should she tell the Varners that Uncle Jacob had adopted her as his own daughter? The truth must be told, for she had promised not to return to Yare. She had written weekly letters to Mrs. Varner, giving fanciful accounts of life in Gloucester Place, and always hinting at the difficulty she had had in appeasing Uncle Jacob's wrath. The doctor's wife sent *kindly* replies; she was much vexed with Bertha for her childish behaviour, and distressed that Cassie should be left companionless. On her return, Bertha had really been unwell enough to give her household some concern.

When would Cassie come home? This question had been asked in the last letter Miss Decke had received, and as she sat by the fire she was composing an answer that should convey the tidings in an inoffensive manner. She was of age; no one had any legal right to hinder her in choosing a new home if she chose to do so. But everybody would see the motive which induced her to leave the Varners' cheerful household and take up her abode with a crusty old man. Everyone would call her a mercenary little schemer, and she did not like hard names any more for knowing that she deserved them.

She thought about the difficult part she had to play, till her thinking powers were almost exhausted. But on one point her mind was quite at rest; she had gained her end, the victory was won. There was no more need to pinch and slave, to mend and darn boys' garments, and endure their noise and troublesome ways. She had become thoroughly sick of life at Dr. Varner's, and had made up her mind to strike out into a new path.

She slept soundly that night — a delicious, refreshing sleep that was not broken by the unwonted sounds that disturbed the household. She did not hear the tread of hurrying feet on the stairs, nor the opening and shutting of doors, nor the tones of anxious voices. When at last she awoke the housekeeper was standing at her bedside.

"Is it late?" she asked, starting up.

"Master is very ill, miss," said the woman, gravely. "He has had a stroke; it happened in the night. I'd been sitting up, and took it into my head to slip into his room and look at him, and then I saw, plainly enough, how it was with him. I roused Martha, and sent her for Dr. Saltash at once."

"And what does Dr. Saltash say?" inquired Cassie, whose face was now as white as her pillow.

"He says we ought to telegraph to any friends who may wish to see him. Dr. Varner ought to be sent for, miss."

"I will get up and send the message. Leave it to me," said Cassie, recovering self-possession.

Mrs. Stride went back to the sick room, and Cassie rose and dressed with the utmost speed. With a quick, firm step she ran to the telegraph office and despatched her summons to Yare. On her return to the house she met Dr. Saltash on the stairs, and told him what she had done.

"Quite right, my dear young lady," he said, kindly. "This is sad work for you—very sad indeed."

It was nearly dusk when Dr. Varner arrived, and Cassie, hearing his cab stop at the door, went out to meet him in the hall. There was just light enough to show him her thin, white face.

"Is he still alive?" was his first question.

"He will not recognise you," she answered. "The doctor says he cannot rally."

"My dear child!" he said, with a grave tenderness that made her heart ache, hardened as it was. "We little knew you would be exposed to such a trial when we let you remain here. How ill you are looking! I must send you back at once."

But Cassie could not go back to Yare. Better this gloomy house, whose shutters would soon be closed, than the old home now!

"I am scarcely fit to travel yet," she replied, keeping back a sob. "It has been a terrible shock. I'll stay here a day or two longer, if you have no objection."

"I believe it would be better for you to go, my dear."

"Let me stay, please, dear papa. I'll get some sleep if I can, and keep myself quiet."

Dr. Varner was surprised at her reluctance to depart. He looked at her anxiously.

"All at home are expecting you," he said. "Bertha cannot forgive herself for leaving you. If you are ill, my child, you will get plenty of care and attention there."

"Dear papa, I am sure of that! But I don't feel strong enough to bear a journey. Please let me get some rest before I travel."

And Cassie did remain through the dreary days that followed Uncle Jacob's death. The old man breathed his last a few hours after his nephew's arrival.

Dr. Varner saw very little of Cassie in those days. She had a fire in her own room, and sat there from morn till night. Mrs. Stride took her meals to her, and always brought down affectionate messages to Dr. Varner; but the housekeeper invariably added that Miss Decke was by no means fit to leave the house.

Mr. Cardew was invited to attend the funeral, and as Cassie sat by her fire and listened for the return of the mourning coach, she trembled with excitement, knowing that when the lawyer re-entered the house Dr. Varner would be made acquainted with the change in her position. It seemed a long, long time to wait until the two gentlemen came in again, and then another interval of suspense had to be endured. At last Mrs. Stride knocked at her door.

"They want you downstairs, miss," she said. "Dr. Varner said you weren't well, and didn't wish you to be called; but Mr. Cardew said you must come."

Cassie rose, straightened herself, and glanced at the looking-glass. Taking up a woollen shawl which she had brought from Yare, she wrapped it round her shoulders. It was a dingy plaid, faded and old, and as Cassie put it on she bethought her of the rich fur and velvet that would take its place by-and-by.

She took Mrs. Stride's arm, pressing it closely within her own, and they went downstairs and entered the sitting-room together. Dr. Varner advanced and kissed Cassie's forehead, the lawyer shook her hand, and gave her a chair, and then the will was read.

Yes, Cassandra Decke was now an heiress! Uncle Jacob had left three thousand pounds to his nephew, Francis Varner, and one hundred to Matilda Stride, his housekeeper; these were the only legacies. There was a momentary silence when the lawyer's voice had ceased; rain beat fast against the windows, and the room was as gloomy as if evening had already set in. Dr. Varner was the first to speak.

"I cannot believe that my uncle was in his sound mind when he made that will," he said, sternly.

It was a remark which the lawyer had heard hundreds of times on occasions like this.

"He was quite sane," Mr. Cardew replied, in an unmoved tone.

"Cassie, what do you say to this will?" the doctor asked. "Is it just?"

She paused an instant, and then answered steadily—

"He had a right to do as he liked with his own."

"Can you speak so?" he said, in a voice that trembled. "You, who know how we have struggled on at home! Did you know what he meant to do? Did you make him do it?"

Cassie rose, cold and white, but with a new-born haughtiness that did not escape the notice of the two men, both watching her keenly.

"I suppose you don't want me any longer," she said to the lawyer; "I should like to go to my room now. But if you can come here to-morrow morning, Mr. Cardew, I shall be glad to consult you."

Dr. Varner still looked at her fixedly.

"Good-bye," she said, holding out her hand to him. "I am sorry you have formed so bad an opinion of me."

He was too much astonished either to take her hand or to reply to the cold words. She left the room quickly, followed by Mrs. Stride, and the door closed behind them.

(*To be continued.*)

VILLAGE BELLS.

Allegro. Met. ♩=120.

Words and Music by CHARLES BASSETT.

(*Bells.*)

PIANO.

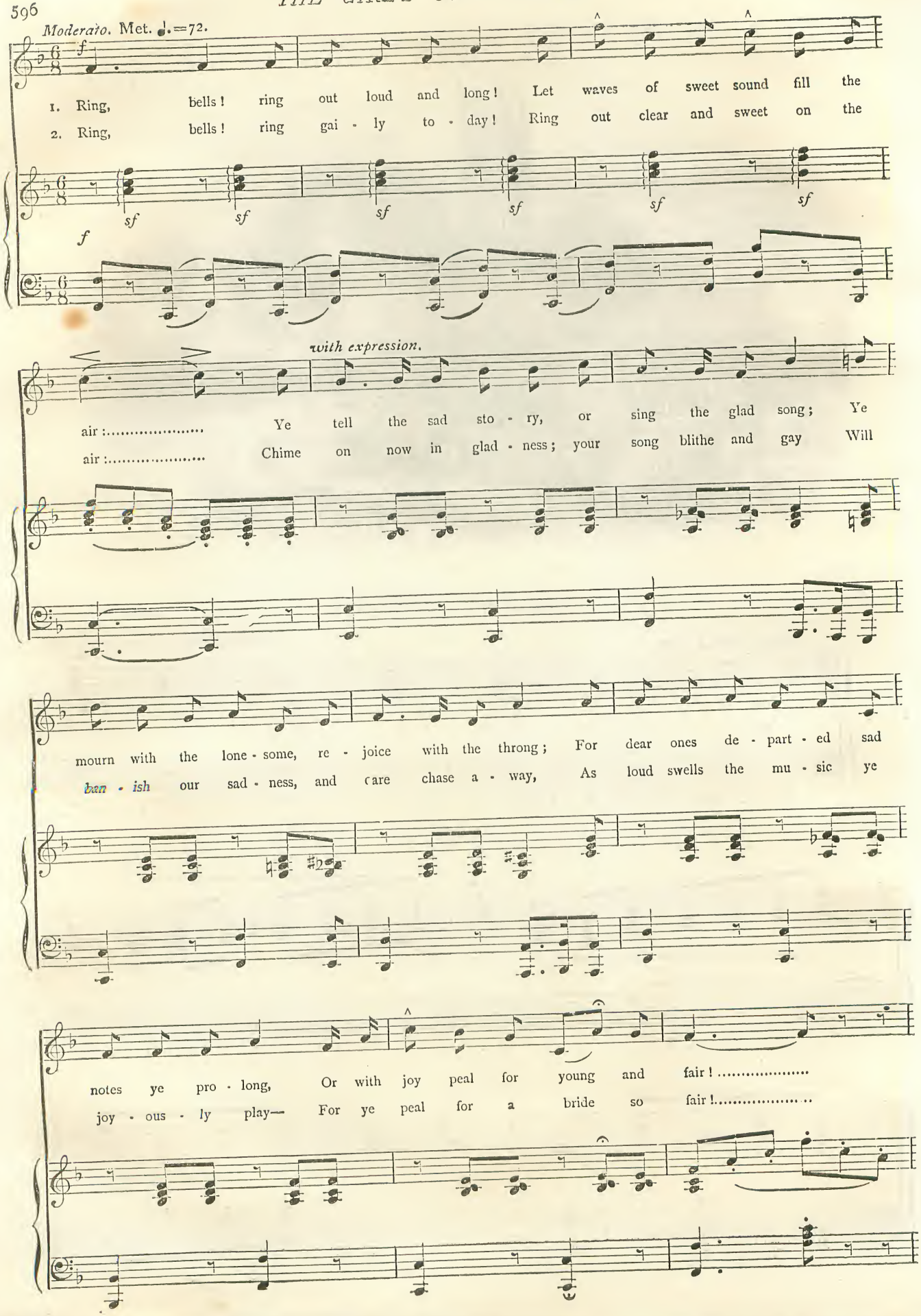
mf *sf* *sf* *cres.* *f*

PED. PED. PED. PED. PED.

L.H. *mf*

f

mf *rall.*


Moderato. Met. ♩.=72.
f
1. Ring, bells! ring out loud and long! Let waves of sweet sound fill the
2. Ring, bells! ring gai - ly to - day! Ring out clear and sweet on the
sf sf sf sf sf sf
f
with expression.
air :..... Ye tell the sad sto - ry, or sing the glad song; Ye
air :..... Chime on now in glad - ness; your song blithe and gay Will
mourn with the lone - some, re - joice with the throng; For dear ones de - part - ed sad
ban - ish our sad - ness, and care chase a - way, As loud swells the mu - sic ye
notes ye pro - long, Or with joy peal for young and fair! .....
joy - ous - ly play— For ye peal for a bride so fair!.....

f

Ring, bells! ring out loud and long! With joy peal for young and fair!.....

Ring, bells! ring gai - ly to - day! And peal for the bride so fair!.....

sf *sf* *sf* *sf* *sf*

Allegro.

mf *p* L.H. *mf*

p

EVENINGS WITH OUR GREAT LIVING COMPOSERS.

By JAMES MASON.

III.—Franz Liszt.

AT our third meeting the first to start the topic of the evening was Arthur. "We agreed to talk about Franz Liszt," said he, "and we have a fine subject—a man full of genius, with a career, both as pianist and composer, conspicuous for its success."

"Indeed," said Edward, "I often think that his success has been Liszt's one misfortune. It began too early and has continued too long."

"Who would object to that?" exclaimed Rose.

"One might reasonably enough object. It is good for the artist to be sometimes in the shade, for unvarying success in too many cases makes him think more of himself than of his *mission*."

"True enough," said Ambrose. "Plants never reach the highest perfection if they have too much sunlight and too much heat—no more do men."

"Liszt must be one of the oldest of living composers," remarked Annabella.

"Yes," said Ralph, "he is now in his seventy-second year, for he was born on the 22nd of October, 1811."

"And his nationality?" said Annabella.

"Hungarian. His birthplace was Raiding, in Hungary."

Ambrose, who is a great believer in hereditary genius, asked if he came of a musical family.

"On that point," answered Ralph, "I am not well informed All I know is that his father, who was in the employment of the Government, had considerable talent as a musical amateur. It was by him that Liszt was first taught to play the piano."

"He first appeared before the public, I understand," said Edward, "as a youthful prodigy—one of the same race as the Young Roscius, and George Bidder, 'the Calculating Boy.'"

"Just so," said Ralph; "he made a great sensation, and the notice he excited and the praises he received might have been the ruin of him. He first appeared as a pianist at Oedenburg, when he was only nine years old, and people at once began assuring him that he was going, at the very least, to be another Mozart."

"That," remarked Ambrose, "is a prophecy of which he has often believed the realisation to be near at hand."

"After learning the rudiments of the piano from his father, where did he study?" asked Rose.

"First at Vienna," replied Ralph, "where Czerny, one of the most eminent teachers of the day, gave him lessons. Czerny, it appears, was astonished at the boy's extraordinary talent, and he wrote of young Liszt in his autobiography that 'it was evident at once that Nature had intended him for a pianist.' He was taught composition by Salieri, Court-capellmeister at Vienna, and by Randhartinger, who is memorable on account of his connection with Schubert. These were good masters, and Randhartinger seems to have done Liszt a specially friendly turn by introducing him to Schubert. From Vienna he went in 1823 to Paris, hoping to be allowed to study there at the Conservatoire; but Cherubini, who had been made director of that institution the previous year, objected to him on the ground of his being a foreigner. He had, therefore, to content himself with studying under Reicha and Paër."

"I suppose," said Hilda, "that he had by that time tried his hand at original composition."

"He seems," answered Ralph, "to have published a variation on a waltz by Diabelli in 1823, but his first considerable effort was an operetta produced in 1825."

"How was it received?"

"Truth," said Ralph, "lies at the bottom of a well, and I have no means of fishing it up. One authority says it was a striking failure, another affirms exactly the contrary. But it is as a virtuoso, and not as a composer, that Liszt's early life is distinguished. Till about the year 1847 he was almost constantly before the public as a pianist, travelling from country to country, and being received everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm."

"You should have made England an exception," observed Ambrose; "the public here either did not appreciate him, or thought his merits exaggerated."

"What brought his career as a public performer to a close?" Rose asked.

"In 1849," Ralph answered, "he was offered the post of conductor of the Court Theatre at Weimar, and in accepting it he bade adieu to a course of life of which he had grown weary."

"And no wonder!" exclaimed Edward. "Reputation as a mere executant, even though one be the king of pianists, is the most trumpery fame in the world."

"When he accepted the conductorship at Weimar," Ralph went on to say, "Liszt did so, according to Mr. Hueffer, in an article in Grove's 'Dictionary of Music,' 'with the distinct purpose of becoming the advocate of the rising musical generation by the performance of such works as were written regardless of immediate success, and therefore had little chance of seeing the light of the stage.' The sympathies of Liszt were all in favour of the modern school, and the result of the policy pursued by him was that Weimar soon grew famous as an art-centre. Wagner's *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Flying Dutchman* were performed there, so were the *Benvenuto Cellini* of Berlioz, the *Genoveva* of Schumann, the *Alfonso and Estrella* of Schubert, and the extraordinary music written by Schumann to Byron's *Manfred*. The attention of the musical world was attracted, and pilgrimages to Weimar were made by musicians and amateurs from all quarters. 'In this way,' if you will permit me to read a few lines from Mr. Hueffer, 'was formed the nucleus of a group of young and enthusiastic musicians, who, whatever may be thought of their aims and achievements, were and are, at any rate, inspired by perfect devotion to music and its poetical aims. It was indeed at these Weimar gatherings that the musicians who now form the so-called School of the Future, till then unknown to each other, and divided locally and mentally, came first to a clear understanding of their powers and aspirations. How much the personal fascination of Liszt contributed to this desired effect need not be said!'"

"You have spoken," said Edward, "of Liszt's establishing himself at Weimar as an interpreter of the works of others. It appears that he also, about the same time, began to devote himself in earnest to original composition."

"He had more leisure for that purpose," remarked Ralph; "and a settled life in a quiet town was more favourable to artistic production than the hurried existence which he had previously led. His best compositions were undoubtedly produced after he took up his residence at Weimar."

"What cities has Liszt chiefly lived in?" asked Agnes.

"In the early part of his career," answered Ralph, "he made Paris his headquarters for several years. Then, in 1849, he settled at Weimar, and he lived there for twelve years. Of late years he has been residing at intervals at Weimar, Pesth, and Rome."

"His residence at Paris," said Edward, "seems to have had a great influence on his habits of thought and style of work."

"There is no doubt about that," said Ralph. "He became closely acquainted there with such eminent leaders in literature as Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and George Sand, and one does not come under the spell of great minds for nothing."

"Liszt," remarked Nora, "seems to have been also connected in some way or other with most of the great musicians of the day."

"Everyone," said Ralph, "has heard of his friendship for the late Richard Wagner, and knows that Wagner married Liszt's daughter, Cosima. Then Hans von Bülow, who well deserves to be called the foremost pianist of the advanced school of pianoforte playing, was one of his pupils. It was also under Liszt's advice that Rubinstein, another of the greatest players the world has ever seen, pursued some of his early studies. The late Carl Tausig, a performer who is said to have had no rival in some branches of pianoforte playing, was also taught by him."

"Liszt himself," said Nora, "must have been extraordinary as a player."

"In point of execution," said Ralph, "no one is ever likely to surpass him. The best qualities of the best players were united in his person, and he treated the piano with the same surprising daring and absolute mastery that Paganini did the violin. 'He widened the domain of the piano,' one writer says, 'to an extent which seems almost incompatible with the special nature of the instrument. He introduced many innovations in the art of playing; in some pieces securing for the piano technical figures never before applied, and in others expanding the chords to dimensions which for the majority of players are absolutely impossible."

"A player may have too great a fancy," said Ambrose, "for *tours de force*."

"He has been described to me," said Nora, "by those who have heard him, as a master of dazzling effect, rapidity, and ingenious combinations. But they say his style was extravagant and theatrical; he seemed to want effect for effect's sake."

"The worst of players of his stamp," remarked Florence, opening her mouth for the first time, "is that they usually have a host of followers, who, in striving to imitate them, only succeed in making their masters ridiculous. During all his career as a pianist, Liszt seems to have been surrounded by devotees, who sat and listened to him like doves fascinated by a vulture."

"On the subject of the followers of Liszt," said Harry, "let me contribute to the discussion by reading this passage from an article on pianoforte playing by Herr Pauer in the

'Dictionary of Musie':—'An adequate rendering of Liszt's pieces,' says Herr Pauer, 'requires not only great physieal power but mental energy—we might almost call it a fanatieal devotion—whieh few persons possess. Liszt himself has these physieal powers, this iron will, this spontaneous enthusiasm, but only a very few of his disciples can boast of possessing them in concert. If Thalberg was blamed because his suecessful fantasias promoted the eomposition of shallow and worthless pieees, Liszt might be equally reproaehed for having caused more bad piano playing, more "thumping," and more empty noise than was known before his time. It must be admitted that he himself, thanks to his exceptional powers, has, in regard to teehnical execution, attained the highest point that human intelligenee and skill ean possibly attain; although, even in his best time, he was never so eertain of a perfect performance as was his more phlegmatic, sober, and careful rival, Thalberg. Oeeasional shorteomings, however, are readily exeused in a man so full of genius, and of grand, liberal ideas and intentions, and so rich in all possible aeeomplishments; a man, indeed, who, independently of his musieal attainments, belongs to the most distinguished persons of this eentury. But the followers and disciples of Liszt cannot boast of the exceptional qualities of their idol, and therefore their thumping, jerky, and incoherent playing; their inability to produce a mellow, singing tone; their want of respect for the old classical school, and their one-sidedness, will not meet with such ready exeuse as was willingly granted to their great master.'"

"There is much truth in that passage," said Arthur. "To be brilliant is nowadays made of far too much importance, and people do not see that the great thing should be to move, not to astonish. The glitter of what is ealled a brilliant style is too often nothing but a monkey-triek."

"The question," remarked Edward, "appears to be —ean you have mueh warmth or feeling from the piano?" It is a fixed idea in Edward's mind that in this nineteenth eentury we are the victims of the piano. "It is," he continued, "far from an expressive instrument, and indeed good for little exeept for praetising hard what is not worth listening to exeept for the sake of the teehnique."

"Why, Edward," exclaimed Nora, "you need not make this the oeeasion of an attaek on the piano."

"The fact is," said Florence, in a low tone to Gertrude, "he is jealous of it; he would rather hear her talk than play."

"There is one thing," said Arthur, giving the conversation another turn, "whieh I have always heard said in Liszt's praise: he is of a most generous disposition."

"Yes," said Ralph, "the charitable objeets on behalf of which he has exerted his genius are numberless. Floods and fires, orphans and widows, struggling artists and bankrupt merehants, ragged schools and public hospitals—no object worthy of assistance has ever appealed to him in vain."

"We may now speak of Liszt's works," said Arthur. "I don't know much about them, but you," he added, turning to Ralph, "seem to have the subjeet at your fingers' ends."

"First about his pianoforte music," began Ralph. "He has tried his hand at every possible variety. Amongst his original compositions are twelve studies known as the *Etudes d'exécution transcendante*, then there are the *Années de Pélerinage*, the *Harmonies poétique et religieuse*, the *Consolations*, a sonata in B major, and a host of other pieces, the names of which are hardly worth mentioning, for names in music tell very little."

"Has he not also some works founded on national airs?" asked Rose.

"Yes; amongst these are his celebrated Hungarian Rhapsodies, and three Swiss airs. He has also written transeriptions of airs by Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and Mereadante; paraphrases of violin pieees by Paganini and Ferdinand David; a host of fantasias and variations on operatic melodies; arrangements of symphonies by Beethoven and Berlioz; arrangements of organ fugues by Sebastian Bach; and last, but not least, transeriptions of songs by Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Franz, Dessauer, Berlioz, Weber, Beethoven and others."

"I have, as well as I eould," said Nora, "tried most of his works, and it seems to me that Liszt's ability as a composer for the piano is shown partieularly by his transeriptions. Take his transeriptions of Wagner's operatic pieces, for example. Why, they give even the orehestral effeets in a marvellous degree."

"My favourite pieee amongst his pianoforte compositions," said Agnes, "is the paraphrase of the *Patineurs* in the *Prophète*."

"And mine," said Annabella, "is the fantasia on the *Huguenots*."

"And mine," said Florence, "the fantasia on the *Clochette* of Paganini."

"And I," said Hilda, "am very fond of his arrangement for the piano of some of the *Caprices* of that wonderful violinist."

"As for me," said Ambrose, "I prefer his setting of sueh songs as those of Schubert, Schumann, and Franz. They seem to me quite perfeet."

"What a difference there is in taste!" exclaimed Gertrude. "Nothing you have named is to be eompared to the fantasias on the *Motifs* of the *Soirées Musicales* of Rossini."

"Liszt's pianoforte musie, I suppose," said Harry, "is far from easy."

"Easy!" said Norah, "every pianist knows how difficult it is, and shudders with fear at the sight of it."

"In the shape of vocal music," Ralph went on to say, "Liszt has written much that is noteworthy. Amongst his vocal eompositions are a eantata for the inauguration of the statue of Beethoven at Bonn, several choruses for men's voices, an oratorio, *Christus;* the *Legend of St. Elizabeth*, a kind of oratorio; the Thirteenth Psalm for tenor, chorus and orchestra, and several compositions intended for church use."

"What sort of productions are Liszt's sacred works?" asked Rose.

"The key-note to them," replied Ralph, "has been very well deseribed as 'the accentuation of the subjective or personal element, eombined as far as possible with a deep reverence for the old forms of ehureh music.'"

"Liszt has also," remarked Florenee, "written a considerable number of songs for a single voiee with pianoforte aeeompaniment. These are not half so well known as they should be."

"You are right," said Ralph; "they are wonderful songs, intense in feeling and without a single note superficial or untrue."

"What about orchestral music?" asked Ambrose.

"Liszt has written several orchestral works," answered Ralph, "all very grand in eonception. But the worst of it is that people will not as a rule take pains to understand them."

"As if," said Nora, "a listener should not take trouble to listen just as a composer has taken trouble to write."

"Amongst the orchestral works," remarked Ralph, "perhaps the best known are the *Faust* symphony in three tableaux, and the twelve symphonic poems."

"You have forgotten the Dante symphony," said Florence; "as fine as any of them."

"There are several works," added Ralph, "for piano and orchestra, including two concertos and a fantasia on themes from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*."

"Like Wagner," said Ambrose, "Liszt seems to be a versatile genius, and to have some ability in literature as well as in music."

"The pen with him," said Ralph, "is almost as familiar as the piano. Amongst his writings we have articles and pamphlets on the *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* of Richard Wagner, on Frederick Chopin, on the Gipsies and their Musie in Hungary, on Robert Franz, not to speak of other subjects. The most valuable of these are on Chopin, Franz, and the Gipsies."

"If it is a shame to confess ignorance," said Rose, "then I blush to ask, who was Franz?"

"The most important of the later representatives of the German Lied," answered Ralph, "a composer who by means of his music has illustrated the entire world of German poetry."

"Now," said Arthur, "let us play and sing, for we have talked enough."

Nora played the first piece and she chose the third of the "Rhapsodies Hongroises," that in B flat.

When she had finished playing it, like a good performer and a sound musician, as she is, a song was ealled for.

"I shall sing one of Liszt's," said Florence, "which I met with in the 'Songs of Eastern Europe'; it seems to me a perfeet expression of feeling." And she sang—

"Oh, life must wondrous be and fair,
When two such troths have plighted
That every word and thought they share
Are soul in soul united:
And joy and pain, and weal and woe
Together both are bearing;
From love's first kiss, till death's last throe,
A love eternal sharing."

Though, as I have said before, her voice is not strong, it is fine in tone, and she made up in earnestness for what she wanted in volume.

"Hilda tells me," remarked Arthur, "that she and Agnes have been practising the Hungarian Rhapsody in C sharp minor, arranged for pianoforte and violin by Liszt and Joachim. We shall have that next;" and Hilda stood forward and played through this difficult composition without either a false intonation or a single error in expression. We are all rather proud of "our violinist," who is a dark-eomplexioned girl, her eyes singularly large in proportion to her faee, whieh is small and round, with features peculiarly marked by pensive melancholy.

"That is a fine piece of music," said Ralph. "The Hungarian Rhapsodies are all famous as being true 'tone-pietures of Hungary.'"

"It is remarkable," observed Agnes, "what an influenee Hungarian musie has had on the works of many great composers, and perhaps its influence was never greater than at the present time."

Gertrude now volunteered to give us Liszt's setting of Goethe's little night song, "Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh."

"The heavenly ealm of that poem," said Arthur, "has, aceording to Herr Hueffer, been rendered by Liszt by his wonderful harmonies 'in a manner which alone would secure him a place amongst the great masters of German song,' and he particularly points out as of surprising beauty the modulation from G major back into the original E major at the close of the piece."

"We shall be on the look out for it," said Edward, and Gertrude sang—

"Ueber allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh;
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du

Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch."

"What next?" asked Rose.

"I shall play," said Nora, "one of the songs of Schubert, transcribed by Liszt for the piano."

She then played that beautiful one, "Faith in Spring," beginning—

"Play another," said Florence.

She played "The Wanderer."

There was a general desire for a third, so we had the "Ave Maria," which everyone declared was the finest of all.

"We might have a song now," said Ralph, "and if no one can suggest anything better, I shall sing "Du bist wie eine Blume."

He sang it, rather coldly perhaps, but his taste was irreproachable.

"That is a charming song," said Ambrose. "Whose are the words?"

"Heine's," answered Ralph, and he repeated them from the beginning.

"Du bist wie eine Blume,
So hold und schön und rein;
Ich schau' dich an, und Wehmuth
Schleicht mir ins Herz hinein.

Mir ist, als ob ich die Hände
Aufs Haupt dir legen sollt',
Betend, dass Gott dich erhalte
So rein und schön und hold."

"We might have a specimen of Liszt's dance music next," said Arthur.

And Rose followed up the suggestion by playing a *mazurka brillante* with which many of us were familiar.

Edward now suggested that, by way of variety, we should have a piece for the harmonium, and he looked over to Agnes, who is by a long way our best harmonium player.

"Liszt," said Agnes, "has written and arranged several pieces for the organ and harmonium, but the only one I know is this, which he describes as an *andante religioso*."

We returned next to the piano, and Nora played the "Wilde Jagd," one of the *Etudes d'exécution transcendante*, and splendidly too, never seeming to exert herself even when playing the most difficult passages.

Her place was taken by Annabella, she of the formal temperament, who played the "March of Rakoczy."

Then Florence asked if anyone knew any more songs by Liszt.

"Yes," said Edward, "I can sing 'Comment disaient-ils,' the words of which are by Victor Hugo. It is a very charming song, and I wish I could do it justice, but I have a rebellious voice, and it is not in tune to-night."

He then sang—

"Comment, disaient-ils,
Avec nos nacelles,
Fuir les alguazils?
Ramez, disaient-elles.

"Comment, disaient-ils,
Oubliez querelles,
Misère et périls?
Dormez, disaient-elles.

"Comment, disaient-ils,
Enchanter les belles
Sans philtres subtils?
Aimez, disaient-elles."

"Let us finish off the evening," said Ambrose, "with Liszt's arrangement of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony for two pianos."

"There is no time for that," replied Arthur; "I propose rather that we should ask Nora to play No. 3 of the *Consolations;* that in D flat."

Nora made no difficulty about doing so, and, as no one seemed in haste to rise, she afterwards played No. 6 of the *Consolations* in C sharp minor.

Then Agnes asked if she knew a romance by Spohr transcribed by Liszt for the piano.

"Is it the one," asked Nora, "originally written to the words—

'Rose, softly blooming, formed to allure,
Emblem of nature, lovely and pure'?"

"The same."

"Then," said Nora, "I know it very well; you will find it amongst my music."

With that romance ended our Liszt concert, and everyone went home in high spirits and with pleasant recollections of good music, good playing, good singing, and unrestrained friendly intercourse.

"How late it is," said Nora to Edward, as she stood at her own door, "and yet no one seemed inclined to go. But I am afraid I tire you." And she made haste to relieve him of two music books and a music-roll.

"We are never weary," said he, "of doing what we like to do."

VARIETIES.

In Danger.—A notorious rogue, being brought to the bar, and knowing his case to be desperate, instead of pleading, he took to himself the liberty of jesting, and thus said, "I charge you, in the King's name, to seize and take away that man (meaning the judge) in the red gown, for I go in danger because of him."—*Lord Bacon.*

The Worst of Wealth.—She is a great simpleton who imagines that the chief power of wealth is to *supply* wants. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it *creates* more wants than it supplies.

A Wide Berth to Poverty.—Resolve not to be poor. Whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness. It certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable and others extremely difficult.—*Dr. Johnson.*

Numbering our Days.—Every day is a little life; and our whole life is but a day repeated; whence it is that old Jacob numbers his life by days, and Moses desires to be taught this point of holy arithmetic, to number not his years but his days. Those, therefore, that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those who dare misspend it, desperate.—*Bishop Hall.*

Answer to Double Acrostic (page 558).

W A R
E L F R I D A
S A L M - S A L M
T H E B E S (*a*)
G I G (*b*)
A R R I A (*c*)
T A R T
E S T E (*d*)

Westgate Ramsgate.

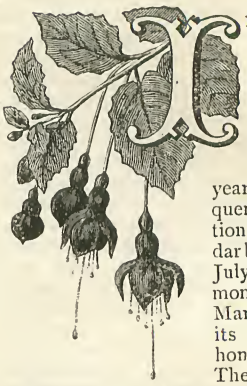
(*a*) The capital of Bœotia, founded B.C. 1493 by Cadmus, who invented the first sixteen letters of the Greek alphabet.

(*b*) The boat kept for the use of the captain of a man-o'-war is called his "gig."

(*c*) The wife of Pœtus Cæcinna, a senator, suspected of joining a conspiracy against the Emperor Claudius and condemned to death.

(*d*) Dukes of Ferrara.

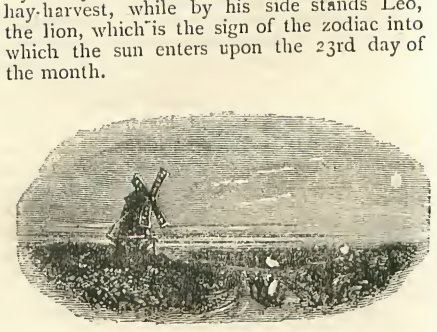
CHATS ABOUT THE CALENDAR.



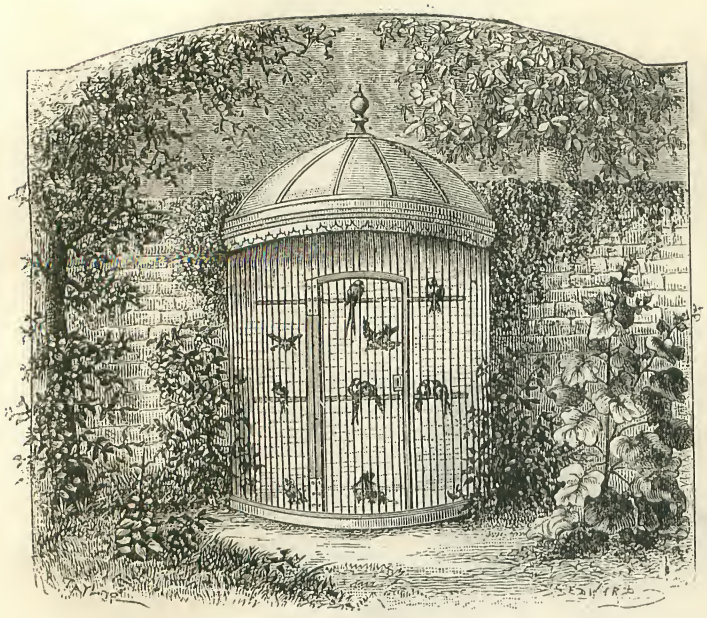
In the ancient calendar of the Romans July was called Quintilis, to denote its numerical position, being in fact the fifth month of the old Latin year. But in consequence of the alterations made in the calendar by Numa Pompilius, July became the seventh month; and later on Marc Antony changed its name to Julius in honour of Julius Cæsar. The old Anglo-Saxon name was Hey Monat, from the hay harvest, and also Maed Monat, from the meads being then in full bloom.

The month of July is generally very hot, for on the 3rd day the "Dog-days" begin, and continue until the 11th of August. This name was first given in reference to the rising of Sirius, the brightest star in the constellation, also called Canis Major, or Dog-star. Its appearance was formerly thought to make the sea boil, wine to turn sour, dogs to go mad, and all other creatures generally to languish! Such were the strange beliefs of ignorance and superstition.

The 15th of the month is dedicated to St. Swithin, who lived in the ninth century, and was the deviser of tithes under King Egbert. Being very pious and learned he was created Bishop of Winchester, and at his death was canonized by the pope. He requested that he might be buried in the open churchyard, which was all the more singular, as the bishops were generally buried in the chancel of the church. The story goes that the monks, wishing to translate the remains of the saint on his canonization, resolved to do so on the 15th July, with a solemn procession and great pomp; but as it rained violently on that day and the forty days succeeding, they looked upon it as a mark of disapprobation on the part of the defunct saint, and erected a chapel over his grave instead, at which many miracles are said to have been performed. Ever since then a popular notion has prevailed that if it rains upon St. Swithin's Day there will be rain for the forty ensuing days, so now when you hear this little superstition mentioned, you will be able to account for it. The truth is that at this time of the year there is often much rain, but its connection with any special day is mere fable. The allegorical representation of the month is that of a strong, robust man, clad in a jacket of light colour, to the girdle of which is attached a bottle. He is eating cherries, and bears a scythe upon his shoulders, symbolical of the hay-harvest, while by his side stands Leo, the lion, which is the sign of the zodiac into which the sun enters upon the 23rd day of the month.



JULY.



GIRLS' OWN PETS.

SECOND SERIES.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

FOREIGN BIRDS—(*continued*).

PART III.—Soft food and seeds for the Aviary—Some pretty Aviary Pets—A few words about Budgerigars.

IN my first paper on Foreign Birds I promised to give further hints about bird seeds, and soft food for the indoor or the garden aviary; and this is a most important part of my subject, because, although you may succeed in becoming the possessor of any number of beautiful birds, if you do not know how to feed and treat them properly, they will die and bring you to grief.

It is a good plan to ask, when buying birds of any kind, what it is usual to feed them on. At the same time it should be mentioned that professed dealers do not always feed their stock on what is best for them. Their object is to keep them as cheaply as possible, and they are not likely to take more trouble than is necessary to barely support life.

We have one rule to guide us in our treatment of the bird pets under our charge, and that is to feed, nearly in the same way, when we know it, that they have been accustomed to in the wild state. I was going to say as nearly as possible in the same way, but with regard to birds that when wild eat a great deal of insect or animal food, this would hardly have been correct, because, when free, they get a vast deal more exercise than it is possible for them to have in even the largest aviary in existence, therefore the diet in confinement should be more mixed. Take for example our own English starling; if this bird were caged up and fed entirely on insects, snails, worms, and animal food, he would soon take inflammation and die.

Well now, I will suppose you have a nice aviary of foreign birds, containing perhaps an assortment of probably a dozen different kinds; and, as you love the birds of your own land, you have put in along with these some larks and linnets, a goldfinch or bullfinch, or even a robin. Some of these will be seed birds, others soft food birds, and some may want a little of both, such as our beautiful friend the budgerigar. The best plan therefore is to supply the aviary well with both seeds and soft food.

I append here an illustration of a very handsome garden aviary, manufactured by Mr. E. Crook, of 5, Carnaby-street, Regent-street, London. It is not only highly ornamental, but useful; for here the birds have their retiring shelter or building room, their flight perches and all complete. A place like this can be improved upon, too, by planting creepers to trail around it, whether roses or that lovely quick grower, the wild convolvulus. But whatever you do as regards the outside of your aviary, you will not forget to keep everything perfectly clean in its interior, including even the perches, nor to supply plenty of gravel, and clean water to drink (soft filtered water is best), and water for the bath as well.

Soft Food.—Milk sop is much relished by many birds; the bread should be softened first by steeping it in cold water, the latter is then squeezed out and the milk added, not too much of it. The milk should be new and good, and the sop changed every morning. If left for a day it gets sour, and dire results may be the consequence if the birds eat it.

A little fresh, nicely minced meat is another dainty dish with many birds. Then there are grubs and small garden worms, ants, and their larvæ called ants' eggs, and all kinds of insects. If you do not think it untidy, a bit of raw meat may be hung on a wire in the aviary to entice flies to settle on it. The insect-loving birds will go hawking on their own account and enjoy themselves very much, though I presume the flies won't. Such birds as the *cordon bleu* live in the wild state almost entirely on insects. If you have a creeping rose-tree growing up the side of your garden aviary, these bonnie birds will often find food thereon which will be very much to their taste.

Egg food, a mixture of hard-boiled yolks of eggs and biscuit crumb, is a capital change, and, as it is nutritious and even stimulating, it does excellently well in cold weather. There is a prepared yolk of egg which I believe many birds enjoy; it is to be bought at the bird shops, but I have never tried it. When I mentioned ants' eggs of course I meant the dried kind.

I have already mentioned German paste, and given receipts for its manufacture which I need not repeat.

Among soft food for birds may be mentioned fruit of many kinds, such as raisins, currants, figs, &c. Likewise many boiled roots, like carrot, turnip, parsnip, beet, &c.

Green food you must take to mean, groundsel, lettuce, chickweed, watercress, &c., and barley or corn in the ear, with any kind of seed-bearing weeds you happen to fall in with when out walking.

It is not a nice occupation that of preparing meal-worms, but foreign birds are so fond of them that it is worth while breeding the creatures. They are the larvæ of a common small beetle, and may be got as follows. Take a large jar holding about three or four pints, with a big mouth, nearly fill it with bran or oatmeal, and a piece of damp sugar-paper; into this empty half a pint of meal worms, which you can get at your baker's, and put an empty cloth over the top, which moisten a bit, not wet too much, occasionally with beer. After three months there will be a good supply to go on with. Well then, if you object to breed these useful insects, and have not a brother to do so for you, I advise you to buy them. Instead of giving them alive, it is perhaps as well to scald them by simply dropping them into boiling water.

I counsel simplicity of food and simplicity of feeding. Some keepers of birds mix up all kinds of soft food together in one mass. I do not recommend this plan, because change of food from day to day is, if I can reason aright, much better.

Never give more than the birds can get through easily, and never leave any about to spoil and breed disease.

Seeds.—These should always be fresh and good, and kept in air-tight tin canisters or pickle bottles, and placed for the birds in proper seed vessels, not thrown broad cast into the aviary. The seeds most used are canary, rape, millet, and poppy seed, to which may be added wild grass seeds, inga seed, and, sparingly, crushed hemp. The sun-bird or Pekin nightingale, a soft food bird, is, when in good plumage, a charming addition to the aviary, quite a pet and well-behaved, although with that strong beak of his he might do mischief if so inclined.

The blue robin or blue nightingale is a great favourite; it is a native of America, being very common in the States. They stand by blue in colour, but their breast is a brownish red. They require a good deal of care. They need also lots of soft food, and insects, meal worms, &c., and some fruit.

Another bird I have met with in the States is the well-known mocking-bird. He is not unlike in all his ways our own thrushes and blackbirds, even the song is similar to that of the mavis. This bird is apt to quarrel with others in an aviary, so had better be kept out of it.

The male indigo bird may be kept in the aviary. It is very beautiful, and sings well, though generally mute in the company of other birds. The female is brown, so is not an acquisition of much value. The indigo bird is also a native of America, and feeds on seeds and insects, or a little animal food, minced meat, &c.

Cardinals are gorgeously plumaged birds, but I must warn you to keep them by themselves. Do not be prevailed upon to introduce them into the aviary, or mischief will eventually be the result.

The Java sparrow or rice-bird does very well in our aviaries; it is a very pretty, clear-looking little bird, with a lovely wax-like bill. It is a very hardy bird too, but at times apt to fight or chase the other small inmates. Some are pure white.

The red-faced green love-bird is a beautiful little fellow, several of which may be put in the aviary; their pretty colours have a nice effect. They are seed-eating birds.

I wish to conclude this paper by saying a few words about the deservedly popular budgerigar. The name is derived from the native Australian word badgery, signifying pretty or good. And well the name describes them. It is known by many names, such as the shell parraquet, the zebra-grass parraquet, or canary parraquet, but is most commonly called budgerigar.

The importation into this country of these engaging little pets is very extensive indeed, and as they do just as well in a cage as in a large aviary, and are by no means very expen-

sive to buy, they are naturally favourites. And for this reason, as well as owing to the fact that they are not sufficiently well understood, I am devoting more space to them than I have done to the others.

Need I describe this bird's appearance? Hardly, I should think, it is now so well known. It stands by green in colour, a bright pea-green striped or variegated with orange, the wings are darker and have an orange-coloured edging, the tail is blue, so are the checks and spots under the beak, while the forehead is yellow.

The males are blue in the cere of beak, the females brownish.

These pretty pets deserve the name of love bird as much as any other, for they are exceedingly gentle and kind in disposition, and the male bird makes a most exemplary husband and father.

It is well to know that the nostril of the male birds is sometimes stained brown by the unprincipled dealer, if he wishes to sell a pair; but as this is usually done by means of nitrate of silver, a sharp eye can generally detect it. The reason why the dealers do this sometimes, is because the female birds are more difficult to keep alive on the voyage home from Australia, and are therefore much scarcer.

Budgerigars are very hardy indeed, when once acclimatised, and will stand the severest cold so long as they are well and carefully fed.

They may be kept singly in cages, or in pairs, or a large number together in an aviary, either indoor or out. They are extremely fond of each other; if one of a pair dies, the other often follows. Whether or not this is from grief I must leave my readers to determine for themselves.

Many writers on natural history give descriptions of this bird in the wild state, but as a rule they are not talking from personal observation, and but little weight is to be attached to the words of an author who does not do so. Mr. Gould is describing what he has seen when he writes as follows about budgerigars: "I found them," he says, "breeding in the hollows of the eucalyptus trees bordering the Mokai. The nature of their food and the excessive heat of these plains cause them to frequently seek the water, hence any camp near the river fords was constantly surrounded by large numbers."

"The song," he continues, "belongs to the male bird only; and he thinks his voice must be agreeable to his mate, for in light, warm weather he will warble all day long. He often pushes his beak almost into the ear of his mate so as to give her the full benefit of his song. The lady, however, does not seem to appreciate his condescension so much as he would wish, and often pecks him sharply in return."

So much for gratitude, reader; but perhaps she does not mean it.

The budgerigars will nest in confinement; an old log of wood is usually put in one corner of the aviary for their convenience. They have four whitish eggs which they take a long time to hatch; but they are very fond of their young ones when they do come, and these latter are funny, wee, innocent pets. So on the whole I recommend budgerigars as inmates of the aviary.

Although, however, they are very hardy so far as cold is concerned, they are, especially when kept in numbers, liable to several ailments. One of these is a kind of fit. The bird should be taken to the open air and blown on, afterwards give about two drops of castor oil, and supply a little more green food than usual. Some writers say that budgerigars should be supplied with a turf like a lark, and also with some cuttle-fish placed where they can peck at it. Well, this is easily supplied, and cannot possibly do harm. Give them plenty of sand and fine gravel also in the bottom of the cage or aviary.

Now a word about water. I maintain that all birds and pets of all kinds should be able to help themselves to fresh pure water whenever they like. Some will tell you that budgerigars do not require it. I admit they can live for months without any, because I do not think they receive any coming from Australia. But this is, if my judgment be correct, both cruel and unnatural.

The staple of their diet is canary seed, with a little millet now and then, if they seem to enjoy it, also a sop of bread and milk. Do not forget to give them green food in the shape of groundsel, chickweed and watercress, especially in warm weather. Keep the cage or aviary exceptionally clean, and if you do this and do not neglect them you will be rewarded by finding them healthy all the year round. If you buy newly imported birds, do not be too liberal at first in supplying them with either water or juicy green food; for, be it remembered, they have not tasted either for months, and would very likely injure themselves. But bring them gradually round to both, and in about a week let them have as much as they choose.

The last thing I have to mention regarding budgerigars is this, they dearly love their freedom. If you have a large outdoor aviary they will have to be content with what exercise they get in that, but if you keep them indoors, do pray let them out for a fly around the room every day. They enjoy it so much, and they will not be ungrateful; they will love you the more for the indulgence.

SMALL ARTICLES MADE WITH PLUSH, SATIN SHEETING, SATIN MERVEILLEUX, AND PIECE LINEN.

So many everyday objects, useful and ornamental, are now brought within the range of the embroiderer, that there can be no excuse for a room that displays no articles refined into beauty by a little skill, or, where faded articles cannot be renewed, a bright and tasteful cover made to them. Drawing-room books and blotting-book covers often become very faded and shabby by merely lying about; these can be made quite presentable by taking their shape and size in unbleached linen, and working upon that material a conventional design, with old gold filoselle or washing silk, and in satin and crewel stitches. Embroidering the owner's initials in a shield in the centre, and surrounding this with a wreath of leaves, sweet peas, and old-fashioned flowers in Queen Anne style, is more elaborate than working in one colour, but more effective. Handsomer book-covers are made with Roman sheeting as the foundations, the design appliqued to that and surrounded with couched lines of thick cord or gold thread. Bits of softly-coloured plush or velvet and merveilleux satins are the best to use for *appliqué* purposes; the pieces, if thin, should be backed with a thin holland lining, pasted to them before they are arranged upon the Roman sheeting, and the work, to be well done, should be stretched in a frame.

Post-card and letter racks are favourite objects to ornament. It is best to buy a perfectly plain wooden rack as the background, as these are so cheap that it is not worth while to make a background of millboard. Take some dark peacock-blue ribbed silk or satin merveilleux, stiffen it with a backing of Victoria lawn, and carefully cut it so that its various pieces, when stitched neatly together, make a covering to the wooden rack. It is best to cut out the shapes required upon paper before cutting up the silk. Work only the bottom rack cover; leave all the others plain; as they will be concealed with the letters and cords; a small bunch of tiny flowers coloured naturally and worked in silks is the best design. Great neatness is necessary in covering letter racks, but there is little trouble in ornamenting them.

Photo and Mirror Frames.—The present fashion of framing china, glass, and pictures in broad oval frames has opened out a new field to the embroiderer, who, with a little skill, can produce beautiful needlework of varied kinds, from the finest and most elaborately-coloured satin-stitch flowers worked upon pale satin grounds, to linen materials worked over with crewel silks. Conventional outline designs worked upon furniture plush, embossed velvet, outlined with Japanese gold thread, and patterns worked out with black silk upon pale blue or pink silk, so as to look like lace over a coloured ground, are all varieties of needlework employed in ornamenting the raised oval frames. The manner of making is as follows:—Take the size for the mirror frame, and employ an ordinary carpenter to cut and shape the oval, which should be made of wood, two inches in width, and an inch and a half in thickness. The wood should be flat at the back, and made as a raised curve in the front. Cut a piece on the cross of fine holland, rather larger than will cover the wood all round; lay some wadding evenly and flatly over the raised side of the frame, and keep it down by sewing the holland tightly round the wood, put on plenty of wadding so as to make a firm soft stuffing. Take the material to be embroidered; cut it to fit the frame without a join if possible, and, if it must be joined, neatly

sew the ends together and fit this perfectly as to size before embroidering it. Trace a small but elaborate design upon the material and work it and fix it on the oval. A back made of cardboard, covered with cloth, must be sewn to the frame when the interior has been fixed in. Very large frames will require a wooden back, and should have a groove in the oval to fit this into, but small ones do very well with the cardboard.

Plush and Satin Bags.—The shapes now fashionable for knitting and embroidery bags are very pretty and varied, ranging from the straight plush bag to the purse bag, and the fully-pleated bag. The straight plush bag is the easiest to make, and when formed with artistic colours is an elegant present; it is used to hold knitting, and is of a long narrow shape. To work: Buy three-quarters of a yard of furniture plush with a very short nap, colour either deep ruby, peacock-blue, or mouse; also half a yard of fine cashmere matching the plush as to shade, and some old gold coloured filoselle. Cut the plush into three strips, each three-quarters of a yard long and six inches wide. Take one of the strips, and with a piece of white chalk sketch the outline of a spray of leaves and fruit or seed-vessels upon one end, to the depth of twelve inches. Upon the other end of the same piece sketch a small spray in a horizontal position, as this will make the flap of the bag. Take a large crewel needle and an unsplit strand of filoselle and work round the sketched outlines with rope-stitch; also work out the veins of the leaves and dot the seed-vessels with a few large French knots. Cut the cashmere to fit the plush, and line it with that, and make up the bag with the embroidery to the front. The width of the plush is sufficient for three bags, so that they can be made at the cost of one. Each bag will then cost from 2s., and will fetch at a bazaar quite five shillings.

The purse bags are made by cutting four strips of silk and velveteen a yard long and nine inches wide, and sewing these together lengthways; the colours used for each strip should be a contrast to the others; a tassel at each end and large ivory rings complete the bag. Knitting bags to hang over the arm are made by cutting two leg-of-mutton shaped pieces of material, embroidering the broad parts with a spray of honeysuckle or clematis, and lining the strips with white silk and sewing them together only at the lower or thick part and the two narrow ends. The space between is used to put the arm through, and thus while knitting the cotton in the bag is held to the side without trouble.

Bags Made of Plush and Satin.—The shape of these bags resembles that used for wall pockets, but they are intended to hang with a cord on to the arm. The plush part forms a stiff half circle, and it is that part that is embroidered, the satin which makes the back being full, and gathered with rows of runnings and ornamented with the cord by which the bag is suspended. To make: Cut a small half circle of cardboard for the bottom of the bag, then a straight piece of cardboard five inches high, and as long as will fit round the curved side of the bottom. Cut a piece of plush or embossed velvet to fit this straight piece, and embroider upon it a design; then cover the cardboard with it; also cover the bottom with a piece of plain plush, and sew the two neatly together. Take a piece of cardboard nine inches in length and as wide as the straight part of the bottom, and slope it off at the top an inch; cover this both back and front with satin fully laid on and gathered in at the bottom and the top; sew it neatly to the bottom and front piece, and ornament with a cord and tassels. Contrasts in colour or harmonies should be used for these bags, such as two shades of cinnamon or brown velvet and maize satin, maroon plush and sky-blue silk, crimson plush and Eau de Nil satin.

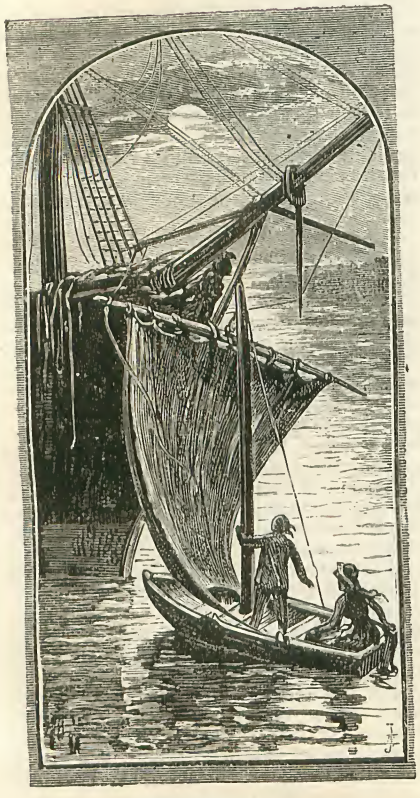
Letter Bags.—These are made to carry letters in the pocket without soiling them, and any fragments of plush, silk, and Roman sheeting can be used. Take the size of a large envelope, cut out a strip of material with a piece for a flap to fit it, embroider the back with the initials or crest of the owner, and the front with a wreath of daisies or other small flowers. Line the bag with fine holland or black silk; sew it together, and finish with a button and buttonhole.

The designs given in the articles upon Art work in February are suitable for the articles enumerated. B. C. SAWARD.

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.



CHAPTER XL.

WE slowly and cautiously retired from our hiding-place so soon as we considered it comparatively safe to venture, and, regaining our boat, directed her course out to sea, in order that we might reach the vessel on the side farthest from the revellers, lest they should gain sight of our white sail in the moonlight. Oars I feared to use, knowing the water might convey the sound, especially on so calm a night.

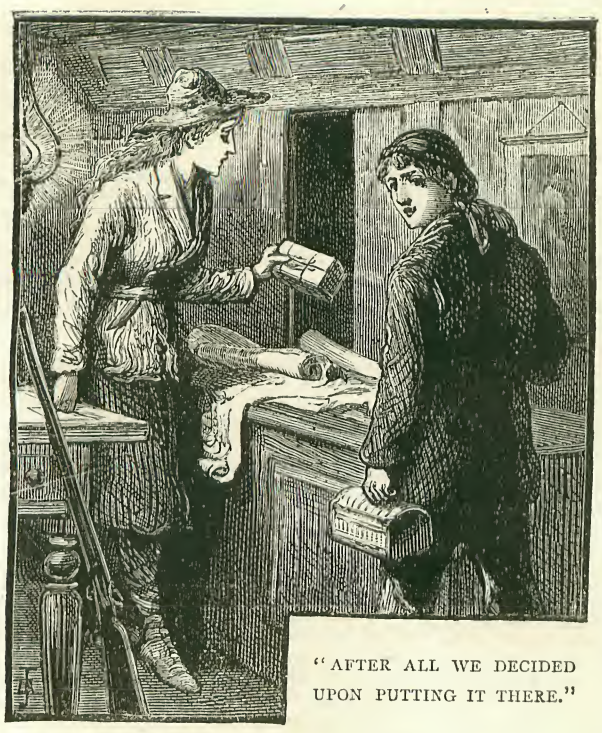
Tacking round, we slowly approached the ship, and in a few moments were moored to the side. Fearing surprises, we listened for some minutes in breathless silence ere we ascended. But no sooner were we safely on board than we heard a noise as of the rattling of a chain.

Telling me to keep still, Henry went a few paces forward, preparing to fire, when, to my surprise, he laid down his gun and disappeared, returning however in a few moments leading a splendid Newfoundland dog, who was covering his hand with kisses, and in various ways silently evincing his joy at the sight of his young master.

"Spana is wise," whispered Henry; "he knows well danger lurks around, and quite understands he is to make no sound so long as he is by my side." The noble animal was worthy of this testimony to his sagacity, for, although giving vent to his delight by a series of twists and turns and wriggles of his body, he followed Henry below almost noiselessly, whilst I kept watch above.

The moon had now fully risen, and I could discern the mutineers lying on the shore. I was pondering upon where to deposit my box so that it should not be found too quickly, and yet not altogether escape sight. Henry at first counselled substituting it for the jewel-case, which he took from behind a sliding wainscot panel in the captain's cabin, but I thought this scarcely wise, as no doubt the men on finding it would at once break it open, concluding it contained the desired treasure. After all, we decided upon putting it

"A SPLENDID NEWFOUNDLAND DOG."



"AFTER ALL WE DECIDED UPON PUTTING IT THERE."

there, for, truth to say, I felt it really little signified where it was placed, seeing it would be only under very extraordinary circumstances that it would fail to be broken open by one of these men, and in truth, it was the remotest chance it would ever reach its destination.

Leaving the panel just the merest crack open, Henry took possession of several articles he thought useful for us, and amongst other things I begged him to secure any writing paper he could lay his hand on, for I had found my parchment anything but first rate, and thus my literary labours had progressed very slowly. He also secured the log-book, and we had just finished lading our boat and were about to leave, of course accompanied by Spana, when we distinctly heard a groan. For a moment we looked at each other with dismay, but a second unmistakable groan succeeding, Henry begged me in whispered accents to get as quickly as possible into the boat, and thinking he intended to follow me at once I yielded to his entreaty. But no sooner had he seen me seated than, springing back into the vessel, he ran lightly in the direction of the forecastle, whence the sound had issued. I sat almost paralysed with fear for the next few minutes; then Henry appeared, and without uttering a word jumped into the boat, his face set and pale. It was not until we were some little distance on our way that he seemed able to answer my inquiry as to what had caused our alarm.

"That brute is living," he said, with suppressed rage.

"Which brute?"

"The man you shot."

"Thank God," I said, fervently.

"What do you mean?" he asked, almost fiercely. 'Don't you know he took my father's life?"

"Yes, Henry," I replied, "and I tried to comfort myself with the thought that my act to save your life was allowed to be a just retribution to him; but I could never get over the miserable remembrance that I had hurried a fellow-creature, so unprepared as he, into eternity."

Henry looked at me. "Then you think I was right to leave him living?"

"Certainly; but are you sure it was he?"

"Perfectly sure, he is lying in his bunk, evidently incapable of getting out of it. He had apparently just awakened from sleep, and was trying to turn, and this, I suppose, made him groan; at the same time he had no appearance of a dying man. He did not catch a glimpse of me. Ah!" and he looked as if he still half repented his act of mercy towards the wretched culprit.

Poor boy, could I wonder at this outburst of revengeful feeling?

Laying my hand on his, "Henry," I said, "be assured you have done right. Had you been able to save your father's life by taking that of his would-be murderer, it would have been altogether a different thing, but to take the life of a poor wretched creature, helpless to defend himself, would be a cowardly revenge. Believe me, you will feel thankful in days to come that you desisted. Is not this hand more fit to grasp mine or Undine's than if it had been raised in vengeance against a fellow-creature? Human vengeance is too cruelly selfish to be aught but hateful."

"COULD I WONDER AT THIS OUTBURST OF REVENGEFUL FEELING?"

As I uttered Undine's name the set lips relaxed, and the young head with its light brown curls was laid upon my shoulder, and the poor boy wept tears which I sought not to restrain, for well I knew the relief they might be to his excited feelings. A minute or two and he was calmer, and was telling me that his mother had died when he was an infant, but he could fancy I was just like her.

A fine manly-looking young fellow telling me I seemed like his mother! I smiled as I looked at my attire and my bronzed hands, and thought the poor lady would have scarcely appreciated the compliment; yet I felt a joy that I could in any way take the place of such a love to two young beings who needed it, and seemed so well fitted to inspire it.

(To be continued.)

FAST COLOURS.

A TALE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

One among the Reflections (wise, witty, pretty or profound) of a Looking-glass.

By FAIRLEIGH OWEN, Author of "When I Was a Girl," "Patty's Victory," &c.

CHAPTER III.

TROUBLES.

"*Eh, bien!* But you are a little solitary! So still, so still, I did not think to find you at all."

It was Mam'selle Corvée who spoke; coming rapidly in, darkening the sunset glow between the window and my little girl in brown, as I might again call her, for the muslin she had made up and now wore was of a delicate brown to my idea, though I had heard various fantastic names applied to the colour.

"You did startle me, mam'selle," said Winnie, rising to her feet; the other had nearly bounced over her, as she sat on the low seat by the window.

Corvée wore a very smart bonnet and mantle, and looked more sparkling, with more of eyes and teeth, and of life generally, than ever.

"When did you come?" asked Winnie, as Corvée at once placed herself in front of me,

and proceeded to adjust and rearrange the details of her toilette.

"I came but now; I rode in a carriage; Mees Adelaide she send a message to you."

"To me!"

"First, how go the pets, the dear Jaque and Jille? Ah! See them there!"

Corvée at once pounced upon the kittens, who, coiled in each other's embrace, were reposing on their cushion at Winnie's feet.

Mam'selle, like all her countrywomen, was fond of pets, and she caressed the two snowy balls very affectionately.

"They have grown too large for their basket," said Winnie. "I carry the cushion into my room every night. Are the ladies well, mam'selle?"

"How could they be not well?" returned Corvée, "when it is only the dance and the song and laughter from morning till night, or night to morning, if one may say. Miladi has her nerfs, that goes without saying. But Mees Adelaide, ah! what pity she no more wear her hair! that beautiful chevelure!"

"Wear her hair!" echoed Winnie.

"Ah! bah! what matter? But now I am to ask, you are to give me things. There is a great ball to-morrow; miladi will have more jewels; I fetch them. Mees Adelaide her lace. You will give them to me; in the little pearl box you know them. See! I take tea with Madame Queek in her room; you come too; you bring the lace there, just soon, for I go back in one hour, the carriage comes for me; eef you please."

Corvée waltzed from the chamber. Winnie rose to fetch the lace, and follow her to the room of Mrs. Quick, the housekeeper, where both girls were to take their tea.

She went straight to the antique box of pearl, where she had laid away the lace upon the only occasion she had handled it.

The box was empty!

Hastily, Winnie sought in every drawer, emptying the contents entirely, to make sure.

In vain.

Every band-box, every known receptacle of such gear was rummaged, with no better result.

I saw her as she went from place to place, paused with her hand to her brow, while the lines about her mouth deepened, and her cheeks grew pale.

Surely something more than the mere accident of an article mislaid was agitating her.

The time passed on. She heard the door of the housekeeper's room open, then Corvée's voluble tongue expatiating on the delights of Greenleigh Park; then a footstep on the stairs, and the Frenchwoman entered.

"Why you not come down to tea?" she asked, carelessly; "now it must that I go quickly—the lace," she stopped as she caught sight of Winnie's face reflected in my own. It was deadly pale.

"What have you? Where is the lace?" cried Corvée, coming round to front the other, "where is the lace?" she repeated, almost as though she anticipated the answer.

"I cannot find it!" cried Winnie.

The voice sounded unlike her own, so hoarse and terrified.

"But! not find it!" Corvée darted to the pearl box which stood open on the bed.

"It was here—always—" she cried, sharply —"*always!*"

"It was not there before," returned Winnie, "the day Miss Franklyn took it from the drawer. But she told me, and I put it all there afterwards."

"The drawer! It was never kept in the drawer, no!" cried Corvée, almost fiercely. "Mees Adelaide, her beautiful lace, she prize so much! She always keep it in the box of pearl, *always!*"

"I put it there myself the day you all left, and it is gone! It is lost!"

"Gone! the lace she prize so! it was her mother's, her grandmother's. Gone! You owe to come and say that to Mademoiselle Adelaide; for me I shall not dare to say!"

"What can I do? I have looked everywhere," said poor Winnie in despair. "Such lovely things, so valuable as you said they were; they should have surely been locked up."

"Locked up!" Corvée blazed out. "See! for two years I have been with miladis, and nevère, no nevère they lock up! What you dare talk of lock up? My faith, was it not you put the fichus on to yourself?"

"Oh, dear! do not speak of that," exclaimed the girl, as she turned her face, now pale to the lips, towards the door, where were now gathered Mrs. Quick and the whole kitchen contingent, drawn thither by Corvée's high-toned eloquence.

The state of the case was very soon understood by all.

"Have you looked here?" and "Might they be there?" Everyone had some suggestion; while a chorus of lamentation as to the pity, the value of the lace, the grief to Miss Franklyn, fell like fire upon the heart of the wretched culprit, as she now felt herself to be.

Except Corvée. She, now silent, only shrugged her shoulders, and spread out her hands in mute eloquence, while now and again she looked pointedly at Mrs. Quick.

But the old housekeeper evinced no signs of feeling one way or the other.

"They'll turn up, for sure, my dear," she said, placidly; "nothing was never lost in this house—unless it was my temper," she added, turning suddenly upon the maids; "to see a lot of girls so ready to idle away the time that don't belong to 'em."

At which the group in the doorway melted quietly away.

"Am I to go and tell Miss Adelaide myself?" said Winnie, in a low voice. "Mam'selle Corvée says she daren't."

"Most certainly not," said the housekeeper, very decidedly. "You must just bide where you are, and not leave the house till such time as my ladies return. The day after to-morrow, I think you said?"

She turned to Corvée, who at that moment re-entered the room from the closet with a small parcel ready for her journey.

"On Wednesday, yes," was the reply; "but no lace, no bal for mees, I do suppose."

"Like as not, my ladies will come back at once," said the placid Mrs. Quick. "Miss Franklyn will be put out for certain, and Mrs. Fribel's narves won't let her bide, you take my word. It's something quite new to have anything of a upset in this house."

"It should be locked up," said Corvée, bitterly, mimicking Winnie's voice as she went, followed by Mrs. Quick.

When she was left alone, Winnie went round to the various drawers and boxes she had turned out in the progress of her search.

Mechanically she smoothed and restored all to order. Then she sat down wearily, and her hands dropped to her lap, her head was leaned heavily back against the bedside, where she had seated herself.

She made no attempt to resume the work upon which she had been so busily engaged.

The evening waned, twilight closed in, I could but just distinguish the faint outline of her figure where she still sat motionless.

Now and again a distant door opening would permit the issuing forth of merry chatter and loud laughter, in far off portions of the old house. But no one came to seek her, or to remind her even that she had taken no evening meal.

By-and-by a moaning wind arose, and there was the faint patter of rain upon the leaves without.

The girl still sat motionless. She might be sleeping, I thought.

Suddenly out of the darkness came a voice, strange and hoarse; though it strove to whisper, its harshness seemed to fill the air of that silent room.

"Sally!" it called—"Sally!"

Winnie started to her feet and stood a moment, as if unable to believe her ears.

Again the voice came, with a sob of despair in the tones—

"Are you there, Sally? Are you there?"

She struck her hands together with a low cry of anguish, and darted to the window.

"Hush! oh hush!" Winnie cried, suppressing her voice, as she hurried forth; and presently I heard, by the brushing of the leaves, that with stealthy steps someone was coming along the verandah.

She was speaking now, just within the window. All was in shadow, I could see nothing; but the words, though whispered, were plain to hear.

"Stand there, dear; no one can see you; no one comes here again to-night. You are sheltered from the rain so, aren't you?"

"I don't mind the rain," was the answer, "now I have found you, Sally."

Her voice when she spoke was trembling with fear or sorrow.

"Oh! but Nat, why have you come? How did you get here?"

"I could not stand it, Sally. It was all so hard. It was killing me right out. You know I *never* had really done nothing of what they laid to me."

"I believe you had not. Oh! I *hope* you did not, dear. But it wasn't clear who did it, and only you and the Wrights had been seen——"

"I was never there," interrupted her companion; "never! young Wright put the snares, and Jem Parker took them out. But they was all again me; all again me, but you, Sally!"

There came a pitiful sob, and a break in the voice; which turned it from a man's to a lad's as the sentence ended.

"If you'd only worked, Nat; if you'd only worked, and kept clear of the bad, bad lot, my dear."

"But I never harmed no one, did I? I never done nothing, and they turned upon me, all of 'em, and lied they did, and then sent me to that place, that awful, horrid hard place!"

"Parson Dicks said it was the best could happen you, Nat; and they would learn you a trade."

"I couldn't ha' borne it no longer, Sally. I got away, and I went over to the old place, and I thought I should find you there, and I would work and help you keep the home; and when I got there it was all broke up, and you was gone, they told me, to London, and I felt I must find ye. Mary Melsham, she said she'd given you the address of her sister, and you would likely go there; so I footed it all the way, bit by bit. I don't know how I lived on the road; but I held a horse, and I begged a bit. I had to, Sally. But I done nothing wrong. And I found Mary's sister; by the address she gave me; and she said you'd been at the big furniture place, Beech's, but that you'd left, and gone with some lady as servant. And she got the name of the place, and I come, Sally. And oh! it's like old times only to hear you speak, and see you again!"

There was a pause, and then Winnie spoke.

"What will you do, Nat, dear? Whatever will you do now, in this big place, where

no one knows you, and everyone has to work so hard for a living?"

"Work! oh! I'll work," was the reply. "Sally, I tell you, I had made up my mind to work. I planned it all out so, and how glad you'd be to have me back, and how we'd fend together for the best. And when I got there—oh! Sally, why did ye break up the home? Why did ye leave the old place? If mother had only——"

"*Don't!*" the girl broke in, "don't, Nathan, bring dear mother up. I can't bear it—I *can't!*"

She was weeping bitterly now, as she went on—

"You know I couldn't have stayed there after all that was gone and passed, our name bandied about, and you as bad as in prison, even though I didn't believe as you did what they accused you of. But the things was all sold for the rent and that. It was no home to me; I *couldn't* stay there. Mother dead, and baby; and you taken, as I thought, for five years. If I could work elsewhere, and save a bit, I thought, and get a home together maybe against you was free."

"I am free now, Sally, and I'll work. You see if I don't! And you will come away from here, and let us have a home again, you will?"

"No, Nat, no; I can't leave this—at least not now. There's trouble for me, dear."

"Trouble for you here? It all looks fine, and grand, and rich enough."

"There has been things missing, Nat," she said, heavily; "lost; things that I had care of."

"Jewels!" exclaimed the other, hoarse with eagerness now.

"Not jewels; even more valuable than jewels. And I could never leave while there was any doubt about them. And the lady has been so kind to me; she will be so vexed; and I do love her! Oh, Nat, I am full of care!"

"That's why you didn't seem glad to see me, Sally, I suppose?"

"Glad! Nat, dear, how can I be glad? What will you do?"

"Same as other fellows; why shouldn't I?" was the response. "It's hard you won't believe me, Sally, when I say I will work."

Such a weary sigh the girl drew. It was half an answer to his words.

"Oh, Nathan, my dear, if I could but believe, if I could only hope it. Yet, if for our mother's sake you did not strive, will you do it for your own—will you, oh, will you?"

"It is hard, it is hard," returned the miserable creature she addressed. "You're the only one in the world that cares for me, and you turn again me."

"I am not against you, Nat, dear Nat! How could I be? Aren't we both dear mother's? God help us both—we need His help. See, don't you give way."

He was sobbing. I heard the chink of money as she went on.

"I cannot ask you to come in, or even to eat. I am sorry, dear; but they don't know I have anyone belonging to me, for I told them nothing of myself. I wanted like to make a fresh start, and have done with bygones." She sighed. "But here's some money, and you will go and get a comfortable supper and a bed."

"But near by, Sally, near by. I don't want to be far from you."

"You needn't go very far," said the girl, wearily. "Down across the heath, where the lights are yonder, you'll easily find all you want. But surely, Nat, you'll not need to stop just here about; you will find work, won't you now?"

"You see if I won't. I can work, though you mayn't believe it; but, ye see, Sally, I mustn't go back anigh where I come from; there may be some sort o' punishment for a fellow running away, I don't know; and I feel ever so much more like buckling to while I know you're not far off; it's like old times."

"Go now, Nathan," said Winnie, her voice sounding fainter; "the dog will be loose directly. And to-morrow you will try to get work."

"To-morrow, Sally? Oh! but I shan't spend all this to-night. No fear. I'm not so extravagant."

There was no reply. I heard the sound of a kiss, as she doubtless urged her visitor to depart. Then she stepped back into the room, closed the window, and, striking a match, she lighted a taper which stood upon the table near me.

By its faint light I saw the deathly pallor of her face and her heavy eyes, on which the tears were wet.

All at once the quick yelp and bark of a dog made itself heard close beneath the window.

She sprang forward, opened it with a cry of horror, then stood listening.

The barking sounded farther off now, as if the animal were in pursuit of whatever had aroused it.

A door opened below, voices issued forth. Some of the servants and their visitors had come out to discover the cause of the alarm.

"Here he is back," I heard one say.

"What was it, old Bob?"

"Cats, most likely."

"Nonsense! He is never growling like that for cats."

"I wish my ladies was home," said a third. "What with one thing and another, I shan't rest in my bed."

The doors closed. All was quiet again.

Winnie re-entered the room, both hands pressed upon her heart. I could almost believe I heard the violence of its beating.

As though no longer able to sustain herself, she sank to her knees beside the bed of her mistress, with clasped hands and drooping head.

From her white lips came brokenly the words—"Oh! Lord, give me strength to bear this—heaviest of all! Oh! dear Father, give me strength for what may be to come!"

Long she knelt thus, seeming to wrestle with the weight of sorrow accumulating upon her.

The time appeared long ere she arose, and with a more tranquil mien, though pale and worn, she mechanically performed her small duties in the chamber for the night; then she passed into the closet where she was accustomed to sleep.

Returning after a short interval, she took up the cushion with its sleeping occupants, Jack and Jill, and caressing these with affection, as if even in that dumb companionship there was comfort, she finally withdrew. The door closed upon her, I was in darkness, and the patter of the rain with the moaning of the wind outside were the only sounds to be heard that night.

(*To be concluded.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

DOLLIE BEATRICE.—The screen for the fire-place might be made of the same material as the curtain and bed-hangings, and if the rain and soot come down the chimney you had better put some thin American cloth at the back of the screen to preserve it. You can sponge this when dirty. We thank you for kindly giving a prescription for asthma, but we regret that we cannot give an advertisement of any patent medicine, however excellent.

FLORENCE H.—You went to the wrong shop, and, not selling what you required, they thought it necessary to tell an untruth to excuse the fact that they had not got it. A common and very transparent excuse. It is by no means an old-fashioned kind of work. Go to a lace shop where you may see a pillow in the window, or else to one for fancy work, of which there are many.

MARION WAITE.—We have not given any braiding patterns, nor could we give any large enough for a dress. You had better procure those on tissue paper, which iron off; they are to be obtained at all fancy shops, we believe.

MAMIE.—The "divided skirt" is really what it says, *i.e.*, a skirt divided in the centre, making a small one for each leg. We do not recommend it, nor see its advantages.

A. R. L.—We think you will have no difficulty in dressing on £20 per annum, provided that you are careful, and plan out your purchases beforehand, and that you are able to do some alterations for yourself at home, and make all your own underclothing, hats and bonnets. But you should have a good supply of things before you begin with your allowance, otherwise you will always be in arrears. One evening dress will last a long time, and look well if varied in appearance with different trimmings and bodices.

MUSIC.

CLARENCE W.—Musicians appear to differ on the question. Some say the strings should not be let down.

CLARA C.—There are many recipes advertised for the benefit of singers, and some suit certain persons that may not prove efficacious in other cases. We have already made suggestions to our correspondents on this subject, but instead of referring you to back numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, we will give a prescription that has been regarded as satisfactory. Take of bees-wax, two drachms; of copaiba balsam, three drachms; of liquorice-root powder, four drachms. Melt the copaiba balsam with the wax in a new earthenware pipkin; when dissolved remove from the fire, and while in a state of solution mix in the powder; then make into pills of three grains each. Two may be taken twice or thrice a day.

VEILCHEN.—We should advise you to obtain a good violin instructor. We are much obliged by your two recipes.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAY FLOWER.—The black lace should be dipped in strong black tea. Wash the "oatmeal cloth" in a lather of soap and water; rinse and wring very dry, and iron on the wrong side when damp.

MARIE JEANNE.—You should inquire at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond-street, W.C., where both ladies and nurses are trained.

CARBUNCLE.—Rest will probably be of service to your eye, but if the pain continues you would do well to see a doctor.

SISSY.—Brush the wire blinds with a hard brush, and, if needful, have them revarnished by a proper person.

S. A.—We are much obliged to you for letting us know that you found our recipe for cleaning brushes with flour, instead of washing them, so excellent.

ETHEL B.—Many thanks for your kind note. We are very thankful for the blessing you mention that you have received through our paper.

ETHELREDA.—We do not think the bone, if so much enlarged, can be reduced in any way. Never mind, you may depend on it that a love which is worth having takes no count of such defects, save as deepening tenderness and regard. "Pity," you know, "is akin to love." Put the ring on the right hand.

BELISE.—Many thanks for your note about "Tho' lost to sight to memory dear." We believe the magazine you mention had no existence, and it was a tale for "the marines." The origin is as far off being found as ever.

EDELWEISS.—1. "Sweet do-nothingness" is the best translation for *Dolce far niente* that we know: a state of mind useful as well as pleasant sometimes for rest, but both wrong and unhealthy if indulged in habitually. 2. Sponge with cool water on the wrong side of the velvet, or steam it over hot water.

PANSY.—The terra-cotta may be cleaned with soap and water without injury. Many thanks for your kind letter.

LOUISA.—We are told that using the blue-bag employed for blueing clothes will take the shiny look from black silk. Ammonia is also recommended, but we fear the real trouble lies too deep for help in the poor dye of the silk, which has been "loaded" (as it is termed) to make it seem of better quality.

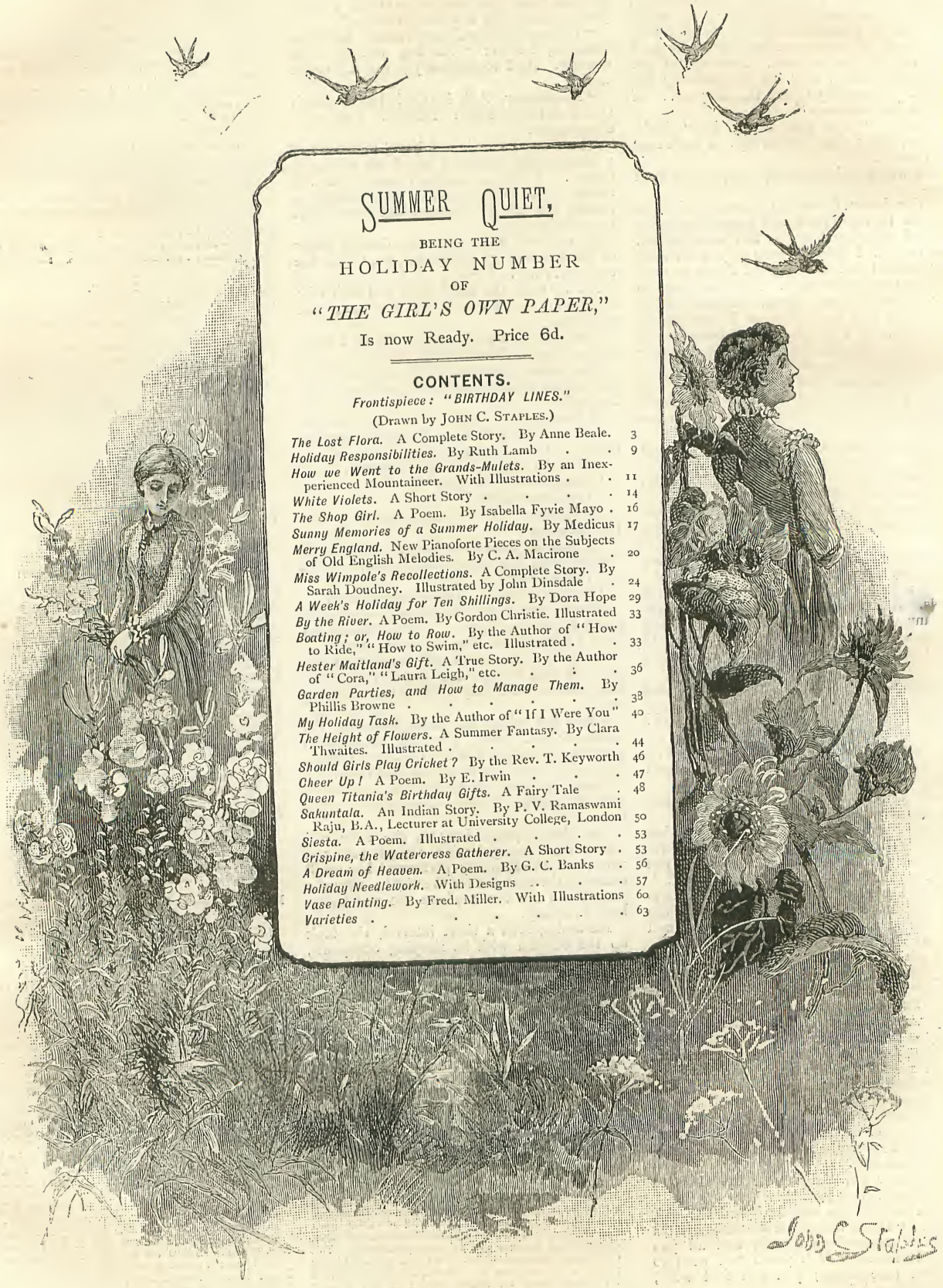
VIOLET D.—The mind should be kept very calm before retiring to rest, and nothing but very light food taken. Young people generally grow out of the habit of sleep-walking.

ALICE BOWER.—Your verses show very good feeling and strong affection, but they are not poetry. We cannot value too much the blessing of a good and tender mother, and we are glad to see you feel this.

MIGNONNE.—Wash the brooch in clean water, and then place it under glass in the sun to dry.

ROSA LUTLEY.—The only papers to compare with the German ones which you mention would be the English illustrated weekly papers—the *Graphic* or the *Illustrated London News*.

A DAFFODIL.—Say, "With pleasure," in both cases. We should advise you to try the College of Preceptors' examination first.



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John C. Staples

A. BARRAUD
Summer

VOL. IV.—No. 183. JUNE 30, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A LONG LANE WITH A TURNING.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XIII.

"EACH LIFE'S UNFULFILLED, YOU SEE."

THREE years had gone by since Arthur Beachley said farewell to Mary Berrithorne; and again, on a March afternoon, she sat alone in the same room in which they had parted. The school had passed into other hands. Mrs. Edney was dead; but Mary continued to fill the post of English teacher.

Anyone who had known this girl in former days would have been struck by the change that had passed over her. Her face had lost all the roundness of

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"HER PERFECTLY GLOVED HAND GAVE HIS A GENTLE PRESSURE."

youth; the solemn grey eyes looked strained, as if from sleeplessness. Her black dress, always scrupulously neat, hung loosely on the figure that seemed to grow slighter and slighter every day. She was not reading now. With her thin hands crossed on her lap, she sat looking up at the bare boughs outside the window.

The good people of Yare, who loved gossip as well as all country townsfolk do, had had a great deal to say about Mary and her lover. What a long engagement it was! Everybody knew that the house occupied by Mr. Listowe was quite large enough for a young couple. But then everybody knew, also, that Mr. Listowe's tastes were neither simple nor inexpensive. They knew, perhaps, better than he did, the cost of those bachelor parties that so often assembled in his dining room, and did not break up till morning. But they could not take account of the sums that were lost at cards and billiards.

Surely this style of living did not indicate any intention of bringing home a bride.

Then, too, since old Mr. Ranford had retired from the firm of Ranford and Listowe, the practice had considerably decreased. Despite all the wonderful things that had been predicted of him, James was not the successful man he had intended to be. And lately a new lawyer—a sharp Londoner—had commenced practice in Yare, and Mr. Ranford's old clients were beginning to find that the new-comer was more than a match for James Listowe.

Perhaps James was thinking of all these things as he bent his steps towards Mary's home in the afternoon sunshine, while she was waiting for him in Mrs. Gratton's parlour. Mrs. Gratton was the new proprietor of the school, and she, like all the rest of the world, was wondering when Miss Berrithorne would be married. She intended, when Mary was gone, to get a cheaper teacher to fill her place.

The greeting that passed between James and his betrothed was not exactly what it had been in former days. He was abstracted—she was quiet and sad. Looking at the pair as they stood side by side, one would have said that three years had wrought as great a change in him as in her. He was stouter, more florid, and—some people said—handsomer than ever, but the blue eye had lost its clearness, and the brow had contracted a settled frown.

"I thought I would have found you dressed for walking, Mary," he said. "We had better go out instead of sitting in this stupid room."

"I will get ready at once," she replied, willingly.

"No, no, don't trouble yourself. I have only a few minutes to spare, and, on second thoughts, I'm sure you would find the wind too cold. You are looking like a ghost to-day."

Mary smiled faintly. She often felt like a ghost; the wraith of her old self.

"I don't quite like your remaining in this house," he went on. "The school isn't what it was in Mrs. Edney's time. Can't you leave it, Mary, and take up your quarters elsewhere?"

"I don't know where to go," she answered simply; too proud to add, "unless you provide a home for me."

"Oh surely there are plenty of places to be found. Couldn't you offer yourself as companion to old Lady Clyde?"

"She doesn't want a companion, James; and, besides, I'd rather be a teacher."

"I wonder that you can endure to go grinding on with this Mrs. Gratton and her pupils. Why can't you pluck up a little spirit, Mary, and seek some better position?"

"You forget that Yare is a small place, James. I think all the families are provided with governesses, and this school is the best in the town."

"It's a miserable town," he said, beginning to walk up and down the room. "A gossiping, mischief-loving, low place."

She sat in her old attitude, her hands folded in her lap, her large eyes following his restless movements with a sad gaze. And then, suddenly rising, she went to him, and gently put her hand through his arm.

"You have been vexed and worried," she said, soothingly, "I daresay men always have troubles that we women can't quite understand; but we can sympathise without comprehending."

The voice, always remarkable for its sweetness, found its way even to James's selfish heart, and made him ashamed of himself for a moment. He looked down at the little hand lying on his arm; it was so white and thin that the course of every blue vein could be distinctly traced.

"You have had troubles too," he said, in a gentler tone; "but you don't ask for sympathy, Mary, you never complain. Sometimes I am afraid you are secretly fretting yourself to death."

"Oh no," she answered quickly.

"But this little hand, see how thin it is! The ring I gave you is far too large for your finger now. There, it has slipped off!"

"Perhaps that is an omen," she said, in a nervous voice.

"Nonsense, I don't believe in omens," he replied, turning the ring round and round, and looking at it absently.

"But sometimes, James, I have thought that——it would be well to give you back your gift."

Her tone was firmer now. There was a slight flush on the pale face, and the grey eyes looked searchingly into his.

"My dearest Mary," he said, earnestly, "this is nonsense, and cruel nonsense too. Let me put the ring into its place again before I go, and never, never say such words again."

The afternoon was still bright when he left Mrs. Gratton's house and turned his steps in the direction of Church-road. February flowers yet lingered in the gardens, birds were chirping cheerily on budding boughs, the wind came sweeping along the road in search of any of last year's leaves that might be hiding themselves by the wayside, and having found a few, it drove the dry, withered things before it in a great bustle. Every path must be swept clean for the feet of the coming spring, whose heralds were strong breezes and cleansing showers.

The blast that was driving the dead leaves met James Listowe, and treated him as unceremoniously as it did most things that happened to come in his way. It made a dash at James's substantial figure, whistled rudely in his ears, and tried to deprive him of his hat. Failing in this, it threw a handful of dust and bits of straw into his face, and rushed on with a roar.

James held his hat upon his head, and shut his eyes until the wind had passed him by. When he opened them again a lady was standing before him on the footpath, and looking at him with a bright smile.

She was a young woman, who wore a costume of black velvet, trimmed heavily with the richest Russian sable that money could buy. There was a scarlet feather in her hat, and a little silk scarf of the same colour was tied round her neck. A pair of dark eyes were sparkling upon James, and a high, clear voice greeted him gaily.

"Don't you know me?" it asked. "Am I much changed?"

"Cassie! Miss Decke," he said, confusedly.

"Always Cassie to you, James," she responded, and her perfectly-gloved hand gave his a gentle pressure.

He was by no means unaware of the part which she had played; he knew that every article of dress she wore had been bought with the money that ought to have been Dr. Varner's. And yet, so great was the contrast between this elegant lady and the shabby Cassie of other days, that he was in a maze of pleasant bewilderment. It was very delightful to find that he was still a person of consequence in her estimation. He remembered that in the old times Cassie had always appreciated him.

"I have come to live here," she said, enjoying the effect she had produced. "This is my house."

They were standing in front of a small villa, and at that moment James vaguely recollected that he had seen furniture vans stopping before the door a few weeks ago. Outside it was a picturesque little house, covered with creepers in summer and enclosed in a mass of greenery that made it a cheerful spot in winter days.

"I thought you lived in town," he said, at last.

"So I did, but I grew tired of it, and so I took it into my head to return to stupid old Yare. But come in, James, and let us have a chat."

He hesitated.

"Come," she said, with a pretty imperiousness that went very well with velvet and sable.

The little iron gate stood open, and he followed her, without farther resistance, along the narrow gravelled path that led to the door. A smart page answered her ring.

To James the house seemed almost like an enchanted palace in miniature; exotics in magnificent china jars filled the small hall with fragrance, and the drawing-room, into which he was conducted, was beautiful with soft, glowing

colours and flowers. All that money and a refined taste could do had been done. He looked around him at statuettes in ivory, and ornaments of all kinds wrought in silver, and lapis lazuli, and malachite; things that gleamed, and flashed, and glittered when the firelight touched them. Crimson velvet curtains, partly drawn asunder, afforded a glimpse of a conservatory. On a couch near the fire sat a faded-looking lady in black, a clergyman's widow who had accepted the post of companion.

"Mr. Listowe, Mrs. Boniface," said Cassie, languidly.

The widow quietly returned James's bow, gave him one swift glance, and then devoted herself to knitting.

"And now," said Miss Decke, seating herself in a low chair, and carelessly flinging gloves and muff on an ottoman near her, "you must have a great deal to tell me, James; pray begin at once."

Listowe was by no means a shy man, but Cassie's grandeur fairly overwhelmed him. Her ungloved hands glittered with diamonds, the picturesque costume displayed her face and figure to the greatest advantage, and then too, how her beauty had ripened! Three years had transformed the pretty, slim girl into a very handsome woman.

"There are few changes in Yare," replied James, speaking with less assurance than usual. "Some of the old faces have vanished, and some new ones have appeared, but nothing of note has taken place among us."

"How is Mary Berrithorne?"

"Quite well, and still living in her old home, although her aunt is dead."

"I thought I should have found you married," said Cassie, looking at him steadily. "Yours is a long engagement."

"Yes," he answered, with an embarrassed air. "But there are difficulties, in short——."

"Oh yes, I understand," rejoined Cassie, carelessly. "And now, please tell me something about the Varners. They can't forgive me for not resigning everything to them," she added, glancing round the beautiful room. "Perhaps I ought to have done it, James, but I had eaten the bread of dependence from my childhood, and I knew how bitter it was! And I own that I've never aspired to be a saint, and can't find inexpressible bliss in self-sacrifice. I would not have given my fine cloak to the beggar if I'd been St. Martin! I daresay I horrify you, do I not?"

"No," said James, blandly, "I like plain speaking."

"Well," continued Miss Decke, leaning back in her chair, and playing with her rings, "I offered to make a very handsome addition to the sum that Uncle Jacob had left them, I did indeed! But they refused my proposal in such haughty terms that I did not venture to repeat it. I wanted to keep up a friendship with them, of course; I can never forget that they gave me a home; not a very happy home, perhaps, but a place of shelter."

There was a pause. Cassie expected Listowe to speak, but he remained silent.

"They declared war against me," she went on. "I desired peace, but they have given me hatred for my goodwill. They would have all or none, and I was not angelic enough to give up all. It was too much to expect from any mere mortal."

"Do they know that you are here?" James inquired.

"No; this is Wednesday, and I only arrived on Monday night. Mrs. Boniface came here before me, of course, to get the house in order; she arranged everything, as she always does. Yesterday I didn't go out of doors, and you are the first Yarian I have seen."

She smiled as she spoke; her smile had a world of flattery in it, and it was very sweet to James.

"I am astonished that you should return to this dull town," he said. "You must have made many friends in London."

"Many friends, but none like the old friends," she answered, plaintively. "Do you remember the old days at the Rookery, James? They were the happiest days I have ever known."

"You ought to be very happy, Cassie," he responded; "you are the most fortunate of us all."

"Do you think so?" she said, and her dark eyes sought his with an earnest look. "Mary is happier than I; she has a strong arm to lean upon and a true heart to trust in."

"And you?" he asked, eagerly.

Her eyes fell, and one jewelled hand went up to her forehead with a weary gesture.

"I am lonely," she replied; "that is why I came back to Yare. And yet, now that I am here, I may, perhaps, be still lonelier than I was in London."

"No," said James, rising, "you must not be lonely. Mary must come to see you, and we shall have the old times back again."

"Dear Mary," murmured Cassie, softly. "I daresay the Varners have made her believe that I am a monster, and if she has got that idea into her head it will be very difficult to get it out."

"But my wishes will have some influence with her," James remarked, in his old manner.

"She is not easily influenced against her will," said Cassie. "Dear Mary, she was the most resolute person I ever knew. Now I can always be guided by those I love; it is weak in me, I'm afraid."

"It is womanly," James answered warmly.

"It is good in you not to be severe on me," she said, with an eloquent glance of gratitude. "But you were always good, James; I don't think I have quite lost my girlish habit of looking up to you."

His heart throbbed fast with gratified vanity. This rich beautiful woman, was it possible that she looked up to him? Yes, he remembered how she had seemed to reverence him in her girlhood; it was a marvellous power that he had! She did not speak of Arthur, thought James, with secret triumph, and yet Arthur, too, had been an intimate friend.

"I am always at your service, Cassie," he replied, as he took her hand at parting. "It will be a pleasure—a very great pleasure — to do anything for you."

Her thanks were softly, half-shyly spoken, and he fancied there were tears in her eyes.

He went his way—excited, flattered, and bewildered. A little while ago he had been quite ready to join the Varners and Mary in censuring Cassie's conduct, now he began to ask himself if Miss Decke had really done very wrong after all? He admired her frankness—a charming quality in a pretty woman. She had not tried even to excuse herself for taking Uncle Jacob's fortune, and, truly, that fortune was legally her own, and, in his opinion, the Varners had done foolishly in not making the best of circumstances and accepting the compensation which she had not failed to offer them.

Anyhow, it was no small advantage to have a rich and lovely woman for one's friend. Mary must call upon her, and the old intimacy must be renewed. Yet as James came to this conclusion he was unpleasantly reminded of Mary's views by Cassie's own words: "The Varners have made her believe that I am a monster." That was merely a playful exaggeration, but it was true that Mary had been deeply wounded by Miss Decke's conduct. She had been bitterly disappointed in her own familiar friend.

Then, too, had not Cassie hinted at Mary's obstinacy? If that thought existed it must be eradicated, thought James, walking fast and breathing quickly.

(*To be continued.*)

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

A SOCIABLE PIG.

My father one day last August had gone out for a day's fishing on the hills behind our Welsh lodgings. He, with two of my brothers who had accompanied him, had for an hour or two been fishing up towards the source of a stream, or rather small river, when they heard a joyful squeal. Looking up, they saw a black and white pig, with its tail up in the air, scampering down the opposite hillside towards them. It evidently belonged to some poor family who had turned it out to take care of itself, and it was so delighted to see human beings that when it came to the opposite bank of the river it actually plunged in and swam across, and then rushing up to my father began to rub itself against his trousers, while it gave vent to its feelings in satisfied grunts. It soon went off to pay the same attentions to one of my brothers, choosing the elder one, as he wore trousers, which the pig evidently preferred to knickerbockers. Though all this was very flattering to the feelings of the fishers, it was hardly profitable to their sport, and they therefore tried to get rid of their visitor. Expostulations, entreaties, and moral force generally proved to be useless, and kicks were resorted to, and had to be administered freely by all before the affectionate animal would leave.

FAST COLOURS.

A TALE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

One among the Reflections (wise, witty, pretty or profound) of a Looking-glass.

By FAIRLEIGH OWEN, Author of "When I Was a Girl," "Patty's Victory," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

THE next morning Mrs. Quick issued an order by which, as she said, "You can kill two birds with one stone."

The chamber of my mistress and the closet adjoining were to be thoroughly "turned out," with the double purpose of freshening them up against the return of the ladies, and of searching every hole and corner on the chance of discovering the missing lace.

"When you've looked in every likely place, you must begin on the unlikely," said the good housekeeper.

At a very early stage in the proceedings I was reduced to a state of annihilation, being carried off into an adjoining room, where my tubes were unscrewed, my cups dismounted, and myself—laid on my back upon a bed and carefully covered with a sheet—relapsed into unconsciousness for I know not how long a period.

When I did revive to a sense of what was passing around me, a murmuring sound filled my ears, which gradually resolved itself into the voice of Mrs. Fribel reading from a letter, as I at first supposed for her own edification, till the figure of my young mistress came into view, pacing slowly between the windows, to and fro.

She was attired in a loose morning dress, her hair hung roughly in its curls down her neck. There were no signs of care in her toilet, or attention to pretty details. As she passed and repassed me I saw that, although not looking actually ill, her face was sad, and her eyes and lips had lost the brightness which had formed almost their sole attraction.

While she walked she swung a slender chain with keys upon it, from her hand, and appeared to be giving little heed to the words which fell from the lips of her companion.

The reading of the letter being concluded, there was silence for a short space of time; then the elder lady said—

"Well, I am truly thankful he will be here to-day, and the responsibility will be off my hands."

"I do not see what necessity there was for your entering into details with Dr. Verity," said Adelaide, listlessly. "Why should he be troubled with our domestic affairs?"

"Troubled! Well, Adelaide, considering that he is in a sort of way your guardian, at least associated with myself, by your father's wish, in business matters—really—well, in such a case as this, one requires the assistance, I may say protection——"

"My dear Mrs. Fribel! Protection! because a bit of lace is mislaid!"

In a voice between crying and anger her friend broke out—

"Adelaide, you are enough to drive one into a nervous fever! Mislaid, indeed! when the whole thing is as plain! Corvée tells me that Alice says the dog was barking most fearfully one night. It is a mercy I am sure we have not all been murdered in our beds. And you will not see *things* in the right light. Even now I don't believe you will lock up."

"No," said Miss Franklyn, and she lightly threw the chain and keys upon the table as she spoke. "No, I must trust all in all, or not at all. If we had anyone dishonest about us, the lock of a drawer would not deter them. If, as I believe, it is not so, to turn a key upon them now is an insult."

"Absurd! they lock up their own drawers and boxes, I suppose."

"Are you recommending me to take example by my servants, dear Mrs. Fribel?"

"Adelaide, you are the most provoking! What do you say to the girl trying on your cape? Corvée saw that with her own eyes. Before that very glass. The impudence!"

"It was not like Winnie," said the young lady, resuming her slow pacing to and fro; "she is not fond of finery, I know. You remember that smart bow Corvée pinned in her cap. She took it out the same afternoon, and the flowers you gave her for her bonnet she has never worn."

"Simple contrariness," muttered the other lady. "You are just infatuated, that is about it, Adelaide. You will see with no one else's eyes."

"Why should I?" rejoined her companion, quietly, "till I find my own fail me."

There was a tap at the door, and Mrs. Quick appeared.

"If you please, miss, can I speak to you?"

She entered, and closed the door; then, approaching her young mistress, she said in a lower tone—

"The servants, ma'am, have asked me to come to you; they are all of one mind—at least the girls downstairs—of course, I don't speak for any others. On account of the lace it is, being the first time that anything have ever been missing in this house, and all of them feeling uneasy like till it is cleared up, they would like, ma'am, that you should see their boxes open before you."

The housekeeper had turned from one lady to the other while she spoke, and had scarcely finished, when her hearers both responded, almost in a breath—

"Quite right!"

"No!"

"My dear!" urged Mrs. Fribel, as the monosyllable escaped the lips of her young friend.

So warmly had the elder lady responded to the proposal, that it might almost be assumed she had been aware of it beforehand, if indeed she had not originated the idea.

"My dear Adelaide, what possible objection can there be, when the girls themselves voluntarily propose it, and it will at once clear everybody who is innocent?"

"I can answer for none of them having been out of this house since the day the lace was missing," said Mrs. Quick. "I have taken care of that. And every room has been turned out to my knowledge."

"It is the only thing that remains to be done," said Mrs. Fribel, with an air of decision, which was not usual with her. Perhaps the presence of the housekeeper might have had something to do with it.

"So be it," said Miss Franklyn. "Only you must not expect me to be present."

"And there is another thing, ma'am, I should like to mention. I have never named it to a soul," the housekeeper went on; "but every night almost, while you were away, has my pantry-door been wide open when I went down in the morning, though I could be solemn sure I left it closed over night, me being always last and first in the house."

"Anything gone?" asked Mrs. Fribel, briskly.

"No, ma'am, not as I could see or detect; though one night the jug o' cream that I had left by chance on the lowest shelf was certainly moved to the top, where it mostly is used to be."

"Cream!" ejaculated Mrs. Fribel. "Who could want cream in the night?"

"Not as I would say any was gone, ma'am, or, at any rate, not to speak of. Mam'selle is the only one as cares for cream that I know of, and she were away with you."

"Of course, of course," said Mrs. Fribel. "Well, my dear, you will not come then?"

Adelaide shook her head.

"Well," pursued the elder lady, "I have no objection. I will be with you in half-an-hour, Quick."

The housekeeper retired.

"Of course our own maids must come with the rest," said Mrs. Fribel to Adelaide, when they were alone.

"All must be willing," said Miss Franklyn, coldly. "There shall be no compulsion."

She turned away towards the window.

"My head aches," she said. "I shall walk down to the river lawn. You will find me there, if you feel inclined for a walk."

She proceeded to change her dress and arrange her hair. But she moved listlessly, and her mind evidently went not with the movements her hands performed mechanically.

Her preparations for walking were complete with the exception of her hat, which she had just taken in her hand, when the outer door of the closet opened, and Mrs. Fribel entered, followed by Corvée and Winnie.

There were voices on the landing, and I saw the reflection, in my opposite neighbour, of a knot of the house servants, with Mrs. Quick at their head, returning, I presumed, from their self-imposed ordeal.

Adelaide turned her face towards her friend with an expression of anxiety, which she evidently strove to subdue.

"Well, my dear," said the elder lady, "it is as great a mystery as ever. The girls have all been very good in turning everything out; but we are just where we were."

Corvée's face was flushed with anger as she followed her mistress.

"But see, then," she said, and pointed within the closet, "there is still a box locked up also," she added, with marked intonation.

Winnie blushed, then turned pale. "There is nothing in that," she said. Then at a look from Mrs. Fribel, she quickly stepped back within the closet and took up a small box of Tunbridge ware which stood upon a bracket beneath the mirror.

Drawing from the bosom of her dress a key which hung at her neck by a ribbon, she opened the box *and began to turn out the* contents upon the table before her mistress.

Suddenly she uttered a loud cry, the box fell from her hands, and its contents were scattered upon the floor.

Mrs. Fribel, with uplifted hands, sent forth an exclamation, and above all sounded the exultant shriek of Corvée, as she darted forward and pounced upon the lace which had dropped from the box.

"They are all here—all! Fichu, sleeves—all safe!"

Like one turned to stone, the unhappy Winnie stood gazing dumbfounded at the empty box, as if she yet expected some unknown horror to issue therefrom.

But my dear mistress's action was to me the most pathetic.

As the lace fell from the box, she looked at no one, but dropping her face upon her two hands, she burst into tears, and turning abruptly from the scene, she walked hurriedly away by the window that opened on the verandah.

For a short time all was confusion.

Recalled by Corvée's shriek, some of the maids had returned to the open door, whence they beheld the exhibition of the recovered treasure, and the whole surroundings which told the tale so plainly.

Winnie had taken up her box, and was mechanically collecting its scattered contents, but at a word from Mrs. Fribel her hand was arrested in its purpose of restoring them to their former place.

"You had better leave everything as it is," said that lady, severely, "until Miss Franklyn can settle what is to be done."

Winnie looked up in mute amazement. Evidently she scarcely *comprehended what* was meant.

She set the box upon the table, its lid remaining open.

"For the present," added Mrs. Fribel, "perhaps you could go to Mrs. Quick's room. Someone will be here presently—I mean we must talk it over. There, there, that will do, Corvée; go along all of you! Really, my poor nerves are so upset. Fetch me my red lavender—or no, I will come to my own room."

The day wore on. I missed the usual daily ministrations of my gentle little friend.

Unwonted sounds, coming from below, apprized me of an arrival, of goings to and fro; but what these might augur I could make no confident surmise.

By-and-by voices approaching in conversation made themselves heard.

The speakers paused just without the windows, and I concluded, this being the hour when the shade was pleasantest at that spot, they had taken possession of a seat which had been lately placed upon the verandah, just where the most extended view was obtained of the valley below, with the river and the sheltering clumps of trees that bordered it.

"I think I know, my child, just how you are feeling," said a voice, which I recognised

as Dr. Verity's. "You had placed implicit reliance on the perfect worthiness of this young woman, you came upon her at a time when you had adopted many sensible resolutions, and you have been finding a certain amount of support from the confirmation of your faith on the one hand. Now the shock of having this reliance shaken has almost upset your confidence in your own judgment in other matters. Over and above the pain induced by doubts of one we have believed trustworthy, this is troubling you."

"Something like it, I suppose," said Miss Franklyn, with a sigh.

"Yet it surely need not. Bitter as is the pain of such a shock—the most painful, perhaps, we can ever experience—there is really small cause for self-reproach. You have found this girl worthy in all else. She has served you well, has been faithful to her duties, earnest, truthful, and painstaking. It would be difficult to believe such a one to have formed the habit of dishonesty, even supposing at all that she is guilty."

"I will *not* suppose it," broke in Adelaide, hastily. "I cannot believe it. Thank you, Dr. Verity, for speaking as you have. I am so harassed, so tormented all the time, by Mrs. Fribel. Her aimless, weak arguments just now seem unendurable."

"There is a duty, I fear, too often overlooked," said the other, gravely; "the duty of the strong to bear with the weak. 'Respect the burden'—you remember?—and the burthen of a frivolous intelligence is great."

"I feel weak enough myself to deal with things as they are," the young lady responded, wearily. Then, with sudden impetuosity, she added—

"I believe I will tell you everything, and you shall decide."

"No, I would rather not do that. Advise I certainly may; but it is for you to decide. I do not think you will go far wrong."

"It is all so strange," she went on, hurriedly. "Ever since we have been home, night after night, my little pets—Jack and Jill, you know—have been mysteriously removed from the small ante-room where I had them put to sleep, and each morning they have been found in the closet there, where Winnie sleeps. The first morning I heard them mewing, and called her in, and blamed her for having them there. I thought she seemed confused, and the next day she herself came to me, and told me the creatures had again been removed to her room, and she knew nothing about it on either occasion, having herself seen them comfortably disposed of in their proper sleeping-place last thing at night. Then you heard about cook's pantry being found open."

There was a pause.

"Is any one in the house unfriendly to the girl, think you?" asked the gentleman.

"I thought of that," returned Adelaide. "Horrid as it seems, yet I thought of it. But," she hesitated, "there is something else. I suppose I had better tell you. I have not mentioned it to anyone.

"The day we returned from Greenleigh Park here, Mrs. Fribel wanted to call in Merton Place, and I left the carriage, and walked across by the river lawn and the home field, and so through the garden. Just as I opened the gate from the lawn to the home field, I saw a young man, or lad, cross by the stile lower down, and stand waiting in the path by the river, where he was joined by a young woman. They stayed in conversation not more than five minutes. I was walking very slowly, and they were in view all the time. She seemed to put something into his hand. He made off along the river-side, and she turned up by the meadow to the dairy, and so into the servants' entrance. Then I saw it was Winnie."

Her voice had a despairing tone at the last, as though she feared that, despite herself, that which she related must tell against her favourite.

But Dr. Verity's brisk tones did not seem in accord with that idea.

"After all, my dear Miss Franklyn, I suppose the girl is as likely to have a sweetheart as another; as to anything else—at any rate she did not give him the lace; we know that."

"I do not believe Winnie took the lace," Adelaide said, firmly.

"But your faith is shaken," her companion observed.

"I am very unhappy," she returned, in a low voice.

"The box where the lace was found, did she offer it for inspection voluntarily?" Dr. Verity asked.

"I was not there," Adelaide made answer. "No, as I heard from Mrs. Fribel, it was Corvée who drew attention to it, and Winnie seemed bewildered when she herself saw the things."

"You had no opportunity of inspecting the box then, whether it might have been opened, the lock tampered with in any way?"

"They said she had the key about her neck," Miss Franklyn replied.

My mistress had arisen as she spoke, and directly after she stepped within the window. Seeing the little box of Tunbridge ware upon the table beside me, she took it in her hand, and returned to her companion.

"Here is the unfortunate box," I heard her say. "There can be no harm in looking at the lock; it is open."

There was silence for a few minutes, then an exclamation from Adelaide, and a puff of wind sent flying a small shower of atoms in at the window, whereby I conjectured the box had fallen open during the investigation, and its contents had been scattered.

Adelaide sprang to collect them, then she said—

"Here is a portrait; her mother, no doubt. She looks sad, poor thing! she has Winnie's eyes. And some dead flowers; let me put them all back again. Is that another portrait?"

It was Dr. Verity who now uttered an exclamation.

"Why! what! This is strange! the very fellow!"

"Who is it?" cried my mistress. "Do you know it? Oh, Dr. Verity, what can you mean?"

"Well, it is certainly most singular," I heard in reply. "Yes, the lock appears to be all right. Put the box back with its poor treasures, and I will tell you. The commotion I found you all in when I arrived put it out of my head till now. It is a very odd coincidence, and seems to deepen the mystery."

Adelaide returned the box to the table, whence she had removed it, then her companion began his recital.

"Last autumn I was staying at Templeton, Colonel Colan's place. He is on the bench, you know, and now and again, when I could not make my escape, he would prevail on me to accompany him to the Court House, to pass away the time, as he said. A more unwelcome mode of passing it could hardly be devised, at least to me.

"A great many painful histories were in this manner brought under my notice—indeed, very few that were not so. However, the case we have now to do with was that of a lad, a pretty-faced, weak-looking creature, not vicious I judged, but of the stuff apparently which may become anything, according to the influence which is brought to bear on it. He was accused of snaring hares, and the evidence seemed very clear against him, in fact too clear, for it had every appearance of being concocted by the very parties who, by all accounts, were themselves most probably the offenders.

"So much doubt was attached to the story all round, that my friend Colan, who is a good fellow at heart, gave the scapegrace the benefit of it; and as it seems he was known to be an idle, shiftless ne'er-do-well, with no parents or anyone to look after him, it was judged most expedient to get him into some reformatory or industrial home for a time, and the colonel settled it in that way.

"The term industrial appeared to have terrors in it for the loafer. He howled as though he had been sentenced to a flogging, and called loudly upon 'Sally,' whoever she might be, as though she would be powerful to save him. Shortly afterwards I heard he was sent to the place agreed upon, to be in safe keeping and honest company, as I understood for a term of five years.

"Now as I rode across here to-day, I thought I would take the opportunity of calling at Knox's, the florist, you know, down yonder. As I stopped at the gate, and was looking round for someone to take my horse, a young fellow started up as it seemed from the ground and came forward.

"I had dismounted, and he already had the bridle in his hand, when my eyes chanced to rest upon his face, and, to my surprise, I at once recognised the lad I had seen at Templeton Court House.

"I had barely opened my mouth with a question on the subject, when he seemed to divine my purpose, and dropping the bridle would have made off; but I stopped him, and as to all my questions he made no proper answer, beyond reiterating that he had 'never done nothing wrong,' I took upon myself to get Knox to detain him, at least to furnish him with some out-of-door employment, until I could communicate with Colonel Colan, and get to the rights of it all.

"And now comes the strangest part of the affair. I come here, you turn over that little box, and light upon a portrait—that of the very lad himself. It certainly is remarkable!"

"And you are certain it is he?"

"Perfectly so. A year or two younger, but the face is not so common that identification should be difficult."

"Strange, indeed!" said my mistress. "And you say he called upon Sally. Her real name is Sarah, you know. Could it have been he I saw with Winnie? Oh! it must be cleared up! What shall we do? Something must be done!"

She seemed to have risen as she spoke, but the calm voice of her companion detained her.

"Do nothing now," he urged. "You would act upon impulse, and that is rarely wise. We need cool judgment here. You are already looking more worn and less yourself than I care to see. Here comes our friend ready for the ride we planned, and seem to have forgotten. I would advise your saying nothing to her of these new tangles in the ravelled skein at present. Put it as much from your mind as possible for to-day; we will all sleep upon it, and shall doubtless be better able to act to-morrow."

So saying Dr. Verity withdrew, and the ladies, equipped for out of doors, shortly followed.

* * * * *

The complete stillness of night in a country place had settled down upon the house, the silvery notes of the timepiece on the mantel-shelf had just chimed two, when the door of communication with the closet slowly opened, and in the moonlight which filled the room I beheld a figure advancing, clad in white, and which seemed literally to glide, so smooth and noiseless was its motion. It passed the

bed of my mistress, and came on to the table, where it stopped, facing me, and then only, to my amazement, I recognised it.

The taper burning on the stand beside me showed every lineament plainly. It was Winnie, yet in such strange aspect! Her eyes, wide open, set, appeared unseeing, yet intent. From her parted lips the breath came with long-drawn inspiration, at times almost with a sob. She wore her night dress, her hair was all unbound, and her feet were bare.

Slowly she proceeded to take the faded flowers from my cups, to empty the water, and to gather up the fallen leaves.

Then I saw that my mistress had risen up in her bed, and with an astonished gaze was watching the other, whose every movement was reflected in my own face.

The girl's hands now went wandering, as if seeking something.

Her face became troubled, her lips moved, but no sound issued thence.

As she turned away, and retraced her noiseless footsteps, Adelaide rose from her bed, and hastily throwing about her a fur-lined cloak, she followed almost as silently.

The two disappeared within the closet; a few minutes elapsed, and I heard the outer door open, as they passed on to the staircase; then in a loud whisper came the voice of Miss Franklyn, calling to someone, and she reappeared followed by Corvée. They placed themselves just within the doorway of my mistress's room, whence they had a full view of the closet.

In a short time the ghostlike form of Winnie reappeared. She carried the cushion, on which reposed the unconscious forms of Jack and Jill, also a small saucer, which I had often seen filled with milk for the kittens. Depositing all in a corner of the closet, she turned and came towards the door—the flood of moonlight full upon her face.

The French girl clutched the arm of her mistress, and in a scared voice cried—

"*Ciel!* but she sleeps! She knows not what she does! Mademoiselle, she sleeps!"

At the noise a change passed over the set face. It awoke, and with a low cry Winnie gazed around her.

Her bare feet, the faces of the watchers, the cold moonlight in which she stood must have struck her with a chill of dread.

She shuddered.

"What is it? What have I done?" she cried, and seemed about to faint, but my mistress flew to her side, put her arms about her, and kissed her face tenderly.

"You have done nothing, my poor girl. Oh! we may thank God for this night; now all is, indeed, clear!"

While she spoke she was taking from her shoulders the warm cloak, and would have cast it about Winnie's shivering form, but Corvée had quickly interposed with a thick dressing gown of her own, in which she enveloped the girl.

"Yes," pursued Adelaide, impetuously. "Let them all know how it has come about. See," she went on, as Mrs. Fribel appeared, roused by Corvée's clamour; and Mrs. Quick also, bearing a candle, came upon the scene.

"I was unable to sleep," Adelaide went on, speaking with excitement. "I lay thinking over all this trouble, and suddenly I saw Winnie glide into the room, and begin to attend to the flowers as she is used to do. It was all I could do at first not to cry out; but I watched her, and I saw her face in the glass, and it flashed on me she was walking in her sleep. So I followed her, and she went straight to that little box with the rose-leaves she had gathered up, and put them in as carefully. See! here they are! Then she went downstairs, all barefooted—you poor thing!—and I ran to waken Corvée, and told her I wanted her to watch with me. And presently up came this poor child, just as I had expected, carrying the pets—see there, and the milk—that is how the pantry door has been open; and then Corvée found out for the first time that she was fast asleep, and she cried out and woke you; my poor Winnie!"

"I never heard tell of the like!" said Mrs. Quick.

"The shock to one's nerves!" wailed Mrs. Fribel.

"Oh, such things have been often," pursued my mistress. "Most frequently when the mind has been disturbed by some anxiety. You see, the thought of that precious lace had troubled her. She had asked me to lock it up, and I took no notice. So for safety, I suppose, in her sleep she has done it. And while we were away the kittens had been always put to sleep in the closet, and her poor little head got worrying over them still, so they have been fetched up night after night, and none more surprised at it than herself. Yesterday again there were no fresh flowers put in the cups, and the omission haunted her. My poor girl!"

With a kindly caress she passed her hand over Winnie's soft brown hair. The head of the latter was bowed, and tears were falling, but they were tears of thankfulness.

"And to think what has been going on all this time," said Mrs. Fribel, "and nobody to know anything of it. It shows what might happen in a house!"

"But think what a mercy I was so wakeful," exclaimed her friend; "had I not lain awake as I did, we might never have known!"

"I believe I shall never close my eyes in comfort again," was the rejoinder.

At this juncture Corvée appeared bearing a tray.

"Madame Queek has sent up tea for miladis, and the girls are all up, and I tell them all."

Corvée seemed as rejoiced as the rest that the mystery was solved.

"So thoughtful of Quick," murmured Mrs. Fribel. "Corvée, you may fetch my red lavender too; this has indeed been a night of terrors to me."

But there were more terrors to come.

Scarcely had Corvée left the room to obey, when the loud barking of the watch-dog sounded from below, then came cries and shrieks; a gun was fired, men's voices were heard coming nearer.

The women gazed into each other's white faces, and drew closer.

"What is coming to the place? Oh! dear, dear!" cried Mrs. Fribel. "Thank goodness Dr. Verity stayed in the house!"

Corvée came running in without the red lavender.

"Someone is shot—killed! they are bringing him here."

"What will become of us?" sobbed the afflicted mistress.

"Give me a gown, Winnie," said Miss Franklyn, and dress yourself quickly; help may be needed; I shall go down."

"Corvée, I forbid you to leave me! Where is Quick? Has Dr. Verity been called?"

"Don't be alarmed, ma'am," said Mrs. Quick, entering. "The gentlemen sent me up to tell you. Mr. Dalton has come in, he's with Dr. Verity."

"Is it all over?"

"Is anyone hurt?"

"There's nothing at all, ma'am, to speak of. Some tramp I do suppose, skulking round, and Bob sniffed him out, and then Jessop fired his gun. Whether it was the shot or Bob's teeth, his leg is hurt. He is but a boy, a fair-faced slip of a lad."

"My brother! Oh! my poor, poor brother!" exclaimed Winnie, as she rushed from the room.

"Her brother!" echoed Mrs. Quick.

"What a mystery that girl is!" said Mrs. Fribel, feebly.

"No mystery, dear," returned Adelaide, over whose face now shone such beaming content as made it more lovely than ever I had seen her.

"The poor girl has suffered much," pursued my mistress; "but I trust all is going to brighten in the future for her. Shall we go down and see what can be done for the unfortunate lad? I do not suppose any of us will sleep much to night——"

"Sleep!" echoed her friend. "I do not believe I shall close my eyes for a week. I have been utterly unstrung."

Soon I was left alone. In by the open windows slowly crept the rosy dawn of a summer day filled with new happiness to more than one heart lately so heavy. Only by fragments I subsequently learned the turn of some events which belonged to this little story.

As might be conjectured, the wretched Nat, fearing that some plot was on foot for making him work, had again stolen away, but, with the sickly reliance of his weak nature, he lingered around the grounds of the big house in the hope of seeing his sister, and of perchance extracting some aid from her. He had stayed in hiding till the dog was let loose, and then feared to show himself.

But Bob's instinct had not failed him; the consequent alarm had roused up the gardener and his gun, with the result to Nathan Wynne of a leg peppered with shot; which, however, served him to good purpose by enlisting the sympathies of all the inmates of the house, already disposed to be warm in Winnie's behalf.

Perhaps I should except poor Mrs. Fribel, who was far too much occupied in lamenting the shock to her own nerves to have leisure for the consideration of such trifles as the temporary lameness of a friendless ne'er-do-well.

My mistress, with her companion and their maids, quitted home very shortly after for a lengthy sojourn at the sea. This time Jack and Jill were not left behind.

It was the morning before their departure when, engaged in putting up certain small belongings, Adelaide came upon the lace set, and with a smile she handed it to Winnie for safe custody.

The latter hesitated before speaking, then with averted face, still holding the lace, she said softly—

"Did you ever think, ma'am — did you believe that I——?"

"No, indeed," Adelaide replied, emphatic as ever.

Then she said, with that happy grace which I always have thought should win her universal love—"I believe that you were as you once said by your dress—all through alike, fast colours, Winnie."

"Thank you, ma'am," said the other simply, as she folded away the lace into the little Tunbridge ware box, half filled with dried rose-leaves now.

"If only that poor brother of yours could be more like you," said the young lady.

Winnie sighed.

"He was poor mother's favourite too," she said, "and so bright he was, ma'am."

"Ah! the bright things don't wash and wear so well, as I once heard you say."

"I suppose not, ma'am, as a rule."

"Well, he has a chance now," the young lady went on. "If anything can be made of him, Dr. Verity will do it, and I do not despair."

Then I was denuded of my ornaments, and was covered up in state to rest, deep shadows taking the place of all my past reflections.

CORRECT CLOTHING, AND HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE.

I MUST begin with a mention of the "Rational Dress Exhibition," which opened in the middle of May, in "Prince's Hall," and it is difficult to know which to admire most, the courage of the promoters, or that of the exhibitors, at this "irrational" show. I have long had an idea that this movement would end in "trousers," and the revival of the "Bloomer" idea of 1849 — introduced in New York—but I never thought it would be developed so soon, and therefore the bifurcate garment of Mrs. King's introduction took me a little by surprise. It is really the Bloomer idea over again, save that it is in black satin and red silk, and trimmed with black lace, while the original Bloomer was more manly, as it actually assumed a small coat-like jacket and veritable trousers, all in thick and man-like material. According to Mrs. King's theory, the skirt is to be gradually shortened until it disappears altogether. The specimen of this "dress of the future," as it is termed, consists of short knickerbockers, just reaching below the knee, a very short flounce, reaching midway to the knee, and a jacket and waistcoat. This idea, as I have stated, is carried out in black satin, with trimmings of crimson silk and wide black lace. Somebody present suggested that the effect of this costume on most women would be to make them look like Cochin China hens.

The dress I liked best, which was sent in to compete for the £50 prize, offered for a costume that should combine "freedom of movement with absence of pressure on any part of the body, without departing too conspicuously from the ordinary dress of the present day," was a dress costume of pale blue silk and lace, made with large hanging sleeves, a loose bodice, and a kilted skirt, finishing off with a pair of frilled horrors, in the shape of knickerbockers. Except for these, the dress was pretty and graceful.

A travelling dress was shown which, by an ingenious system of buttoning-on, could be converted into a dinner dress in five minutes; and a working woman sends in a costume for one of her own class, consisting of a pair of trousers, and an overskirt and bodice cut in one, like a princess over-dress.

Altogether, I came away well satisfied with the exhibition in one way, and that was, that no one is likely to adopt any of the dresses exhibited, at least, if public opinion as shown in the room may be trusted, for no admiration of them was evinced, and, strange to say, there were more gentlemen than ladies present at the moment.

One pretty and sensible tricycle-gown was shown, which was just like a riding-habit in its manufacture, the material being of blue serge; plain pointed bodice and petticoat, the serge trousers beneath not being at all visible, the latter being, as I was assured, very wise and comfortable additions. I hear that many ladies have adopted the divided skirt for this purpose.

I am sure it will astonish my readers if I tell them that the question, "Should men ride like women?" is being seriously discussed, and that the *Lancet* has had an article on the subject. It seems to be the idea that men contract certain deformities in the leg when riding, but as regards women, and especially young girls, the *Lancet* says that, if the precaution be taken to change sides on alternate days, no deformity need be feared—riding on the left side one day, and on the right the next. The purpose of this change is to counteract the tendency to lean over to the side opposite that on which the leg is placed. This is a fault so often seen in riding, and so ruins the grace and elegant appearance of the rider, that the suggestion of the *Lancet* is worth attention; and every lady rider would

do well to ask her friends whether or not she fail in this particular.

But I must come back to my more legitimate topic—the dress of the present hour, which, after all, seems to me the most really "rational," as well as the prettiest, that has been in vogue for a long period, and, as worn by sensible people there is very little

to find fault with in it. Judging from the dress worn at the openings of the various picture galleries, the æsthetic costume has gone out of favour, and the brightest hues and liveliest of French models are adopted, modified, as has been the case for many years, with English good taste. The influx of bright colour is something remarkable; and after such a long period of dulness and "sad" colouring, and æsthetic ideas, we do not quite understand the change. We have got rid of the hues of decaying vegetables, and have launched out into what are known as "fruit tints," which are bright and peculiar. Orange and apricot are both popular, and the new shade of "crushed strawberry" is more becoming than the early colour known by that name. I constantly see young girls with entire dresses of it; and use has, I suppose, reconciled me to the brightness of its appearance. Dresses of "electric blue" are quite as popular as the strawberry colour; and, as in the case of it, the hat, bonnet, gloves, and parasol all match.

These dresses are usually made in two materials—cashmere being one, and silk brocade, ottoman, or chine silk the other. Sometimes they may be all of velvet, or of ottoman, with velvet. Many of the best-dressed girls I see wear brown or grey dresses, in which a little strawberry, apricot, or orange is introduced. In the first instance, they would wear hats or bonnets of strawberry-coloured straw, trimmed with dark red velvet, and the gloves would match the light strawberry shade.

In last month's article on "Correct Clothing" one of the pelisse or costume-coats was illustrated; and this month I give another method of making-up, with the bodice and over-dress separated. This bids fair to be a very much-favoured shape in all materials. Black, brown, dark green, and grey are all of them colours used for these pelisses, and they are usually worn with a very small bonnet, or a small "toque hat" to match them.

As will be seen by the illustration of this month, plaid continues to be the most favoured design in all materials, from gauzes to satin; and the chief cotton material worn in the morning by young girls is zephyr—or gingham, as some people prefer to call it—and the chief pattern they are made in is plaid.

The most striking colour in the costume is usually selected for the hat or bonnet; and the feathers are of a brighter shade of the same hue. Most of the straws are fine Dunstable, and a few of coarser plait have straws of all colours plaited together, so that the bonnet becomes very full of colours. Sailor hats are to be found in all the new varieties of colours, and the brims are lined with velvet put in quite flatly, and generally of a darker shade than the straw. The outside trimming is lighter, and is a band of velvet, with pompons of different hues. Leghorn hats are only used for full dress, when they are generally trimmed with straw ribbons and feathers. Bonnets of canvas, gold-knotted braid, or of gilt straw are much worn; also of fine white straw, trimmed with black velvet and white feathers. The pretty bonnets of plaited grass, reeds, rush, and pith, are made in many shades, and are very elegant for the summer. Strings appear to be quite optional this year with nearly all shapes; and when they are

used they are in two, three, or five pairs, all tied together on one side, the ribbon being a half-inch wide satin, reversible. Veils are of coloured gauze or net, and are frequently gold-spotted, or have a spot of the colour of the bonnet upon which they are worn.

This fashion of many strings seems to have been more adopted by the elder ladies than the younger ones, who affect single ribbon strings, about two inches wide, tied so as to leave no ends at all hardly; and a small, long brooch, or an insect of jewels or gold, is fastened into the bow.

Flowers do not form part of the toilet of every one as they did. If they be worn, a tiny bouquet is tucked in just below the bonnet strings. The colour corresponds with some article of the dress, and the yellow and white marguerites are very popular, and are generally in the majority, the white being worn with both "crushed strawberry" and apricot colour.

The method of making simple ordinary costumes for summer is shown in our illustration, and the style is suitable for all the thin materials, washing ones and others; a small cape fastening on the left shoulder may be added, if preferred.

The mantle of broché, or gauze broché, is a useful addition to the wardrobe, and the shape is simple and girlish. An illustration is given of a dressing-gown on the figure with her back to us, and a pretty tea-gown, made of sateen, or velveteen, and trimmed with lace down the front.

Gauntlet gloves are much worn in tan, black, grey, and white, but the most correct gloves for afternoon and visiting are the kid or suède, of the colour of the dress. Some of these have a tiny pocket in the palm of the left glove, in which to carry money. Stockings are supposed to match the dress like the gloves, and they may be purchased of nearly every shade in Balbriggan, thread, and spun silk.

With regard to washing dresses, the weather has not been sufficiently favourable to admit of their being much used, though many young ladies have found them warm enough. Cottons, as a general thing, have another material made up with them; the underskirt may be of foulard or satin, or the bodice of surah, satin, cashmere, or llama, and the skirt of cotton. Lace and embroidery will be much used with cottons, soft silks, or the half-thin and transparent woollen stuffs. Many summer dresses are tucked, in the same manner that the winter woollen dresses were which were made by tailors in town.

The short round tunics are no longer as fashionable as they were, and have given way to long pointed overskirts, the sides being crossed and hanging low on the left side, while they are caught up high on the right side with a buckle, the folds being close and regular.

All bodices are made very short on the hips, and the peaks are short likewise, and not too pointed. The bodice is a little opened at the neck to show a waistcoat, usually of a bright colour, with black, or if carried all the way down the front, it is narrow and of the same width to the point in front. More polonaises are worn this year, of various shapes and under various names, than I have seen before for several years. Some are called "jacket-polonaises," and these are a mixture of coat and polonaise, *i.e.*, the front or the back may be of a coat shape. For instance, the front may be a polonaise, draped back in long paniers, under long hanging coat tails at the back.

The skirts are nearly always made with single box-pleats, one turned each way, with a flat surface in the centre, and a flat band of trimming is often stitched on at about five inches from the edge of the flounce. This flat band will be much used for serge dresses, and on dark navy-blue a band of red serge will be sewn, and the bodice will have a waistcoat and cuffs of the same. Velvet ribbons are a very fashionable trimming and are often run on flatly upon dark cottons, and even on zephyrs and ginghams.

SERVANTS AND SERVICE.

By Ruth Lamb.

CHAPTER VI.

THOROUGHNESS—ECONOMY OF TIME—CARE OF PROPERTY—PUNCTUALITY.

Most mistresses are anxious that household work should be well and thoroughly done. I am, however, bound, in common fairness, to say that, while many servants are careless and slippery—spending the time that ought to be occupied about their work in dawdling and gossiping—there are also mistresses who are unreasonable in their requirements. They demand impossibilities because they have no idea of the time that is needed to ensure thoroughness in any branch of household work.

"*There is nothing* I like so much as a mistress who knows what work is, and who, having done it herself, can tell how long it takes to do it real well."

These were the words of a bonny, bright-faced young housemaid, who had lately entered upon a new place. She loved cleanliness, and did not consider that her duty was done when the ashes were removed from under the grate, and a duster lightly whisked over the tops of the tables and the seats and backs of chairs.

"I'm not afraid of the chairs being turned round or my mistress looking into corners, or that if you lift up a book or an ornament, the shape of it will be left clear on the dusty top of the chiffonier. I like things to be just as clean and as bright all over as hands can make them. But it takes time to make them so, as well as good rubbing."

The girl was right. And it is a great blessing to the employed when the employer has a practical knowledge of the work her servants have to do.

I rejoice to think that the cookery and domestic economy classes are doing good service in this direction, by making girls, the future mistresses of homes, acquainted with the details of household work.

"She is cleanly, but dreadfully slow," is no unfrequent character from an active, bustling mistress, when parting with a servant, who is perhaps less slow than thorough.

On this subject, let me say to servants, "If you are not allowed the time to do your work well, take care that you spend upon it every minute that you have allotted for the purpose. Let no one catch you gossiping or idling away your time, when you have complained that it was already insufficient for the task to be properly performed.

And if, after having done your best, you are still found fault with, ask your mistress, in a respectful manner, if she will, just for once, look on whilst you do this piece of work, and note how long it takes you to do it well.

I am sure if such a request were made to me, I should see the reasonableness of it and at once consent. Or I would, for once, do the same work myself, and, plodding steadily on, find out whether I could complete it well and thoroughly in less time than my maid considered necessary.

If instead of scolding on the one side, and flying into a temper and answering impertinently on the other, there were to be a fair consideration and a reasonable test such as the above, we should have fewer hasty warnings "to leave at the month's end;" less frequent changes, and longer and more valuable service from our domestics. These, too, would not pay us less respect or care less for our interests, because they found us willing to listen patiently to a well-grounded complaint, and to redress any real grievance.

From the subject of economy of time and thoroughness in the quality of work we turn naturally to that of care in the use of the property entrusted to you who serve in the household. In respect to work there can be no better advice than this: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." So, in using the property of others, use it as though you had earned the money which bought it.

Accidents will occasionally happen in spite of care; but numberless things are mutilated or destroyed by the want of a very little precaution. A window and door are both left open on a windy day. The blind is next seen flapping to and fro outside, and unless some watchful eye notices this, the crash of glass announces that the lath has been driven through a pane or two, valuable papers have been carried into the fire or up the chimney, a table-cloth and a number of fragile ornaments swept on to the floor, and everything that would break amongst them smashed to atoms by a little act of thoughtlessness.

Who can truly say, "I could not help it," when an indignant mistress reproaches the author of such waste and ruin? She may not have done it on purpose, but destruction which is caused by utter carelessness is scarcely less blameable than wilful waste.

A great deal of harm is done to furniture by rough bouncing servants, who bang articles down on floor or table, who rush about like a whirlwind under the impression that hurry and bustle mean industry and earnestness, who seem to think that noise is an essential accompaniment of work. These are the people under whom the edges of our tumblers are chipped, until they become dangerous to those who use them; in whose hands crockery is perpetually "coming in two," and handles as constantly "coming off."

Chairs are recklessly brought in contact with side-boards, and the veneering is chipped, or smooth, polished surfaces are mercilessly rubbed with rough dusters, with the result of leaving the same covered with all sorts of fine lines and scratches. Under such treatment the polished top of, say, a grand piano, assumes the appearance of an immense outline map.

All such injury to furniture and utensils becomes a double source of annoyance from the fact that a little care would have prevented it. Hurry, bustle and bounce always hinder real work. It is the steady, methodical servant, whose work is done with the least apparent effort, but which entails the smallest amount of destruction to property and is most satisfactory in the long run.

I often think of a little figure, familiar under our roof for nearly ten years, who was an admirable illustration of the value of method and of fore-casting the work. Slight in frame, short in stature, and by no means strong, in many respects she was a living example of what could be effected by steadiness and a thoughtful planning of her work. Nobody ever saw her in a hurry, or with a smutty face or untidy hair. Her gowns looked less soiled and tumbled at the week's end than those of many wearers would be after a few hours' use.

All cooking materials that could be properly prepared beforehand or over night were always ready for use when wanted. A glance at the spotless dressers and the floors from which, to use a popular expression, "you might have eaten your dinner without a plate," gave a sufficient pledge of the exquisite cleanliness of everything prepared in that kitchen and by those hands. Yet all this beautiful order and purity were the result of quiet, steady work, carefully planned and carried out regularly and methodically.

There is no department in which cleanliness can be of more importance than in that of the cook. A careless, muddling cook will use her utensils indiscriminately. She will boil her onions, for sauce, and then, after a mere wash out, will make sweet sauce for a pudding in the same pan—we all know with what result. A fine, subtle flavour of onions will run through the second preparation, and will, in turn, spoil both the sauce and the pudding it is intended to improve.

And yet when fault is found, the offender will perhaps stoutly insist, and with a certain measure of truth, that she had washed her pan quite clean.

Washing will not remove strong flavours, and especially the taste of onions. A pan should be kept for these alone, and no other sauce should ever be prepared in it. It would take too much space were I to attempt to enter fully into the many little details connected with a cook's duties, so I will make my advice very brief.

Be very cleanly in kitchen utensils, person, and dress. Be specially particular about the neat arrangement of your hair, so that it may not be loose and straggling. Few things are more disgusting than the sight of hairs amongst food. Scour and scald—in addition to merely washing—all utensils. Let crockery be thoroughly cleansed from grease and brightened in the drying. Fill milk bowls with boiling water and let it stand in them until it is cold before drying for use again. This will tend to make the milk keep better.

In using the articles of food and preparing them, avoid all waste and be ready to render an account of everything that is entrusted to your care. There are some cooks who use articles lavishly and wastefully, and who give away what is not theirs to bestow. They have no anxiety about providing the food, no occasion to consider how bills are to be paid, and often do not know the price and value of what they waste. They will throw bread and odd pieces amongst the swill, and let food be cast away to nourish swine, which many a widowed mother and hungry child would be thankful to receive and make use of.

Remember, dear girls, you are accountable—and not to earthly employers only—for every wasted bit, whether of food or fuel. You are stewards in your position, as your master and mistress are stewards in theirs. And there is another thought I would bring before you. Every housekeeper knows that meat is daily growing dearer, and a sufficient supply becoming less and less attainable.

Consider, then, that a lavish use or waste of meat helps to make it dearer still, and life harder for the poor. Out of the very scraps and crumbs, if you will only collect them, thousands of birds may be fed and the lives of the dear little songsters preserved through the cold blasts and pinching frosts of winter.

Every morning at my home, one of our kindly domestics may be seen sallying forth with a plate on which all these fragments have been collected by their united efforts. Half of the store goes to the birds in the front—half to their brethren in the back garden, and the daily scene at feeding time is well worth watching for. I feel sure if you were to begin to care for these little feathered pensioners on human bounty, you would find so much pleasure in doing it, that nothing would induce you to give up the practice.

As I have advised nurses on no account to conceal any accident that may happen to the children under their care, so I would earnestly urge all servants to tell, and at once, of any breakage or injury to furniture. I say at once, because delay in telling always makes the task more difficult.

It is a mean thing, and an acted untruth, for a servant to hide away the fragments of broken articles, conceal the mischief done, and, perhaps, leave the place without telling what has happened. Two unpleasant results are likely to follow. A fellow servant may be blamed for that of which she is innocent; a mistress may be put to serious inconvenience for want of an article which she believed to be safe and sound, though really it had been long broken.

Very often she will be met with a look of combined protest and mock astonishment when she asks for particulars. "Oh, that was done months since," is the reply given. As though the length of time which had elapsed made the loss less annoying, or the concealment less to be condemned.

Two wealthy bachelors whose establishment was nominally under the rule of a cook-housekeeper were one day surprised to find that out of a large and fine set of cut wine-glasses, none remained but those they were using at the moment. The waitress was considered responsible for the safe keeping of table appointments, and she had gone on breaking and hiding, until, when a visitor came, there was no spare glass to place for his use.

The wrath of the masters may be better imagined than described. It was, however, less the loss of their property than the deceit and consequent annoyance which caused them to arrange for the prompt departure of that waitress.

So again I say, tell and at once of any accident to your employer's property. At the moment, perhaps, vexation at the loss may try your mistress's temper and you may be sharply reproved. Express your sorrow, if you have been careless, try to be more careful in the future. Bear the reproof meekly, and, when the first irritation is past, you will find that the prompt confession has helped to build up your own character for truthfulness and straightforwardness. It is not unlikely that the mistress will afterwards say something of this kind. "I was vexed at the moment, but I am glad you told me the truth." And in speaking of you to others she may blame you for carelessness; but she will be able to say, "I can trust her word." At any rate, your own conscience will tell you that you have not added a wilful sin to an unintentional error.

And, dear ladies, who rule in the house, be sure you encourage your handmaidens to tell the truth in any and every case of accident. It is rather hard to keep from speaking sharply when some fragile, but much valued article, has been smashed to atoms by careless hands. But if the culprit's confession and expressions of sorrow are met with scolding and harsh words, the offender is very likely to hold her peace and hide the fragments should she meet with a second mishap of the kind. Not that it would be right to do so; but the temptation to take such a course would be vastly increased.

Where, however, a mistress has her patience tried by repeated acts of carelessness, and the almost wilful destruction of property, she has the remedy in her own hands. She must either have a distinct understanding that whoever breaks pays, or she must part with the author of the mischief.

Punctuality in carrying out household arrangements is valuable in every home, as tending to make the domestic machinery run smoothly. In some houses it is of vital importance. Yet, all the members of a family depend more or less on each other for the power to be punctual with comfort — the children who have to go to school, the father who must be at his place of business, the servants whose work should be completed by a given time.

A lady who was about to engage a cook was extremely particular in her inquiries about the habitual punctuality of the applicant.

"I can be punctual if the family can," was the answer. "I like to be regular and orderly about my work, and am prepared to be so. But my difficulty has mostly been to get other people to be the same."

The girl spoke respectfully, and was quite in earnest. The lady she addressed felt a guilty flush creeping over her own face as she listened. She knew very well that, whilst professing to exact punctuality in others, she was often sadly deficient in the practice of that virtue.

There is no doubt, however, that a punctual mistress will make her servants keep to the proper time; but it is by no means equally sure that punctuality in the employed would have the same effect on the employers.

These will sometimes say to servants, "You must have the meals on the table at the time. Never mind whether anyone is there to eat them or not."

But this would be a most unsatisfactory state of things. The cook would grieve over spoiled dishes; the waiting damsel would be uncomfortable, and, depend on it, the blame would be placed on clocks, on servants, on anything and anybody rather than applied to themselves by those who grumble over a cold or lukewarm dinner.

Dear ladies, be fair in this respect. Dear girls, daughters in the home, help the servants to be punctual. Do not linger over that last chapter of an attractive book, or stay out until the last minute, so as to be obliged to appear at table, flushed and untidy, or to be making your toilet when you should be taking your meal.

When starting on a shopping expedition, calculate for probable delays and hindrances. Give yourselves time and leave orders that the meal is to be served, if you are not at home at the proper hour. It will be easier to keep something hot for you than to make up to all the rest for the discomfort and inconvenience of waiting for an indefinite time and letting everybody's dinner and temper be spoiled during the interval.

I shall not soon forget my own return from town on one occasion. I was half an hour late, and after I came into the house I stopped on my way upstairs to speak to a seamstress about some working materials which I had brought back with me.

On finally descending I was met in the hall by that methodical cook of whom I have already written.

"Ma'am! Are you aware that the dinner is standing?" she asked with a reproachful look on her face.

I hope I felt properly guilty. I know I blushed and said, apologetically, that if such were the case I was to blame and not she. And I hurried to my place at table, convinced that punctuality ought to be an all-round thing, and, if exacted from servants, should also be practised by all the members of the family.

(*To be continued.*)

GIRL'S OWN HOME.

Collected by Miss E. J. Cook, £1 6s. 2d.; A. B., 2s.; J. and A. G., 1s. 6d.; Collected by Miss A. Luscombe, *15s. 6d.; Miss E.* Baker, 2s. 6d.; S. J. A., 5s.; Annie, 1s.; Collected by Miss E. C. Hodgson, 11s. 3d.; Collected by Miss *C. Rodgers, 12s.*; Collected by Miss C. Le Mesurier, 13s.; Collected by Miss Agnes Simmons, £1 0s. 1d.; Jennie and Lizzie, 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss L. Newham, £1; Collected by Miss M. Cullinan, 1s.; Collected by Miss Jane Metcalfe, 12s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Jessie J. Glen, 11s. 4d.; Collected by Miss Sedgwick, £1 0s. 6d.; Collected by Miss A. L. Brame, 15s.; Collected by Miss L. Swingler, 3s.; Collected by Miss J. Barratt, £2 2s.; Miss Mary Maggs, 4s.; Old Nell, 1s.; Collected by Miss Edith S. Marshman, 15s.; Baa, 3s.; Collected by Miss Jane Woodward, £1; Collected by Miss E. Small, £1 3s.; Collected by Miss B. Heslop, £1; Kit, 3s.; Collected by Miss Jane Metcalfe, 2s.; Collected by Miss A. Simmons, 1s.; A Mother, 5s.; Collected by Miss Ethel Carpenter, *4s. 3d.*; Eine Schottin, 2s. 6d.; Miss Lizzie Cranswick, 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Ada Freir, 11s. 6d.; E. L. S., 10s.; Collected by Miss Mabel Pizey, 10s. 9d.; Collected by Miss A. Zippel, 16s.; Collected by Miss W. C. Harden, £3; Earnest One, 3s.; A. B. W., 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss G. Pauley, 1s.; Collected by M. C. E., L. Rathmines, and Sandymount, £1 10s. 11d.; Collected by Miss M. L. Boxall, £1 4s. 3d.; Miss Ella Balfour, 17s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Edna E. Maunder, 16s.; Collected by Miss Alice Doubble, 15s.; Collected by Miss Kate Johnson, £1; Collected by Miss Agnes Danvers, 12s.; Collected by Miss E. Scott, 10s.; Collected by Miss Kate Thomson, £1 11s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Kate Dawson, £3 11s.; Collected by Miss E. M. Scott, £1 11s. 6d.; E. H., 2s. 4d.; Collected by The Misses Thresher, £3; Collected by *Miss L. Woods*, 12s.; Collected by Miss A. Wilkinson, £1 2s. 3d.; Collected by Miss Mabel Gardner, £1; Collected by Miss H. Gathercole, £2; Collected by Miss Mabel Burge, 11s. 6d.; Florence E. W., 1s.; Collected by Miss Clara Leslie, £1 4s.; Collected by Miss Bertha Clapp, 5s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Agnes Kydd, £1 11s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Kathleen Sparrow, 13s. 6d.; Collected by Miss C. Burt, 9s. 1d.; Collected by Miss Kate Wilson, £3; Collected by Miss E. A. Boden, 8s.; Collected by Mr. Craven Waddington, 4s. 6d.; From One of the Girls, 1s.; G. and K. B., 10s.; Miss Jackson, £10; Miss C. A. Russell, 5s.; Collected by Miss A. M. Jackson and the Misses Matthews, 18s.; Collected by Miss Janet A. Dunell, £1; Collected by Miss Emily Rowley, £1 0s. 2d.; Collected by Miss Jennie Mackie, 13s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Emilie Ball, £2; Collected by Miss Agnese Way, 13s.; Collected by Miss L. Stewart, £2; Collected by Miss F. Franklin, £1 0s. 10d.; Collected by Miss Hamilton Beatson, £1 15s. 6d.; Collected by Miss F. Fawcett, 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Crone, £1 12s. 6d.; *Collected by* Miss Mary S. Spencer, 12s. 2d.; E. J., 5s. Total, £77 12s. 10d. Total amount received to April 30th, 1883, £286 5s. 3d.

"AND HE TOOK THEM UP IN HIS ARMS, PUT HIS HANDS UPON THEM, AND BLESSED THEM."

THE NEW PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

I.—ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

THE subject of our next competition for Prizes and Certificates is that of our Lord blessing little children, shown in the picture on the opposite page.

To this subject our girls, one and all, are invited to write a short descriptive sketch, with their own commentary, in prose or verse.

There will be a Prize of One Guinea awarded to the most successful competitor of every age from thirteen to twenty-three years. For instance, every girl of thirteen years may compete for the prize to be awarded to the most successful girl under fourteen years of age, every girl of fourteen years and under fifteen can compete for the Guinea Prize to be awarded to the most successful competitor of fourteen years of age, and so on up to the age of twenty-three.

The last day for receiving the essays is Thursday, the 1st of November, 1883, thus affording our foreign and colonial readers an opportunity of competing.

Certificates of the first, second, and third classes will be awarded to girls of any age obtaining the necessary number of marks.

The essays should be written upon one side only of four pages of ordinary foolscap paper. These four pages must be sewn together at the left-hand top corner.

Each essay must bear on its back the full name, age, and address of the competitor; and underneath the same the following must be written and signed by a parent, minister, or teacher:—

"I hereby certify that this essay is the sole work and in the handwriting of (competitor's full name is again to be written), and that her age and address are correctly stated."

(Signature and address of the parent, minister, or teacher.)

Each essay must be sent by book-post, without letter, addressed to—

The Editor,
The Girl's Own Paper,
56, Paternoster Row,
London, E.C.,

and the words "Competition Essay" must be clearly written on the left-hand corner.

THE RESULTS OF THE LATE PRIZE COMPETITION IN ENGLISH COMPOSITION.

Subject for Essay:—

THE LIFE OF LADY JANE GREY.

Examiner: THE EDITOR.

WE are much delighted at the great number of entries for this competition, and also at the unusual excellence of most of the work. We received no fewer than 2,128 essays, which, as may be imagined, has given us much trying work, which we have endeavoured to execute faithfully and well. We have been struck with the excellence of the writing of the younger competitors, and have been rather disappointed with that of our readers over the age of twenty. Fancy purses containing the Prize Money will shortly be sent by post to the various prize winners.

The following table gives at a glance the numbers of the successful workers of the various ages:—

Age.	No. Sent.	Prize.	Certificates. 1st.	2nd.	3rd.
9	3	—	1	1	—
10	13	1	1	2	4
11	15	—	5	3	2
12	42	1	7	8	11
13	170	1	12	9	15
14	212	1	14	20	32
15	278	1	15	23	57
16	301	1	15	26	51
17	264	1	18	25	40
18	268	1	15	25	33
19	192	1	13	24	29
20	153	1	12	10	16
21	91	1	9	12	11
22	76	1	4	8	11
23	41	1	3	5	4
24	5	—	—	—	—
25	1	—	—	—	—
26	0	—	—	—	—
27	1	—	—	—	—
28	1	—	—	—	—
29	0	—	—	—	—
30	1	—	—	—	—
	2128				

AGE NINE.

CERTIFICATE OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Gardiner, Evelyn Annie, St. Leonards-on-Sea

CERTIFICATE OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Hall, Helena Invicta, Lancing

AGE TEN.

THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Haigh, Una Muriel Maud, Walmer Hill

CERTIFICATE OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Mead, Beatrice Flora, Adelaide, South Australia

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Walker, Ellen, Summertown
Janau, Anne Louise, Clapham Common

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Bryant, Clara Edith, Stratford
Bransford, Fanny E., Beccles
Ham, Edith, Addiscombe
Goodwin, Ellen Jane, Catford Bridge

AGE ELEVEN.

THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA (no. awarded).

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Somerville, Isabella, Galashiels
Lea, Ethel Maria Esther, Clapham
Hay, Ethel, Stamford
Baron, Edith Maria, Queen's Park
Roberton, Lina Harriett, Aldershot

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

"Perseverance," Bewdley
Green, Fanny Mary, Summertown
Vernon, Lewie E., Yeovil

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

King, Sophie May, Camberwell
Jackson, Helen Baillie, Denmark Hill

AGE TWELVE.

THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Carpenter, Katie Emily, Gravesend

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

King, Edith Sarah, Great Berkhamsted
Pascoe, Lizzie B., Penzance
Heath, Alice Mary, Clipstone
Porter, Beatrice Mary, Worcester
Wood, Mabel, Sparkbrook
Patston, Amy, Albrighton
Gardiner, Frances Mary Theodora, St. Leonards-on-Sea

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Thomson, Maggie Brownlee, Kilmarnock
De Lancy, Laura Margherita Graham, Solihull
Manby, Alice Sophia, Passy, Paris
Coggan, Georgina Adela, Broadwindsor
Taylor, Alice, Somerton
Gregory, Lila Francess, Aldershot
Noton, Lucy Beatrice, Heaton Chapel
Compston, Florence Eveline Baptista, Fivehead

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Mills, Bessie, Hatfield
Southall, Margaret, Far Headingley
Turner, Nellie Willis, St. John's Hill
Williams, Edith Elizabeth, Leighton Buzzard
Egan, Violet, Catford Hill
Richford, Edith Rose, Daventry
Mathewson, Mary Isabell, Northumberland
Smyth, Nettie E., Honeybourne Vicarage
Coni, Emily Augusta, Lower Norwood
Crowe, Annie Maud, Ennis
Cropley, Grace, Catford Bridge

AGE THIRTEEN.

THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Dods, Edith Marion Jane, Gorleston

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Dolphin, Alice Mary, Coddington Vicarage
Attewell, Ella, Newbury
Taylour, Evelyn Maud Kate, Coolock Vicarage
Smith, Kate Letitia, Newbury
Warren, Mary Emblin, St. John's Wood
Hockins, Birdie, Davenport
Jackson, Nathalie Caroline, Maida Vale
Burlinson, Kate, Uxbridge Road
Howieson, Henrietta Watson, Camberwell
Ensor, Henrietta Maude, Redland
Fowler, Ellen Constance, Hackney
McFarlane, Jane, Govan

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Howat, Bessie Smith, Liverpool
Clowes, Agnes Grace, *Weston Rectory*
Corr, Alexandrina Eliza, Newport-on-Tay
Garnett, Maud Mary, Rotherham
Houstin, May, New Brompton
Bowden, Mary Leonora, East Barnet
Fleet, Lucy, Birmingham
Harriss, Helen Edith, Dalston
Holt, Emily Bell, Bolton

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Lynes, Mary, Coventry
Miller, Christina, Glasgow
Wood, Julia Martha, Bow Road
Naysmith, Maggie, Swansea
Abbey, Evelyn Jane, South Hackney
Levetus, Kate Amelia, Edgbaston
Cape, Edith Pearson, Barton-on-Humber
Kelly, Eleanor Jane, Chester
Silvers, Mabel, Camberwell Green
Bennett, Eleanor, Lydford Rectory
Taylor, Bessie, Sandhurst
Davison, Eliza Mary Ann, New Brompton
Horley, Florence Amy, Champion Hill
Young, Mary Melvin, Hertford
Coulborn, Mary Ethel, Beckenham

AGE FOURTEEN.

THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Lampen, Bertie, Tempsford Rectory

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Sidley, Ethel Marian, Bushey Heath
Farren, Emily Mary, Edinburgh
Rice, Mary Davenport, Cheam Rectory
Taylor, Mabel Augusta Holdsworth, Malston
Jenkins, Katie, Holloway
Slee, Hilda Kathleen Murray, St. John's
Palmer, Ellen Maria, Martock
McGillivray, Jessie Davidson, Kilmelfort Manse
Jell, Edith Annie, Highbury Hill
De Jonge, Adriana Jacqueline, the Hague
Macmaster, Alice, Darlington
Wilkinson, Florence, Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson
Sorabji, Susan, Poona
Carswell, Alice Jane, Southwark Bridge

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Wilson, Edith Amy, Wandsworth Common
Page, Ada, Regent's Park
Stooke, Edith Mahala, Newton Abbot
Haig Brown, Marguerite Adela, Godalming
Gill, Margaret Lydia, Aberdeen
Langdon, Arabella Louisa, near Wellington
Peatfield, Florence, Chatham
Ramsey, Nora Mabel, Cheltenham
Harrop, Emma, North Villa, Huddersfield
Marshall, Elizabeth Rachel, Beverley
Freeman, Gertrude Anne, The Sibton Orphans' Home
Clark, Lucy, Norwich
Hunter, Mary Lilian, Bolsover
Bateman, Maria Louise, Bedford Square
Coni, Florence Marion, Lower Norwood
Tench, Emily Louise, Norwich
Jarrett, Kate Annie, Hackney
Ayrton, Florence Elizabeth, Liverpool
Cooper, Helen Jessie, Leicester
Dickson, Emily Frances, Southampton

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Walker, Beatrice Honor Maria, Sleight's Vicarage
Smith, Mary Constance Frances, Shirley
Fido, Alice Mary, Bombay
Parker, Isabella Winifred, Battersea Park
Elworthy, Margaret Elizabeth, Jamaica
Odgers, Beatrice Helen, Camborne
Bohné, Mary Adelaide, near Gateshead-on-Tyne
Hirst, Gertrude Mary, Huddersfield
Hellier, Thirza Pauline, Torquay
Waln, Rose Swetenham, Cheshire
Carpenter, Clara Emily, Camberwell
Wilkins, Stella Mary, Hanover
Wilson, Louisa Anne, Barrow-in-Furness
French, Helen Blanch, Woolpit
Lowe, Catherine E., Mildmay Park
Bell, Alice Mary, Radcliffe-on-Trent
Lazenby, Martha Mary, Bloxwich
Hunt, Alice Mary, Sydenham

Carruthers, Laura Mary, Gateshead-on-Tyne
Edgar, Jane, Wigtown
Bigg, Jane, Messing
Worthington, Emily, Higher Broughton
Moses, Rachel, Worcester
De Horsey, Muriel Adeline Brudenell, West Cowes
Hearn, Ellen Jane, Ramsgate
Orr, Jessie Porteous, Stoke Newington
Jones, Gertrude Jane, Forest Hill
Paton, Janet, Cambuslang
Poole, Julia Kate, Newcastle
Cole, Helen Maria, Poplar
FitzGerald, Kate, Portsdown
Wood, Jessie Blanche, Acton

AGE FIFTEEN.

THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Dickinson, Louisa, St. Peter-at-Gowts

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Gordon, Helen Cameron, Croydon
Hewer, Elizabeth, Eastbourne
Redfern, Alice Ada, Penrith
Blakeway, Eunice, Wolverhampton
Dawber, Jessie Maria Lois, King's Lynn
Balfour, Ella Glen Mitchell, North Berwick
Mant, Fannie Ethel, Croydon
Neal, Amy Ethel, Lordship Park
Owens, Elizabeth Jane, Liverpool
Marriott, Alice Ruth, Swaffham
Hawkins, Alice Jane, Southwark
Churchman, Louisa J., Horsham
Constant, Elfrida E. A., Smyrna
Archdale, Mary Caroline, Norwich
Ferguson, Catherine Jane, Queensland

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Charters, Margaret Alice, Leicester
Du Bonlay, Rosa Howard, Western Australia
Lankshear, Emily Maria, Bermondsey
Pirie, Ina Violet Logie, Heathfield
Griffin, Elizabeth Sarah, Tavistock
Champley, Frances Mary, Scarborough
Williams, Edith Littler, Rhyl
Holmes, Edith Louisa Blanche, Blackheath
Donald, Jeanie, Halidon, Cambuslang
Davies, Katherine, Clapham
Cant, Cecilia, Newcastle-on-Tyne
French, Rosa Jane, Woolpit
Finch, Lucy Willis, Lausanne
Tapscott, Florence Helen, Wotton-under-Edge
Buxton, Ethel, Matlock Bath
Lyle, Agnes Kingford, Bayswater
Jones, Ada Emily, Oxton
Gathercole, Helen, Beccles
Holden, Eunice Mary, Todmorden
Black, Clara Louise, Kilburn
Widdicombe, Madeline A. J., High Barnet
Williams, Nellie, Handsworth
Dewhurst, Elizabeth Anne, Preston
Edwards, Matilda, Southbourne-on-Sea
Fletcher, Susan Annie, Scarborough

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Edwards, Agnes, Donington
Owen, Agnes Sophia, Hackney
Crowther, Ellen, Quarmby
Stuart, Margaret Ellen, Boyle
Salt, Mary Sophia, Primrose Hill
Tudor, Sarah, Shrewsbury
Madeley, Lucy, Handsworth
Williams, Rachel, Dalston
Noble, Margaret, Crossley Orphanage
Nicholson, Florence, Stainland
Darnell, Emma, Northampton
Carter, Kate Elizabeth, St. Heliers
Dann, Rose Florence, Brixton
Goodison, Elizabeth L., Oughterard
Tucker, Maud Elaine, Camden Square
Griffin, Clara Alice, Clapton
Abbey, Rose Bartrom, Great Berkhamsted
Haversfield, Edith Dale, Carlisle
Lawson, Eleanor, Aintree
Farquhar, Agnes, Kirkton Forbes
Fry, Edith Kate, Alresford
Hibbert-Ware, Mina, Cheltenham
Stonebridge, Mary, Leighton Buzzard
Brooks, Emma Constance, Highbury Grove
Tunnicliffe, Minnie, Wakefield
Mills, Mary, Lower Broughton
Sacmann, Marion Eliza, St. Leonards-on-Sea
Jackson, Agnes Maude, Ballinderry Rectory
Thonger, Margaret Jane, Harborne
Keelings, Amy Alice, Nottingham
Budge, Kate, Ashlands, Ashton-on-Mersey
Stainton, May, Riley House, Enfield Highway
Jones, Minnie Beatrice, Uxbridge Road
McNalty, Ethel Elizabeth, Bayswater
Wright, Margaret Gertrude, Camberwell
Finnemore, Mary J., Lozells
Henderson, Jessie Agnes, Lee
Meek, Alice Jane, Perry Bar
Shaw, Mary Eleanor, Ballynahinch
Uraw, Alice Martha, Plymouth
Crondall, Sophia Louise, Carlisle
Buchanan, Ellen Bertha, Lee
Peacock, Ada S., Knaresborough
Perkins, Mabel, Hobart, Tasmania
Nickalls, K. E., Clipstone
Fernie, Janet P., Colinsburgh
Hardwick, Margaret Ann Davies, Sussex
Pember. Beatrice Mary, Worcester
Pearson, Hannah Sutton, Wigton
Talbot, Anne Eliza, Goathurst
Kilburn, Sophia Annie, near Salburn-by-Sea, Yorks
Dickson, Ellinor Margaret, Portswood
Warburton, Alice, Dedham
Lloyd, Alice Mary, Scotholme
Shilcock, Alice Rose, near Tamworth
Morris, Mary Edith, Walton
Bassett, Edith Elizabeth, Glossop

AGE SIXTEEN.

THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Mulliner, Beatrice Charlotte, Claughton

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Boulton, Emily Jane, Bournemouth
Robinson, Margaret, Farnley
Bennett, Alice Bryant, Lydford Rectory
Sarge, Eliza Gertrude, York
Swingler, Annie Ellen, Lambeth
Carter, Florence Neille, Harlow
Atchley, Mary Waldegrave, Kentish Town
Blew, Mary Florence, Buntingford
Hind, Margaret Elizabeth, Mansfield
Pedder, Catherine, Bath
Brabrook, Eliza Margaret, Lewisham
Irwin, Frances Minna, Darlington
Wright, Annie Featherstone, Hampstead
D'Arcy, Eleanora, Sheerness
Johnstone, Laura Agnes, Banff

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Winter, Helen Mary, Chieveley
Clarke, Katie, Northampton
Harris, Helen Beatrice, Handsworth
McHardy, Dora Mary, Gloucester Street
Mitchell, Frances Jessie, Southampton
Peachey, Charlotte Primrose, Hampstead
Wilkinson, Maud, New York
Späth, Emma M. L., Smyrna
Bawden, Ethel Sansom, Truro
Mackern, Mary Avice, Limerick
Millis, Martha Elizabeth, Leicester
Hill, Bessie Georgina Jane, Church Stretton
Fearn, Emma, Enfield Highway
Taylor, Eliza Jane, Wike
Urew, Jessie Tregoning, Penzance
Simeon, Elizabeth Binns, Oakes
Edwards, Alice M. C., Rectory, Anglesey
Wright, Emilie Augusta, Alfreton
Hale, Mary Caroline, Junction Road
Hoskings, Mary, Market Rasen
Gibson, Helen Elizabeth, Edinburgh
Goffin, Florence Marion, Stamford Hill
Keyworth, Charlotte, Aslockton
Mayhew, Mary Ruth, Oxford
Wilkinson, Julia, Moseley
Stevenson, Grace, Edgware Road

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Jenner, Rosa Louisa, Piccadilly
Marshall, Alice Blanche, Huggate
Holmes, Gertrude Eirene, Upper Tooting
Harrison, Mabel Brooklyn, Camberwell
Lye, Eliza Margaret Leigh, Ramsgate
Dickson, Lucy Marie, Dewsbury
Millen, Ada, Deal
Wilson, Annie Florence, Croydon
Gillmor, Mima, Sligo
Turnbull, Ada Scott, Tulse Hill
Halliday, Laura, Rawdon
Seaton, Grace Dora, Shepherd's Bush
Fra, Edith, Hull
Bath, May, Blackheath
Bennett, Emma Leighton, Liverpool
Ager, Blanche, Canonbury
Smith, Maude Agnes, Tonbridge
Crace-Calvert, Hobart, Tasmania
Hamilton, Sophie Caroline, Limerick
Goodwin, Isabel Augusta, Peckham Road
Underwood, Mary E., Leicester
Guthrie, Anna, Kirkliston
Wood, Emily Stanley, Dover
Jackson, Edith Caroline, Kensington
White, Ellen, Haverstock Hill
Booth, Annie Esther, Dedham
Dixon, Julia Kenney, Liverpool
Callis, Nellie, Blackburn
Browne, Annie Maria, North Finchley
Dobinson, Priscilla Reed, Gateshead
Sargent, Maud Elizabeth, Cork
Bradshaw, Grace Mary, Retford
Rhodes, Alice, Canterbury
Hammond, Clara Colliver, Liverpool
Bradley, Katie, Droitwich
Reiach, Jessie Kate Manson, Greenock
Lewis, Bertha Annie, Upper Holloway
Owen, May Wilkinson, Peckham Rye
Gray, Ada Angelina, Great Yarmouth
Bailey, Josephine, Highgate Road
Erwin, Margaret Henrietta, Rotherhithe
Johns, Sybil W., Cromwell Road
Cox, Etheldreda, Tonbridge
Clapp, Florence Mary, Stoke Newington
Bulmer, Kate Debron, Hartlepool
Maynard, Bessie, Camberwell
McKay, Grace M., Highbury
Neame, Florence Austin, Cheam
Helffenstein, Ida Emily Charlotte, Stoke Newington
Warren, Alice Gertrude, Shrewsbury
Lindsay, Georgina Clyde, Kilmalcolm

AGE SEVENTEEN.

THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Ainger, Miriam, Paignton

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Moore, Alice Dorothy, Douglas
Wilson, Edith, Windermere
Stephens, Lilian, Scarborough
Cross, Annie Elizabeth, Weston-super-Mare
Lloyd, K. M. Alice, Llandilo
Lemmon, Helen Harriet, Norwich
Hallett, Frances Mary, Wimborne
Somerville, Henrietta, Nantwich
Edmondston, Margaret L. H., Shetland Isles
Sherriff, Isabella Russell, New Southgate
Blakelock, Rosamond Mary, Ecclesall
Anderson, Georgina, Bayswater
Bennett, Evelyn Mary, Lydford Rectory
Hillman, Ada Kate, Ilkley
Carter, Edith, Halifax
Alexander, Annie Guy, North Shields
Cleaver, Violet, Gordon Square
Clark, Nellie, King's Lynn

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Johnson, Bertha, Norwich
George, Catherine Anne, Leamington
Lord, Annie Elizabeth, Northiam
Dunn, Annie Maud, York
Burman, Bertha, Birmingham
Friend, Ada Caroline, Camberwell
Stalker, Hannah C., Galashiels
Woodroffe, Eliza, Martock
Orr, Emily Georgiana, Canonbury
Laker, Alice Ealse, Deal
Thorold, Hilda Grant, Stony Stratford
Kenworthy, Mary Louisa, Lockwood
Johnson, Madeline, Beckenham
Lodge, Margaret Glen, Tasmania
Sylvester, Maud Howard, Handsworth
Wall, Alice F., Hackney
Barrett, Florence Amelia Marian, Blackheath
Coombs, Emma Alger, Gloucester
Raven, Elizabeth Caroline, Dover
Nicholson, Elizabeth, near Ripon
Kent, Carrie, Frodsham
Mason, Edith, Kegworth
Prior, Laura, Hackney
Barnes, Kate Marian, Helmdon Rectory
Whitehead, Emily Mary, Everton

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Ascough, Elizabeth Ann, Northallerton
Ashwin, Ellen Beatrice, Boulogne-sur-Mer
Williams, Annie, Handsworth
Mercer, Maria, Edenfield
Lester, Minnie, Kirkdale
Hall, Charlotte Elizabeth, Dublin
Glaisher, Mary, New Ormond Street
Matthewson, Jessie Cramond, Northumberland
Elliott, Isabella, Woodford
Thonger, Margaret Ellen, Leeds
Coe, Ellen Maude, Northampton
Piggot, Gertrude May, Maldon
Ward, Agnes Ethel, Kingsland
Elkin, Constance Mary, St. Peter's Park
Rushton, Mary Luisa, Newchurch
Clarke, Fanny, Carlisle
King, Isabel Emma, Huddersfield
Woodgate, Angela Mary, Pembury
Heath, Winifred, Lordship Park
Robinson, Emily, Grimsby
Henderson, Helen, Dawlish
Coates, Elizabeth, Hull
Beatson, Ada Evelyn, Sheffield
Hutchison, Helen D., Aberdeenshire
Lawrance, Sarah Annie, Crouch Hill
Mitchell, Florence Constance, Port Elizabeth, South Africa
Stacy, Lizzie, Dalston
Allan, Agnes, Kincardineshire
Hamilton, Emma Margaret, Limerick
Yates, Mary B., Jefferson Co., West Virginia, U.S.A.
Davies, Beatrice, Orleans
Philip, Alice, Dartmouth
Broadwith, Sarah Ann, Ripon
Cock, Margaret Mary Elizabeth, Clifton
Button, Elizabeth Salsbury, Sneinton
Shinkfield, Alice Matilda, Peckham
Caney, Kate, Epsom
Reynolds, Kate, Holloway
Manley, Margaret A., Dorchester
Briggs, Mary Alberta, Walton-le-Dale

AGE EIGHTEEN.

THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Madeley, Dora, Dudley

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Fuge, Editha Catherine Phillott, Colchester
Michael, Margaret J. M., Canonbury
Courtney, Eleanor Margaret Courtney, Hatton Vicarage
Hall, Margaret Laura, Teddington-on-Thames
Cross, Edith Mary, Stockport
Atkins, Emma Florence, Peterborough
Graham, Agnes Frances, Edinburgh
Barnes, Irene H., Hornsey Rise
Beaven, Eva Moody, Chalford, near Strood.
Bannester, Elizabeth Sumner, Chelmsford

Raison, Clara Sophia, Southampton
Parker, Florence Annie, Bexley Heath
Fehr, Albertina, Leytonstone
Hadley, Mary Helena, Stonehouse
Cogill, Emily, Southsea

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Rutherford, Madge Laird, Edinburgh
Cowing, Jessie Katherine, High Barnet
Hale, Emily Alice, Bathwick
Anderson, Jeanie M., Clapham
Haynes, Edith T., Florence
Paine, Fanny Esther, Leyton
Jordan, Jane, Chesham
Kirwan, Mary Eleanor, Cheltenham
Bolton, Susan Neville, Blackburn
Gunson, Mary, Lowick
Dowman, Anne, Ardwick
Shiells, Flora D. Thornton, Edinburgh
Motion, Charlotte Annie Lawrence, Green Lanes
Compston, Catharine Emily, Taunton
Bosworth, Annie Marshall, Kingston-on-Thames
Hibbert-Ware, Jessie May, Cheltenham
Hulse, Margaret Evangeline, Carlisle
Teal, Edith, Bodmin
Sale, Jessie, Ilfracombe
Heelas, Florence Grant, Chalford
Kinsman, Morwenna, Penzance
Muir, Agnes, Clapham Park
Barrow, Ruth Shearson, Rhyl
Black, Mary Jane, Arbroath
Gostling, Edith Cubitt, Northfleet.

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Fielding, Annetta, Lower Broughton
Deane, Mary Adelaide, Oxford
Cresswell, Marian Ellen, Stoke-on-Trent
Etherington, Emma Elizabeth, Midhurst
O'Connor, Margaret, Chelsea
Stenning, Mary Elizabeth, Brighton
Pope, Matilda Gertrude, Tunbridge Wells
Sadler, Kate, Woolwich
Pope, Emma Beatrice, Plymouth
Bowyer, Ada Ellen, Betchworth
Mardling, Annie Jane, South Hackney
McConnell, Florence Ada, Great Missenden
Begg, Lizzie, Paisley
Bailey, Mary Elizabeth, Bombay
Burgin, Alice Christiana, Stroud Green
Crump, Frances Lockwood, Skipton-in-Craven
Showell, Mary Elizabeth, Cradley
Staynes, Frances Mary, Wakefield
Duffell, Annie, Willenhall
Davies, Edith Marion, Dorking
Watkinson, Mary, Huddersfield
Carruthers, Jessie, North Finchley
Winskill, Lizzie, Barnsbury
Ravenscroft, Laura Winifred, Wimbledon
Biss, Florence, St. Olave's
Haughton, Nellie, Holyhead
Smeeton, Alice Mary, Leeds
Newbold, Florence, West Retford
Roberts, Jessie Mary, Anglesea
Jager, Minnie Agnes, Stoke Newington
Bogle, Maynard, Slough
Danniel, Annie, Clifton
Collins, Catharine, Kirkburton Vicarage

AGE NINETEEN.

THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Hull, Alice Catherine, Stockton-on-Tees

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Yates, Laura, Wilton
Carter, Ann, Withington
Matthews, Emmie Jane, Ryde
Blick, Edith M., Droitwich
Robinson, Edith, Maida Vale
Lambert, May Stratton, Rochampton
Doret, Edith Marguerite Emma, Maidstone
Vincent, Elizabeth Ursula, Weymouth
Gwillim, Georgina, Mumbles
Rose, Jeanie Morrison, Newcastle-on-Tyne
Eaton, Emma, Clapham
Jaques, Margaret, New Barnet
Smyth, Katharine Rose, Blackheath

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Pinkerton, Lizzie, Perth
Fetherstonhaugh, Mary Blanche, Dorchester
James, Gertrude, near Elton
Coleman, Mary James, Hornsey Rise
Wilkinson, Elizabeth Mary, Shrewsbury
Brown, Margaret, Nailsworth
Mandall, Margaret Eliza, Stockton-on-Tees
Morgan, Janet Mabel, Swansea
Shore, Arabella Katharine, Torquay
Pelling, Mary Elizabeth, Barnstaple
Mitchell, Jessie Thomson, Lerwick
Colgrove, Esther, Winslow
Young, Frances Ellen, Aylesbury
Denton, Kate, Redland
Veasey, Charlotte Anne, Lidlington Vicarage
Barraclough, Ada, near Selby, Yorkshire
Callaghan, Ethel Blanche, Winterbourne
Wright, Adeline Francesca, Langley Mill
Manning, Georgina Eleanor, Dublin
Woolcott, Edith, Salisbury
Neave, Fanny M., Salford
Law, Maria Jane, Padiham
Lyle, Annette Kathleen, Knocktarna Coleraine
Grogan, Alice, Balbriggan

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Bullen, Laura Maud, Hastings
Martin, Jeanie Brown, Manchester, Jamaica
Sharpe, Janet T., Camberwell
Southwick, Mary Elizabeth, Sheffield
Palfree, Pollie, Nottingham
Hudson, Mary, Crosby-on-Eden
Mann, Blanche Laura, Mirfield
Southall, Helen, Far Headingley
Davis, Annie, Bristol
Smith, Elizabeth Anne, South Norwood
Essex, Frances, Tetbury
Covey, Eliza, Kingskerswell
Spokes, Josephine, Fitzroy Square
Hunnybun, Florence Violet, Holton St. Mary
Griffin, Ellen Beatrice, Penn
Cooke, Amelia Florence, Clevedon
Charters, Isabella Mary, Leicester
Pedder, Margaret, Bath
Brown, Margaret, By Ellon
Tombleson, Margaret Elizabeth, Barton-on-Humber
Jones, Adeline, Tulse Hill
MacCormack, Isabella Kennedy, Caithness
Parker, Christina Eliza, Mildenhall
Thorpe, Mary Kate, Hastings
Scott, Anna Louisa, South Ossett
Lever, Annie E., Cambridge
Heward, Margaret Lindsay, Stamford
Dixon, Mary Girdham, Ryde
Gordon, Isabella, Montreal

AGE TWENTY.

THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Phillips, Eliza Sleigh, Ivegill Vicarage

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Ferguson, Edith Mary, Highbury
Clarke, Emmeline Thornton, Hornsey
Pope, Edith Montagu, Bath
Constant, Rachel Henrietta, Smyrna
Hope, Evelyn Ellen, Devonport
Fraser, Helen Jane, Wolverhampton
Thorne, Lizzie, Liskeard
Andrews, Marianne Elizabeth, Upper Clapton
Rodman, Emily Caroline, Crickhowell
Beaven, Edith Mary, Chalford
Harris, Beatrice Louise, Hawes
Clarke, Georgina, Devizes

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Leggatt, Elizabeth Annie, Holt
Wilson, Lucy Annie, near Liverpool
Odgers, Charlotte Louisa, Camborne
Pearson, Mary Eveline, Dalston Lane
Hall, Mary, Newcastle-on-Tyne
Warren, Edith Maude, Shrewsbury
Edinger, Florence, Buckhurst Hill
Janson, Annie Emily, Finsbury Park
Bromley, Clara Mary H., Wickhambrook
Ritchie, Lizzie Hamilton, Co. Derry

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Hulme, Mary Florence, South Kensington
Ross, Margaret Mary Dumaresq, Brighton
Rooke, Helen King, Salisbury
Greenfield, Susanna, Montague Square
Ritchie, Marion Lilias, Morningside
Theobald, Annie Ada, Chelmsford
Chaplin, Elizabeth, Abingdon
Pope, Edith Montagu, Bath
Cobham, Ida, Exeter
Burman, Louisa, Birmingham
Paulig, Annie, New Maldon
Master, Helen A., Stoke-on-Trent
Schiele, Gertrude Frederica, Sale
Leeson, Kate Elizabeth, East Dulwich Green
Myers, Annie N., Garelockhead
Dillon, Annie C., Clapham Common

AGE TWENTY-ONE.

THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Woodgate, Ethel Margaret, Pembury

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Eagleston, Louey, Oxford
Green, Beatrix Elizabeth, Wilton
Watson, Eleanor, Canonbury Park South
Erskine, Frances Janet, St. John's Wood
Archer, Eleanor Elizabeth, Leamington
Old, Elizabeth, Maidstone
De Fabeck, Florence Mary, Torre Pellice, near Turin
Keighley, Jane, Bradford
Huntley, Alice Mary, Highclere Castle

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Downing, Kate, Stratford-upon-Avon
Whitaker, Annetta, Winsley Hall
Daniel, Minnie, Atherstone
Gammon, Laura Mary Panter, Wallingford
Underdown, Florence D., Manchester
Leslie, Emma Margaret, Brighton
Gibson, Edith Jane, Bristol
Milner, Sarah Anne, Cardiff
Brown, Florence, Houghton
Banham, Sarah, Norwich
Lys, Mary, Wareham
Batho, Clara Hunton, Surbiton

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Boyd, Martha, New Ross
De Villiers, Catherine Elizabeth, Cape Colony
Archer, Eleanor Elizabeth, Leamington
Jackson, Gertrude Beatrice, Macclesfield
Flower, Matilda Florence, Shaftesbury
McGaffin, Elizabeth, Belfast
Sparks, Priscilla Anne, Portsdown Hill
Rocliffe, Gertrude Elizabeth, Easingwold
Lewis, Alice E., Torquay
Baylis, Martha Jane, Edgbaston
Smith, Edith, Arundel House, Cheltenham

AGE TWENTY-TWO.

THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Jacob, Edna M., Highbury New Park

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Hathorn, Mary Chowringhee, Upper Sydenham
Clarke, Mary Elizabeth, Forest Hill
Dawson, Emily Anne, Croydon
Vertue, Lettitia Mary, Totton

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Pascall, Kate, Sutherland House, Gt. Yarmouth
Hannam, Agnes, Southwell
Booker, Alice Mary, Leicester
Newbolt, Marion Hyde, Weymouth
Hawkes, Alice Elizabeth Georgina, Wanstead
Shackleford, Edith, Camden Road
Phillips, Louisa Mary, Dover
Goodacre, Edith Maud E. J., Bognor

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Humfrey, Kate, Maidenhead
Wilkinson, Alice Annie, Mildmay Road
Newton, Alice Mary, Hull
Laddiman, Sarah Jane, Norwich
Ayton, Florence Rose, Tasmania
Boyd, Alice, Carlisle
Wickenden, Newbury
Smith, Rosa Augusta, Freemantle
Hawkins, Bessie Wilmot, Tavistock
Craddock, Bella, Birmingham
Sapwell, Maud Marion, Sheffield

AGE TWENTY-THREE.

THE PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA.

Masterman, Mary Charlotte, Leyton

CERTIFICATES OF THE FIRST CLASS.

Hull, Eleanor Henrietta, Dublin
Toplis, Sophia Grace, St. John's Wood
Clare, Alice, Salisbury

CERTIFICATES OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Shepheard, Maria, Bayswater
Standen, Isabel Julia, St. Heliers
Collard, Catherine M. A., Herne Bay
Buckley, Jane Hannah, Southport
Hope, Constance Hope, Exmouth

CERTIFICATES OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Constant, Dickranoohee, Smyrna
Whittaker, Gertrude, Winsley Hall
Browne, Eliza Lavinia, Boston-Spa
Hartley, Frances Elizabeth, Wyke Vicarage

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WORK.

MARCH HARE.—The illustration of "Our Christmas Card Table" should face page 363, vol. ii.; instructions are given below. The answer to "Josephine I." page 270, vol. ii., contains the answer you need. Large-sized hats would be the most suitable.

IGNORAMUS.—We should advise you to use turkey-red twill to *appliqué* a design on your quilt. Finish the edges either by stitching them round in a machine, or in feather or coral stitch.

MABCAP MAL.—We could not say anything about other papers, and we do not require such sketches ourselves. We are much obliged by the offer, however.

BLANCHE.—The wooden part of the mount can be made by any working carpenter, then you can cover it yourself with plush.

MISS WILLIAMS.—We should advise you to use the black paints made by Judson. The legs of the table must be painted black over the yellow paint.

ELSWITHA.—Your want of memory we think proceeds from lack of interest and attention in what you read. You read, as some recent author says, "with an idle mind." Your writing is not good enough for a clerkship. You require practice to write more freely.

COOKERY.

AN ANXIOUS LITTLE HOUSEWIFE.—As we do not pretend to answer "immediately," we fear the leg of beef will no longer be in existence when you see this, and in future we think you should provide yourself with a shilling cookery book, so as to be prepared for sudden eventualities. You do not even tell us the weight of the leg of beef, but we suppose it was intended to be made into soup, and we hope you have done it before now.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—The so called pudding you describe was probably a frozen one, the eggs being of ice-cream. The idea of handing round ices after dinner, arranged like eggs in a nest, is a very well known one.

GOLDEN PATE.—We have already given a recipe for "simnel cake," see page 239, vol. ii. We hope your father's health will soon be restored, and we can assure you that we shall be happy to hear from you at any time when we can be of service to you.

MUSIC.

WINNIEFRED.—Inquire at a music-seller's for the song you require; if the first edition be out of print, there may be a new one.

LADY RICKETY.—The sticking of the keys of your piano is occasioned by damp, and you must call in a tuner to attend to them.

WATER LILY.—The cost of publishing a piece of music or song by an unknown composer is defrayed by the latter, and it is not until his name is made by the success of this first venture that any price will be offered for a second MS. by the publisher. Indeed, it is quite possible that he may do no more than undertake the printing and publication at his own cost and risk. We feel obliged to you for the interest you take in the proposed institution of the Girl's Own Home.

A YOUNG MUSICIAN.—Grove's "Dictionary of Musicians" is the best one with which we are acquainted. You had better write to your bookseller and inquire the price before ordering it. There is nothing "unladylike" in using a tricycle, but you should not go far from home alone. You should have a companion, and, if only a lady, you should not make any distant excursion even then. The speed with which you accomplish an expedition in any given time tempts the employers of tricycles to go too far away from home or houses than it is either safe or seemly to venture.

CARRIE.—One version of the music to which those words by David are set is by Topliff, and there is another by Miss Davis. Inquire for both at any music-seller's. We thank you for the stamps.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TOURIST.—You are right. The inscription to the picture in *Summer Quiet* should have been "Mont Blanc from Sallenches," not "from Chamouni."

HELLIE, FOR KATIE W.—The flowers have arrived quite safely, for which we thank you. We feel most highly favoured that your dear sister on her deathbed should have thought so kindly of us at such a solemn hour; such tender encouragement will make us endeavour even more earnestly than hitherto to act the part of playmate, guide, companion, and friend, and to raise the thoughts of our readers heavenwards, as well as to point out to them the *teachings of earth. How much* we sympathise with you for the loss you have sustained! May our loving Father help you to feel that your loss is your sister's gain, and that when you are summoned you may be permitted, through the merits of our Redeemer, to live with her in heaven.

JULIA.—If you wish to help the sick poor to health and happiness, you cannot do better than to send a subscription to the Walton-on-Naze Home of Rest. The hon. superintendent is Mrs. P. H. Moore, 102, Regent's Park-road, London. A guinea will keep a woman there for a fortnight, including all expenses. And, oh! the blessing such a treat as this would prove to some weary, worn-out worker who needs only rest, fresh air, and good food for a week or two in order to regain health and pleasurable life.

PHOTOGRAPHER.—The Postal Photographical Society has been founded as a postal society for the convenience of amateurs in different parts of the country, and with the following objects:—For the circulation of prints, negatives, etc., for the exchange of photographs and of information on photographic matters, and for the general advancement of the science and art of photography. Further information and a copy of the rules may be had on application to H. H. Cunningham, Esq., hon. sec., 7, Fig-tree-court, Temple, London.

A GLASGOW GIRL.—The word *mona* is the Latinised form of the British word "monan," "remote isle." It was applied by the Romans to Anglesea, and the Isle of Man is properly "monan" or "mona," "remote isle," corrupted by a misconception as to the meaning of the word.

ETHEL.—The lines are from the "Destruction of Sennacherib," in the Hebrew melodies of Lord Byron. The original "cause" of the Roman catacombs was the excavation of the "tufa" for building purposes. The Christians only found a meeting-place and a refuge in them, and used them later for burial. The catacombs of Paris are also abandoned quarries.

THE MURRAY RIVER BUSH GIRLS, NOS. 1 and 2.—We thank you both for your kind letters, which we read with great interest. We think they are both well written, and expressed with ease and elegance. We hope to make some such arrangement at a future period.

CHEOPS.—We should advise you to ask for some of the Kindergarten plays for your young charge; modelling in clay, bricks for building, and paperwork are all good. You should also read to him, and you might teach him to sew now that it is taught to boys in the ordinary schools.

C. M. FLEETBRIDGE.—Perhaps St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, might suit you. Write to the matron. You would need to improve your writing and spelling.

BOWSER.—The address of the Bee Reading Club is, Secretary, Miss Rodgers, 44, Henry-street, Limerick, Ireland. Such an arrangement would not suit us at all.

EN AVANT, SI JE PUIS.—Would not some of Smiles's works suit you, such as "Self Help"? You must watch the advertisements in the daily papers, as such a record would not be in our line at all.

INQUISITIVE KATHLEEN.—The name "Garibaldi" is pronounced as if spelt "Garry-bälldy." There are certain sounds in foreign languages that no combination of the letters of the English alphabet will give, and these must of necessity be orally taught. The name "Goethe" is one of these. We can only tell you to pronounce the diphthong in the first syllable as you would the French work *vaux*, and the second syllable as if there were no "h"—thus, "tay." It is pleasant to hear that our paper is so much esteemed in Queensland, and we thank you for your kind letter. Your writing is too large and coarse-looking, but might easily be improved with a little care.

K. A. F.—Wash the lace with curd soap without rubbing it, and iron while damp on the wrong side.

ONE OF YOUR GIRLS.—We think that if the silver which has remained uncleaned for thirty years were ours, we should take it to a trustworthy silversmith and let him clean it, as he will wear it less in the process than any inexperienced hand.

A MANX ATOM.—Use pipeclay to clean your gloves. We regret that we cannot explain the reason why the great storm prophesied by Mr. Wiggins did not come to pass, and we are thankful it did not, for the loss of life on our coasts was quite great enough. A famous American humourist says, "Never prophesy unless you know;" a good rule for pretenders to foreknowledge.

LOUIE STANLEY.—The method of preparing skeleton leaves is explained at page 64, vol. ii.

FLOIS.—Read "How to Press Seaweed," page 494, vol. ii., and "How to Mount it," at page 176, vol. ii.

M. A. B. FIRBOBS.—Procure a little tripoli from any chemist, and use it to take out the white marks on your table.

FERNLEAF.—Use blotting-paper to press your ferns, and change it often. Sulphur fumes are used, we believe, to bleach straw.

UNE FILLE and MARIE.—We sympathise much with our correspondent first-named. It is indeed sad not to see the sunshine and the beauties of Nature! We should advise you to make a little table-garden, and if necessary cover it with glass. Get ferns and other plants, and make a small greenery at home. We thank you for so kind and grateful a letter. To both our friends we can only suggest the use of pumice-stone; but we have already said much on the subject, and advise them to refer to the indexes of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

JESSIE MACKIE.—"Sintram" is a sort of story, written by De la Fouqué, to which frequent reference is made in "The Heir of Redcliffe." We are not acquainted with the hymn from which you quote two lines. We regret that we cannot perform the duties of a librarian or bookseller, to whom you should apply if you wish to order any work. An editor's duties are restricted to a perfectly different department connected with the book trade.

OLIVETTE.—Clean the oil-painting thoroughly, washing with a soft sponge, and then using the inside of a smoothly-cut raw potato. Then varnish with mastic varnish. Lay it on very thinly, and take care that no dust nor fly shall rest upon it.

A. S. H.—Purchase a guide to such games, either at a secondhand shop or at a shop where the games themselves are sold.

LAURA.—Wedding cards are not sent at present to anyone. Friends of the bride and groom would call, of course, without having received them.

EULALIE.—Your writing is small and neat, but that sloped backwards is not pretty.

MAID MARIAN.—Consult a doctor, as your general health is probably in fault.

ONE WHO WISHES TO KNOW.—Pack the flowers in a small tin box with damp cotton wool. They should be placed in a cool place, if possible.

LA BEATA.—His opinions were decidedly atheistical, and socialistic as well.

LIZ.—We are glad to hear that you have found our instructions for crystoleum painting of such use. We sympathise much with you in your sufferings. Your writing is large and legible.

A. K. SEVENTEEN.—Your quotation, "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting," is from Wordsworth's ode, "Intimations of Immortality." Many thanks for your kind letter.

ANXIOUS.—We should advise you to act as your father wishes. You know that a blessing is certainly promised to dutiful children, so attain to that if possible, and wait for any change till you are older and wiser.

NAUGHTY GIRL.—The law in reference to any marriage contracted under a fictitious name is as follows: In the case of a "fraudulent suppression of the name of one or both the parties in the publication of the banns, a suit for nullity on this ground can only be maintained if both were cognizant of it. In that case either may maintain the suit." In the case of a marriage by licence, the fraudulent suppression or alteration of a name does not invalidate the marriage. But if even a valid marriage be effected by "a wilfully false notice, the offending party forfeits all interest in property accruing by the marriage." It is perjury wilfully to make false declarations, to sign false notices or certificates, or to forbid the issue of a certificate by false representations. Marriages so contracted are classed as "clandestine," and are "punishable at common law by fine and imprisonment."

MARGERY.—1. To take the inkstains out of your mahogany table, put a few drops of spirits of nitre in a teaspoonful of water, and touch the spots with a camel's hair brush dipped in the solution. Immediately on the disappearance of the stains, rub them over with a soft cloth dipped in cold water, and wrung-out, or else the black spots will only be exchanged for white ones. 2. It is said that the smell of paint may be got rid of by placing a handful of hay into each of the pails of water left in the rooms and passages. Basins of water should be placed in every room, and the water changed every few hours.

MATTIE.—To clean steel and iron, take one ounce of soft soap, and two ounces of emery, make them into a paste, and rub the article with wash-leather, and you will obtain a good polish.

F. S.—You may well inquire where St. Paul says, "Mothers are made for tears," for nowhere in his epistles nor in his addresses recorded in the book of "the Acts" does he say any such thing. He says that such as marry "will have trouble in the flesh," *i.e.*, in child-bearing, but to say that mothers were "made for tears" is a gross untruth, when they were primarily made to be "heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ," to "inherit the promises," and to be each one a joyful mother of children, who are invited to be, with them, "inheritors of the kingdom of heaven." Doubtless the married take upon themselves many pains and cares, and must be prepared for the exercise of much patience and self-denial; but it is a glorious privilege to have and to train children for everlasting blessedness in the Kingdom of God.

EXCELSIOR.—We sympathise much with you, and the verses you have sent express much truth and good feeling, but the composition needs revision. We are very glad to think that as a young housekeeper you have already found needful counsel and assistance, and that our article entitled "The Fairy of the Family" "came very opportunely indeed." There will be a series of such.

VIOLA.—The quotation you make, *i.e.*,

> "Evil is wrought by want of thought,
> As well as want of heart,"

is from Hood's poem, "The Lady's Dream."

CRYSTOLEUM.—Pronounce the word you name as it is spelt, *i.e.*, "Rere" (or Rear) "dos" (or doss).

MATER.—A "French polish" for boots and shoes is made thus: Take of logwood chips, half pound; of glue, quarter pound; of indigo, pounded very fine, quarter ounce; of soft soap, quarter ounce; of isinglass, quarter ounce. Boil the mixture in two pints of vinegar and one pint of water for ten minutes after ebullition, and then strain the liquid. When cold it is fit for use. There is also a "German polish" for shoes and boots, for which the following is a recipe: Break a cake of white wax into small pieces, place it in a small tin or earthenware vessel, pour over it as much oil of turpentine as will cover it, and let it stand for twenty-four hours, closely covered up. Mix into the paste formed as much finely-powdered animal charcoal as will produce a very black colour. When required take a little on the point of a knife, and with a brush rub it into the boots, when the oil of turpentine will evaporate, leaving the wax on the leather like a fine varnish. Should the paste become too dry from long keeping, moisten it by adding a little more oil of turpentine. The boots and shoes should have all the mud and dust rubbed off them before the polish is applied. Some people find that a mixture of glycerine and lamp-black serves as a good polish for kid boots. To keep the dust and smuts from entering at the open windows, put up very fine wire-gauze blinds.

MIGNONETTA.—The "white coating" you speak of is probably lime; if the water be very hard where you live. If it has filtered through the terra-cotta, we fear nothing can be done with it.

A YOUNG WIFE.—No, the skin of the fish is never removed after boiling.

AINSDALE.—The 13th of August, 1861, was a Tuesday. You will find a mention of most English surnames in Mr. Lower's book on the subject.

E. K. S.—You will find "benzine colas," to be obtained of any chemist, will take the stain out of your dress or hat. Exposure to a current of air will take the smell out entirely.

VOL. IV.—NO. 184.] JULY 7, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A LONG LANE WITH A TURNING.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XIV.

"'TIS AN OLD TALE, AND OFTEN TOLD."

WHEN Cassie had told James of the offer she had made to the Varners, she did not tell him of the way in which she had performed that duty. The cold, heartless letter containing her proposal had wounded them even more than Uncle Jacob's broken promise. Not only the fortune, but Cassie was lost to them—

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"CASSIE SAW A SHADOW ON HER FACE."

the Cassie whom they had loved and believed in. But they did not, as she had surmised, try to make anyone regard her as a monster. They were not of the number of those who cannot rest until the public has been made acquainted with their wrongs.

No one knew what thoughts passed through Dr. Varner's mind when he saw the little world of Yare prostrating itself at Cassie's feet. Miss Decke told each person a story that exactly suited his capacity. To the worldly-wise man she was as charmingly candid as she had been to James Listowe—to the woman of sentiment she talked about Uncle Jacob's last wishes, and shed tears for the dead—to the clergy she gave handsome donations for their pet charities, and spoke touchingly of the responsibilities of wealth.

But there were a few who refused to hear the voice of the charmer, and one of these was Mary Berrithorne.

In obedience to James's commands, Mary had accompanied him to Holly Villa, and had accepted an invitation to dine.

It was a very small party. Six people sat down to Cassie's round table, which was decorated that night with a tall white hyacinth. Years afterwards, when Mary sat at great men's feasts, she used to recall the wax-like blossoms, and the soft taper-light, the glitter of silver and crystal, and Cassie's dark hair lit up by one diamond star. Miss Decke was a charming hostess; but Mary sat quiet and pale; and Mr. Lilly—the curate who had taken Arthur Beachley's place—had eyes and ears for Cassie alone.

But Mr. Lilly's young brother, a lad fresh from Rugby, liked Miss Berrithorne as all the Varner boys did, and found himself quite at ease with her. Mrs. Boniface was not expected to talk, and took care not to let her voice be heard too often. For a little while after dinner, Cassie and Mary were alone together in the drawing-room, the widow having discreetly repaired to the conservatory.

"Dear Mary," said Miss Decke, affectionately, "it makes me very happy to have you here. You can't think how lonely I have been."

"You need not have been lonely, Cassie. Why didn't you live with the Varners?" asked Mary, straightforwardly.

"Because, dear, I had had enough of the Varners. They are excellent people, and I shall always be fond of them, although they *will* quarrel with me. I wanted to feel that I had a will of my own, Mary, and so I made a home for myself."

"And does it answer your expectations?"

"I must be very hard to please if it does not," replied Cassie, glancing round her, with a smile. "You will come and see me often, Mary?"

"Thank you, Cassie. I am afraid the poor little teacher is out of place here. Indeed, I don't mean to seem cold or ungrateful, but our paths lie far apart."

"They will draw nearer together when you are married, Mary. When will that be?"

"I don't know," said Mary, simply. And Cassie saw a shadow on her face.

Miss Decke sang, and Mrs. Boniface accompanied her skilfully on the piano. Cultivation had done much for Cassie. Mary listened with keen delight, almost forgetting all that had come and gone since last she heard that familiar voice. Mr. Lilly hung enraptured over the singer, and murmured his thanks, *sotto voce*, when the song was done.

"Do you remember our old quartettes, Cassie?" asked James, coming up familiarly to the other side of the siren. The curate darted an angry glance at him over the top of her head.

"Perfectly," she replied. "Has Mary given up singing?"

"Almost," Mary answered from her corner. "I croon a few old tunes sometimes, that is all."

The hostess sang one or two more songs, and then James and Mary took their departure, leaving Mr. Lilly behind them, in triumph at having the field to himself. Church-road was quiet in the March moonlight as the pair walked along the foot-path; the wind was still, and their steps echoed sharply on the hard, frosty ground. Listowe was the first to speak.

"That curate is a disgusting prig," he remarked; "a mincing, croquet-playing, clerical dandy. He seems extremely tame about the house; Cassie should be on her guard."

"I think Cassie can take care of herself pretty well," observed Mary.

"Oh, you are quite wrong, there, Mary; Cassie is one of those frank, confiding women, who fall an easy prey to fortune-hunters. It's a pity that she hasn't a guardian, a brother, or somebody who would watch over her interests."

"Dr. Varner would have done so, James, if she had not put his protection aside."

"Dr. Varner is very naturally irritated at losing a fortune," said James, in his common-sense tone, "and being irritated, of course he cannot judge anybody fairly. He is too disappointed a man to be just to Cassie Decke."

"But, James, was it well for her to come to this place, and flaunt her wealth before their eyes?"

"I suppose she clung to Yare, and its old associations," replied Listowe, finding himself driven up into a corner.

"She used to declare herself very weary of it. And as to old associations, hasn't she broken all her former ties?"

"I am sorry to find you so uncharitably disposed towards her," said James, with some severity. "She wants to win you back to the old friendship, and you obstinately stand aloof. If she were not the unworldly woman that she is, she would choose her friends from a higher grade, instead of——"

He stopped abruptly, but Mary finished the sentence with perfect composure.

"Instead of stooping to conciliate a poor little governess. But all the town knows that we were once inseparable, and she does not care to bring upon herself the charge of deserting a quondam favourite. Besides, she is by no means disposed to give up your acquaintance."

"Oh, if you are determined to find out a base motive for everything she does, I've nothing more to say," cried James, angrily. "You are like little Kay, in the fairy tale, when he got the glass splinter into his eye, and could see nothing as it really was."

"No, it is you who are like Kay," said Mary, half playfully, half sadly. "You are letting the Snow-queen lure you away from poor Gerda."

They had paused before Mrs. Gratton's door in the old High Street—the quiet broad street upon which the black shadows of the trees lay calmly in the moonshine. As they stood there the thoughts of both went back to the time when their betrothal was new; and they recalled the freshness of their first love, regretfully, as in autumn one remembers the scent of spring flowers. What a little while that early sweetness had lasted!

"We will not quarrel," said James, with an unwonted tenderness in his tone. "You trust me, Mary?"

Her answer was promptly and frankly given; and then they parted.

The kingdom of heaven is taken by violence, and so, sometimes, is the small social kingdom over which an ambitious woman delights to reign. Cassie had tried to be a queen in London, and had failed. Among scores of women, richer and more beautiful than herself, she could not hope for any great distinction. But when she burst suddenly upon Yare, with furs and jewels such as nobody in the place could purchase; with a pair of ponies and a phaeton the like whereof was not to be found in the neighbourhood, and a brougham drawn by a high-stepping grey, for wet days—then, indeed, the town was startled into subjection, and was ready, as Rose Newcastle said contemptuously, to put its neck under her foot.

The little dinner-parties at Holly Villa were frequent, and were always pronounced to be quite perfect in their way. Cassie threw herself heart and soul into the part of hostess, and made conquests right and left.

As time went on and her circle widened, Mary Berrithorne quietly dropped out of it. Perhaps this was Cassie's fault—perhaps it was Mary's own. Certain it is that the former soon discovered that Yare would forgive her for forgetting the little teacher, and it is also certain that Mary was not at ease in the company of her old companion. But although Miss Berrithorne was no longer one of the guests at Cassie's parties, James Listowe was always there. Many a dainty little note was left at his door by Miss Decke's smart page, and it it was said by all the townspeople that Cassie looked up to him as her counsellor.

Far-sighted folks shook their heads, and muttered that as Mary's wooing had been so long a-doing it might not end in marriage at all.

To do James justice, he did not mean to be false to Mary in these days. He was vexed that her friendship with Cassie had not been kept alive; he was provoked with her for not looking at Miss Decke with his eyes. But although he enjoyed Cassie's parties,

and was flattered by her evident desire to keep him on the footing of an intimate friend, he had no intention of forsaking his first love. He had not strength of mind enough to tell Mary how heavily he was hampered by debts, which had been foolishly contracted, and he was too haughty to begin economising. What with his own private difficulties, and the sharp reproaches of a conscience not quite lulled to sleep, he was not a particularly happy man.

Summer came, and Cassie discovered that the lawn behind her house was large enough for small croquet-parties. James wasted a good deal of time in trying to beat the curate at croquet; but Mr. Lilly handled a mallet with great dexterity, and James's sledge-hammer hits did little real execution. The two men used to get quite savage over the game, and dealt so viciously with each other that people looked on and laughed. Cassie would watch them keenly, siding now with one, then with the other.

"You ought to keep that fellow Lilly at a distance, Cassie," said James, one afternoon, when he had called at Holly Lodge, and found Miss Decke alone.

"Why?" she asked, innocently.

"Because, by-and-by, he'll begin to presume on your kindness."

"I mean to be kind to him," said Cassie. "He is a most agreeable man."

"He's an insufferable fop! You are willing enough to be advised by me on some matters, Cassie; but when I venture to hint that your acquaintance with the curate is becoming too intimate, you pay no heed."

Cassie, sitting on a low couch, was furling and unfurling a perfumed fan, and looking her prettiest in a transparent white gown. Suddenly she flung the fan aside with a pettish gesture, and flashed a glance at James.

"Why do you torment me about Mr. Lilly?" she asked. "What if I desire to have a friend who will be to me all that you are to Mary Berrithorne? What if I am tired of my loneliness, and want a nearer and dearer companion than Mrs. Boniface?"

Listowe was startled. She spoke rapidly, with a feverish light in her dark eyes, and a flush on her cheeks.

"Surely," he said, hesitatingly, "you are not thinking—you will not throw yourself away on Lilly?"

"Why not? I don't know that anything can be said against him."

"He is not worthy of you," replied James, much agitated. "It would be absurd, unsuitable to the last degree. Don't think of it, Cassie, I entreat you."

"I would not think of it," she said, slowly, "if I did not feel that even your friendship will soon fail me. A little while, and I shall not even dare to seek your counsel when I need it."

"What do you mean?" he asked. "I cannot understand you."

"Don't you see that Mary dislikes our intimacy? You know what efforts I made to win back her old confidence in me, and you know, too, how I have been repulsed. She shuns me persistently; if we chance to meet, she gives me a frigid greeting and hurries away. When you marry her, James, there will be an end to your visits to Holly Lodge."

"There will not be an end of anything!" cried James, fuming. "Do you think I am such a weak man as to give up my friends for a woman's caprice? You ought to know me better."

"But," said Cassie, with dignity; "I will not make strife between her and you. Don't come here any more, James; it is very hard to say it, you little know how hard," she added, tremulously.

"Hard! it is most ridiculous!" muttered Listowe, getting up to pace Miss Decke's rich carpet with angry strides. "But I won't be banished, Cassie, I can assure you!"

"Heaven knows I would not banish you if you were free!" Cassie said, breathlessly; and then buried her face in her hands.

(*To be continued.*)

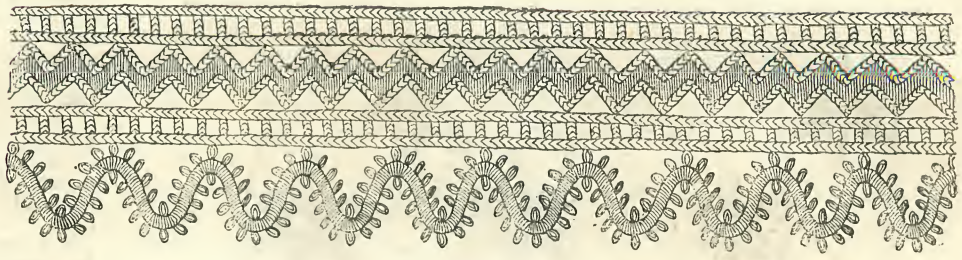


FIG. 1.

FANCY BRAID CROCHET.

IN my former papers on crochet I have scarcely alluded to braid crochet on account of the great difficulty of procuring in England the right kind of lacets. Fortunately they are now more easy to obtain, so it seems opportune to give a few patterns of this pretty work. Our girls will be pleased with them if only for the facility they offer for producing lace-like patterns at a rapid rate, and, in these lightning days, must not everything be managed with the greatest despatch? Needlework is certainly in a state of progression, at least, as far as quickness is concerned; for, years ago, crochet itself came out as a more rapid imitation of lace, and now various braids take the place of close crochet. Obviously, too, as the copy of the numerous tapes and braids of real lace tested the worker's dexterity to the utmost, and always looked heavy when represented with close stitches. Besides, needle-made tapes have for some time been superseded by loom braids, both plain and medallion, such as those so familiar in the Honiton laces. These, however, are far too delicate for crochet, hence the introduction of lacets in a much stouter weaving. Popular amongst all is the cordon or mignardise braid, which consists of a ribbed string about ⅛ in. wide with picots or loops alternating on either side. It costs, by the yard, 2d.; but 3 doz., wound on a card, are charged 1s. The ribs or streaks probably recall the Venetian or Raleigh bars, made with solid button-hole stitches and purled edges. The cordon braid of to-day, only woven in linen or cotton, was once conspicuous among the rich gimps of gold, silver, and coloured silks. Splendid specimens are to be met with in some of the guipures of Spain and Italy, and in the gorgeous antique needlework. Not that we aspire yet awhile to anything so elaborate; we should be at the top rung of the ladder at once if we did. We must be content, at first, with a border as simple as fig. 1, where the cordon braid is accompanied by the strong waved one sold at 2d. or 3d. per hank, and so often used for the trimming of children's underlinen, a durable edging being managed with it by merely working 3 ch. and 1 treble into every point. In our cut this waved braid occurs between two runners of open holes. With the braid, held in the left hand, prick the needle into one point, and, drawing the cotton through the hole, work 1 d.c., 3 or 4 ch., and 1 d.c. into the next peak. Continue thus to the end, then, for the 2nd row, make 2 ch., miss 2 ch. beneath, and work 1 treble into the 3rd. Repeat this runner on the opposite edge of the braid, meantime, however, attaching the mignardise in scallops above every 5th treble, by drawing the cotton through 1 purl, missing 9 each time; some might prefer to finish the runner, and sew the braid in waves afterwards. If more strength is needed it might be found

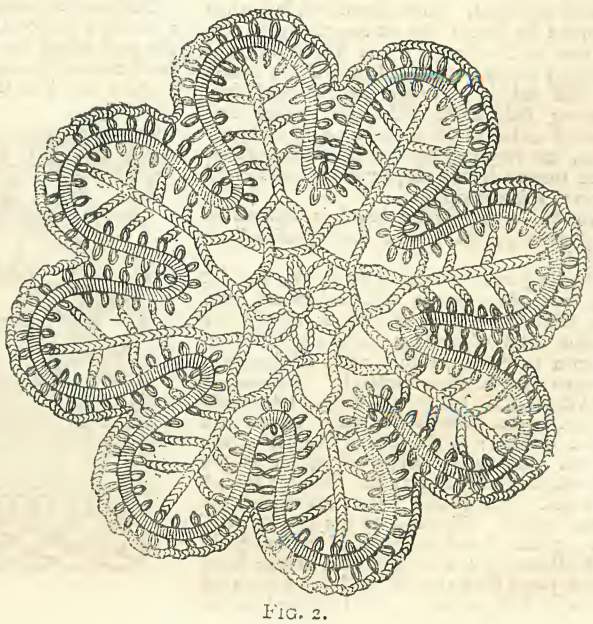


FIG. 2.

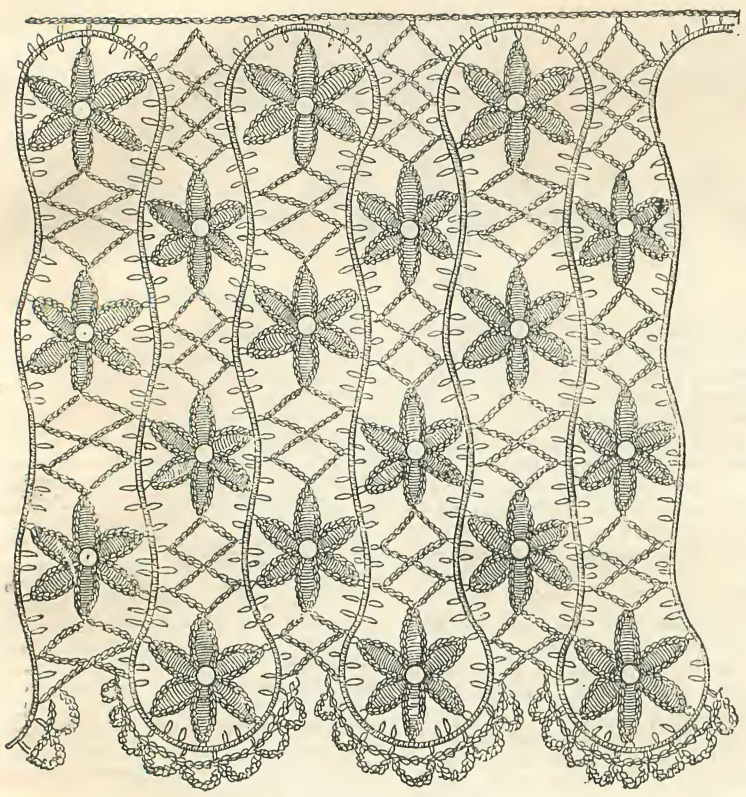


FIG. 3.

desirable to complete the cordon by tiny waves of 3 or 5 ch. and 1 s.c. into five or six of the lowest purls, drawing together the 3rd purl of one scallop and the 8th of another.

These two kinds of braid are combined in many simple little ways for home trifles; one of my nieces has just made a pincushion-cover and comb-bag merely with stripes of the serpentine alternating with rows of mignardise joined to the other in scallops of corresponding size; a lining of pink calico laid beneath shows up very nicely this homely work.

In all these patterns it is almost impossible to specify the exact number of stitches, or even the precise number of purls to be left, as so much depends on the size of the various braids employed. Some discretion, indeed, is required to match the cotton nicely to the texture of the braid; if too fine it will not properly support the braid, and if too coarse it will set in a loopy, bungly confusion. Among fashionable folks, fine twine and crochet cotton of the same soft ecru and grey tints, are very popular for all crochet-work; even tussore dresses display hand-made braid laces of this description.

In fig. 2 mignardise braid is utilised in another way; viz., as the framing of a light wheel.

Nothing can be more easy to do, but let my industrious pupils well understand that the following directions answer merely for cordon braid of medium size; should theirs happen to be larger they must increase the number of stitches accordingly. Commence by a chain of 8; join into a circle. 1st round: 12 ch., 1 d.c. through the ring; 11 ch. and 1 d.c. 6 times; 11 ch. join to the 1st of the 12 ch. 2nd round: Slipstitch as far as the 6th stitch of the next 11 ch. Repeat from * 7 times. 3rd round: Here commence the braid spokes. Slipstitch to the 4th stitch of 7 ch., 5 ch. Take a length of cordon braid and attach, by 1 d.c., to a purl of the braid about 3 or 4 from the end, to leave a scrap for joining * 8 ch., miss 2 purls, 1 treble into the 3rd, 3 ch., miss 1 purl, 1 treble into the 2nd, miss 3 purls, 1 long treble into the 4th, miss 3 purls, 1 long treble into the next. This forms the veining for the top part of the curve; now descend again the other side as follows: Slipstitch 3 ch. along the 3 ch. already made, thus forming a double bar, miss 1 purl, 1 treble into the next, 3 ch. slipstitched against the chain already made, miss 1 purl, 1 treble into the next, slipstitch 3 ch. against 3 ch., then 5 ch., miss 2 purls, 1 d.c. into next, 4 ch. 1 d.c. into the 4th of 7 ch. below, 4 ch., miss 2 purls, 1 d.c. into the next. Repeat from * 7 times. Break off the cotton, cut the braid, and unite it with needle and cotton as invisibly as possible.

SCALLOPED EDGE.—Attach the cotton by a d.c. to a purl on the outer edge of the braid, the purl which lies opposite the 1st one left free between the two bars of the inner veining, 4 ch. 1 d.c. into the next purl. Repeat 14 times. Miss 9 purls, 1 d.c. into the next. Continue as before. The missing of 9 contracts the lower part. I need hardly say to what use this pattern can be applied; pincushion covers, antimacassars, and other little trifles will at once suggest themselves, and for all, the lacey appearance will be rendered still more pleasing by substituting Evans's coloured Maltese thread for the ordinary white crochet cotton. A row of these above the hem of a little child's dress would also look very effective.

Are you in want of a nice broad trimming for your baby brother's pelisse, or for that coquettish tea-apron of yours in coloured sateen? You cannot choose anything better than the border in cotton and cordon braid of fig. 3. The little stars are all made separately, therefore, having first decided on the length you will require, you can calculate about the number and lay in quite a stock. Each star is made as follows: * 9 ch.; turn and into the 8th work 1 s.c., 1 d.c. into the 7th; 1 treble into the 6th, 5th, 4th, 3rd, and 2nd; 1 s.c. into the 1st. Repeat five more times from * join the 6th spoke to the 1st, making the centre a little hole.

To arrange the stars with the braid work 3 chain and 1 s.c. for nine successive purls of braid; 9 ch. miss 1 purl, 1 s.c. into the next; * 5 ch.; take up one of the stars and work 1 s.c. into the tip of one spoke, slipstitch round to the tip of the next, and, missing 2 purls, connect by a s.c., do the same to the 3rd spoke, and from the tip of the 4th work 5 ch., miss 2 purls, 1 s.c., 9 ch., miss 1 purl, 1 s.c. * add another star as before, repeating from * to *. The third star, slipstitch all round, attaching it, spoke by spoke, with 2 purls between, then work down the other side; 5 ch., 1 s.c., missing 2 purls, 4 ch., 1 s.c. into the 5th of 9 ch. opposite, 4 ch., 1 s.c. into the braid, missing 1 purl, 5 ch., slipstitch the remaining half of the star, fastening it at the same time to the braid and continue from *. Finish the 1st star to match, then 5 ch., 1 s.c., 4 ch. 1 s.c. into the 9 ch. opposite, 4 ch., 1 s.c. You have now finished the inside of one division; start again with 3 ch. and 1 s.c. into the 9 following loops and proceed as before. The alternate flutes, left hollow, are filled in, in exactly the same way; but at the top three vandykes instead of two are formed, and, in place of the small scallops, are 8, 9, or 10 ch., according to the size of the braid, with 1 ch., 1 s.c., successively into the 3 centre purls of the curve. Now complete the lower edge by scallops of 5 or 7 ch. and 1 d.c. above each of the 3 ch. and 1 s.c. What a pretty cuff this design would make for one of the fashionable tight-fitting sleeves! Why, you might manage quite a jaunty parure,

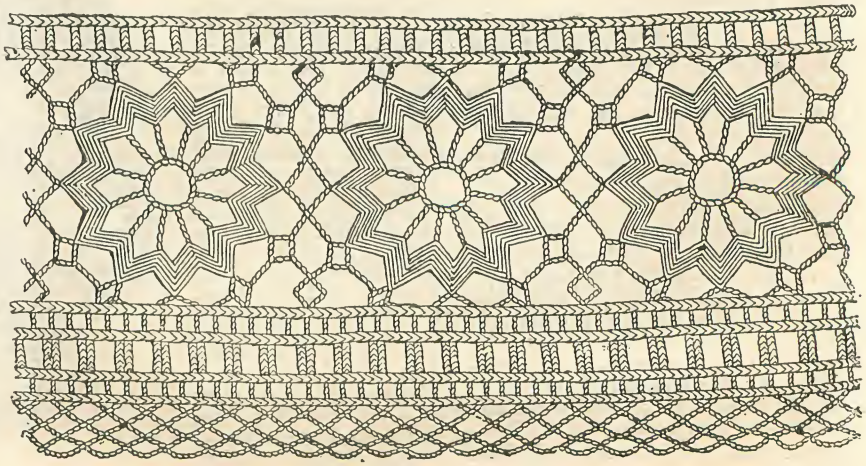


FIG. 4.

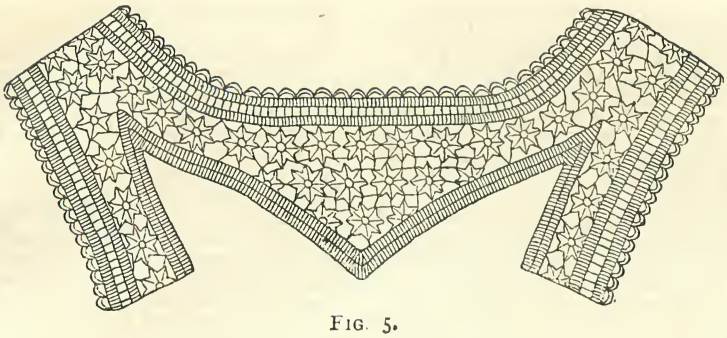


FIG. 5.

using the same pattern for the collar, but shortening the depth by making 2 stars instead of 3 in every section. The top line of chain might be strengthened by close trebles, to which would be sewn an upstanding frill of lisse, muslin, or lace.

In all the above combinations of braid and crochet no one needs *spectacles*, as we say, to see how they recall the old guipure and other lace work. Indeed, there is no end to the many fine imitations which the little crochet works out under the guidance of deft fingers. In fig. 4, however, we have quite a different style of ornament; here, bars and chains, by the help of vandyked braid, map out a regular mosaic, and we can picture the entire pattern in its original clothing of coloured glass or stones, specially as it is so frequently reproduced in patchwork. It is just this peculiar adaptability of crochet to imitate almost anything that has made it such an interesting study; and I should not wonder if our girls, once fired with a constructive craze, will not set to work and achieve some capital things with their little hook. I remember spending a whole afternoon a summer or two ago in copying in crochet a pansy and a piece of maidenhair fern from Nature; and my success, as far as form was concerned, made me secretly promise myself to imitate some more flowers and arrange them in Irish crochet fashion for a superb d'oyley. Alas! promises are all I have managed at present; perhaps some sharp little fairy will get the idea and take the start of me! Years and years ago reduced gentlewomen excelled in the art of crochet flowers, and fabricated, for dress trimmings, the most bewitching sprays and semi-wreaths of natural colours executed in silks. I have just now in front of me, but unfortunately only on paper, two old examples of this elaborate work; one is a branch of oak leaves and acorns, the other of hops, both resembling real jewellery, so delicate are their traceries and so tasteful their mounting; indeed, the hops are even finished off with pendants!

But I have wandered far from the simple braid wheels of fig. 4, so clearly illustrated that they scarcely require any explanation. For the wheel itself, with fine cotton, make 1 ch.; wind the cotton round the hook and make 1 treble into the 1st point of braid, 1 ch. 1 treble into the next. Repeat for 10 more points, then join the last chain to the top of the first treble, thus making a ring. Cut the braid and unite it very neatly, turning the ends under so that exactly 12 points are in the circle of braid. Next frame the wheel thus: * 1 treble into 1 point of braid; 5 ch. 1 treble into the same hole; 5 ch. 1 treble, 5 ch. and 1 treble into the second point; 9 ch. 1 d.c. into the 3rd point 9 ch. Repeat from * 3 times. Finish by joining the last of the 9 ch. to the top of the 1st treble. Break off the cotton. Make the second and all succeeding wheels in the same manner, except that the 2 loops of 9 ch. join to the opposite 2 of the 1st wheel, thus, 4 ch. 1 d.c. into the 5th stitch of the 9 ch., and 4 ch. 1 d.c. into the point.

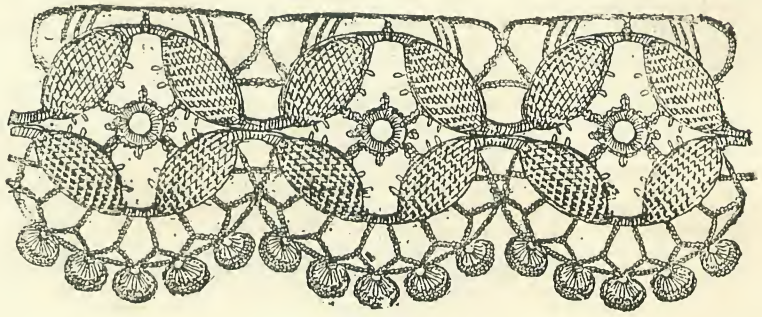


FIG. 6.

HEADING.—* 1 d.c. into the centre of 5 ch. between the triangle of 2 trebles; 3 ch. 1 s.c. into the 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th stitches of the next 9 ch.; 3 ch. 4 s.c. into the next; 3 ch. 1 d.c. into the next loop or *triangle*; 11 ch. 1 treble into the following triangle; 1 treble into the triangle opposite; 4 ch. 1 s.c. into the 8th of the 11 ch. to form a loop; 7 ch. Repeat from * for the second row of 2 ch. and 1 treble, you might, for convenience, turn with 5 ch. and continue on the other side, though it is best to break off the cotton at each row. On the opposite edge make the same runner of 1 treble and 2 ch. and add to it one row of 2 ch. and 2 long trebles, *i.e.*, with the cotton three times round the needle into the two successive stitches of chain beneath. To copy them *precisely*, however, crochet them like the runner of the baby's boot explained on p. 477 of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Insert the hook through a chain of the preceding line, draw the cotton through, leaving one loop on the needle, pierce the hook into the same stitch again and work 2 ch., then pull the cotton through the two loops on the needle at the same time; 1 ch. Repeat. Finish by a network border. 1st round: 5 ch. miss 3 of the line below, 1 d.c. into the 4th and so on. 2nd round: 5 ch. 1 d.c. into the 3rd stitch of the 5th chain below; continue thus, 3rd and 4th. Repeat like 2nd.

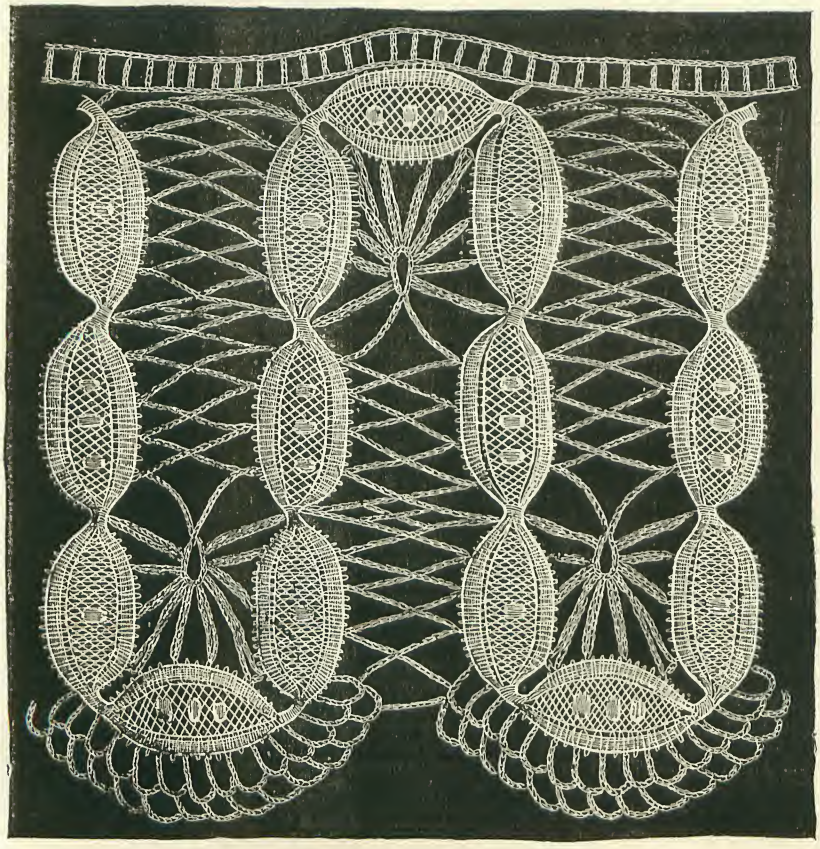


FIG. 7.

In fig. 5 these identical braid wheels appear

as the groundwork of a pointed chemise yoke with sleeves in one. To make this properly you must first cut out the shape in paper, then pin on your detached circles in regular order. When the shape is well covered, crochet the stars together after the style of the border, fig. 4. You will notice that in two or three parts of the edge half wheels are introduced. Then proceed to the frame, which for the neck and sleeves consists of two rows of trebles separated by one of open crochet and finished off by scallops of 1 d.c., 2 trebles, 3 long trebles, 2 trebles, and 1 d.c. In the hollow part of the neck you must work off 2 and 3 trebles as one in order to contract the frame, while the peak of the yoke, on the contrary, will be marked in both its rows of close trebles by crocheting 3 or 5 into the same stitch.

I have now given you examples of two of the most popular kinds of braid crochet; viz., the cordon or mignardise, and the waved or serpentine; the latter, by the way, recalls the old tape work, as no doubt you have already recognised. In the following cuts (figs. 6 and 7), we have trimmings contrived with the more dressy and delicate medallion braids, called in French, *lacets olive*, from their oval shape. The scalloped lace of fig. 6 displays the strong canvas braid finished on either side by tiny loops and connected by corded bars. This kind is to be had in white or écru of several widths and varies from 2d. to 3d. per yard. Who, in looking at these flattened circles, is not reminded, as in fig. 1, of those beautiful old church windows with their panes of all shapes and sizes in their leaded framework! The same quatrefoil wheel is a great favourite in Japanese embroidery; you will find it also in the celebrated willow-pattern, and many of you have probably worked it in that open embroidery which is returning into vogue. Now, let us see, first, how to shape the four lobes or ovals; for this evidently two distinct pieces of braid are necessary, one to shape the two top ones and one for the two lower. They are connected in the spaces between each circle by flatly sewing together the intervening bars. The next step is to give them support by four pillars of crochet which radiate towards the four lobes, from a ring worked thus: Crochet about 12 ch., unite, and through the ring make a circle of d.c. from which project 8 picots or purls, 4 of which are simply an ornament in harmony with the loops of the braid, whilst the others are connected to one loop of each oval, and for this reason we call them pillars. To return to the mode of working: through the ring make 2 d.c., then 1 picot of 4 ch. and 1 s.c. into the 1st of the 4th, 2 d.c.; and for the next purl, 2 ch., 1 s.c. into the 3rd purl of the 1st lobe, 2 ch. close the picot; 2 d.c., 1 picot, 2 d.c., 2 ch., 1 s.c. into centre purl of 2nd lobe; 2 d.c., 1 picot, 2 d.c., 2 ch., 1 s.c. into 3rd lobe; 2 ch. close the picot, 2 d.c., 1 picot, 4 ch., 2 d.c., 2 ch., 1 s.c. into centre of 4th lobe, 2 ch, close picot and unite to the 1st d.c. of the ring.

Now you can proceed either to the heading or to the edge.

EDGE.—This consists of a row of open spaces simulating panes and finished at each point by an extra-sized picot which we will call, indifferently, tassel or drop. For the pane make 1 treble into the 1st loop of one of the medallions or ovals, * 7 ch., make a picot by turning back and working 1 s.c. into the 4th, 3 ch., miss 1 purl of the braid, 1 treble into the next. Repeat from *. Shape the 3rd and 4th vandykes similarly, but connect them by two long trebles worked over the dividing bar of the ovals. Repeat 2 more vandykes into purls of braid, then, into the following bar make 1 treble 3 ch. for the small straight line between and 1 treble. This makes one scallop. Commence again from the 7 ch. *. For the small ball or tassel border, attach the cotton to one of the picots of the vandykes, and work 3 ch. then 6 trebles and 3 ch. back again into the hole. To mark the little line which bridges over from ball to ball, make 4 ch. and attach it by 1 s.c. to the following picot, next, 3 ch., 6 trebles, and 3 ch. When at the end of the scallop, catch together the picot of the last vandyke in the first scallop with the first vandyke of the second and continue the balls.

HEADING.—This is light, rapid, and made entirely with one row. Secure the cotton to the 1st purl of an oval and make 12 chain, *, miss 1 loop, and into the three following ones work 1 long treble, 1 ch., 1 treble, 1 ch., 1 treble; 6 ch. 1 treble above the intermediate bar of braid; 6 ch. and into the 3 first loops of the next medallion make 1 treble, 1 ch., 1 treble, 1 ch., 1 long treble; 12 ch.; 1 s.c. into the last loop but one of the oval, connect by 6 ch.; 7 ch. and 1 s.c. into the 7th of the 12th ch. opposite; 5 ch.; repeat from *. To strengthen the top you may, of course, add besides a line of close trebles or even d.c.

Really dainty is the deep lace of fig. 7, worked with fine cotton and Honiton braid of extra large size. On looking over a pattern-card at an art depôt the other day I was quite struck with the large choice of braids of this kind both in black and white. So effective did I find the lace, in Evans's No. 30, that I felt half inclined to run to the extravagance of using gold crochet silk; it would look lovely for a parure on a dress of that winsome nun's veiling in some pale colour. To commence, work 1 treble into the bar between two medallions of braid, 12 ch. which will afterwards stand for part of the heading line, slipstitch back along 6 stitches, 7 ch. and 1 s.c. into the 1st purl of the oval, next 3 vandykes of 11 ch. missing 2 or 3 picots between each, a vandyke of 13 ch., then 15 ch. 1 s.c. into the bar, and 15 ch. 1 s.c. into the 1st picot of the 2nd medallion, 13 ch. miss 2 or 3 purls 1 s.c. into the next, 11 ch. 1 s.c. and 13 ch. 1 s.c. Now begins the kind of butterfly which connects the 3 ovals meandering as a flat scallop round the lower part, 21 ch. 1 s.c. into the bar, 10 ch and slipstitch to the 12th stitch of the 21st ch., 9 ch. 1 s.c. into the 2nd purl of the oval, 7 ch. slipstitch to the 3rd of the 9th, 10 ch. 1 s.c. into a purl, 9 ch. slipstitch into the 2nd of the 10th, 12 ch. 1 s.c. almost at the end of the oval, 2 or 3 ch., 1 s.c. into the 2nd or 3rd purls of the following oval, * 10 ch. 1 s.c. 9 ch. slipstitch to the 2nd of the 10th. Repeat from * then make the corner loop of 12 ch., etc., to match the other side. Continue thus the loops 9, 7, and 10 ch., 1 ch., slipstitch to the 11th of the original 21 ch. forming an oval hole, 10 ch. 1 s.c. into the 6th medallion, 6 ch. 1 s.c. into the centre of the vandyke opposite, 6 ch. 1 s.c. into a purl, 5 ch. 1 s.c. into the vandyke, 5 ch. 1 s.c. into the purl, 6 ch. 1 s.c. into the vandyke, 6 ch. 1 s.c. into the purl, 7 ch. 1 s.c. into the centre of the 15 ch. opposite, 7 ch. 1 s.c. into the bar, 7 ch., three of which will form one arm of the small cross enclosed within the long diamond of chain; for the remaining three arms work 1 treble into the 12th stitch of the 15th chain opposite, 1 treble into the 4th stitch of the adjoining, 15 ch. and 1 treble back again into the 12th stitch of the vandyke just formed on the left hand side, slipstitch up the arm of 3 ch., then continue 4 ch., 1 s.c. into the centre of the 15 ch opposite, 7 ch. 1 s.c. into a purl, 6 ch. 1 s.c. into the centre of the 13 ch. opposite, 6 ch. 1 s.c. into a purl, 6 ch. 1 s.c. into the next vandyke, 6 ch. 1 s.c. into a purl, * 6 ch. 1 s.c. into the following vandyke, 6 ch. 1 s.c. into a purl. Repeat from * substituting 7 ch. instead of 6 ch., then 12 ch., attach by 1 s.c. to the point of the slipstitching opposite, slipstitch back 7 stitches along the 7 ch., then 7 or 8 ch. to continue the heading line, 1 treble through the bar of the adjoining medallion of braid, 7 or 8 ch. again, then 1 s.c. into 10 of the purls, 7 ch., 1 treble through the bar at the other end of the medallion, now repeat again from the commencement and work as many waves of braid as necessary. Finish the runner at the top by a row of 1 treble and 2 ch., missing 2 of the chain beneath. For the other side of the braid start at the right hand of the side medallion at the lower part, and work a series of 15 scallops by 4 ch. and 1 treble, then fill in the space between the two lines of braid by the same series of vandykes and spider bars as in the inner side, pass round the three medallions of the next wave of braid by the 15 scallops, and proceed in this manner to the end. Complete the whole by a double row of little scallops bridging over from wave to wave by a line of 6 or 7 ch. Once more let me remind you that these directions merely give the principle of working; you will find yourself perhaps obliged to alter the number of chain or the length of a bar even with the same piece of braid, on account of little irregularities in weaving, etc.

THE FAIRY OF THE FAMILY.

III.—THE CARE OF CLOTHING.

WE have discussed the proper kind of clothing, and its purchase; but, after all, we have to come to the most important part of the question, *i.e.* its care and constant renovation. The cleanliness and freshness of our clothing is really what makes its charm to others; and it is the duty of every woman to look at all times, whether at work or at leisure, as well as she possibly can. "To be dressed suitably, is to be dressed well," is a sensible and true axiom, and it is in this very matter of fitting our dress to our occupation that many of us err. "Anything will do for home and our daily work." See what a selfish untruth lies here! What a low value the speaker sets on the precious "home," and its proper "sweetness and light." The best dressed people now, I really think, are the female servants in a well-ordered house; their clothing in the house is always suitable and fresh. The lilac cotton gown and white cap and apron in the morning are delightful to contemplate, and the neat black dress and pretty large cap and small-frilled apron of the afternoon hours equally sensible, pretty, and becoming. They constitute suitable dress for their occupation, consequently they are well dressed. When I hear of the value

placed upon, and the wages earned by, a clever parlour-maid, and that one maid, of whom I know, lodges £18 per annum in the savings bank, I wonder that there should ever be a lack of sensible girls for such good places.

The first thing to look for in dress is, that everything we wear should be real and good, and that we should always try to appear as we really are, and not strive after either the airs and graces of others or their foolish and *outré* fashions. There is a special language in materials as well as in colours, and each woman should endeavour to make both throw their different charms over her.

One of the most neglected articles in an ordinary house is the common clothes-brush. I hardly ever go into a house where there are several women that I do not see dust, mud, and food-stains, and a general appearance of "unbrushedness," if I may coin a word, about one or two of them. Now, the clothes-brush is wanted morning, noon, and night, and every member of the house should have a private one; and there should be, at least, two public brushes, one in the upper hall, and one for the servants to use in brushing clothes. Food-stains on either masculine or feminine attire are the most offensive and ugly disfigurements, and children should very early be taught to avoid making them. Old people as they advance in years find it difficult to avoid making them. The hand is shaky and the sight fails, and thus a constant and kindly supervision should be exercised to help them to avoid, as well as to remove them, when accidents occur.

Clothes-brushes are made both hard and soft, for cloth and woollen materials. The former are needed for silk (those with soft bristles), and for velvet, flat pieces of wood covered with velvet. In brushing all materials care should be taken to brush them in the right direction, so as not to rub against the lie of the nap or pile. When a soft brush will answer do not use a hard one, as rough brushing makes the clothes look threadbare. The dust should be first removed from all garments by hanging them on a clothes-line, and beating them with a stick or riding-whip. Then lay them on a clean table, and brush them until all marks that can be taken off with a clothes-brush have disappeared. Clothes that have been wetted and splashed with mud must be well dried before the brushing. The edge of a skirt, if muddy, must first be rubbed between the hands, to remove the mud, and afterwards brushed, to complete the cleaning.

Perhaps nothing is more remarkable than the difference between two people in the wear and tear of their clothes; one dress or mantle will show little or no signs of use at the end of a year's wear, while another will be not only shabby, but really worn out at the end of a couple of months. To me, this difference is an indication of character in the wearer, which appears to enter into all they do in life. It speaks of a great amount of intuitive thought and care, which would extend to everything connected with them, and would add materially to both their own happiness and their usefulness to others.

The skirts of dresses should be shaken when they are taken off, and all skirts except velveteen and velvet ones should be turned inside-out, and suspended by loops of tape, sewn at each side of the waist-belt, so as to hang evenly from the hooks. The bodice should be spread out to cool and air, and all dust should be removed from the shoulders and neck with an old silk or cambric handkerchief. It should then be laid smoothly in a drawer, or, if hung up, there should be a loop of ribbon sewn inside the neck of the bodice, by which to suspend it. It is better, as a rule, to fold the bodice the wrong side outwards, and lay it smoothly in a drawer, than to hang it up, as the latter plan is apt to crease it and pull the shoulders out of shape.

There are a number of precautions which the careful wearer naturally takes to preserve her apparel, which the careless person never remembers. In sitting down, the best position is naturally taken to save flounces, frills, and sashes from creasing, and iron and cane open-work seats must be carefully eschewed, if the dress be of velvet, velveteen, or silk. The back of the chair, if of wood and varnished, must be remembered, as all materials grow shiny by rubbing on a hard substance. A white-washed or coloured wall will sometimes work great havoc with a dress; a danger which should be remembered at church, and in all kitchens and passages. The dress worn should suit all varieties of the weather; and rain and mud are the worst enemies a good dress can encounter. So are very hot days in summer, and careful provision should be made of linen habit shirts, to be worn with light silks and sateens. Aprons, which are now fortunately in fashion, are of great use in saving a dress, and also in embellishing an old one, either for morning or evening wear. As a matter of economy, the dress should always be changed in the evening, and the walking dress brushed and laid by. All hooks and eyes, buttons, torn trimmings, and every needed stitch should be attended to at once, and spots of grease taken out. Handles of doors, arms of chairs, and ornaments of all kinds that stick out, must be remembered, and nails in the floors and stairs are inimical to tidy dresses. Never do anything in a violent hurry, nor with a sudden and jerky movement—you will not only look ungraceful, but you will tear some part of your apparel for certain. Scarves, laces, and ribbons should be folded or rolled up, and gloves should be pulled out and laid straight. A veil or net-fall is generally improved by being laid in a book, to press it flat; and the bonnet or hat should always be brushed. An umbrella, if wet, should be stood upright in the stand to dry, and should never be opened wide, an old custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Both umbrellas and parasols should be wiped with a soft cloth on coming in, either from rain or sunshine, and both should be smoothly folded, fastened, and put away.

It is best to watch carefully for the first appearances of wear in all your garments, for no proverb was ever so true as that which declares that "A stitch in time saves nine," and holes are always best "nipped in the bud."

Furs of all kinds are an expensive item in a lady's wardrobe, and require constant supervision. If your sealskin jacket should get wet, and by any chance become spotted by rain, be sure to wipe it dry with a linen cloth, and do not on any account hang it near a fire. Before putting away your furs for the summer, they should have the dust lightly switched out of them, and be well shaken and brushed. They should never be worn after the sun becomes hot, in the spring, as the moth makes an early appearance, and lays its eggs swiftly and secretly, and any eggs that are in fur will be hatched in it after it has been put away; so be careful in the beating and shaking of your furs, and be sure they are quite dry, and that the place where you keep them is quite dry also. Damp is one of their worst enemies. Wrap them in old linen pillow-cases, if you have them, for putting away, or if you have none, use stiff brown wrapping paper made into bags, and paste the ends securely up. Furriers use this method of keeping their goods, but practically speaking they rely most on constant watchfulness and attention, on beating, shaking, and absence of any taint of damp.

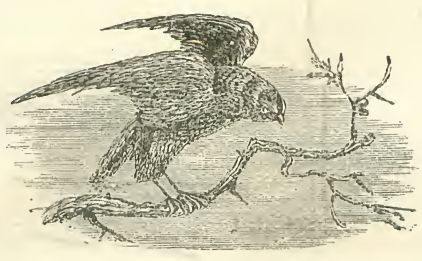
And this being the season for putting away the winter clothes, the blankets, and warm wraps of the family, I will briefly describe the best method of doing so; but must first premise that all the articles are clean, and also all the spots of grease, sweets, etc., taken out, as many a hole has been eaten in a dress by some enterprising moth who was fond of a "tasty bit." The application of a little ammonia will remove most spots; and a little chloroform applied with a piece of woollen cloth, and rubbed briskly, will generally remove spots of paint, tar, or grease. Always use a woollen cloth to rub spots on woollen garments.

Fold all the garments so that they will not wrinkle, and having dusted out the box or drawer which is to contain them, spread a clean sheet wide open, and lay the clothes in a neat pile in the centre of it. Then strew over them some ground black pepper or powdered camphor, and fold the sides, and then the ends, of the sheet, very neatly over, putting a stitch in them so that they shall not rip easily. Then close up your box, and keep it in a dry place. Cedar shavings are also excellent preservatives against moths, and their fragrance is preferable to anything else. Many people are fortunate enough to own a cedar-lined closet in their houses, but others content themselves with a cedar-lined chest, which answers the purpose equally well, and is more portable. I have found a tin box very good for holding furs, and if carefully put away with pepper, they are usually safe in it.

Boots and shoes are articles that require constant looking after, and never should be worn without the buttons being looked at, to see that they are all there and tightly sewn on. They should be replaced immediately their loss has been discovered. It is best to attend to them yourself, dust them when you take them off, and apply some good "kid reviver" when needed. Lampblack and glycerine is recommended by some people, as it does not polish the kid, but merely blackens it. All shoes and boots should be kept in bags, either hanging in the wardrobe, or behind a door. They are then safe from dust, and you know where to find them, to the great saving of both time and temper.

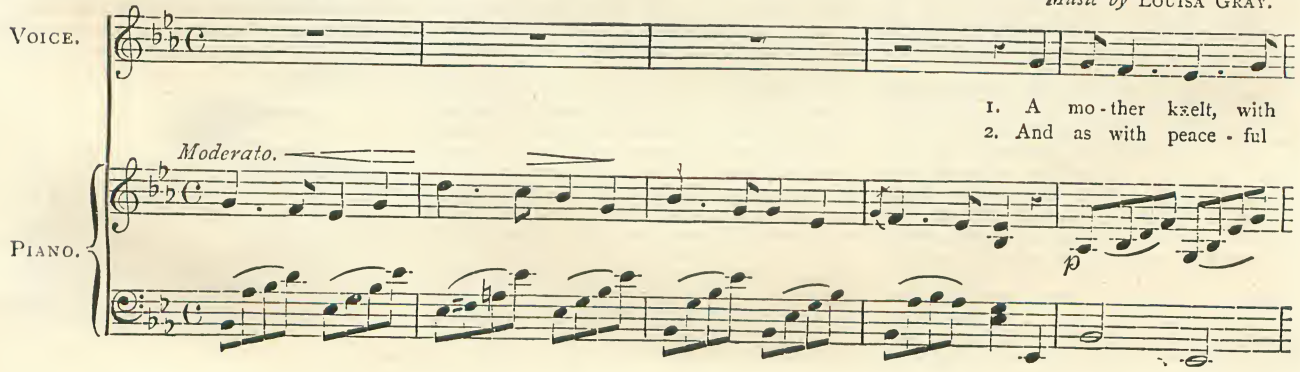
Remember to mend your gloves, and sew on the buttons when needed. Black kid should be rubbed with oil or butter, and a piece of flannel, before being worn; and when gloves require mending, they should be turned inside out, and sewn over and over on the wrong side. Small holes in them may be mended with court-plaister, so as to be invisible, and a little good black ink and oil will cover white marks caused by wear.

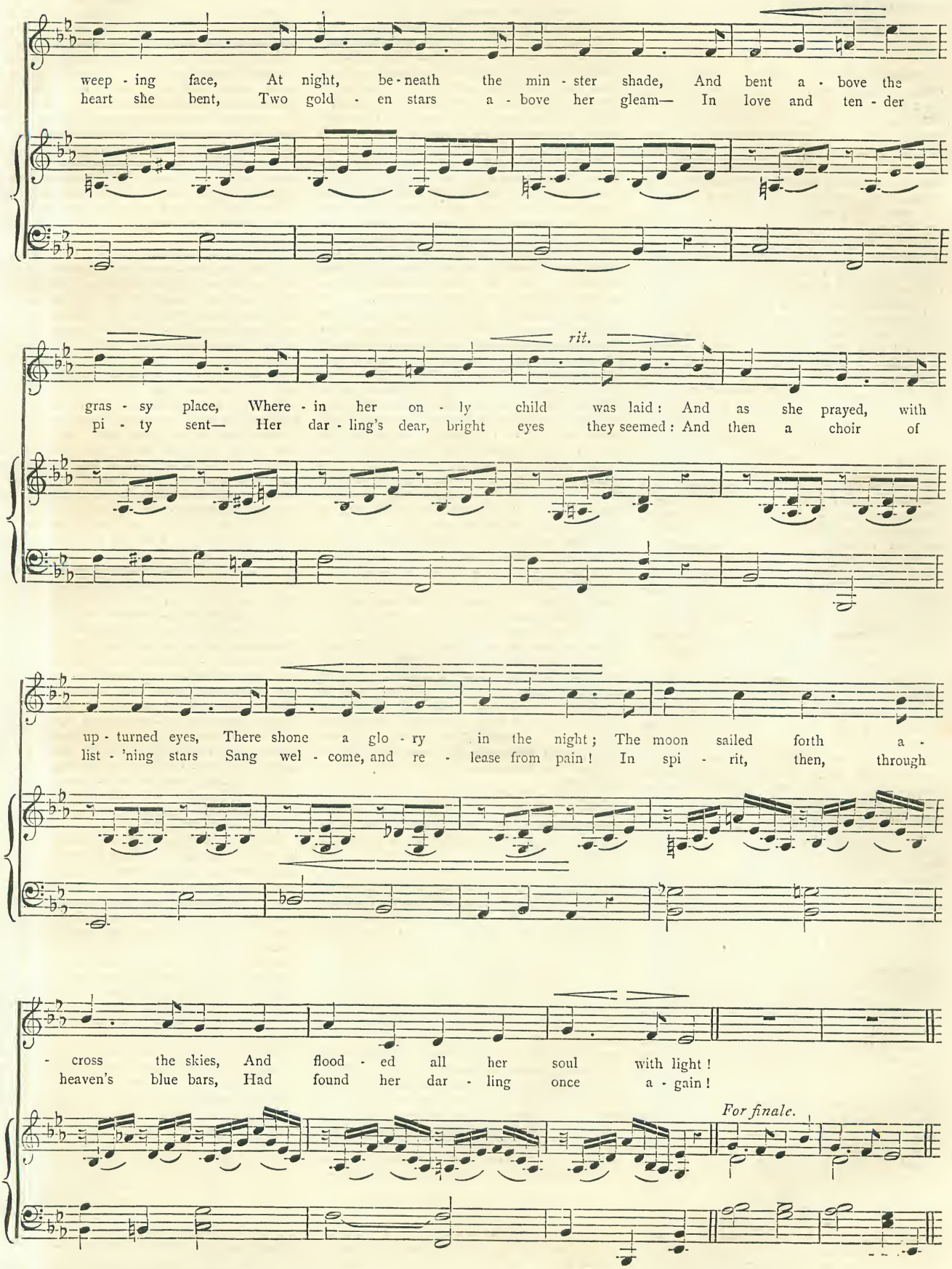
One great secret in the care of clothes is to put them away when you take them off, and to have all the small articles ready for repairing them close at hand. Fine and coarse needles and darners; silks and cottons, buttons of all sizes, from the smallest glove-buttons to the large black horn button. A well stored work-basket or drawer denotes, to my mind, a clever and successful manager, who will, by her thrifty care of the clothes of the household, add double to their powers of resistance against wear and tear.



HER ONLY CHILD.

Words by FRED. E. WEATHERLY. *Music by* LOUISA GRAY.




weep - ing face, At night, be - neath the min - ster shade, And bent a - bove the
heart she bent, Two gold - en stars a - bove her gleam— In love and ten - der
rit.
gras - sy place, Where - in her on - ly child was laid: And as she prayed, with
pi - ty sent— Her dar - ling's dear, bright eyes they seemed: And then a choir of
up - turned eyes, There shone a glo - ry in the night; The moon sailed forth a -
list - 'ning stars Sang wel - come, and re - lease from pain! In spi - rit, then, through
- cross the skies, And flood - ed all her soul with light!
heaven's blue bars, Had found her dar - ling once a - gain!
For finale.

DOMESTIC POISONS: THEIR DETECTION AND ANTIDOTES.

By an Analyst.

A poison somewhat similar to arsenic in its effects is phosphorus. Accidents and suicides from this substance were formerly somewhat common, owing to its use in the preparation of lucifer matches. But some years ago it was fortunately discovered that its poisonous qualities could be easily destroyed, while at the same time it is rendered more handy and useful for commercial purposes. Poisonous matches are now rarely met with, and rat poisons are almost the only means through which accidents from this source can occur. It is fortunate this is so, as no antidote is known, the only remedies being those generally applicable for the promotion of vomiting.

Corrosive sublimate is a white powder not unlike arsenic in appearance, and its poisonous properties are also similar. Both are occasionally sold by mistake for tartar emetic, magnesia, powdered tartaric acid, and other substances to which they bear more or less resemblance. This and other salts of mercury are also often sold in quack mixtures for polishing plate and Britannia-metal goods; and they are employed for preserving collections of stuffed birds, animals, and insects. In addition to the other symptoms, mercurial poisons corrode the animal membranes, and produce abundant salivation, and ulcers in the throat and mouth. A few mercurial paints, as vermilion and cinnabar, are used; but they are not violently poisonous, and cases of chronic poisoning are almost wholly confined to the use of quack medicines. The poisonous salts are very soluble, and, unless speedily expelled, soon pass beyond the reach of antidotes. Of these beaten eggs, and a thick paste of flour, milk, and water are the most useful; and to check the salivation doses of chlorate of potash dissolved in water are given.

About no poisons have there been more discussions than the lead salts. Fatal results are practically confined to two of these, sugar of lead and white lead. The latter is more frequently fatal to cattle and other animals than to men, but cases have been known of the dry paint being mistaken for magnesia, bicarbonate of soda, and chalk. Sugar of lead is employed about the house for various purposes, and it is rather a dangerous substance to leave in children's way owing to its great resemblance in appearance, and even taste, to sugar. Pretty large doses are required to produce serious trouble, and both salts act as emetics. Epsom salts in pretty strong doses is the most convenient antidote, and the purgative action is of great assistance in relieving the obstinate constipation and colics which are the most characteristic symptoms of this kind of poisoning. Chronic lead-poisoning is, however, a more interesting subject. No poison has so great a tendency to accumulate in the animal tissues, and even very minute doses ultimately cause paralysis of the limbs, and other dangerous symptoms. Great importance has thus been attached to the action of water and other liquids on lead pipes and vessels. All vegetable acids readily dissolve lead, and care should be taken not to allow fruits or fruity juices to stand in vessels where it can come in contact with lead or solder, neither should beer, cider, or similar drinks be stored in lead or pewter vessels. Although undoubted evidence of the outbreaks of what is known as lead colic have been traced to contaminated drinking water, exhaustive investigations have shown that there is not after all very much danger in lead piping. Distilled water and rain-water act pretty strongly on lead, and all natural waters act more or less on bright surfaces of the metal; but the action soon ceases, owing to the formation of a protecting coating. Soft peaty waters act strongly at first, but the pipes soon become coated. Hard waters, such as those supplied in London, are practically without any action at all; but impure waters containing sewage, or other organic matters, form no protecting coating, and are often found to contain traces of lead. Where possible, it is always advisable to allow the water to run continuously for a day or two through new lead pipes. After this, unless it is otherwise unfit for use, there is no great danger. Even the external application of lead is dangerous, and for this reason most hair dyes, many cosmetics and quack medicines are highly objectionable. Chronic poisoning from lead produces a peculiar bluish line on the gums, and a greater or less blackening of the teeth. Frequent doses of Epsom salts and sulphurous baths are most useful when the source of poisoning has been removed.

Small quantities of copper salts are often employed to give preserved peas and other vegetables a fresh green appearance. Naturally these substances cannot retain a good colour for any length of time, and bright green tints should be looked upon with suspicion. More danger is to be apprehended from the green verdigris, which forms on copper utensils left damp and dirty. This is more especially the case if the vessels retain traces of saline liquids or fruit juices. Singularly enough the common fruit acids do not dissolve copper while hot, and copper vessels may be used with perfect safety if care be taken not to allow the liquids to cool in them. Copper salts are all strongly emetic, and seldom cause very serious trouble. In acute cases sugar and raw eggs are the best remedies.

Oxalic acid and some of its compounds are employed under the name of "salts of sorrel" or "salts of lemon," for removing rust and ink stains from linen, and for bleaching straw, &c. These substances are intensely poisonous, and as they greatly resemble Epsom salts, they have occasionally been taken in mistake for that medicine. Except for the common habit of swallowing medicines right off, the strong bitter acid taste would warn anyone of the mistake. If speedily administered, lime-water, fluid magnesia, or even mixtures of magnesia, or chalk, and water are very perfect antidotes.

It is this acid which gives the sour taste to rhubarb, and that article should not be too largely indulged in, as instances have been known of the plants containing a poisonous quantity.

Some of the most dangerous of these poisons, we have already said, nearly resemble in appearance such harmless substances as baking soda, salt, tartaric acid, Epsom salts, and sugar. The taste will usually serve to distinguish them, and there is no great danger if only a minute portion be placed on the *tip* of the tongue, care being taken not to swallow it. This is not, however, always an agreeable or satisfactory method, and a safer plan is to place a small quantity of the substance on a table-knife or iron spoon, and to heat this carefully over the gas or lamp. The most virulent poisons—oxalic acid, arsenic, and the mercury salts—will almost entirely disappear in a few minutes; while Epsom salts, salt, and soda will simply be fused. Sugar and tartaric acid will swell up to a brownish-black mass before disappearing. Tartar emetic, which is poisonous in large doses, will also turn black, but a whitish residue will be left.

II.—Narcotic and other Vegetable Poisons.

The poisons we have described act chiefly as we have seen by setting up rapid inflammation in the tissues with which they come in contact. A few of them affect the nervous system and the brain, in a greater or less degree; but not to anything like the same extent as do the narcotic poisons. These are chiefly obtained from vegetable sources; they are usually prepared only in small quantity; and they are seldom employed otherwise than in medicine and surgery. As a rule they are much more violently poisonous than the metallic compounds; and as their characteristic symptoms are not developed till they have been absorbed by the blood, recovery from poisonous doses is much less frequent. The effects of this kind of poisoning usually commence with giddiness, dull headaches, and vague feelings of alarm. These are followed by insensibility and coma, accompanied in some cases with violent convulsions and paralysis.

As most of them can only be obtained for medical purposes, very few of these poisons will require any detailed notice. Of those of which a short description will be useful the first and most important is opium and its various preparations. To this poison official statistics assign almost as many deaths as are caused by all other poisons together, and there is hardly room for doubting that several hundreds, if not thousands, of children, not included in the official statistics, are annually poisoned by over-doses of opium preparations. Opium itself is the juice which exudes from the green capsules of several varieties of poppies dried and hardened in resinous lumps. The actual poisons are a number of peculiar bodies called alkaloids, of which morphia is the most important. In opium this is found in combination with another substance called meconic acid. The actual quantity of the poison in different samples of opium varies greatly. Bengal opium contains on an average about 2 per cent., other East Indian varieties from 5 to 9 per cent., and Turkish opium about 6 per cent., while the Smyrna or Asia Minor variety contains from 10 to 15 per cent.; but the amount also varies with the age of the poppies and the method of gathering. These variations constitute an element of some danger. Most druggists make up their preparations from given weights of opium, and do not always even know the kind of opium with which they are dealing. Fortunately, the percentage of morphia is more likely to be under than over the assumed strength; and, besides, a large proportion of the laudanum is now prepared by wholesale druggists, who adopt means of ascertaining the real amount of poison in their opium.

But this introduces a new danger. Laudanum is simply a solution of opium in weak alcohol, and unless it is kept very carefully in well-stoppered bottles, the alcohol evaporates and makes the laudanum stronger than is wished. For the same reason this drug should never be used after having been kept for months or years in a corked vial, but should be obtained fresh as required. Besides laudanum, opium is the basis of most soothing syrups, paregorics, balsams, and other mixtures for soothing and inducing children to sleep. Properly administered, there is probably no medicine more useful than opium preparations. But the strength of these "patent medicines" is apt to vary very seriously, and fatal accidents from over-doses are very common, as well as from the practice of repeating small doses in a sort of desperation, when the ordinary effects are not at once produced. Children are often poisoned in this way, and it is generally unadvisable to allow persons suffering from severe pains, and those in immediate charge of sick children, to have possession of large quantities of these opiates. The symptoms of poisoning, which commence with giddiness, drowsiness, and an irresistible tendency to sleep, are usually overlooked, and no alarm is felt till the sufferer falls into a decided stupor, quickly succeeded by insensibility, and later by slow, stertorous

breathing; the countenance becomes pale and ghastly, with livid lips; generally there is profuse perspiration. In the case of adults death ensues in twelve to forty-eight hours. The symptoms come on more rapidly with children. Death generally occurs in a few hours, and is often preceded by convulsions. When the mistake is discovered in time, the usual emetics may be given; and every effort should be made to overcome the tendency to sleep and stupor till a doctor can be procured to apply the stomach-pump. Cold water may be dashed on the head and back, the feet and hands sharply switched or pinched, and where convenient shocks may be given by an electric machine, the patient being kept constantly moving. To rouse children, a warm bath in which they can be alternately plunged and then exposed to cold air is recommended. Very little is known of any positive remedies. Having got the stomach cleared out, a strong decoction of tea or coffee may be given, and camphorated spirits, brandy, and oak-bark infusion have been advocated, as well as a solution of iodine in iodide of potassium; but the chief reliance must be placed on the prevention of sleep and stupor.

A curious feature of this poison is that if constantly taken it gradually loses its more prominent effects, and after a time doses may be used with impunity that would prove fatal to three or four persons not accustomed to its use. De Quincy tells us that he could at one time consume nine ounces of laudanum daily, and Sir Robert Christison mentions a person whose daily allowance was three pints; while half an ounce of this mixture has been known to cause death.

The practice of opium-eating, or more properly laudanum-drinking, there is too much reason to fear, is becoming common in large cities and some districts of England. About Norwich and some other parts of the eastern counties it is so general that druggists have become used to supplying their regular customers without the necessity of asking questions; and one trader a few months ago, when prosecuted for an infringement of the Excise regulations, excused himself on the plea that the wood naphtha he mixed with his spirits rendered the laudanum more agreeable to the tastes of his customers. Like the opium-smoking of the Chinese, it is a practice which it is very difficult to discontinue when it has been indulged in for any considerable time. There are grounds for believing that in a very few instances this habitual use produces no very marked effects, but in the majority of cases an insatiable craving leads to continually increased doses and very marked effects. Food is loathed, and the digestive organs are thoroughly deranged; the countenance becomes of a yellow tinge, with hollow, sunken eyes, and the body more or less bent and emaciated. Another method of chronic opium-poisoning which has lately become common among physicians and other educated persons, is the continual resort to hypodermic injections of morphia. The practice is a convenient and useful means of giving almost immediate relief in severe attacks of neuralgia and rheumatism, and in other cases of severe pain; and this has tempted many persons to use it on all sorts of trifling occasions, and even as a remedy for nervous depression and worry or anxiety of mind. The habitual use of this form of the drug produces even more rapid and marked effects than laudanum.

It is not necessary to refer to alcoholic poisoning. Accidents from the ordinary strong spirituous liquors, as well as from spirits of wine, methylated spirits, and camphorated spirits are not unknown, but are mostly confined to children, and are best met by strong emetics accompanied by cold water affusions, ammonia vapour, and other methods of preventing stupor. Similar treatment may be applied in cases of an over-dose of chloral hydrate, another very useful sleep-producing agent, but which is now being almost as much abused as opium. The practice of constantly giving infants opium or other sedative powders or mixtures cannot be too strongly condemned. Extremely minute doses often produce fatal results, and the habitual use of opiates must eventually kill the greater proportion of the children who are operated upon. Quack preparations are especially dangerous, and none are more so than chlorodyne—a mixture largely used by all classes. This contains several deadly poisons in by no means constant proportions, and the liquid is apt to separate into two layers, so that any want of care and attention may easily lead to accidents. Used in moderation and under proper advice, it is a useful medicine, but it may be doubted whether its unrestricted sale under the present "patent medicine" regulations is wise.

Among the components of chlorodyne is prussic acid, perhaps the most deadly poison known. The effects of this poison in fatal doses—extremely small quantities—is swift and terrible. As a rule death is practically instantaneous. It is extremely volatile, and the vapour is almost as poisonous as the liquid. Several lamentable deaths have been due to inhaling this vapour, notably that of its discoverer, the celebrated chemist Scheele. The solution employed in preparing medicinal prescriptions contains only from 2 to 5 per cent. of the pure substance, yet a few drops of this liquid spilt on a dress or table gives off fumes which have been known to cause insensibility for hours. Notwithstanding this fearfully poisonous character, in minute doses of one fiftieth part of a grain or less, it is a useful medicine in certain diseases of the stomach; and it has been employed in cholera cases with advantage, as well as externally in some skin diseases. It is occasionally employed to kill cats, dogs, and other animals, but accidents occur chiefly among chemists and others who have occasion to handle it.

Several preparations employed for toilet purposes, however, and for flavouring confectionery and other articles of food, contain more or less of this poison. Among the best known of these are bitter almonds, and the various oils and essences obtained from this fruit, such as ratafia, peach-nut oil, etc.; and also laurel, peach, and passion-flower water. Some of these are hardly less poisonous than the ordinary solution of prussic acid. From the dilute solutions usually employed for almond-flavouring, there is not great danger, provided the articles of food are subsequently boiled or baked. The heat expels the poison without entirely driving off the essential oils to which the flavour is due. For dishes that do not require heating such materials should not be employed, especially as the same flavour can now be obtained in a much less dangerous form from nitrobenzol, an oily liquid prepared from coal-tar. In any case great care should be taken not to use more than a few drops of these flavouring essences. Small quantities give just as good results as can be obtained from those which often produce unpleasant symptoms.

Many people are not aware of the deadly nature of some of these sweet-smelling essences and washes, and a number of fatal accidents have occurred from their improper use or through mistakes. The poison acts so rapidly that remedies are often useless. The symptoms sometimes begin in the act of swallowing, and almost always in a minute or less after taking a large dose. The limbs lose their muscular power, and the sufferer falls insensible. The eyes are fixed and glistening with dilated pupils, the jaws are locked with frothing at the mouth, the breathing being a series of convulsive gasps at long intervals, during which life is apparently extinct. There is no power of swallowing, or any possibility of using the stomach-pump; and the only chance of recovery is by pouring cold water from some height on to the head and spine, and the application of ammonia and other stimulants to the nostrils. In smaller doses, where a minute or two may elapse before the dangerous symptoms appear, a solution of copperas should be immediately swallowed, and sal volatile is also recommended; but chief reliance must be placed on the cold water treatment.

A number of other plants and fruits, as well as the bitter-almond, and laurel leaves, yield prussic acid. The kernels of the peach, cherry, and damson, and even apple-pips, are all poisonous, and the death of children has been known to occur through eating largely of cherry kernels. Manioc root, from which tapioca is prepared, is also highly poisonous; but during the manufacture the prussic acid is driven off by heat.

A compound of prussic acid—cyanide of potassium — almost as poisonous as itself, is largely employed in electro-gilding and plating, and in photography, and sometimes for cleaning electro-plate and silver ornaments. The same compound has occasionally been issued by dispensers for harmless substances, especially for the yellow prussiate of potash, owing to a certain amount of confusion among doctors as to the peculiar dog-Latin phrases by which they distinguish the two substances. But the smell of this compound is so characteristic, and the taste so nauseous, that accidents are likely to occur only through great carelessness. Care should, however, be taken by those who use it not to allow the solution to come in contact with any cuts or wounds in the hands or fingers; and it should never be heated, or even left exposed in any large quantity, as it readily exhales the deadly fumes of prussic acid.

Of late years a number of poisonous principles have been extracted from other plants, and are employed for various purposes in medicine. Some of these bodies are even more powerful poisons than prussic acid, but accidental poisoning can only occur through mistakes of dispensers, or among those handling the drugs, and such cases are extremely rare. Some notorious murder trials have resulted from the use of some of these for criminal purposes, notably strychnia, and more recently aconitia. Fatal results from eating the leaves, root, and fruits of the plants yielding these alkaloids, as they are called, are much more common. Various species of hemlock have been mistaken for parsley, and the monkshood root, yielding the deadly aconitia, is sometimes used for horse-radish; while the bright-coloured berries of the different nightshades, of the yew, and of several other plants are frequently eaten by children. There are no good antidotes known for these poisons, and such cases are best met by the free administration of strong emetics, followed by doses of castor oil. The poisonous principles are only slowly extracted from the vegetable matters, even in the stomach, as most of the roots, leaves, and berries are eaten in a raw, indigestible form; and if they can be quickly expelled there is, as a rule, speedy recovery. Should alarming symptoms of stupor or convulsions be developed, cold water and other stimulants may be applied, as in the case of prussic acid.

We have only referred incidentally to the use of these poisons for criminal purposes. Some of them were doubtless known to a select few of former ages, and many persons have been alarmed at the probable consequence of an extension of this knowledge; but experience has shown that such fears are groundless. When their characteristics and effects

were secrets known only to one or two, they might be used for criminal purposes with impunity, and detection defied. Better knowledge has placed them within the reach of greater numbers who might be disposed to make a bad use of them, but it has to a much greater degree increased the chances of discovery and punishment. No matter how skilfully poisons may be used, and whatever precautions may be taken, modern science, as recent trials have shown, is capable of detecting their presence; and in this lies our safety. Doubtless, greater legislative restrictions might with advantage be placed on the sale of many of these drugs; and some murders or attempted murders might be prevented if those who have occasion to use these poisons took sufficient care to keep them securely locked up. Easy access to the means is probably often a great temptation to persons of an excitable, vindictive, or passionate character; and hence the cases of poisoning which sometimes occur from very trivial quarrels. However this may be, there can be no question that carelessness and ignorance are the main causes of accidental poisoning; and our object has been chiefly to point out how accidents may occur from articles in more or less common use in the household, and the methods of treating such cases, together with the sources from which our food and drink may be contaminated to a less dangerous, but still to a disagreeable and troublesome extent.

C. PROCTOR, M.S.C.I.

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.

CHAPTER XLI

HOPES AND FEARS.

WE reached home in safety, greatly to Undine's delight, who had passed some anxious hours during our absence, and I was glad when, after bringing in our new possessions, I could lie down to rest. But sleep was not to be mine; old memories, recent events, all crowded in upon my thoughts. That wretched creature lying ill alone upon the sea, was his conscience upbraiding him? My letters, would they ever be read by the dear ones addressed? My two children, would my influence over them be all it should be? My precious father, had he been really nearer to me than I thought? Had his spirit been a ministering one to mine?

We employed the following morning in putting away our new acquisitions, which were very miscellaneous. We brought all the firearms we could find. I also secured a large amount of cord and sailcloth, and tools, besides some household stores. Henry took his father's and his own garments, and some little things he prized, and we fastened one of the ship's boats to ours and towed it back. So that our booty was very valuable, though I do not think anything gave me personally more pleasure than my paper.

We saw one of the parties on search pass along the beach, and thinking it well to give them a fright, Henry ran up to the top of our entrance gully and fired the signal they had agreed upon—the three shots. Undine and I, watching from the armoury window, had the satisfaction of seeing the men run off in the direction of the sound, and we amused ourselves with picturing the astonishment that would be felt by both parties when they met, and the amazement they would experience upon finding the robbery committed on the vessel. They would begin to fancy some uncanny beings inhabited the place—able to make themselves invisible at will, for their mate would be quite unable to tell them whence the arrow came that struck him down, as I had been completely concealed from his view. At any rate, it had the effect of deterring them from remaining any longer on the land, for a few hours later we had the gratification of seeing the vessel round the farthest extremity, and I watched her with mingled hopes and fears until she was lost on the horizon.

"WE BROUGHT ALL THE FIREARMS WE COULD FIND."

"DRINKING IN EVERY WORD."

And now we resumed our customary way of life, excepting that we had a very pleasant and useful addition to our family in Henry, so strong, yet gentle, so kind-hearted, yet manly. To him was intrusted the replenishing of the larder, as he proved an able sportsman.

One of our undertakings at this time was the reparation of Banyan House, which the sailors had knocked about and injured, but I was very glad to find they had not done damage to my farmyard by the lake.

Henry proved very useful in ridding the land of some of the wild cats, many of whose beautiful skins he managed to dress most skilfully, and with them and those of some other animals we adorned the floor of our great hall at the castle, making it look quite luxurious.

I forgot to mention we had brought with us as many books as we could carry from the captain's library, some good

histories, and one or two standard volumes of fiction, besides some text-books on natural science, of which Henry was very fond. With these we employed our winter evenings, and a new world seemed to open to Undine's inquiring mind, which gained fresh impetus under Henry's instruction. It was a pretty picture to see her sitting on one of the skin rugs at Henry's feet, looking up into his face with her dark eager eyes, drinking in every word, whilst Spana laid with his big shaggy head resting on her knees.

Another of our treasures was a goodly supply of lucifer matches, which so elated me the young folks declared if at any time they wanted to make me especially happy they should present me with a lucifer match; but, my readers, what an improvement it seemed to me upon the primitive system of sparks struck from a flint and the tinder box I had been obliged to establish after my matches were exhausted, though I did succeed in making wooden ones with their tips dipped in sulphur in ancient style.

(*To be continued.*)

COLOURED LEAVES: HOW TO PRINT THEM.

DOUBTLESS all our readers have noticed the beautiful and remarkable leaves found on plants which they meet with in their country rambles. To some the wish may have come that a method, other than that of the cumbrous herbarium, could be adopted by which the beauties or noteworthy features could be preserved. Such a way we propose in this short article to show them.

The same endless variety prevails in the shape, texture, veining, and outlines of leaves, as is manifested in all the other works of the Creator. Each plant has its own characteristic leaf. It has some peculiarity of form, of edge of surface, or of veining which is worthy of notice. Who does not know the irregularly notched and toothed leaf of the dandelion, which doubtless suggested the French name *dent de lion*, of which the English is a corruption, each division of the apparently ragged edge running backwards towards the crown of the root? The ivy, with its five strongly-marked lobes, and the narrow leaf of the willow, which by no forcing is compared to the shape of a lance-head, are each characteristic shapes. Indeed, the leaf of the latter tree is so well known and typical that it is used in the description of phenomena occurring in the atmosphere of the sun. The maple-tree has leaves richly decorative in form, apparently made to the hand of the designer; and no less suggestive are the rounded lobes and sinuous edge of the oak-leaf. The convolvulus has leaves of the shape of an arrow-head, the nasturtium that of a shield, and so of hundreds of plants of which some peculiarity of form is worthy of preservation.

How variously the margins of leaves are toothed or cut into! Thus the nettles, dead and stinging, have obvious saw-like teeth ranging from stalk to tip. So have rose-leaves; but in them the teeth become more attenuated, almost prickly. The vine-leaf has large, well-pronounced teeth, but each tooth is cut into by smaller teeth. The modest, creeping ground-ivy has leaves with rounded notches; the equally humble creeping jenny, with leaves of the same general form, has an unbroken margin. The leaves of the willow and buckthorn have the tiniest teeth possible, while the holly develops its divisions into unmistakable thorns.

It is very charming to notice the gradual changes which occur in the shape of the leaves of a given plant in the various stages of its growth. Commencing in the bud or the seedling with a very simple form, as each leaf is produced it takes a more and more pronounced shape until the special character peculiar to the plant under study is produced. Then frequently another, or the converse change takes place as the leaf approaches the flower-head or flower, until once again the scale-like form is produced.

The sacred writer tells us that "The grass" (or the leaf) "withereth, and the flower thereof fadeth away," which is universally true, but it is worthy of note that they do not all wither

so soon as each other. A flower may last for a week; it oftener lasts only a day. Very few plants develop their blooms for more than a month, and yet fewer still enrich the earth with blooms the whole year round. With the greatest number the flowering season is over in a few weeks, sometimes days. A tolerably experienced botanist frequently finds that he has miscalculated the bloom-time of a plant he is searching for. An accident of the season, or of the place of growth, has hastened or retarded development by a few days, and the opportunity is lost.

This difficulty is not felt when leaves are the object of study. We watch them unfolding in the spring, and rejoice in the living green during the summer, to marvel at the glowing colours in the autumn. But there they are the greater part of the year ready to our hand. Again, many plants the Creator has endowed with mantles of green the whole year through, put on the new before they cast off the old.

A remarkable feature about leaves is the fact that while a plant bears vast masses of foliage, each member of which bears the same character, yet no two are alike in all particulars. An elm tree, for instance, when full grown, bears about two millions of leaves. Each leaf is unequally sided, has a margin toothed, and each large tooth again notched. Each leaf leaves the stem at about the same angle; the veins of the leaf also leave the principal vein at about the same angle; all the leaves are about the same size, and yet two leaves cannot be found alike in every respect.

For some of the reasons stated above, the leaf is of considerable value in discovering the family to which the particular plant under notice belongs. Sometimes the character of the leaf is so marked as to enable the student to discover the order, or even the genus, to which it should be referred. The parts of a plant which are most frequently examined with a view to classification are the stem, the flowers, and the seed. However, sometimes the stem is undeveloped; the leaves and the flowers grow from the crown of the root; or we miss the time of blooming, and cannot secure the flowers; or, again, it is impossible to obtain the seed in its ripened state, for many plants have a habit of dispersing their seed by the breaking up of the seed-vessel with elastic force as the seed approaches ripeness. But the leaves can almost always be obtained.

Most students of the harmless and gentle science of botany are aware that the leaves of the three principal classes of plants are distinctly different in the way in which the veins are distributed. Exogens, such as the lilac, currant, apple and pear, have the veins of the leaves distributed like the meshes of a net. Grasses, palms, lilies, and orchids, which belong to the class of endogens, have the veins running side by side. The ferns, which belong to the class of cryptogams, disclose fronds in which the veins are continuously forking into two branches, a feature clearly seen in the maidenhair fern.

With a view to enable our readers to secure permanent impressions of leaves by very simple, easy, and accessible means, we offer the following description of a process of nature printing in colour or colours from the leaf itself.

The leaves to work upon may be obtained from any hedgerow, wood, field, garden, or smallest patch of ground in which a tree or flower grows. To begin. Select a few well-grown leaves, neither large nor small. Let them be such as, when laid upon a flat surface, do not fold upon themselves or overlap in parts. To keep them fresh and firm, put them in an earthenware or tin vessel, and cover the lid or a damp cloth over all.

Next, secure a sheet of foolscap paper; also some cartridge or other white paper (it should not have a glossy face) on which to take impressions. Cut the latter into sizes conveniently to take the leaves, and yet have a margin all round. It will be found convenient to have this paper doubled upon itself, so that the upper and lower surfaces of the leaves can be taken at the same time.

Obtain one, or more, tubes of oil colours, a little sweet oil to dilute the paint, a quarter of a yard of Nainsook muslin, the finer the quality the better, a handful of cotton wool (fine), and a yard of twine—an equipment neither costly nor troublesome. Tie the cotton wool, within two folds of the muslin, into a firm, round, hard mass; you will then have the dabber. With this dabber spread the paint, diluted with oil, very thinly and

evenly indeed, upon the foolscap paper. There must not be any obvious amount of paint upon either the paper or the dabber, or the result will be blotchy.

You are now ready to take an impression. Place a leaf upon a sheet of clean paper, and more or less forcibly, as the leaf is tender or hard, smooth, rough, or downy, strike it with the dabber. When a sufficient quantity of paint has been evenly transferred to the face or back of the leaf (or both surfaces) put it by means of the stalk between two layers of the cartridge paper, and rub with the thumb or forefinger, when an impression, soft, beautiful, clear, sharp cut, showing every vein and other peculiarity of the leaf, according to the care with which the foregoing directions have been followed, will be the result.

The pressure used must be according to the softness and delicacy of the texture of the leaf; care should be exercised, so that all parts of the surface receive equal pressure.

The colour employed may be any the fair experimenter pleases. The particular shade of green prevailing in the leaf may be copied by blending blues and yellows in the proper proportions. To simulate the autumn tints two or more dabbers and sheets of colour must be employed, and the leaves dabbed in the proper parts with the respective colours. The colour known as burnt sienna works very well, and has a pleasing effect.

The art thus described may be applied to a number of objects, as the making of wreaths of leaves for albums, etc., the decoration of terra cotta ware, for which latter purpose use a more liberal quantity of colour.

However, independently of the abilities of the process, it is sufficiently valuable as a means by which to secure, with all the faithfulness of photography, and the added charm of colour, a natural copy of a leaf giving its characteristic features with perfect clearness.

VARIETIES.

Necessary Knowledge.—Ruskin has given expression to the opinion that each child with other necessary knowledge should imperatively be taught, with the best skill of teaching that the country could produce, the three following things:—

The laws of health and the exercises enjoined by them.

Habits of gentleness and justice.

The calling by which he is to live.

What a revolution would be effected in our practical social life if this were done!

The Rainbow.

A fragment of a rainbow bright
Through the moist air I see;
All dark and damp on yonder height,
All bright and clear to me.

An hour ago the storm was here,
The gleam was far behind;
So will our joys and grief appear,
When earth has ceased to blind.

Grief will be joy if on its edge
Fall soft that holiest ray,
Joy will be grief if no faint pledge
Be there of heavenly day. *J. Keble.*

Give and it Shall be Given You.—There is in Austria a monastery which, in former times, was very rich, and remained rich so long as it was charitable to the poor; but when it ceased to give then it became indigent, and is so to this day. Not long since a poor man went there and solicited alms, which was denied him; he demanded the reason why they refused to give for God's sake? The porter of the monastery answered: "We are become poor;" whereupon the mendicant said, "The cause of your poverty is this: Ye had formerly in the monastery two brethren, the one named *Date* (give), and the other *Dabitur* (it shall be given you). The former ye thrust out; the other went away of himself."—*Luther's Table Talk.*

The Health of Happy Hearts.—Self-government possesses great power over disease. Fretfulness and impatience increase the action of the heart and arteries, and impair the action of the skin, and thus aggravate bodily diseases. While resignation to the will of God and a cheerful spirit have effects of the very opposite kind; and we cannot suffer from any complaint which is not relieved by their salutary influence. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine; but a broken spirit drieth the bones."—*Dr. Graham.*

How to Purify Turbid Water.—Turbid water is, in some way as yet insufficiently explained, made clear by the Indian plan of putting a piece of alum into it. The alum appears to unite with the mud, and to form a clayey deposit. Independently of this action, it has an astringent effect on organic matters; it hardens them, and they subside to the bottom of the vessel, instead of being diffused in a glairy, viscous state throughout the water. No taste of alum remains in the water, unless it has been used in great excess. Three thimblefuls of alum will clarify a bucketful of turbid water.

"Old Clothes!"—The other day I was what you would call *floored* by a Jew. He passed me several times, crying for old clothes in the most nasal and extraordinary manner I ever heard. At last I was so provoked that I said to him, "Pray, why don't you say 'old clothes' in a plain way as I do now?" The Jew stopped, and looking very gravely at me, said in a clear and even fine accent, "Sir, I can say old clothes as well as you can; but if you had to say so ten times a minute, for an hour together, you would say 'och clo' as I do now," and so he marched off. I was so confounded with the justice of his retort that I followed and gave him a shilling, the only one I had.—*Coleridge's Table Talk.*

Double Acrostic.

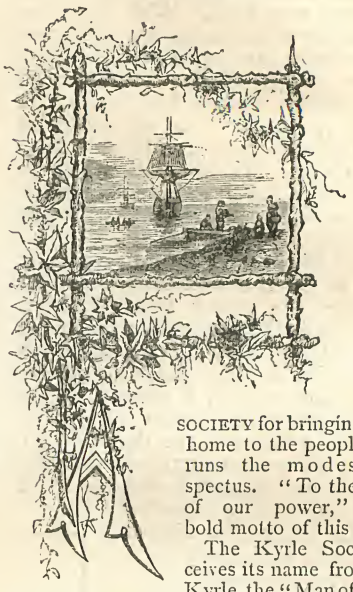
My first, a poet says, "resembles leaves,"
And yet more often are they found the root
From whence my second ev'ry one perceives,
Whatever seeds were sown, are now the fruit.

1. A county, known by streams and lakes and rills,
   By spreading moorlands and by barren hills.
2. A subtle essence, that pervades our sense
   When th' atmosphere with low'ring clouds is dense,
   And electricity evokes it thence.
3. The sorriest jade that ever man bestrode,
   Scarce able to support his master's load;
   Yet, by a chivalric, high-sounding name,
   He, with that master, has gone down to fame.
4. Within an oak-tree was my life enclos'd,
   The tree's vicissitudes my own impos'd;
   Sprung from its acorn, with its growth I grew,
   And when the oak-tree fell I perish'd too.
5. Not far from Paris, on a wooded height,
   A town, by Romans founded, stands in sight.
   The neighb'ring river has such cleansing force,
   That fulling-works arise along its course;
   And, more than other industries, the trade
   Of bleaching has its reputation made.

Ximena.

THE KYRLE SOCIETY.

By A Member.



"Society for bringing beauty home to the people," thus runs the modest prospectus. "To the utmost of our power," is the bold motto of this society.

The Kyrle Society receives its name from John Kyrle, the "Man of Ross," and was founded by a lady a few years ago. It now includes hundreds in its membership. Miss Octavia Hill acts as treasurer, and H.R.H. Princess Louise as Vice-President, while H.R.H. Prince Leopold fills the office of President.

It is easier to speak of the formation and growth of the society than to define its action. Everyone who wishes may become a member; there is no subscription. Here are a few simple ways of furthering the work of the Kyrle Society:—

Taking small parties of children from London courts out into the sunshine in parks, or to museums or picture galleries, or to your own gardens on summer evenings.

Forming evening classes for sewing, reading and writing, singing, and for general improvement.

Collecting dried plants, ferns, seaweeds, shells, pictures, Christmas cards.

Sending hampers of flowers and roots from the country.*

Those who are really willing to help will have full information as to ways and means, by applying to the Secretary of the Kyrle Society, 14, Nottingham-place, N.W., or by writing to me through the Editor of this paper.

A short sketch of John Kyrle's life may interest you.

John Kyrle, better known in his lifetime by his title of "The Man of Ross," was born in Gloucestershire in 1637. His father, a relative of Hampden the patriot, and of Edmund Waller the poet, was a magistrate, and Kyrle was proud of tracing his pedigree back to the reign of Henry VII.

After his father's death, John Kyrle was sent to Balliol College, Oxford. He afterwards filled several public offices in Hereford, and in 1683 he returned to Ross, where he devoted the remainder of his life to carrying out works of public and private benefit. Kyrle's income was £500 a year, but he was assisted by his wealthier neighbours in his benevolent plans.

Kyrle is perhaps best remembered in Ross by the "walk" which bears his name. This piece of ground, about a mile and a half in length, he purchased and planted with trees, choosing the elm on account of the gravelly soil of Ross. He made it a special duty to attend to the growth of these trees, under

* The hampers will always be returned.

which he had seats placed. Kyrle always employed men who were too old or too infirm to earn regular wages, and he paid them liberally in money and kind words as he went to and fro with a huge watering-can reviving the newly-planted trees.

Among the objects of interest connected with John Kyrle's life is the old church, the largest bell of which bears this inscription, "The 'Man of Ross' gave this bell, 1695." Kyrle was present at the casting, and "after drinking solemnly to church and king, he threw his favourite old silver tankard into the molten mass." The spire of the church was raised at his expense, and though he was eighty-five years of age at the time, he went daily to inspect its erection. He planted two elm-trees outside the north-east window of the church, at which he was a *daily* worshipper, "washing his hands at the first stroke of the bell." One of these trees forced its way into the building and filled the seat once occupied by the good old man.

These are but a few of the works to which he devoted forty-one active years of his life. Kyrle was never married. Suffering but little pain, he quietly passed from the scene of his labours in 1724, maintaining his cheerfulness of spirit to the last. After lying in state for nine days, his body was carried to the grave by his workmen, followed by the whole population of Ross.

Seven years after Kyrle's death, Pope wrote his eulogistic lines on "The Man of Ross," and in 1795 Coleridge, visiting Kyrle's house, then changed into an inn, wrote the following lines, of which a few only are given :—

"Here dwelt the 'Man of Ross.' Oh, traveller, hear,
Departed merit claims a reverent tear.
Friend to the friendless, to the sick man health,
With generous joy he viewed his modest wealth;
He hears the widow's heaven-breathed prayer of praise,
He marks the sheltered orphans' tearful gaze.

* * * *

"If, like me, through life's distressful scene,
Lonely and sad thy pilgrimage hath been,
Here 'cheat thy cares,' in generous visions melt,
And dream of goodness thou hast never felt."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

CARREY.—Ladies who do not wish to go through the regular course of a nurse probationer, but desire to obtain hospital training, or who may be past the age stipulated for most hospitals, may be trained at the London Hospital, Whitechapel-road, for a period of not less than three months. Lectures are given throughout the year, and accommodation is afforded them at a moderate charge in three houses very near the hospital. The *Westminster Gazette* is our authority for this information.

SUSIE.—The holidays of a daily governess, so far as we know, are always a matter of arrangement between her and her employer when the engagement is made. Many ladies pay their governess by the quarter, and this arrangement is probably the fairest. Another plan is to give holidays on the following scale: a week or fortnight at Christmas, a fortnight at Easter, and five or six weeks at Midsummer.

MAY.—We thank you for your kind letter. See our article on the "Art of Letter-writing," page 42, vol. ii. The style of your letter must vary according to the person you address and the nature. In writing a little note, such as for an invitation, if there be no printed address at the top of the first page, write it (your own) at the end, at a little distance from your signature. If a letter, write it where it would have been printed, at the top of the first page, together with the date, the current year being written in full. Beware of quack remedies for reducing fat. If dropsical, you should be under medical treatment; if only fat, from extra powers of assimilating your food, or a hereditary disposition that way, be thankful it did not make you proportionably lean and starved-looking. Avoid beer, and eat little butter or fat, or any great quantity of new bread or potatoes; but variety in diet is essential to health.

A. G. M. S. P.—Read "How to Improve One's Education," at page 794, vol. ii.

MISS H.—Address Miss Roberts, Florence Villa, Torquay, for an excellent but inexpensive "correspondence class." Apply for a list of classes held in London in connection with "University Extension" to the secretary, E. Myers, Esq., 22, Albemarle-street, W.

WORK.

M. DUNN.—We thank you much for your recipe, but it is rather too long for insertion in our correspondence columns.

WIFIE.—See "How to Wash and Iron," pages 18, 107, and 219, vol. ii. The use of a wax candle in stirring starch for linen articles is a good method for procuring a satisfactory gloss upon them. Lilies of the valley and violets grow well in shady places. Also periwinkles.

DUMFRIESIAN.—Send your pretty satteen dress to a cleaner. It would not bear ordinary washing.

A BLUE RIBBON WEARER.—By all means have the damson or ruby-coloured silk with "ottoman" trimmings of the same colour, and bonnet to match trimmed with lace of the same hue.

KISSIE QUERIE.—We give patterns of dresses for young girls, as well as young women; many of them are quite suitable for those of thirteen or fourteen, as at that age they dress much after the fashion of their elder sisters. We do not remember the song of which you quote the chorus. Your hand promises well. We thank you for your nice letter.

NETTIE.—With reference to dying light-coloured wash-leather gloves, perhaps you could do it with coffee. But we advise you to send them either to a cleaner of gloves or a dyer.

GENERAL GARFIELD.—1. The most fashionable colour for riding habits last year was blue. We think that the colour of this garment depends chiefly on the taste of the wearer, but you could never be out of fashion in a blueish black cloth. 2. The crying out of a child in sleep is probably due to indigestion, or to a highly excitable nervous temperament. Avoid telling exciting stories just before bed-time, or letting it eat what will be slow of digestion. It cannot be stopped in any way unless by paying attention to the state of its nerves or stomach.

COOKERY.

NELLIE.—We thank you for the recipe of a "pudding without eggs." We give it for the benefit of our readers with pleasure. Take two teacupfuls of flour, one do. of bread-crumbs, one do. very finely minced suet, one do. of marmalade or other preserve, one do. of milk, one tablespoonful of sugar, one small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and a very small pinch of salt. Mix the flour, bread-crumbs, suet, sugar, and salt first, then mix the milk, jam, and soda, and add them to the other ingredients, place all in a mould or basin, and boil for two and a half or three hours. We are glad to hear that our paper is appreciated by your brother and yourself.

AMARYLLIS. — 1. The School of Cookery at South Kensington is not too far for you to attend a course of lectures there. We are not aware of any branch in your direction. Write and inquire whether they have any, and where. 2. John Ruskin is living.

GRACIE.—1. A pound cake would require one pound of flour, as well as the same amount of all the other ingredients. 2. Brush your hair at night, as well as in the morning.

J. L.—The great secret of frying well is simply to cover the article to be dressed as much as possible with the butter, oil, or dripping employed.

SWEETBRIAR.—See "Bread and Bread-making," page 350 and 439, vol. i.

TEETH.—For a recipe for bottling fruit see page 560, vol. i. Your writing is too irregular.

ART.

BUTTERCUP.—However high the commission, you had better try to dispose of your work in your own place, unless you try some neighbouring town. To obtain work as an artist in the potteries you must be a very superior one indeed.

LOVER OF ART.—We prefer oil colours for painting on terra-cotta; they are more effective, and easier to manipulate. Use Roberson's medium, which may be obtained of any artists' colourman.

A WOULD-BE ARTIST must take hope and heart, and practise her drawing and painting; that is really the true way to succeed. Her note to us is very creditable to her head and heart.

A PILGRIM and AN ARTISTIC FAILURE.—For the articles on "Sketching from Nature," begin at page 36, vol. ii., and run through eight numbers, ending (but not consecutively) page 737, vol. ii.

MADGE.—The reason the photograph does not adhere to the glass is that you having not succeeded in excluding the air between them. We are glad you find our paper so useful.

LADY HILDA.—We cannot tell you to what you may attribute the lack of brilliancy in the colouring of your crystoleum paintings, but one very common cause is this, that the colours are not kept clean, and are also, it may be, not clearly mixed and laid on. You would write very well if you re-formed the letter "t" and formed some of your terminal letters better. Why should they be smaller than the others?

NANA.—You ask us to give you the recipe for making what is patented. How could you expect *us to do* so? You must either find out yourself how to make such a medium, or purchase the one you name.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FAITH, HOPE, and LOVE.—A good plan would be to write to the Governor of the Leeward Islands, Sir John Glover, or to the Colonial Secretary, both residing at Antigua, and state what you desire and ask their advice; or better still, write to the President of St. Kitts, Alexander W. Moir, Esq., and ask him to be so good as to say what chance of success a good middle school would have in Basseterre, letting him know at the same time that it would be opened and conducted upon your own responsibility. Mrs. Brewer's opinion is that it would answer well.

"YOUR LOVING READER."—The translation of the French phrase is "Your very dear friend." Pronounce *fête*, as "fate" in English.

JOE.—Many thanks for your note. The subject has been mentioned.

ISLAND QUEEN.—The question has been answered, and the reason explained in last month's correspondence.

A BRANCH OF IVY and DOUGLAS.—Your feet are probably not well shod, or you do not wear warm enough clothes. Be careful to avoid a warm room, and proximity to the fire when you return to the house. Use a fine flannel if serge be too heavy. "A Branch of Ivy" wishes to know how to get rid of the two following burdens, viz., the fear of death, and the fear of being an "old maid." Fortunately this silly girl is only seventeen, so she has time to try to improve and strengthen her mind by a course of reading, of prayer, and of constant thought for, and service for others. She should take the Sermon on the Mount for her study, and see there both her duties, and privileges; the pursuit of holiness which is her first duty will relieve her from both fears, when she can realise that "He is with us always," in life and death.

DIX-NEUF.—See "Art of Letter Writing," April 10, 1880; "Art of Conversing Agreeably," July 23, 1881; "Dinners in Society," Feb. 12, 1881; "Duties of Servants," May 21, 1881; do., July 9, 1881; "The Foundation of all Good Breeding," October 30, 1880; "Mourning Attire," March 19, 1881; "Good Breeding in Daily Converse," Jan. 28, 1882; "Habits of Polite Society," December 10, 1881; "Etiquette for our Brothers," Nov. 4, 1882; "Carving for the Table,' March 31, 1883. Etiquette is to be observed in reference to "mourning," and to "carving," and is necessarily introduced in the articles entitled "Duties of Servants."

TOSTIG.—Your idea that "is" is the right word is entirely wrong. "Will prevent" is the phrase accepted by society, though to be grammatically correct, perhaps "should prevent" is better. The latter, however, sounds pedantic. Forgive us for suggesting that the language of your own note is singularly inelegant, and the use of the abbreviations, "I've," "I'll," and all such shortened expressions, is familiar and undignified, as well as vulgar, in writing. Several words are also misapplied, such as "reform," for "correct," and you conclude by saying, "I would feel obliged by an answer," which is an Irishism. Dickens's "Dictionary of London," or Cassell's "Old and New London," would suit you.

KATRINCHEN.—We should like to know so grateful a little girl, and we pray God to bless you, and help you to love and please Him better, as you desire to do. You must not feel discouraged. The text for which you inquire you will find in the Canticles viii. 7 ("Song of Solomon)."

E. R.—You will find plenty of advice suitable for persons in all classes of society, apart from any information given as you say, by "Ardern Holt." See vol. i., page 237; vol. ii., 73 and 534; 646 and 675, in the same vol. Again, see page 162, vol. iii., and 278 in same vol. We think a study of this series of articles will supply what you require.

LITTLE MOTHER.—Lions and tigers do the same as dogs when about to lie down. In a wild state the latter are supposed to turn round several times for the purpose of trampling down long grass and making a little round resting place, where they may curl themselves up comfortably, as is their wont. Your writing is legible, and fairly good, though not pretty.

CURLY TOPSY.—Both the bad habit and the bad temper may be conquered by determination on your own part, and by help from above, which you must continually seek. "Be not overcome of evil," a precept which would not have been written for our learning, except that we are quite able in God's strength "to overcome evil with good."

EDINBURGH.—We suppose you mean "silver foil;" you will probably procure it at a stationer's.

CORNFLOWER.—The difference at the present moment is well expressed by the two names, the one seeking to retain as far as possible the old ideas and laws; the other to alter them, in liberal concession to the advanced thoughts of the present day. You will find the whole of your last question discussed in Wordsworth's "Theophilus Anglicanus." We could not enter upon it, being too lengthy, and beyond our range

JIM'S PET.—We advise you to apply to Mrs. Crawshay, who keeps a registry for "lady helps." She carries out a system of her own, and originated the idea; office 163, Oxford-street, W. You will obtain information there as to what is generally required in persons holding such situations and what demand for them exists. Do not leave your present situation, until very sure of obtaining one of this description. You should pronounce well, make no vulgar mistakes in reference to the letter "h," nor in grammar with your negatives. Your spelling needs attention.

INTERESTED READER OF "G. O. P."—We do not advertise for people who purchase waste paper.

TRUTH.—You will find the books you require amongst our publications. Write to Mr. Tarn for our catalogues, those of the Religious Tract Society, and select for yourself. The prices are stated.

TWO LITTLE HOUSEKEEPERS. — See how to clean marble at page 655, vol. ii. To clean a copper kettle, use oil and finely powdered rotten-stone, leave the paste on it for a little time, and then polish with a leather. A good recipe for cleaning brass or copper is the following:—Take one ounce of oxalic acid, six ounces of rotten-stone, and half an ounce of gum-arabic, all in powder; one ounce of sweet oil, and sufficient water to make a paste. Apply a small portion, and rub dry with a flannel.

E. M. ABERYSTWITH.—1. We cannot break through our rules by giving addresses, which are identical with giving advertisements. There are certain laws connected with business transactions that may not be set aside in favour of our correspondents, however glad we might be to oblige them. 2. In poetry and in singing the word "wind" is pronounced as when you speak of "winding" a watch.

SPEEDWELL.—Advice to persons troubled with warts may be found at pages 319, 447, and 592, vol. i. Also at page 14, vol. ii. Sometimes they come from a low state of health, and a doctor's opinion on this question would be valuable.

PUNCH AND TOBY.—We think you should wash the stucco carefully with water "dashed" with hydrochloric acid, and then varnish or paint it. Statues may be preserved by melting two parts of wax in eight parts of pure essence of turpentine, applied hot, and spread thinly, so as not to fill up the delicate interstices and lines in the figures. They must be thoroughly dry before this varnish is applied. With reference to recipes for promoting the growth of the hair, you must look for those already given under the word "Hair" in our indexes.

M. R.—The following is said to be a good application for a damp wall. Dissolve three-quarters of a pound of mottled soap in one gallon of water. Paint this over the brick-work with a large flat brush, so as not to form any froth or lather. Leave this to dry for twenty-four hours; at the same time mix half a pound of alum with four gallons of water, and leave it to stand during that period, and by this time the wall will be dry and ready for application over the dry soap-wash. This treatment should be carried out in dry weather.

HOMEBIRD has our best thanks for her kind and grateful letter. We are very glad to hear that our paper has been such a comfort to her.

IOTO.—Many thanks for your letter and the recipe it contained. The motto, "You can always add to, but never take from, in cooking," is indeed a safe and good one.

E. G. Y.—Place a piece of blotting-paper on the right side of the velvet and hold a very hot iron over it. The heat will probably draw the grease out.

HETTIE AND HER SISTERS.—You will find no difficulty in getting THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER in Montreal. We have many subscribers in all parts of Canada.

DOLLY.—The recommendation of the gentleman you mention would be sufficient provided he gives his full name and address, also that of your father, so that a visit of personal inquiry may be paid if desired.

BUSY BEE.—If "not the worse for wear," why not leave your jacket as it is? Sponge with a little ammonia and water to take out any spots, and then brush well.

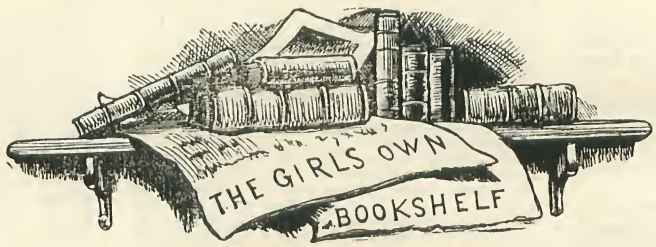
ISA.—You have probably kept the pictures in too damp a place, and the one that has mildewed was not sufficiently dry when you put it away. We do not know what you can do, save by trying the preservative medium, perhaps.

THE FIELD."—Both are addressed as "Lady So-and-So." "Ye Banks and Braes" is a well-known Scotch air, which many composers have arranged for the piano.

L. V. C. is kind enough to send us a cure for chilblains. "Boil some potatoes with the peel on, and use the water as hot as possible, dipping the part affected into it for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. Do this every time the chilblains feel irritable, and after a day or two they will dry up and go away. The potato-water is, to a certain extent, poisonous, and makes the chilblains very sore at first, but it is the only certain cure I have ever found." Many thanks for the trouble you have taken.

OUIDA.—You had better procure a small picture of the virginia creeper, and see the colours from that. The General Secretary of the Scotch Girls' Friendly Society is Miss Macleod, 20, Coates-gardens, Edinburgh, who will give you information, no doubt.

ENIGMA.—Accept many thanks. We regret to decline your proffered kindness. Very good and legible writing.



The following volumes of Stories and Miscellaneous Articles taken from the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER *are now ready, and may be obtained of the usual booksellers:—*

CORA: or, Three Years of a Girl's Life. With numerous Illustrations by M. ELLEN EDWARDS. Price Half-a-Crown.

THE GIRL'S OWN COOKERY BOOK. By PHILLIS BROWNE. With Prefatory Notes by Sir RISDON BENNETT, M.D., F.R.S. Price One Shilling.—This book is not simply a collection of cookery recipes, although a number of recipes are to be found in it. It is intended rather to fill the place of a guide or key to Cookery. The object which the Author has had before her in writing it is to inform those girls who wish to acquire skill in the art of preparing food, concerning the method to be employed, with the why and the wherefore thereof.

THE QUEEN O' THE MAY. By ANNE BEALE. Price Three Shillings. Reprinted by special request.

A CROWN OF FLOWERS. Being Poems and Pictures collected from the pages of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Edited by CHARLES PETERS. Quarto. Six Shillings, cloth boards.—This is a large and handsome volume, containing several hundred choice illustrations drawn by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A., M. Ellen Edwards, W. J. Hennessy, Davidson Knowles, John C. Staples, Robert Barnes, Charles Green, Arthur Hopkins, William Small, Frank Dadd, the late Cecil Lawson, and others; printed on fine paper. The poems—which are varied and interesting in character, and worth committing to memory—are by the best English writers, among whom may be mentioned the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," Sarah Doudney, Helen Marion Burnside, F. E. Weatherley, Sarah Geraldina Stock, Annie Matheson, Anne Beale, Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks, the Rev. Wm. Cowan, Sydney Grey, Edward Oxenford, Isabella Fyvie Mayo, and the Dowager Lady Barrow.

THE MASTER'S SERVICE. A Practical Guide for Girls. By LADY BRABAZON, DORA HOPE, ALICE KING, and MARY SELWOOD. Price Half-a-Crown.

Other Volumes of the Series will shortly be announced.

MANDARINE.—We are much obliged by your letter and its inclosure, but our staff is already complete.

A LITTLE POLISH LADY. — "Low Sunday" is so called because it was the custom of the ancients to repeat on that day some part of the solemnities which were performed on Easter Day. It was therefore celebrated as a feast, though of lower degree than Easter.

CREENA.—Many thanks for your nice note. You will find the addresses of such societies in the *Queen* generally. We regret to decline your request.

INDEX.—The indexes are now republished. We do not insert such subjects, as they are not suitable to our paper.

AN URGENT CASE.—We sympathise much with you. We do not consider that there is any cure or remedy save in the will and determination of the person herself to conquer her vice. God's grace is sufficient for her, and earnest anxious prayer on the part of both herself and others. All stimulants should be at once given up; that is the first step in the right direction.

ENNA.—Send the flowers by all means; they are always an acceptable and perfectly proper gift to the minister himself, with your visiting card, and "Mrs. So-and-So's compliments" inscribed thereon.

GRIZZLY, NETTY, AND MEG.—The heels of the present season are of medium height, and the toes rather more reasonable in width.

PONY.—We have no advice to give. Such employment would be obtained by personal exertion and inquiry.

BLUEBELL.—If the dress be intended to be useful afterwards, during the summer, we should advise the choice of a pretty sateen. You can select the style from the illustrations in "Correct Clothing."

EMILY KEEN.—An explanation of the term "fault" in a seam of coal is given on page 347, vol. iv. The word "hiccough" is not used in the plural.

DOROTHY SLACK VERON.—We see St. Raphael is now much recommended as a winter home, and we hear the climate is delightful. We do not advise your taking a house unless you are accustomed to housekeeping abroad. If St. Raphael would not suit you, perhaps you would find Pegli answer; but you should consult your doctor, who will probably have an opinion to give.

MAUD.—Press the flowers in sheets of blotting-paper, which should be changed every day or two, as damp paper ruins the colour.

WHITEBAIT.—1. The examinations at the College of Preceptors would answer the purpose. 2. You need not say anything unless you please.

JONATHAN.—We think the letters might be renewed with Brunswick black; but why not inquire of a marble cutter?

B. M.—The first quotation we think to be incorrect; the second is from *Hamlet*, act i., scene 2.

F. S.—You will find the quotation amongst the occasional pieces of Southey.

DOLLY.—The Viscountess Beaconsfield died December 15th, 1872. You must read the rules for the competition carefully.

A WHARFEDALE SCHOOLGIRL.—Put a drop or two of sweet oil round the stopper, and allow it to remain there for a few days. A stopper can sometimes be removed by making the neck of the bottle as hot as possible short of breaking it.

ESMERALDA. — Girls usually "put up their hair" at about sixteen; at present the newest method of dressing it is to raise it very high on the head, a style which suits some people very well. Your writing needs improvement.

EARL OF WARWICK. — You should certainly have a companion of some kind in your rides near London.

THEODORA ANNA.—Wash the swansdown with soap and water, and shake before a fire till dry.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—Whenever the nails become troublesome to the bird they should be cut. Canaries should be hung where they are quite out of a draught.

D. COX.—There are several methods, but the subject is too lengthy to be discussed here. We see no objection to your learning to sing now.

HENLEY-ON-THAMES.—Avoid indigestible food, and choose the most nourishing. Haste, worry, anxiety, and stimulants are to be avoided. Many people feel better when troubled with the "fluttering" feeling for taking a teaspoonful of sal-volatile in a glass of water.

"LE LION DE FLANDRE."—The poem called "Abou Ben Adhem" is by Leigh Hunt, and will be found in any of his poems.

C. H. B.—We should advise you to apply to the Agent-General for New Zealand, who has an office in Victoria-street, where you will obtain full particulars.

MIZPAH.—We could not give an answer unless we knew more particulars of the coin.

CARINA.—We think Messrs. Novello & Co., Berners-street, would supply you with what you need.

EREMA.—Many thanks for your kind and gracious letter of thanks. Such letters repay us for our trouble many times over.

NEST.—The meaning of *In recto decus* is, "There is credit or honour in doing right."

SNOWBALL.—Apply to a doctor, and get a proper prescription. There is evidently something wrong with your general health.

LIVERPOOL.—Keep your feet warm and dry, and, if needful, have a hot-water bottle always, especially when sitting still at your lessons.

LAZY GIRL.—You would only obtain such work by your own personal exertions, and the payment when found is not great. Your writing is neat and legible, but not suitable for the purpose.

GWLADYS.—Remain about half an hour after luncheon.

VOL. IV.—NO. 185. JULY 14, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A LONG LANE WITH A TURNING.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XV.

"HAVE THERE AGAIN YOUR FAITH AND TROTH."

AGAIN Cassie had won the desire of her heart. When James left her after their conversation in the drawing-room, she knew that he was hers, although he still nominally belonged to Mary. Her feeling for him was almost the only real feeling she had ever known; and, as usual, she put forth all her will-force to sweep away the obstacle that came betwixt her wish and its accomplishment.

As for James, there was enough of good in him to make him hate himself for the part he was playing. As the summer days glided by, and he shunned Mrs. Gratton's house, he suffered keener pangs of shame than anyone ever knew. Mary received hints from Mrs. Gratton which filled her with anger and bitterness. She had told James that she trusted him—was that trust to be shaken by any idle gossip? He would come by-and-by, she thought, and explain everything. But he did not come. And then Rose Newcastle came to her, and gave her the only counsel that a wise and loving friend could give.

"Mary," she said, "James Listowe is neglecting you; but he goes to Holly Lodge every day. Dear Mary, you must put an end to this."

Mary sat and looked at her for some moments with slowly widening eyes. When she spoke it was in a very quiet tone, and she took Rose's hand and held it tightly as if she felt the need of something to cling to.

"This is not all Cassie's doings, Rose," she answered. "The change in him began before she came. It was not so much a changed love, as a changed self. I tried to shut my eyes, and not see it, but I felt it."

"I see," said Rose, thoughtfully. "The falseness was in him, and Cassie has brought it out. Well, let her have her prize, such as it is!"

"There is only one thing to be done," Mary went on, in the same quiet tone, "and I shall do it, Rose, without delay."

Rose kissed her and departed almost in silence.

It was Saturday afternoon. Boarders and teachers were amusing themselves

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"THERE WAS, AS SHE HAD SAID, ONLY ONE THING TO BE DONE."

in the garden; Mrs. Gratton had gone out, and the house was unusually still. When the door had closed upon Rose, Mary slowly ascended the three flights of stairs which led to her attic, that attic which Cassie had envied long ago, because of its spaciousness. It was a pleasant sanctum in summer when the nasturtiums that had been trained round the window gave it something of a bowery aspect. Mary had spent many happy hours here; she had dreamed her *tranquil little dreams*, and written her poems within these four white-washed walls. But now, as she entered the room with her slow step, she felt as if the change that had passed over her whole life had even swept through this chamber of hers, giving it a strange look of unfamiliarity. Her sorrow had been here before her, chasing all the bright visions out of the attic, and leaving it desolate and bare.

There was, as she had said, only one thing to be done. Her first act was to draw the betrothal ring from her finger, and lay it on the little table beside her desk. And then she sat down, calmly, to write the few lines which should set James Listowe at liberty.

Her letter was very brief. The things that are graven on our hearts "with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond" are not those that we can easily jot down upon paper. Letter and ring were sealed up, and despatched; and Mary nerved herself to face her loss.

Did the loss of that human love leave the spirit freer to seek the love Divine? Not at first; because the burden of shattered hopes was pressing her down to the dust. She could put no faith even in a future when the sick soul should renew its strength, and shake off its trammels. She had not even heart enough to tell herself that this mood would pass away.

Yet it did pass away. On Sunday afternoon she went alone to the old church, and hid herself again in the big square pew, where she had sat to listen to Arthur's farewell sermon. It was so warm that the doors were set open, and the scent of the blossoming limes drifted in from the churchyard. The old prayers and the familiar perfumes soothed her and set her tears flowing; and, by-and-by, she was conscious of a great peace. For twelve months she had been a very troubled creature, tormented by doubts, struggling with self-reproaches, always asking her heart questions which could not be answered. It was all over now; "all the dull, deep pain, and the constant anguish of patience," and while she knelt in her quiet corner, she thanked God for the ending. It is a kind hand that writes finis when the love-story is wearisome and long.

Afterwards she went to Mr. Newcastle's house, and talked over her future plans with Rose and the good clergyman. Bobby Varner came in before the conference was ended, and, somehow, the sight of the boy's rosy face and the sound of his voice seemed to hearten Mary.

"I am going into trousers in the autumn," he told her, confidentially. "You'll see the last of my legs this summer."

He was wearing a Highland costume, and looked down as he spoke at a pair of knees that had seen a good deal of wear and tear.

"I don't think I shall be here in the autumn, Bobby," said Mary, wistfully.

"Shan't you?" he asked, with eyes widely opened. "Oh, I suppose Cassie has been doing mischief again; I heard Tom saying something about it. He said she was like Cir—Cir—"

"Circe," suggested Mary.

"That's it. She was a woman who turned men into swine."

On that very Sunday evening, when the church clocks were striking ten, James Listowe was walking along the quiet road that skirts the creek of Yare. This creek, sometimes a melancholy waste of slimy mud, in which men and boys waded for cockles, was now filled with salt water, as the tide from the harbour came flowing in. A fresh breeze, blowing from the sea, rustled the foliage of the trees that bordered the road, and rippled the flood as it lay shining in the light of a summer moon. Suddenly pausing in his hurried walk, James came to a standstill, and remained a solitary black figure, stationed at the edge of the creek, so near that the little waves almost washed his feet.

The course that Mary had taken was precisely what he had expected, and yet he was very far from rejoicing in his freedom. It is one thing to desire release, and another thing to get it. The snapping of the chain was painful. Moreover, as he stood there in the night stillness, there were certain warning voices that made themselves heard. Had not Mary been to him, in some measure, a good angel? And now that he was about to leave her for a vain and selfish woman, would not his better self bid him farewell?

Then he bethought him of his debts, and Cassie's fortune. He was not man enough to begin to retrench, and extricate himself from his difficulties without the aid of Miss Decke. And Cassie's beauty and blandishments had their effect upon him. If he let the heiress slip through his fingers, that conceited puppy, Lilly, might carry her off in triumph. With all his worldly wisdom, James was not keen enough to see that Cassie had merely used the curate as a bogie, and would let him drop as soon as her purpose was achieved. She had never had the slightest intention of sacrificing herself to a poor parson.

The ring that Mary had sent back to him was lying in his waistcoat pocket. He took it out and looked at it in the moonlight, with a remembrance of the day when it had slipped from the slim little finger, and he had restored it to its place. And then, with a sharp pang, he raised his arm, and flung the ring far out into the seething waters of the creek. Perhaps the cockle-pickers might find it imbedded in the mud some day; but, anyhow, he should never see it on another woman's hand, nor be tormented with it as a relic of the past.

In a few days all Yare knew that Cassie Decke and James Listowe were engaged. Cassie told everybody, and gave everybody her version of the story.

"Dear Mary never understood him," she said, plaintively. "It was a mistake from the beginning. She has been wanting to be released for a long time, poor child! How sad it is, dear Miss Robinson, when the wrong people come together, and how thankful one feels when they are parted before the bond becomes indissoluble! I am an old friend; in his disappointment James naturally turned to me, and nobody can blame me for trying to make him happy."

But Cassie's plausible reasoning did not persuade all her hearers that she was quite without fault. We cannot always hide our freckles and wrinkles by darkening the windows, or sitting with our backs to the light. Somebody is sure to catch a glimpse of us in the sunshine. And although the sorrows of a little governess were too unimportant to rouse the indignation of Yare, there were some kind souls who shook their heads over Mr. Listowe and his second *fiancée*, and said that it was ill work to build a new love upon the ruins of an old.

Mr. Wenlock, in these days a busier man than he had ever been before, had never entirely lost sight of Mary Berrithorne, and had not failed to call on her when he chanced to pay a visit to Yare. The new church was finished. The population of Rookfield was still increasing, and often did the good vicar long to hear Arthur's voice within the walls of the sanctuary he had helped to rear. But Arthur was still working amongst the Caffre tribes, going from station to station, unwearied in his zeal and love. Sometimes a long time elapsed, and no letters came to Kate Glendon at the Rookery, nor to Mr. Wenlock at the vicarage. The busy missionary could not send news to England so often as was desired. But when the letters did come, they were always cheerful and hopeful in tone, and not one trace of home sickness was ever betrayed in them. There was no hint of returning to his own land; no sign of turning back from the plough.

When the tidings of Mary's broken engagement reached Mr. Wenlock, his indignation almost got the better of his prudence. He could hardly restrain himself from going to James and bitterly upbraiding him with his perfidy. Was it for this that Arthur's dearest hope had been sacrificed? The good man paced up and down his little study until his anger had fairly exhausted him, and then he flung himself into his old arm-chair, and looked out wearily upon the disused church, and the quiet graveyard.

It was not his own earthly happiness that he had desired so ardently; it was Arthur's cup that he had longed to fill to the brim with bliss. But that cup was not in his hands. A dimness came between his eyes and the grey tower and green mounds, and he wondered if all these sore perplexities and disappointments would indeed pass away and be no more remembered in the eternal world. Or, if remembered, could the memory be without bitterness?

He wrote to Arthur, telling him that

Mary was once more free, but making few comments upon the conduct of James and Cassie. Nor did he refer in any way to that old attachment of which Arthur had only spoken when it became a hopeless thing. He did not believe that time and change of scene had destroyed a love that had sprung up in a nature so faithful as that of Arthur Beachley. But he had little hope that these tidings would bring him back to England. Arthur had entered upon his career as a missionary with the full determination that no hardships should discourage him in his work, and no temptation lure him away from it. Many a man, who had thought himself fitted for missionary labour, had found it too hard, and had relinquished it when the first difficulties began to present themselves. But Arthur's quiet fortitude sustained him where some of his more enthusiastic brethren had failed.

He had proved plainly enough that he had neither miscalculated his strength, nor mistaken mere restlessness for the true call. Was it well, then, to wish or tempt him to give up the work that God had set him to do, just because that work must be done in a far-off part of the great harvest-field? Mr. Wenlock knew that he dared not ask him to leave that labour; and so he wrote his letter, and told his news without hinting that this intelligence might change the whole course of Arthur's life.

Months after that letter had been written, Arthur sat reading it on the brink of one of the deep canals made by the Boers. All around him lay a light yellow plain, with a faint tinge of green here and there, and in the west there were ranges of hills. It was sunset; just above the hills the sky had taken its glories of amber and emerald; a herd of antelopes went bounding across the plain; the evening wind, deliciously cool, softly rustled the coarse grasses and berry-bearing bushes. Arthur folded up the letter, and then sat looking dreamily at the marvellous sunset colours.

He did not see them; nor did he see the antelopes, and the vast yellow plains. The bare walls of the old church in Yare had risen up before him, and in a square pew, in a side aisle, he saw one pale, earnest face uplifted, with eyes fixed upon him, unwaveringly. He caught a glimpse of the leafless limes through the plain glass windows, and heard the sweep of the winter wind in the churchyard.

When should he see that face again? Perhaps not until this mortal shall have put on immortality. And then he thought within himself that the mouth would have lost its sad lines, and the eyes their look of infinite questioning. Poor Mary! Ithuriel's spear had been busy in her life.

He sat musing until the shadows had gathered over the plain, while light still lingered above the hills. The hollow cry of an ostrich came drifting towards him from far off as he turned his steps back to the mission station. There were evening classes held in the missionary-house, and the dark-skinned pupils assembled as usual, little guessing the wanderings of their teacher's thoughts that night. The next day found him seated in a lumbering Cape waggon, travelling slowly over sandy soil to another station miles and miles away.

Was he tempted to cross the sea, and go back to his own land, there to begin a new life, full of fresh interest, and cares that would be precious burdens? The heavy wheels creaked; the slow oxen plodded on, and if Arthur were visited by any home-longings, he crushed them down with a stern hand.

(*To be continued.*)

NEW MUSIC.

Forsyth Brothers.

The White Rose. Schottische. By Joseph Sherwood.—The character of the dance is well preserved. The music is easy and pleasant.

Twilight Dreams. Nocturne. By Joseph Sherwood.—A dreamy placid little nocturne, written in four flats; smooth, and easy to learn and play.

The Snow Ball. Polka. By Joseph Sherwood.—Our young friends will be amused with the frontispiece and pleased with the polka. It is easy and short.

J. B. Cramer.

R. N. A. V. March. By Florence M. Fulton. Dedicated by permission to the Officers of the Birkenhead Battery R. N. A. V.—A crisp, well marked march. The melody is smoothly sustained whilst the accompanying harmonies are sharp and light. The piece is altogether pleasing, and sure to be a favourite with our young pianoforte players.

C. Jeffreys.

A Dream of the Sea. Impromptu caractéristique. By Arthur E. Klitz. A smooth andante singing movement, with easy accompaniment. In page 4 the air is taken by the left hand, whilst the right performs a flowing and smooth series of open chords. We think this piece will please all who play or listen to it.

Wood and Co.

La Gaité. Caprice brillante. By Gilbert Byass.—A quick and lively caprice presenting no difficulties, yet decidedly worthy of the favour it will be sure to gain, both by learners and teachers.

Bath.

Cordelia. Rigodon. By H. A. Muscat.—A quite easy piece for the pianoforte. Lively and pleasant to learn and commit to memory.

The Golden Age. Words by Edward Oxenford. Music by Annie L. Pernet.—Words and music are pleasing, and nicely blended. The air is simple and the accompaniment easy.

Conrad Herzog.

The Amora. Polka. By Edward A. Sutton.—A very easy little polka to be added to the *répertoire* of our juvenile pianoforte learners.

Leaving the Old Home. Waltzes. By Edward A. Sutton.—Three waltzes by the same composer, dedicated to "My sister Ada, Easter, 1883," written in an easy style and in easy keys.

E. Phillips.

Joyous Springtime. Morceau de Salon. By R. Odell.—A very nice little change from the daily practice of scales and studies, and sufficiently varied to bring out the musical knowledge and proficiency of the beginner on the pianoforte.

Odell's Grande Valse Brillante.—This valse requires a moderately-advanced player, with brilliant touch and good expression, although far from difficult in other respects.

At Length. Words by Hugh Conway. Music by A. H. Behrend.—A rather sad little song, by the composer of "Auntie" and "Two Children." Very simple and easy.

White, Brothers.

Guards' Parade March. By F. Croft.—A good, military-sounding march, decided and cheerful. Quite easy and short—two points in favour with our young pianoforte-players.

Danse Romanesca. Italian dance. By Karl Muscat.—A short and easy piece, also suited for beginners.

Gelachter. Polka. By Karl Muscat.—An easy, pleasing polka without any difficulties. Our young friends will find this polka an agreeable recreation piece in the midst of their more earnest and necessary practice of pianoforte music.

Aide de Camp. Galop Brillante for pianoforte. By Oliver Cramer.—A good, stirring galop in four flats; suitable for a moderately brilliant performer. The time and expression are well-marked and quickly caught.

Mildred. Valse. By Louis Colas.—Another easy piece to be added to the lively dance music of our younger pianoforte-players.

Hutchings and Romer and David Swan.

Elégie. For Pianoforte. By V. H. Zavertal. Dedicated to Miss M. Mendelssohn.—A characteristic piece in memory of Richard Wagner, written in three flats. A plaintive, funeral march of moderate difficulty, and well written.

Dance of Sprites. Tarantella. By Oliver Cramer.—A very good, brilliant, and easy tarantella. A style always pleasing and useful as a bright piece to be played from memory.

Yours for Ever. Polka. By V. H. Zavertal.—A simple polka, written in an easy key; suitable for quite young performers.

Robert Cocks and Co.

Chilpéric. Fantaisie sur l'opéra de Hervé. Par George Frederick West.—A selection of the principal melodies of this tuneful opera, treated in Mr. West's usual felicitous style, though a little beyond the average difficulty of his arrangements.

Bridal March. From Wagner's "Lohengrin," arranged as a pianoforte duet. By George Frederick West.—An easy and effective arrangement of this well-known and beautiful march. We notice that Mr. West has here adopted Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's method of distinguishing the bind or tie from the slur by writing the binds thus—⁀

Marcia alla Turca. From Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens." Arranged as a duet. By George Frederick West.—This also makes a very pretty duet, without presenting any difficulties even to a juvenile performer.

Octavia. A study for imparting freedom to the wrist. By Etienne Claudet.—Certainly a good octave study, but the first two lines on page 4 will be found rather awkward.

Two Hands. Song. Words by Harriet Prescott Spofford. Music by W. T. Hoeck.—Evidently the work of a musician, and of a musician who has made a study of Schubert's form of song-writing. Although the first part is perhaps a little gloomy, the brightness of the last part forms a striking contrast, and is well worked out. The music is certainly far in advance of the words, which, in our opinion, are so mysterious as to be somewhat unintelligible.

A LETTER.

MY DEAR JEANIE,—I arrived all safe at Bombay, and now, as you asked me, I will give you an account of my voyage. I believe that before I started I told you I was going in a troopship. She is very large, and painted white, as all the Indian troopships are. About the middle of the deck there is the hold, and here all my luggage was put. Some boxes had green labels put on them, and these were not to be opened till I arrived at my destination; the others had white labels, and these might be opened when I got into the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, for it gets very hot, and I wanted thin clothes. The steamer was called the "Crocodile," and there are a great many little holes in her side, and at a distance of about 400 yards they look like so many slits, but they really are either port-holes for the guns to fire out of, or cabin windows which are called bull's eyes. But if I am so long describing the ship, I shall never get to my voyage, so now I will begin. We started on a Sunday morning in September about 8.30, and steamed out of harbour very swiftly, for both wind and tide were in our favour. As it was Sunday, about 11 a.m. the troops, and as many of the crew as could be spared, were gathered on deck, and the chaplain performed service. I daresay you will wonder what was used for a reading-desk, but we were not at all at a loss what to do, for two of the men got the big drum and laid it on the deck, and put the little ones on top of the big one, and covered the whole with flags, and when we came to the hymn the instruments were used instead of an organ, so altogether it was a very beautiful service. After service we were able to look about, and we saw the Isle of Wight getting smaller in the distance. So now I was fairly launched on what was to prove a pleasant voyage. But as we got more into the open sea, the captain foretold what he called "dirty weather," and we were having now what any ordinary person not accustomed to the sea would call "dirty weather:" great dark waves were seen curling, and what I called white horses galloping about in a very wild fashion. But after two or three days of this, we had beautiful weather, which lasted till we got to the Bay of Biscay, which bay is always subject to sudden gales, which make it very disagreeable for some people. I, however, enjoyed myself very much. I went about everywhere with Captain Anderson (for that was the captain's name), and saw him take his observations. One day it become very rough just as we were rounding Cape Finisterre, and when we came to dinner, and the captain was carving the joint, the ship gave a lurch and the joint slipped down the table on to the first Lieutenant's knees. The captain sat down and said, "I'll trouble you for the meat, please, Mr. Ray." Oh! how we laughed; the captain said it so calmly, just as if Mr. Ray had taken it on purpose. Nothing of importance occurred till we arrived at Gibraltar and were anchored within the new Mole. After we had seen enough of the Rock of Gibraltar from the ship, we went on land, and proceeded to explore it. First of all, we walked through the town, meeting guards and sentries every two or three hundred yards; then we went up to the signal station, which is on top of the rock, and from whence one of the most splendid views in the world is obtained. On one side the Mediterranean stretches away for many miles, and part of the southern coast of Europe, and on the other a good deal of Spain and the Atlantic. We pricked our fingers very much in trying to get some prickly pears that grew on the top. As we came back, we thought the town looked very funny, for all the houses are perched upon different points of the rock. Next day, when we went on shore, we watched the barges going to the ship with coal, and we also visited the galleries where the guns are put to defend the place. This recalled to our minds the siege of Gibraltar, when the French fleets were destroyed by Governor Elliot firing red-hot shot into them. About 3 p.m. we steamed away, and on the morning of the third day we came in sight of Malta, where we stopped to change some troops, and we went on shore and walked through Valetta, and bought a few silver ornaments for our friends in England. In the evening we returned to the "Crocodile," and steamed away towards the Suez Canal, which we reached on the morning of the fourth day. I may tell you that we had a very good view of Cyprus, being within three miles of the shore. About half a day passed before we reached Alexandria; we did not stop there, but went straight on through the Suez Canal, and we saw the Pyramids too, in the distance. Then we got into the Red Sea, and here it was so hot that all the hatches had to be opened, and we lay about the deck in all sorts of light clothing. The captain very kindly had an awning put up over part of the deck, and here we could bring our camp-stools, and sit and read or work. Then our thin clothes came in handy, for it was too hot to wear anything thicker than muslin or cambric. We soon arrived in the Persian Gulf, where some of the officers amused themselves by fishing. Then we went across the Indian Ocean. I should have said that in the Mediterranean,

and now in the Indian Ocean, we used to have dances on deck in the evening, and they were very nice in the moonlight. While we were going across the sea near Bombay, we passed one or two ships and exchanged signals. In about ten days we arrived at our destination, the great commercial city of the west of India, with its population of 644,405.

Believe me, your affectionate friend,

GRACE MITCHELL (aged 12).

Imperial Hotel, Belier Place, Bombay.

October 14th, 1882.

Certified by E. Mitchell, Lieut.-Col. R.E., Guernsey.

PICCIOLA.

IN a dungeon damp and dreary
Sits a captive sad and lone;
E'en his very looks are weary
As he muses there alone.
But look closer, and his forehead
Dark and frowning you will see.
Read you, in his gaze defiant,
"What is liberty to me?"

On his finely-chiselled features
Discontent is firm enthroned;
Lineaments that show a spirit
Ne'er to resignation toned.
Then alone the room he paces,
Pride is mingled in that tread,
Pride that would have graced a monarch,
In that spirit reigns instead.

Who this prisoner here confined?
Sad and aimless is his life,
Better he had died in triumph
'Mid the fallen in the strife.
Better he had felt the billows
Wanton with his brine-washed hair;
Better death than gloomy dungeon,
And a life of dull despair.

Ah! he is no warrior hostage
Ta'en in war, no captive he—
Other things made him a prisoner;
Yet he longed not to be free.
Ask his name and he will tell you,
On his lip a curl of scorn:
"Charles, Count Véramont de Charney,
I a nobleman was born."

"Car'st thou not for light and sunshine,
Lovely flowers and shady trees?
Lov'st thou not to hear the songsters,
Or to feel the gentle breeze?
See'st thou not a God above thee,
Moving, breathing, all in all,
Who will ne'er permit the humblest
Of His little ones to fall?"

Comes his answer, scornful, haughty:
"Earth has lost its charms for me;
And, as for a God Almighty,
I in that do not agree.
Matter all things has created,
Earth below, the stars above,
Have gone on through endless ages,
Reason, science this can prove."

But there comes a light unlooked for
To this proud, yet thirsting heart,
Which his wisest friends and truest
Tried to, but could not impart.
In the poor floor of his dungeon
Lo! a little seed takes root;
Curiosity awakened
Sees the tiny seedling shoot.

Higher, broader, fairer, greener
Grows that plant from day to day.
Interested now, De Charney
Watches ev'ry leaf and spray,
Gazes whilst the buds develop
Into lovely fairy flowers,
Then he calls it "Picciola"—
Solace of my captive hours.

By that flow'ret's ministration
Atheism's germs decrease,
Till at last all doubts and conflicts
In that weary bosom cease;
And when liberty is offered
Charney hails her with a smile—
He can now love and enjoy her,
Being now the Father's child.

Picciola! precious floweret!
Thou'st fulfilled thy mission well,
Saved a soul most highly gifted
From the very depths of hell;
Now thy loving work is over,
He whom thou reclaimed is free,
In the spirit, in the body,
O, how sweet is Liberty!

A. L. HUGHES (aged 16).

Certified by Elizabeth Stroyan.

THE WONDERLAND OF THE PACIFIC.

I LEFT Tauranga for Ohinemutu, a distance of 40 miles, 18 of which is through heavy bush, full of beautiful ferns; for 8 miles out of Tauranga the road is made of sea-shells, as gravel is not to be had.

We passed many interesting places on the road, one being the "Gate Pah," where so many of our brave soldiers were killed in a fight with the Maories.

Ohinemutu is a native settlement on the borders of Lake Rotorua, and situated in the midst of springs of all temperatures, from boiling to cold.

You see Maori men, women, and children at all times bathing in the lake, which is pleasantly warmed by many hot springs.

The springs are medicinal in their properties, and a great many invalids frequent the place, especially sufferers from rheumatism, and they derive great benefit from the baths.

There are three celebrated baths at Ohinemutu—the Lobster bath, for very bad cases of rheumatism; Madame Rachel's bath leaves a slight coating of silica, which feels like enamel, and from that reason is named after the famous Madame Rachel; and the Priest's bath, discovered by a Roman Catholic Priest, and is so strong with sulphuric acid, that people are advised not to stay in more than 20 minutes, as many have been known to faint after coming out of it.

Each of the hotels has its own natural hot bath. About 24 miles from Ohinemutu are some beautiful terraces and geysers; the terraces are composed of silica, forming most natural shell-like baths.

People also bathe in warm liquid mud, and think it very enjoyable; the Maories have the greatest faith in these mud baths.

MAUDE MCDONNELL (aged 16).

Here are the analyses of the two principal baths I have mentioned.

PRIEST'S BATH.

ANALYSIS. — Sulphate of soda, 19.24; traces of potash; sulphate of lime, 17.41; of magnesia 3.03; alumina, 21.67; iron, 1.24; sulphuric acid, 22.12; hydrochloric acid, 3.65; silica, 81.77; carbonic acid gas, 2.16; sulphurital acid gas, 2.98.

MADAME RACHEL'S BATH.

ANALYSIS.—Chloride of sodium, 69.43; of potassium, 3.41; traces of lithium, sulphate of soda, 11.80; silicate of soda, 18 21; of lime, 4.24; of magnesia, 1.02; iron and alumna oxides, 2.41; of silica, 5.87; carbonic acid gas, 3.79.

TWILIGHT.

WHEN the evening gathers round us
From our work we rest,
See the sun, in gold and crimson,
Sink down in the west.

And when all is still and silent,
Not a sound falls on our ear,
We can pray to God our Father,
Who is ever near.

If the day has brought us pleasure,
We should praise His name,
For He left His throne in heaven,
And to save us came.

And if it has brought us sorrow,
He will give us peace,
Guide us on through life's rough journey
Till our troubles cease.

If we've yielded to temptation,
He will all forgive,
If we ask Him, humbly wishing
Better lives to live.

Let us ask for strength and patience
Here to bear all loss,
To fight against our daily trials,
Well to bear the cross.

And if we leave the world behind us,
Throw aside renown,
He has promised that in heaven
We shall wear the crown.

BEATRICE (aged 14).

Certified by G. Walker, University College, Durham.

The Manse, Yarrawonga.

January 9th, 1883.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Our family now being in the possession of the three volumes of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, I write to let you know how your delightful paper is appreciated in Victoria. Every member of our family (consisting of eight) has, I am certain, derived both pleasure and instruction from it. For my own part, I think it the only good magazine for girls, and that it is impossible to rate it too highly. We live in a small township on the River Murray, just on the border of New South Wales and Victoria, so that we can boast of living in the "bush," especially as our nearest railway town is thirty-nine miles away. THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is getting more and more widely known up here, everybody who takes it praises it much, and whenever I meet anyone who takes in the *Young Ladies'* (?) *Journal*, or any other paper of that stamp, I think it my duty to recommend THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. As I write this I sit before my window, a warm breeze blowing in from the north, the sky is heavy with clouds which indicate a storm, a few faint chirpings from the birds are all the sounds to be heard. Standing at the window I can see New South Wales beyond the river, whose course is shown by the thick belt of red gum trees which line the bank. The country about here is very flat, and the nearest mountains to us are the Buffalo Ranges, once the hiding-place of the famous Kelly gang. To these mountains my father, brother, and a friend are going on a camping expedition. As they will be a considerable distance from any town, they will have to provide themselves with provisions of all sorts, besides blankets, tent, and rugs. I expect they will enjoy themselves very much, as it is a very pretty place to which they are going.

By-the-bye, when telling you about the usefulness of your paper, I forgot to tell you how well father managed to carry out one of your suggestions. A few months ago we held a bazaar in aid of the church, and as father is good at carpentering he made some Queen Anne tables out of old packing cases, as you suggested; the first two were square and covered with pretty chintz, but instead of covering the top with chintz, the same as the rest, he covered the tops with Christmas cards, and as father has what you may call an "artistic eye," the effect was very good indeed. The third table made was covered with black velveteen—at least, the shelf and legs were so covered, and the edge of the former bound round with a gold cord. Round the edge of the top of the table there was a

valance of black and gold brocaded rep (such as is used for furniture), edged with black fringe. The Christmas cards on the top brightened it up, and altogether the tables were a great success, being much admired; they also sold for a good price. I must now close, and with very many good wishes for your paper, I remain, yours truly,

River Murray Bush Girl
(Australia), No. 2. (aged 15).

ANOTHER FEMALE CRUSOE.

The San Francisco *Call* contains an interesting account of an Indian woman who was accidently abandoned on San Nicholas Island, off the coast of Southern California, and spent 18 years alone there before she was rescued. The fact of her existence was discovered by a man who went from the mainland to hunt for otters, and who found footprints sunk deeply in the ground. He was unable to follow up these indications for nearly three years, when one of the party who accompanied him came suddenly upon the object of their search. She was in a small circular enclosure made of brushwood, about 5 ft. high and 6 ft. in diameter, with a small opening on one side. She was clothed with a garment made of skins of the shag, a species of duck that can neither walk nor fly. This garment reached almost to her ankles when she stood erect. She was sitting cross-legged, skinning seal blubber with a rude knife made of a piece of hoop iron driven into a piece of wood. There was no covering on her head, except a thick matted mass of hair of yellowish brown colour, probably owing to exposure to the sun and the weather; it was short, as if the ends had rotted off. There were some wild dogs on the island, a few of which kept near her, and seem to regard her as a mistress. She had lived on a plant resembling cabbage, called by Californians *palo santo*, and a root known by the name of *coreomite*, also blubber of the various kinds of seals, etc. She had a rude apparatus for catching shell-fish, and strong fishing lines made of seal sinews, which seemed to indicate that she fished in the ocean. The expression of her face was pleasing, her features were regular, her complexion much fairer and her form more symmetrical than that of the Indian women on the adjoining mainland. Some suspect that she belonged to a tribe much farther north. She could not understand anything that was said to her in any of the Indian dialects of South California, but she had a wonderful capacity for conversing by signs. She retained all her teeth, but they were worn low, supposed to be due to her chewing tough and hard articles of food. Her age appeared to be about 50 years. She bowed to all who came near her, greeting them with a smile. She freely accompanied her discoverers to their vessel, but her conduct at once convinced them that she retained the virtue of female modesty. She showed singular dexterity for making water vessels from grass and asphaltum, a substance which is plentiful both on the island and the mainland. She seemed to recognise several of the appliances of civilisation. She died about seven weeks after reaching the mainland, partly from the effects of a fall, partly from dysentery, brought on by eating fruits and vegetables. Padre Gonzalez, the superior of the mission of Santa Barbara, has sent her dress of shagskins, her baskets and implements, to Rome, to the Museum of the Propaganda.

SLEEP.

By Medicus.

"Surely," I said to myself, "I must be dreaming, and yet it hardly seems or feels like a dream. Here I sit in my study chair pen in——no, the pen has fallen on the floor. But I'm in the room that I entered but a short half hour ago. I had no companions then, all was as still as summer evenings ever are in the country; there was the rustling of the west wind through the rose bushes, that trail over the verandah, the fluting of the blackbird and the wild joyous notes of the nightingale. There was one large bright-winged butterfly in the room, who had lost himself, and a great velvety bee who had come in through the French window, and was examining, with his thousand eyes, the pattern of the carpet. "Dead sea fruit," he was singing, "flowers without perfume! blossoms without honey!"

But now what a change! No wonder that I rubbed my eyes and looked, and rubbed my eyes and looked again. Had my study, which as a rule bears an aspect of almost austere respectability, been suddenly crowded with lovely little elves, male and female sprites? Some seemed to be sitting, some lounging, some promenading about, but all apparently perfectly at home and on the very best of terms with themselves. They used my books as chairs or lounges with the utmost *sang froid;* one little imp had got astride of the guitar to play, half a dozen were chasing the butterfly, another half dozen had got the big bee on his back, and were tickling him to make him laugh.

"In the name of mystery," I exclaimed at last, "what means this—— this—— ?"

I did not like to say "intrusion," so hesitated.

"Most learned sir," said one little sprite, strutting towards me and twirling an imaginary moustache. He was dressed like a midshipman or a midshipmite, and toyed with his dirk as he gazed audaciously up into my face —"Most learned sir. We are a band of quotations from the poets."

"Oh! indeed," I answered, "are you now?"

"Yes, we heard you were going to write a paper for your fair readers on the subject of 'Sleep.'"

"I am," said I; "that is my present intention."

"And no doubt," said the sprite, "it will, like all your other lucubrations, scintillate with wit, and sparkle with genius."

I here stretched out my hand to seize this sailor elf, with the intention of throwing him out at the window, but he stepped nimbly back.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, "but we know what girls are—at least *I* do;" here he stroked his upper *lip*. "They must have poetry, sir, and in a paper on 'sleep,' you must have quotations. Now, sir, I am the sailor boy who sleeps on the 'giddy topmast,' you must have me to begin with. Step forward, ladies and gentlemen, and let me introduce you to the erudite doctor.

"There," he continued, presenting a pretty little female fairy, "is a quotation from Young, 'Nature's sweet restorer'—you know you can't do without her. And here," handing up another, "is a gentle thing from Coleridge, and here is the 'Balm of hurt minds,' and here, 'The chief nourisher of life's feast,' a very pretty pair from Shakespeare, they will come in handy. There is a quotation from Thomson, and here is one from Tupper. This gentleman is 'The Scarlet Prince of Poppies,' this is the 'Lady of the Lotus Leaf,' and here is 'Dreamland's Queen,' and here——"

"Stop, stop!" I cried. "Beautiful you are, every one of you; but I cannot have you —practicability, not poetry, must be my motto to-day. Fly, elves, vanish, avaunt, evaporate!"

Next moment I was alone. But my pen *had* fallen on the floor—that was true enough —so I might have been dreaming, you know, and

"It is a happy thing to dream
When rosy thoughts and visions bright
Pour on the soul a golden stream
Of rich, luxurious delight."

In writing to-day, then, I shall try, as I have hinted above, to be really practical, so that my discourse may be useful to all my readers, old as well as young, strong as well as weakly. I shall keep the latter, however, more particularly in my mind's eye.

I should like to begin by saying a few words about the physiology of sleep. They *will* be few, for no one without the assistance of an able artist could give to the uninitiated anything like an intelligible description of the brain and its anatomy. Suffice it for me to say that the brain is the centre of the whole nervous system, as well as the seat of mind. In the shape of vital electricity it is in the brain that strength of both body and mind is stored, strength of muscle and strength of will. For the simple reason that we medical men cannot actually see the changes that go on in the brain during the activity of the waking moments, or in the quiet and restful hours of sleep, we do not know for certain what takes place. But from experiments of many kinds, that it is needless to describe to you, we do know to a large extent, quite enough, at all events, for every practical purpose. My readers have all seen brain matter, it is the same, or looks the same in man as in the sheep, though it is more highly organised in the former than in the latter, therefore man ranks above the sheep, as a rule. But the brain must be supplied with blood, and it is so filled with the branches of small arteries, that were all the purely brain matter to be taken away, leaving only the blood-vessels, they would seem as dense and close as a bunch of hair you might hold in your hand. About six per cent., if my memory serves me aright, of the blood of the whole body is contained in the brain in its waking moments.

The bearing of this upon the subject I am discussing—namely, sleep—you will presently see, when I tell you that most physiologists are agreed that during the state of sound and healthful slumbers the blood escapes from the brain, and probably leaves the nerves of the body as well. I do not say that the blood-vessels are left empty, the pressure on their walls is very considerably lessened, the stress and strain and pressure are taken off them, and con-

sequently all activity of body and mind is for the time being suspended, and it is during this time that the brain matter finds time to refresh, recruit, and strengthen itself for the onerous duties to be performed by it during the state of wakefulness.

In imperfect sleep less blood is removed from the brain, it therefore still goes on working, though not so hard as if the person were fully awake; but while trying to gain refreshment and renewed vigour the brain in imperfect sleeps goes on expending its strength in tiresome dreams. Pleasant happy dreams on the other hand do not waste so much brain-tissue, because, in my humble opinion, and I have thought a good deal about the matter, they do not last so long, else they would be quite as fatiguing, and the person who has spent the livelong night in pleasant delusions would awake in the morning as unrefreshed, eye-sore, and brain-weary as one who had dozed uncomfortably all the night. Further into the subjects of dreams I do not at present mean to go; it may, or it may not, be followed out some other day.

But what I wish you, nay, but beg earnestly of you to remember is this: that all efforts to obtain healthful sleep must be directed to getting the blood drawn away from the brain. And you will notice as you read on that all the advice I give as to the means to be used to procure good sleep, hinge on that one object. Now here, before I go a line further, I shall put a question and answer it for you. Why is it that strong, healthy men and women, or boys and girls, if you like it better, sleep more surely and sleep more soundly than the delicate or the invalid? For the reason that the walls of the arteries that contain the blood of the brain, and for that matter all arteries, are partly composed of a kind of electric tissue; in the strong, as soon as the stimulus of exertion is taken off the brain, and the head is laid upon the pillow, the tiny blood-vessels aid by the very strength of their resiliency their contents to flow away; but alas! when the body becomes weak so also do the arteries, and they lose their elasticity and so retain the blood in the brain instead of striving to empty it away.

During the time a person is awake and active these brain blood-vessels are well distended, and, if the state of distension is kept up too long they lose for a time their power to contract. This is the case after long wakefulness, when a person is heard to exclaim, "I am past sleep;" or the same may happen when the blood-vessels have been over-distended by hard work, worry, or exertion of any kind, bodily or mental, then one complains of being "too tired to sleep."

Now I have finished with physiology for a day, and those girls who have skipped it, I look upon as naughty and ungrateful.

If anyone suffers from sleeplessness, or even from a difficulty in dropping easily off to sleep, or from dreaming much during sleep, she cannot be altogether well. To get rid of this unnatural condition she must not only do her best to remove all the exciting causes of the restlessness at night that she suffers from, but set about at the same time endeavouring to restore tone to the whole system, while she ought also to do everything she can to woo the gentle goddess, sleep—short of taking drug or draught of any kind to induce sleep. Oh! let me pray of you, never to be deluded into taking anything of the kind, unless prescribed by a medical man. Mothers, do not give syrups to your children; thousands are cruelly killed annually by such horrid poisons, and well would it be if the deaths followed single doses instead of months of slow torture.

There is nothing better for the purpose of securing good sleep at night than taking plenty of healthful *happy* exercise in the open air during the day, more especially if a cold or tepid bath has been taken first thing in the morning. Over-exercise, however, should be carefully avoided, yet the amount must not be regulated altogether by one's own feelings, for while, on the one hand, a girl should never walk or play till wearily or excitedly tired, she ought to do so until she is what I might term comfortably tired. If tiredness after exertion or exercise is felt the day after in the limbs and head, depend upon it it has been overdone. A good night's sleep should banish every feeling of fatigue after exercise.

Many healthy young people can go without sleep for two nights, or even more. It is a bad plan. No matter how well and strong a girl may be, she is apt to be peevish and easily irritated after want of proper rest, and, I have known cases where girls have quarrelled with good friends without cause, simply because peevishness has been induced by the want of sleep. Here is a bit of advice well worth remembering as long as you live: take care what you do or say when tired or sleepy.

Continued hard work or worry of any kind, day after day, has a tendency to overflood the brain with blood, to weaken the arteries and destroy their resiliency, and therefore to bring on a state of sleeplessness. Relaxation is the only cure for such a state. When wearied or worried or chafed with care, a good long walk should be taken before going to bed, and if with a good and quiet companion, so much the better, although there are instances when a lonely walk is to be preferred. A girl's own feelings must be her guide in every case. But a long walk after the cares of the day are over does a vast deal of good, the blood is purified, the internal organs, such as the liver, are stimulated to activity, and the blood is drawn from the brain towards the extremities, and thus the mind is calmed and the body predisposed to sleep.

Over-eating is prejudicial to the chance of healthful sleep, for if the stomach contains more food than it can easily digest, acidity is the result, the blood becomes for the time-being poisoned, and if sleep be obtained it is not of a very refreshing character. This leads me to the question: Are suppers hurtful? Here again a girl's own feelings and experience must be to a great extent her guide; but while heavy suppers are to be decried, a light *solid* meal taken comparatively early does good by strengthening the system and determining the blood from the brain. Slops are a mistake, corn-flour puddings, milk, or egg food, or soups were never meant to be eaten at night, of that I have long been convinced. Tea should be taken early, and not too strong.

It is necessary that the room one sleeps in should be warm without being close or stuffy. No girl ever yet slept in a close, badly ventilated apartment and awoke in the morning as fresh and happy as a lark. And no girl ever will.

Sleep in a well-ventilated bedroom then, if you wish to spend healthful happy days.

The bed and the bedclothes have a deal to do with the amount of sleep one obtains. It would be impossible to lay down rules that would suit the cases of all my readers, but I may just say that girls in good health ought to sleep on a not-too-soft mattress. The feather bed is not by any means a healthy one, nor, unless it be put under the mattress, is it one that is conducive to sleep. The bedclothes should never be heavy, but they ought to be warm. An eider-down quilt is a capital thing, but it is too hot for the summer months. Paper quilts can now be had, and they are very excellent in their way. The pillows on a bed should be particularly well arranged for comfort. One ought to be very large, so as to quite support the shoulders, and it should be elastic and not *too yielding*; it is an uncomfortable feeling that of sinking in a pillow.

Hot water bottles or hot sand bags do good in many cases, while in others they do injury by inducing a nervous, fidgety, feverish condition of body. Young healthy girls have no business with any such luxuries. Curtains around beds are objectionable, they keep away the air.

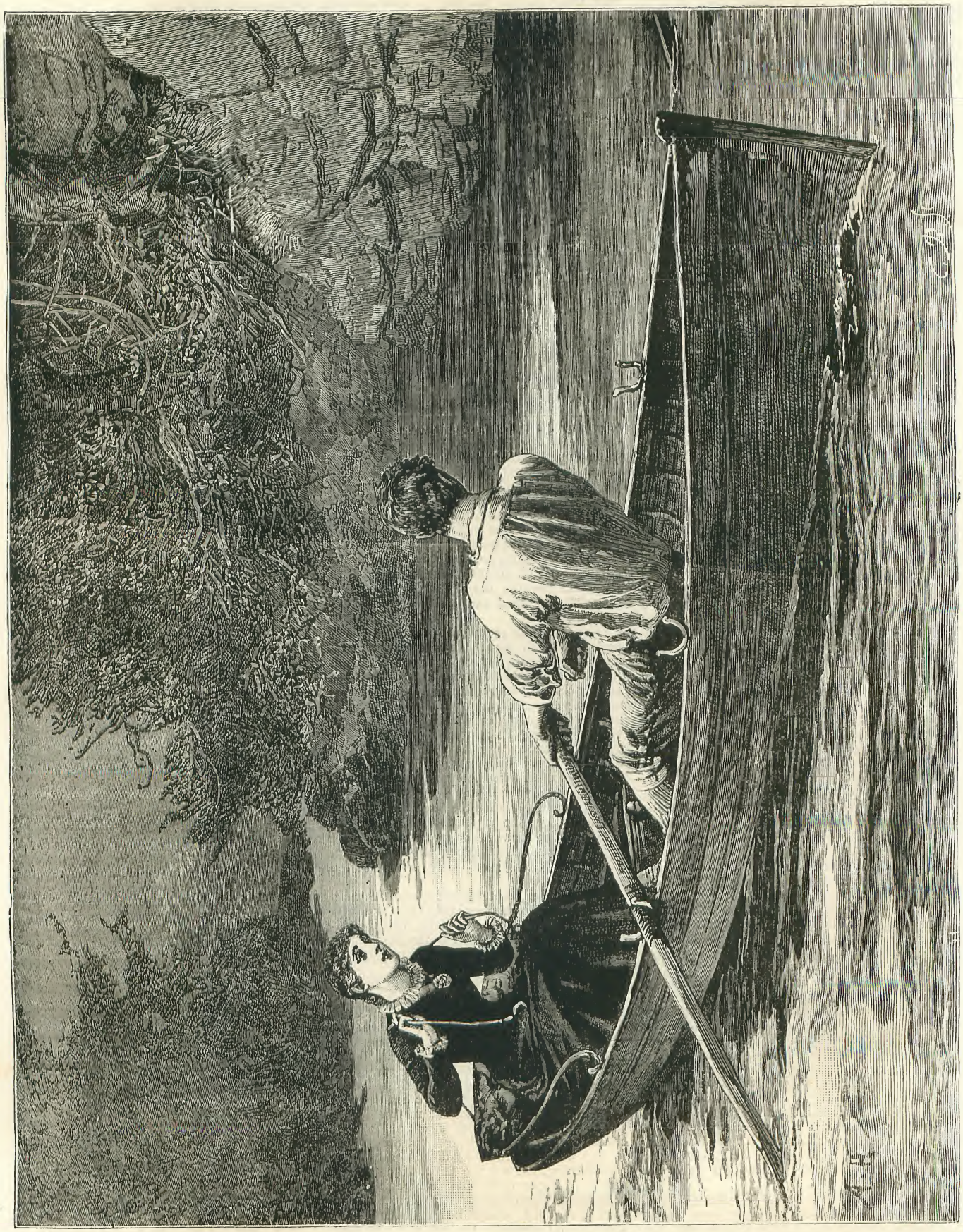
Darkness and silence conduce to sleep. Unhappily, the latter is not always obtainable, although if one does not sit up late, sleep will be got during the stiller hours of the night, and there really is some truth in the old proverb about one hour's sleep before midnight being worth two after. Night-lights should only be used in sick rooms, and they ought to be so placed that while the rays do not fall in the sleeper's eyes, neither do they make ghostly shadows on the walls or ceiling. A dark-coloured blind should be used on the window, but care should be taken that the ventilator has full play.

A warm bath, or a tepid, or even a Turkish bath taken before going to bed, is an excellent and very safe means of procuring sleep. Both the former act by determining the blood from the brain towards the skin, and also by calming the nervous system. The Turkish bath not only acts in the same way, but also removes irritating impurities from the blood. Nervous invalids should have a portable bath in their bedrooms; the cost is only a few shillings, or a pound at the most, and the benefits that accrue from the occasional use thereof are incalculable.

Now, although I earnestly deprecate the use of sleeping drugs or draughts, I advise delicate girls who are troubled with sleeplessness to have recourse to certain kinds of medicines, always presuming they obey the ordinary laws of health at the same time, and be temperate in all things, else medicines are of no avail. Cod-liver oil, dose a teaspoonful three times a-day after meals, gradually increased to a tablespoonful, or even more, is a capital nervine tonic; phosphorus in any shape, or even iron, is somewhat dangerous. But three grain doses of the citrate of iron and quinine taken twice a day, and increased gradually within a fortnight up to five grains, often do a deal of good. Take the dose in a tiny wine-glassful of the infusion of calumba, adding twenty drops of the tincture of oranges to each dose. But tonics, remember, must not be taken—cod-liver oil excepted—longer than three weeks at a time, without a few days' intermission. The infusion of calumba, dose about two tablespoonfuls for a girl of sixteen, and the few drops of tincture of oranges above-mentioned, is a very good and safe tonic, without either quinine or iron, and it is easily made. Buy an ounce of calumba root, cut it into tiny pieces, and steep it in a covered vessel, say a tea-pot, in a pint of cold water for one hour, then strain and bottle it for use.

The mind should be as calm as possible before lying down to rest, therefore one should undress leisurely, wash the feet and hands and face, the latter with cold water, then read and contemplate for some time before lying down. The light ought to be put out immediately after, if not before lying down. Thinking must then be avoided, but if sleep for a time seems impossible, hymns or poetry of any kind that may have been learned by heart may be repeated until the eyes are sealed by slumber; and the following couplet from Keble's beautiful evening hymn has been advantageously used by many:—

"Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast."



AN EVENING ON THE RIVER.

AN EVENING ON THE RIVER.

By ANNE BEALE

OUR bark glides smoothly o'er the wave
And gently falls the oar;
There's scarce an echo in the cave
Or murmur on the shore.

The bird of night forgets to cry;
No voice is heard afar;
There's not a cloud upon the sky,
Or shadow on a star.

The woods are steeped in mellow light,
And slumber 'neath the moon;
The very wind this quiet night
Seems but a laggard loon.

Thou speakest, too, with voice serene
As wishful, love, to keep
The hallowed stillness of the scene,
Nor wake the earth from sleep.

But thy sweet eyes, so gently kind,
Are like yon silent sphere,
And speak more surely to the mind
Than language to the ear.

Beneath their cloudless light I see
A world of peace and love;
Calm in its tender purity
As the fair heaven above.

STUDIES OF GIRLS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

PART IV.

HOUSEWIVES AND HOUSE-MOTHS.

IN the pleasant drawing-room of a great house in Debenham-square, they sat together—the two youthful maidens, Ella Carson and Grace Winstanley—both alike born to position and wealth. They were both pretty,—yet with that subtle difference in their beauty, that, while beauty was the first thing which occurred to anybody in thinking or speaking of Ella Carson, it was always the last to be mentioned in connection with Grace Winstanley. They were both handsomely dressed: certainly the balance of costliness was on the side of Grace's velvet costume, with its real lace at sleeves and throat, and its tiny pearl brooch, as compared with Ella's befrilled satin, tulle ruches, and multitude of bangles. But then Ella's dress, though she had only had it a few days, was already looking flattened and faded and would be soon discarded.

They had been reading together from Ruskin's "Ethics of the Dust." Grace Winstanley had read it before, and had taken this opportunity of introducing it to her old schoolfellow.

"I can't understand his saying that no woman is the better for possessing diamonds," said Ella, with a pout. "I am sure I am very delighted and proud about this diamond ring which uncle George gave me," and she held out her little hand with the jewel flashing upon it.

"Of course you are," said Grace gently. "But then it is not because of the diamonds, except as they are a token of your uncle's love and remembrance, and a sign that he is willing to take great cost for you. If he had done some very hard bit of work for your sake, it would give you the same pleasure." She did not add, "and might have been better in every way," for she knew Ella, and felt that if she was to be led on at all, it must be very gently.

"Oh, I am not so sure of all that," returned Ella. "I have no particular love for uncle George, nor has he for me, only he thought it was the right thing to bring a handsome present to his only niece,—but as for the cost—spending money is the easiest thing he can do, for he has more than he knows what to do with. It would have cost him more to go without his cigar for a single afternoon."

Grace sat silent for a moment. Then she returned to her book and read aloud.

"'The money which the English habitually spend in cutting diamonds, would in ten years, if it were applied to cutting rocks instead, leave no dangerous reef nor difficult harbour round the whole island coast.'"

"But what do I care about reefs or harbours?" asked Ella, "one can't always be thinking of things which are out of one's sight. And I suppose there always must be shipwrecks, and anyhow, people must die somehow! And, Grace, whatever anybody may say, what sight can be more glorious than a magnificent diamond tiara flashing in a brilliantly lighted saloon?"

"I have heard my mother say that the morning dew on a daisy glistening in the sunshine was a better sight," said Grace softly. Grace's mother was dead.

"God made the diamonds as well as the daisies," retorted Ella.

"Yes," Grace admitted, "and a time may come when men may lawfully have leisure for cutting diamonds. The harm is only when they do so while human lives are sacrificed for the want of their work in another way. One would not plant even daisies instead of corn."

"Well, go on with the book," said Ella. She wanted to get through it. She had refused Grace's offer of a common reading of it from the beginning to the end, and had declared that she would be quite satisfied if she might hear the extracts which Grace had specially marked at her previous perusal.

Grace went on with her reading, "'You must either be housewives or house-moths: remember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them or feed upon and bring them to decay.'"

Ella laughed lightly. "I don't understand him," she said. "I only want to enjoy myself, and have a splendid time while I am young. One is only young once. It is all very well for poor people to be always thinking about work and so on, and for old fogies to make preachments about usefulness. If we are all to do the same, we might as well have been born without a penny and forty years old to begin with."

"Somehow, I am beginning to think that the more money we have the more work we have to do," said Grace. "Somehow, I think it might be far easier for me to do more good—at least, to do less harm, if I had to go out teaching for my daily bread, like our doctor's little daughter has done, since her father died. Think how she maintains herself and her mother, and keeps up a home for the young brothers! Oh, Ella, my sewing for the poor and my subscription lists seem very small and unreal beside that. And I think we've got to find out how to make our lives as really and as truly useful, though we have not to earn our bread. In fact, I think we have to earn our bread, whether we are paid beforehand, in being rich, or are paid by the day, being poor. I can't believe that God does not care as much for His rich children as for His poor ones, and does not keep as good work for them to do for His sake. Jesus did say that it was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven, but He did not say it must be so, or ought to be so."

"A camel never could pass through the eye of a needle," said Ella, "so that shows it was only a metaphorical saying."

"The needle's eye was the name of a gate through which camels could only pass by being first unladen, and their burdens divided and carried through by others," explained Grace. "No, I don't think the saying is metaphorical. Mother said it meant that a rich man can only enter the kingdom of Heaven by knowing that his wealth is not at all his own, but is only given to him, rightly to divide among others. But it is that rightly dividing which is the problem! I'm sure it means something quite different from paying subscriptions and what we call "giving to the poor." Mother always said there was no true giving unless the giver gave himself with the gift. She had a little rhyme about—

"'We never give except we share;
Without the giver, gifts are bare.'"

"Well, if we've got money, and other people have none, I think we've done our part if we give them some," decided Ella. "That is the least trouble. Aunt went to some charitable meetings once, and got a lot of notions put into her head, and made a fuss for a while about saving tea-leaves and bones, and gathering up newspapers and odd numbers of magazines. But, of course, the servants would not be bothered about such rubbish, and aunt herself always forgot about the newspapers, so we soon got tired of that. And then there are one's old clothes! But nowadays people wear nothing that is suited to the poor,—one's commonest morning dresses are of a material and shape quite inappropriate, so it is best to let one's maid sell them, and she takes into consideration what she is likely to make out of one in that way, when she accept's one's wages."

Grace was silent: not from want of thoughts but from a surplusage of them. She had been the close companion of her gentle, considerate widowed mother, and from her she had learned not only to look at the things of others, as well as those of herself, but how to look at them,—to wit, from their standpoint as well

as from her own. It might indeed be well if Mrs. Carson, Ella's aunt, gave the overflowings of her extravagant household to the needy, instead of allowing them to waste in the dust-bin. But would it not be better if she so regulated the ways of her household, that there were no overflowings, but a less expenditure, leaving the greater margin to be paid in honestly earned wages, or bestowed in well-chosen gifts, blessing those who give as much as those who take? And why should rich people's clothes be all "inappropriate to the poor?" Some of them, of course, must be too costly, and some of them must be fit for circumstances and occasions in which "the poor" are not required to enter. But Mrs. Winstanley had always said that the morning dress of the greatest lady in the land—the dress in which she should water her flowers and arrange her room, and do her painting or her studies – should be exactly such a dress as she would like to see on her servants or the daughters of her father's labourers, and that therefore if they imitate her, she should be proud and pleased, instead of vexed and humiliated. But Mrs. Winstanley had never encouraged the giving away of old clothes, though she had occasionally permitted it under special circumstances. She had said that the true way is for people to have clothes of such make and material that they can wear them themselves so long as they are fit for anybody to wear—to wear one dress honourably and carefully, and give away or pay away six, instead of wearing seven recklessly and vulgarly, and tossing aside the rags as largesse. It was a method which had secured Grace many useful acquirements, for under the supervision of her mother's maid, she had learned how to alter and repair her own dresses and how to cut them down into underskirts and pinafores for herself, even at the same time that she was making up fresh material into little garments for her village friends. It had chastened and regulated her taste, too, for often when the whim of a season had dictated some outrageous colour or gaudy pattern, and Grace had been half-tempted, her mother had said to her with a smile, "My child, how would you like to see that at a cottage door or on those who serve you? Fashion can never make ugliness into beauty, my dear."

And Grace had often wondered, with a girl's pathetic, mystified wonder, who were the people who would buy, at second-hand, the gay, flimsy, befrilled dresses which she knew many of her acquaintances gave to their servants to sell. But Grace was now in the early stage of young womanhood and was getting some insight into the terrible gulfs which yawn in our social life. And what an awful commentary it seemed on the tastes and habits of these acquaintances of hers, that the dresses which they chose and admired, should, when thrown aside, be just fit for the common wear of miserable sisters, from whose selves the more fortunate girls would shrink, alas! with less of pity than of loathing!

But Grace said nothing of all this to Ella now. It seemed of little use to do so. She had often said these things before, and they had only roused in Ella a spirit of mocking raillery, or even sometimes of bitter antagonism. So she closed her book—using for a mark a little fading rosebud—and said she thought she must begin a letter to her cousin Tom Winstanley, who had recently gone to New Zealand. She would have time to do a page or two, before they must start for a shopping expedition. "The post goes the day after to-morrow," she said. "So if I begin now, I shall get an opportunity to recollect all I want to say, and to give Tom the latest news into the bargain."

"Well, if you are going to desert me, I may as well write to my brother Bob," observed Ella. (He was a student in Germany.) "But don't expect I shall leave you in peace long, Grace. My correspondence is always got over as quickly as possible, and I'm just longing to get away to the shops."

Very characteristic were the two girls' letters, if we may venture to take a peep at them. Grace told her cousin of all the chances and changes which were befalling each of their common friends, acquaintances, and dependents. She told him exactly all that had been done on one or two family anniversaries which had recently occurred, and what were the plans for one which was soon to come off. She told him what books she had been reading, and gave him a graphic account of some pleasant new acquaintances she had made. She reported all the kind inquiries she had answered concerning himself, suggested one or two people to whom she thought he should send a line of special remembrance at some suitable opportunity, and consulted him concerning the prospects of one or two of her rural friends who were thinking of emigration. It was a letter which carried the very essence of home ties and home affection with it: such a letter as, folding the absent safely in a genial and refreshing atmosphere of the old life, helps them to strike root, healthily and sturdily, into a new life.

Far different was Ella's epistle; with her usual inconsideration, she took a wide-pointed pen, and wrote off in her great scrawling hand, by which she incurred double postage. "But what did that matter?" She told her brother he ought to be very thankful to get a letter from her, for he knew how she hated writing, only just now she had nothing else to do. She told him about the diamond ring uncle George from India had given her, and how he took so much wine at dinner that he was quite funny afterwards, and how he always had brandy taken up to his bedroom. She told him how Richard Templeton, an old school friend of his, had been "plucked again"—the third time in his college examinations; but was "just the jolliest fellow going; all the girls in love with him, fighting who should be his partner at tennis and at dancing-parties—quite too awfully nice to be bothered with musty-fusty books and professors, — and then what does it matter?—he will have plenty of money by-and-by." She told him how she had been out at dancing-parties every evening for a fortnight—never once in bed before two o'clock in the morning. She described one or two of her dresses, and repeated some frivolous compliments she had received, winding up by a sneer at Grace Winstanley (for whom she knew her brother had a dumb appreciation) and the information that "Grace is just now writing screeds to her poor cousin Tom at the antipodes." "That will make Bob ever so jealous and wild," she laughed. "And the sooner he puts Grace out of his head the better. She would soon bring him round to her queer ways—quiet little puss as she seems, and I don't want any sister-in-law looking askance at me and setting herself up for an angel. I wish Bob would fall in love with Nellie White—only it's quite true she hasn't as much money as Grace has."

The two girls' shopping was equally characteristic. Grace had some books to select for a school-library—sundry commissions of varied sorts to execute for old ladies and gentlemen in the country—some little remembrances to choose—work-boxes, albums, books, and such like, intended for divers carefully remembered birthdays, and some bright ribbons and dainty laces to buy, to be divided between herself and her chosen friend, the little governess, the dead doctor's daughter. Then finally she bought a pair of fine white mittens for evening wear, mittens of the antique gossamer sort, made to pack in a walnut shell, and "to wash and wear for ever" as the shopman said.

Ella stood tossing over heaps of gloves of the palest hues, which would lose their delicate beauty in one night, while the kid of which they were made was of softest elasticity. "Why don't you go in for some of these, Grace?" she asked. "They fit you like a second skin."

"I have been told," said Grace, "that kids are flayed alive, that these best kinds of kid gloves may be produced. I have tried to find out that the report is false, but I cannot; on the contrary, I know a gentleman who has in his park two little animals who were awaiting this horrid execution when he visited a glove factory, and which he bought and brought away. I have never worn that kind of glove since," she added. "I don't think people would, if they knew."

"It's very horrid!" said Ella carelessly. "I wish you hadn't told me, for, of course, I shall wear them all the same, and one doesn't want uncomfortable knowledge." And then she ordered a box of tulle ruching, and several strings of elaborate beads, which would break at a touch, while Grace sat and wondered how it must feel to be those who had to spend their lives in earning bread by making what did nobody any good and was crushed and destroyed in an hour. Finally, Ella "treated herself" to a costly bonnet which took her fancy, and then inquired if they had in stock any trifles suited for charity Christmas-trees and similar objects. Whereupon, the obsequious shopman produced a few coarse socks, in dismal colours, and a basket filled with little scent bottles, dolls dressed in coloured gauze and tinsel, and a few painted wooden toys of nondescript attractions. Ella tossed them over—extracted a cork from one of the bottles, made a wry face, and said the "scent" had an evil smell—found that most of the dolls' limbs were loose, inquired the use of some of the miscellaneous toys, and laughed heartily at the idea of human beings extracting amusement from such things, but decided that the assortment "would do," and considered that she had lawfully bought the gratitude of some fifty rustics at less than half the price she had given for her own tulle frilling.

And that one morning's history may serve as an abbreviation of the girls' lives, as they went on, month by month, and year by year. The one striving to be good, the other seeking "to be happy"—the one wishing to please and serve others, the other to please and serve herself.

Ella Carson had her full day of restlessness and racket, poor thing. She had her long succession of tennis afternoons, dancing evenings, of weary, listless mornings when she made a feint of pursuing some of the studies in which she had excelled in her earlier and simpler girlhood. If any thought of the stern realities outside her own sphere ever entered it, it was only when patronesses were needed for a ball or an operatic concert "for the benefit" of the wounded in the Paraguayan war, or the sufferers by a prairie conflagration. Even the annual holiday months, with their mountains and oceans and rivers, brought no rest or respite for her. They only meant a rush from one's own house to the greater pomp and pride of "grand hotels" elsewhere, and whether one was in London, or Paris, or Vienna, or Monaco, or Saratoga, life was just the same round of dressing, dancing, and dining, and of wondering why every year one's money went faster than before and brought one less, and of wondering again why the poor should grow so discontented and so utterly unable to live on the same wages which had satisfied their forefathers. Ella Carson grew very strong on the "improvidence" of the poor. It seemed to her the greatest thriftlessness that a large family of "peasant people" could not live on the same sum that she paid weekly for the get-

ting-up of her muslins. She thought herself quite public-spirited on the score of her perpetual declarations that the poor would all prosper, if they were only thrifty!

If Ella Carson's heart was ever touched on its softer side, it was by Richard Templeton, that scapegrace friend of her brother's. She laughed at his follies, and aided and abetted his frivolities, and enjoyed his attentions, until a little cloud rose upon the scene—as a little cloud always does rise upon such scenes. The bachelor relative, from whom his expectations had been derived, got married, and had an heir. Richard was not quite so bright as he used to be, and there were unexplained absences, and rumours of debt and entanglement. And then Richard Templeton was gone, and those who had helped him to waste his time, and had admired him for wasting his money, got an exciting sensation out of him by whispering that he was acting on the boards of a provincial theatre, or serving in a chemist's shop, or being an omnibus conductor. And Ella Carson's face got rather faded and sharp in those days, and her dancing partners waned few, and her aim at tennis was not so true. There was a wild little note of Richard Templeton's kept at the bottom of her jewel box, which might have explained this—a note of eternal farewell, containing a little passionate regret and a great deal of restrained reproach. Nobody ever knew what became of Richard Templeton. There are such men about in the world, between whose beginnings and whose endings yawn gulfs which seem impassable.

But Ella Carson married long before it was at all unlikely that Richard might come to light again. Such lives, such aspirations as hers are not likely to breed romantic faithfulness. She knew that her good looks had "gone off"—that her vivacity was no longer what it had been, and she knew that younger women, of the same stamp as herself, were rising up to remark this. It is possible that the offer which she accepted would have been refused had it been tendered a few years earlier. Yet it was what is called "a good match," and provoked the envy of many who, Ella knew, had been sneering at her diminished braids, and watchful of the crows' feet round her eyes. Mr. Martin was much older than herself. He had a dark and stormy history, was fond of money, and strange and capricious in his ways of spending it. Ella was a fascination to him, while he was only a bargain to her. "She might make him what she pleased," he said, and she smiled dimly, thinking not what she might make him be—but what she would make him do—the place in the Highlands he should rent, the yacht he should buy, and the dinner-parties and balls he should give. She had her way, and for a while he was pleased that she should have it, but suddenly he caught a glimpse of the selfishness at the basis of her character, and then the spell was broken and her fascination was gone, and nothing remained but an hourly struggle between the self-seeking woman and the self-willed man—a struggle which made her occasional conquests only a shade less humiliating than her frequent defeats. It was the humiliation that he could always inflict on her, which she cared for, not the discord, not the lovelessness.

And so she lived out her life, surrounded by servants, all menials, ever shifting—the business of her day to cater for a crowd of acquaintances who rushed in, criticised her, scoffed at her husband, and went away and forgot her. There were constant "strikes" at Mr. Martin's great works in the midlands; there were perpetual lawsuits and evictions among his Highland neighbours and tenantry. There was often dread of bankruptcy in the great, gay London house; there were worse terrors of crime and insanity in the lonely moorland shooting-lodge. But in this world Mrs. Martin never got near enough to the light to see that her life was a failure, but went on airily pitying everybody whose dresses were not so costly, and whose receptions were not so crowded as her own.

Of course, she and Grace Winstanley had long since drifted apart without any quarrel or definite disagreement. It was just the one everlasting answer to the old question, "How can two walk together unless they be agreed?" They had different friends, different pursuits. Instead of constantly meeting in common ways of life, each had to make a break in her daily routine to get any opportunity for seeing the other. That always involves final separation. Grace Winstanley was sorry, and struggled against it. Ella had soon grown secretly glad, and readily yielded to it.

Grace had gone on as she had begun. She had no immediate domestic life. She had many loving relatives, but none who truly needed her—none who had not others who could more than supply her place. And yet she felt that there could be no true life except in being a fellow-worker with God. She heard the great cry of sin and sorrow going up from the world lying about her. She did not escape the blunders into which earnest and thoughtful girls are apt to fall when they try to walk Godwards in this puzzled and puzzling existence, since they generally, as Ruskin quaintly describes it, "get put out of the way into convents, or made mere sick nurses of, or take to mending the irremediable." Grace took a year's training as a hospital nurse, and fought hand-to-hand with disease and death, and with the results of sin and misery. She liked the work; she always declared that it had taught her priceless lessons in morals and theology, but that its best lesson was this, "That prevention is better than cure"—and that he who brings up a little child in the way it should go, does even better work than he who reforms a criminal—that she who keeps a household in health and harmony is working still nearer God's plan than she is, whose devoted assiduity can but add a few more lingering days to lives of torture. "It seemed to me," said Grace Winstanley in after days, "that we were all trying to stem a flood where its waters were strongest and roughest, and never asking where it rose, and whether we might not check it there."

She found unhappy girls pining on hospital beds, lured from country places to great cities in search of "work." "There was nothing for us to do at home, miss," they would say, piteously, "and then there was nobody to look to here, miss, and the ways were strange and we were lonesome, and so, miss, we got into trouble." She found the bread-winners of families also driven away from their native places in this terrible search of work, and then smitten down, leaving widows and orphans to swell the seething mass of city starvation and pauperism and sin. "We must come where the rich folks spend their money, miss," they said to her. "They won't get anything in the country, they get all from town. And they don't pay us much more here, and living is three times as dear, and there's some things, like fresh air and good milk, that the rich people can't buy for themselves here at any price, only they can go away for them, but we have to stay here all the year round and do without 'em, and it tells on us in time, particularly on the children, miss, and that's how we go down and down—for health is the poor man's wealth, miss."

In the end, Grace Winstanley gave up her sick nursing, and even her committee meetings and her associations, recognising them all as useful means of work—but, above all, as useful agencies for the education of workers for something beyond—for a deeper and more real work lying in the full current of human life, and not apart from it. She was still a young woman, beautiful, intellectual, and attractive, when she resolved to set up a household for herself, and there to do with all her might whatsoever her hand found to be done. She sought the companionship and counsel of a friend of her mother's. They two, without a word about it, with just such materials as lie round such lives as theirs, would strive to set up an ideal home—a resting-place in the journey of life, a stronghold in its warfare, a refuge for its wounded.

Oh, what slow, quiet work it seemed down in the beautiful and still unspoiled English village, where Grace had passed many of her happiest, girlish days, and which from ancient ties and old associations was the natural scene of her experiment. After the attempted suicides and attempted murders, the wrecks from drunken brawls or life-long privation which had flowed in a sad daily panorama through the city hospital wards, what a little easy thing it was to find a wholesome neighbourly situation for a country lass, or to rouse a slow country workman to take heart and perform some job of masonry or joinery "that they generally send into town about, ma'am," or to patiently train some honest country sempstress into the delicacies of her craft. But then Grace remembered that all the good things of nature grow slowly and quietly, and that God's own way of healing is not by great things but by humble washings in cool Jordans.

Grace married by-and-by; she married a gentleman whose acquaintance she had made during her trial efforts in London. He was a poor man, for which his wealthy wife could honour him the more, since she knew he had gifts which could easily have brought him riches had he set them to their lower uses, instead of to their highest. He and she could never have grown to know and love each other, had she been living the ordinary life of ease and fashion; and certainly if she had been surrounded by pomp and luxury and frivolity, he would never have asked to share those as he could ask to share in the burdens and labours of her sacred stewardship. Grace felt that her money had never done herself such a good turn as when it enabled her to give leisure and peace and kindly human interests to a great and powerful mind, which must otherwise have fretted itself in much drudgery that it might occasionally win freedom for wandering in the clear, but rather bleak regions of scientific research. On the wedding day, only those with rare foresight pronounced Grace Winstanley's marriage with Harold Radcliffe to be "a good match." But not many years after, the wisdom of her choice had so justified itself, that poor Mrs. Martin was heard to whisper that she believed Grace had always had "an ambitious mind," and it was just like one of her fancies to wish to go down to posterity as the wife of a genius!

And the quiet life flows on year after year, but each year finds it richer and fairer, as each spring finds a wisely planted garden. And there are not only life's natural growth and abundant blossom, but changed by them into softness and beauty and use, social ruins find rest, and sad wrecks are transformed into beacons.

The other day Harold Radcliffe accidentally opened an old book. The pages parted where a little withered rosebud lay between them, and he read aloud—

"You must be either housewives or housemoths: remember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes, and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay."

And since then he has a new pet name for his Grace—

"My housewife!"

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.

CHAPTER XLII.

ANOTHER HOUSE.

HENRY about this time suggested the construction of a house near the pine forest, giving as his reason that I was so preoccupied with the ultimate success of my plan of rescue, that half my time was spent on the look-out for a vessel, and that a house placed on that side of the island would command the best view of the ocean in the direction where it might be supposed the longed-for help would be likely to arrive. We began therefore to inspect the ground in order to find the most elevated as well as most healthful spot. The reader will remember that the coast here, in form of a bay, was fringed by a pine forest of great extent. Nothing could be better for our purpose, as, having so much available material close at hand, much labour would be saved; so, choosing a site a short distance inland, and where the ground began to rise, we selected a group of the finest trees upon which to begin operations.

Henry ascended the tallest of these with the agility of a sailor, to judge of its position as a look-out, and declared it splendid, commanding a wide prospect of the water over the tops of the forest trees, which gradually sloped to the shore, and, having taken up a good stout cord, he attached it in seaman-like fashion to act as a pulley, and then descended.

We had carefully chosen the trees, so that they should form the posts of the house. It being impossible to find four which should give us a perfect rectangle, we were obliged to content ourselves with an irregularly-shaped edifice; but this was a matter of very minor importance.

To begin with, many days were spent in felling trees and sawing them into planks. This was very arduous labour, as I had already experienced in the construction of Banyan House. Now, however, with such a capital helper, work advanced more rapidly, although still slowly, as, although the labourers brought plenty of goodwill to bear upon it, they had but little experience. Henry and I did the sawing and joinery, whilst Undine superintended the cooking, etc. In about three weeks, considering that our supply of planks was sufficient for the time being, we varied our toil by beginning to build, following the same process as I had done at Banyan House, but somewhat altering the style, and fixing on a very strong thatched roof. I spoke to Henry of the pitch I had found some little distance from this spot, and asked him if he did not think it would be a good thing for preserving the wood of our house from decay He thought it might be, so we determined to make a temporary settlement in the neighbourhood of the black marsh. Lying farther on were the sand hills, which so abounded with rabbits, and not having taken the time to procure fresh meat lately, we were glad for Henry to have a little sport and leave us the task of collecting the bitumen.

Some days were given up principally to our dirty though very arduous occupation, after which we returned to house-building for a time. An auger which we had amongst the tools brought from the vessel proved of much value, and we really succeeded in making a most convenient and pleasant abode, and were not a little proud of our architectural feat.

Harvest season arrived before we had completed it, but it could very well be left for the present. Having settled ourselves again at Banyan House, which was always my autumn residence, we were soon busily occupied cutting down and binding into sheaves, which we left to dry whilst we collected in other produce. A merry time we had of it this year, with our strong and active companion, and when towards the end of the season he made a small cart, to which he harnessed two of our goats, and in this fashion made journeys to the granary with our harvest, we had a good laugh over the primitive machine with its clumsy wheels jolting along in such an extraordinary manner. It met with occasional mishaps; still, it both saved labour and gave us plenty of amusement, and Undine was not satisfied until she had had a drive in "our carriage." A few yards were quite sufficient for her, though, and she jumped down, remarking that she much preferred walking.

Having got through our autumn labours, we returned to the unfinished house, to which we gave the name of

"HE MADE A SMALL CART."

"COLLECTING PRECIOUS NUGGETS."

Pine Grove. The boat we had towed from the vessel was most useful, as by its means we could carry our belongings from place to place, on each fresh migration, which otherwise would have entailed two or three journeys. We now set to work to plaster our walls with bitumen, and, finding we had not quite a sufficient supply, we had to fetch more; but, as the marsh was not far distant, Undine and I could manage this very well by putting what we collected into a cask, which had formerly contained gunpowder, and carrying it slung upon a pole between us. And when the weather once more drove us to our castle refuge, we again began our pleasant readings and our chats over old England and her wonders, trying to make Undine picture them. Thus time passed with us cheerfully, though in the heart of one there was ever an undercurrent of restless longing for that which, alas! seemed impossible.

CHAPTER XLIII.

AT LAST.

"HOPE deferred maketh the heart sick," so says the proverb, and certainly I proved its truth only too emphatically during these two years. It may seem strange to my readers that I had any hope in the matter; but had not that sentiment been a very powerful element in my nature, I should never have lived through all I had done these twenty long years. But I began indeed to despond, when nearly two years had passed without my weary eyes discerning the distant sail which was wafting my brother to me. And shall I own that a little jealousy was creeping into my heart? Was not my pet child gradually getting some of the love won from her that would have been all my own? Were not the young people sometimes so thoroughly content with each other, that mamma was inclined to feel herself the no-company third? Confession is good for the soul, they say; so now I am about it, I may as well mention another naughtiness of mine, which rather increased—the love of amassing gold, knowing what an instrument for doing and getting good this shining metal is when rightly used. So you see, my young friends—you who have been ready to think Robina Crusoe a horribly strong-minded woman—that she was not altogether devoid of weakness, albeit the latter-mentioned phase of it cannot be said to be essentially feminine.

Employed one day on the side of Mount Desire in collecting precious nuggets, I caught the glimpse of a white sail on the horizon. Watching for a minute or two, to make sure my eyes had not deceived me, I was convinced they were telling me true, and, running to my companions, we all three hastened to the summit of the mountain, whence by means of Henry's glass we could plainly distinguish a gallant ship in full sail, bearing down upon our isle. I waited with palpitating heart until I saw the plain blue flag—the signal I had asked from my brother—floating from the mast, and then the bonfire which had long ago been prepared was lighted, and upwards soared its welcoming flame.

And now my pen fails to record the meeting that took place upon the shore, as the grey-haired man and his middle-aged sister, parted in days of youth, met in loving embrace, neither of them able for many minutes to give utterance to their joy.

"My mother, is she still alive?" were my first words.

"Yes, Robina, alive, and waiting with eagerness to welcome you in the old home. What have you done these twenty years, my poor sister?" and Edmund caressed the head that was lying on his shoulder, as if we had gone back the twenty years and more, and I was again the little sister whose dreams of great doings he had often good-humouredly laughed at.

"I have been happier, perhaps, than could be imagined, Edmund; especially since two companions came to cheer me in my solitude," and I pointed to Henry and Undine, who were standing a little apart from us.

My brother went towards them and grasped their hands. "You also will be glad to go to England?" he asked.

"If Undine will go," said Henry, looking down at the young girl, who was clinging to his arm, half frightened at the stranger, who was smiling at her.

"Yes, we must all go—Henry to see his friends, my little wild girl here to be tamed," I replied.

We now turned our footsteps to Pine Grove, my nearest mansion, which amazed and interested my brother immensely; but it was not long before I had planned with him to bid this island-home farewell in a week's time, so anxious were we both to start on the homeward voyage.

Before the week had passed this project was set aside, and I was lying on what was then thought to be my death-bed. But oh! what joy it was to feel my hand resting in my brother's, and to know that my two children would find in him a father.

Yes, the stout-hearted, independent Robina Crusoe had to give in, to be nursed, moreover doctored, for happily for her there was a skilful medical man on board the vessel.

Three weeks, and then I was able to sit up again, and my dear ones began to take heart, my brother merrily congratulating me on the return to civilised ways my bedroom showed as he pointed to one or two medicine bottles with which it was adorned.

At length the bright morning so yearned for dawned, and we bade adieu to the lovely little island. I made the others leave me the last hour by myself. I felt that to God alone could I pour out the feelings that at those last moments overwhelmed me, and then I joined my friends, the good ship sailed, and the well-known shores faded away from our eyes.

I must tell you that my letters reached their destination after much wandering. The men, as we imagined, had no intention of returning to England, and had directed their course to a distant colony; but meeting with a severe storm, the vessel was disabled, and in hourly danger of becoming a wreck. In this state they were rescued by a Spanish American merchantman. Arrived at the destination to which this was bound, the English ship was sold by its supposed owners, who either had never found the tin case, or, having found it, were afraid to take it. Amongst the crew that now manned the vessel was an Englishman, who, happening to discover the secret, took charge of the package,

"THE WELL-KNOWN SHORES FADED FROM OUR EYES."

and at his first opportunity gave it into the hands of a British consul, and by him it was sent to its address My brother, having given up his colonial appointment so as to remain with his widowed mother, received it about eighteen or nineteen months after it had started on its first voyage, and set out with as little delay as possible to bring the sister so long lost.

(*To be concluded.*)

STINGS FROM BEES OR WASPS.—Chalk wetted with hartshorn is a remedy for the sting of a bee, also table salt kept moist with water. A raw onion is an excellent remedy for the sting of a wasp, also poppy leaves bruised and applied to the part affected will give almost immediate relief.

SICK HEADACHE.—Two teaspoonfuls of powdered charcoal in half a tumbler of water generally gives instant relief. Another remedy is, when the first symptoms of a headache appear, take a clear teaspoonful of lemon juice fifteen minutes before each meal and the same dose at bedtime; follow this up until all symptoms have passed, taking no other remedies, and you will soon be free from your unwelcome pain.

SILK pocket-handkerchiefs and dark blue cotton will not fade if dipped in salt and water while new.

SAL VOLATILE, or hartshorn, will restore colours taken out by acid. It may be dropped upon any material without doing harm.

OLD LINEN should be carefully preserved, as it is always useful in sickness; afterwards it can be washed and then scraped into lint.

POTATO PUFFS. — Chop and season well some cold meat or fish. Mash some potatoes and make them into a paste with an egg. Roll it out, and cut round with a saucer, put your seasoned meat on one half, and fold the other over like a puff. Fry a light brown, and serve hot.

KNIVES.—When ivory-handled knives turn yellow, rub them with fine sand-paper or emery; it will take off the spots, and restore the whiteness.

WHITE SPOTS IN VARNISHED FURNITURE.—A shovel of hot coals held over varnished furniture will take out white spots. Care should be taken not to hold the coals near enough to scorch; and the place should be rubbed with flannel while warm. Spots in furniture may usually be removed by rubbing them hard and quickly with a flannel wet with the same thing which took out the colour—if rum, wet the cloth with rum, etc. The very best restorative for defaced varnished furniture is rotten-stone pulverized, and rubbed on with linseed oil.

TO PURIFY WATER.—A large spoonful of powdered alum stirred into a hogshead of water will so purify it that in a few hours the dirt will sink to the bottom, and it will be as clear and fresh as spring water. Four gallons may be purified with a teaspoonful.

LEMON OR ORANGE TART.—Beat to a cream one tablespoonful of butter and a teacupful of powdered sugar, add the yolks of three eggs well beaten, then the juice and grated rind of two lemons (or oranges), beat all together; then stir in lightly the whites of the eggs beaten to a froth. Line your dish with a light paste and bake in a quick oven.

VARIETIES.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—An unknown porter once brought to me, at my lodgings, a box sealed up, and on the outside directed to myself. I inquired from whom he had it; he told me a gentleman that was a stranger to him, and whose name or residence he knew not, gave it him in the street, and gave him sixpence to deliver it safely; which now he had done, and having discharged his part, he could give me no farther account. I opened the box, when the first thing I met with was a note written in a hand I knew not, without any name subscribed, in these very following words:—"Mr. Owen Feltham,—It was my hap in some dealing with you to wrong you of five pounds, which I do now repay double, humbly intreating you to forgive me that great wrong, and to pray the Lord to forgive me this and the rest of my sins." And under this note, folded in another paper in the same box, were ten twenty-shilling pieces in gold. I cannot call to mind that I was deceived of such a sum as five pounds in any kind of dealing, nor to this hour can I so much as guess at the person from whom it came. But I believe he did it to disburden a conscience. And surely, if I knew him, I should return him an esteem, similar to the merit of so pious an action. And since he would not let me know his name to value him as he deserved, I have presumed to recite the thing, that others from the sense of it may learn to be honest, and himself reap the benefit that may happen by so good an example.—*Owen Feltham's "Resolves."*

THE WHOLE DUTY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

The King should possess—Wisdom to direct his councils and paternal affection for his people.
Queen—Virtue and gentleness.
Heir Apparent—Caution in the choice of his friends, and unremitting assiduity in his studies, to acquire the art to govern well.
Royal Children—Innocency.
Relatives of the Blood Royal—Emulation in promoting the good of their country.
Archbishops should be—Zealous in good works, and clothed with meekness and learning.
Lord Chancellor—Of profound judgment, and a rock of justice.
Privy Councillors—Wise, faithful, and secret.
Officers of the Court and State should possess—Ability and sincerity.
House of Peers should be—Pillars of the Constitution.
Nobility—In all things munificent, and liberal rewarders of merit.
Bishops—Watchful shepherds.
House of Commons—Guardians of the rights of ye people.
Judges—Sagacious, just, and merciful.
Gentry—Bountiful to the poor, and encouragers of trade and commerce.
Clergy—Examples of piety.
Magistrates—Discerning and impartial.
Generals, Admirals, and all other Officers—Intrepid and vigilant.
Physicians should be—Skilful, attentive, and humane.
Lawyers—Able and honest.
Students should possess—Sobriety and application.
Merchants and Tradesmen—Diligence and probity.
Yeomen—Industry.
Soldiers and Sailors—Courage, patience, and obedience.
Husbands—Carefulness and tenderness.
Wives should be—Virtuous and prudent.
Children—Dutiful and affectionate.
Clerks, Apprentices, and Servants should possess—Diligence and faithfulness.
And all men should be temperate, loyal, and just.

Copied from a print published by W. Darling in 1786.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

AN ancient patriarch, his name's well-known;
The country, his descendants call their own.

1. Land of perpetual bonds and tasks severe:
   "Relinquish hope, all ye who enter here."
   Where winter reigns supreme in bitter gloom,
   And victims languish in a living tomb.
2. A race of hideous dwarfs, the very sight
   Of whom fills all with terror and affright:
   From east to west, the nations they appal
   But meet a check upon the plains of Gaul:
   Back eastward driv'n, a fertile land they claim
   From dying Rome, and still it bears their name.
3. A far-extending plain, whereon once met
   Two hostile armies, for encounter set:
   Th' invaders triumph—and the native host,
   Their giant-king, their lives, their homes are lost.
4. A fertile district in a happy land:
   Luxuriant bushes thrive on ev'ry hand,
   And bear the beans that give such pleasant cheer
   And fragrance to our breakfast-tables here.

XIMENA.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (p. 638).

WESTMORELAND
O Z O N E
ROZINANTE (*a*)
D R Y A D
S E N L I S

Words.* Deeds.

(*a*) The horse of Don Quixote.

* "Words are like leaves, and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is seldom found."
—*Pope's "Essay on Criticism."*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

CHARLTON.—"Our girls" consist of our sisters of all ages and all nationalities, who may correspond with us freely. "Lady nurses" pay for their training and board in provincial towns as well as in London. At the Leicester Nurses' Home, 8, Napier-terrace, nurses are trained. Wages for the first year £12, second or third years £18. Write to the secretary for further particulars. We cannot tell you whether your age would prove a difficulty. In the Addenbrooke Hospital, Cambridge, nurse probationers receive no wages, and provide their own uniform, but they have board, lodging, and training free. In the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary probationers serve as assistant nurses, and receive £10 the first year and uniform, and 2s. allowance weekly for washing. They are only required to serve one year after their training, and during this they receive £20.

LAURIE STUART.—We fear that your extreme youth would be an obstacle in the way of your taking the responsibility of a situation as governess in a private family as yet. You would be regarded as too nearly on a par with your pupils, whatever your accomplishments might be. If you could obtain a situation in a first-class finishing school, where there were older persons to take charge of the young people in other matters, your proficiency as a linguist, musician, or artist might procure you a good salary until of an age to enter a private family.

TOOTS.—Apply to the general secretary, Miss Caroline G. Cavendish, 3, Otway-terrace, South Lambeth-road, S.W., for all information connected with the Christian Women's Education Union.

M. C. CRANE.—We regret that we cannot be of any service to you in the way you propose; it would be quite contrary to our rules and out of our business to act as advertising agents.

ENID.—We think that the College of Preceptors would suit you. Write for their papers and all information. You should attend their lectures on the "Method of Teaching," as multitudes of persons know a great deal themselves but are unable to communicate it to others, in an attractive way. Were your letters properly sloped your writing would be good.

ISHKOODAH.—We must refer you to our article on "Nursing as a Profession," page 454, vol. i. Your letters do not slope all the same way, and look like a set of old tombstones. Try to write more gracefully.

JANE B.—There is a school of cookery at the College for Working Women, 7, Fitzroy-street, W., where demonstration lessons are given by Miss Tegetmeier. For domestic servants, the price of tickets for a course is 15s.

COOKERY.

BESSIE.—To make "Vegetable Marrow Preserve," see page 111, vol. iii. The indices can be obtained from 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. Address Mr. Tarn.

A WELSH GIRL.—We were glad to hear from you again. You will find a recipe for "Swiss Fritters" on page 410, vol. iii.

A SWEET TOOTH.—To make "Cocoa Nut Rock," see page 399, vol. iii.

L. H. C.—We are glad that "L. T." gave so good a recipe for madeira cake. You write fairly well. We thank you for your letter.

TORFRIDA.—The half-pound was a misprint for half an ounce, we should think; unless the cake were a very large one.

APPLE BLOSSOM.—The quinces must be pared, cored, and quartered, and to every pound allow three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar. Cover them with sufficient water in the preserving-pan to allow them to float, and place them on the fire to stew until reduced to a pulp, keeping them stirred to prevent burning; pass the pulp through a hair sieve, and then weigh and add the sugar as above: Then place the whole on the fire, and stir with a wooden spoon until reduced to marmalade, which may be known by dropping a little on a cold plate, when if it jellies it is done. Put into jars while hot, and when cool cover with oiled paper. The time allowed is usually three hours to boil the quinces without sugar, and three-quarters of an hour to boil the pulp. One pint of sliced quinces to a pound pot.

MARIE ALICE.—To prevent a pudding from sticking to the cloth, wring the latter out of boiling water and flour it well. The 1st of June, 1866, was a Friday.

SEMPER EADEM.—1. For crystallising fruits, see page 92, vol. iii. 2. In order to sell your plaques, take them to the different shops and procure orders from the trade.

IGNORAMUS.—Sunshine and mere light naturally extract the colour from most objects. This action of light may have likewise extracted the flavour of the preserved fruit and vegetables, but has not thereby rendered them less wholesome. Of course, we know that a bright green may be produced by what is unfit for food, but the fading of your preserves by no means proves the presence of injurious colouring matter in the first instance.

PRIMROSE.—You should flavour ordinary vinegar with the flowers. We believe that the chapel of which you speak is in the parish of St. Marylebone, W.

BOADICEA and YOUNG LADY.—To make cream cheese, put as much salt into three quarts of raw cream as will season it, stir it well, and pour it into a sieve in which you have folded a cheesecloth four times doubled; when it hardens, cover it with nettles on a pewter dish. To preserve eggs, see page 144, vol. iii.

ART.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—It was probably some exhibition held at Kensington. The address of the National Training Art School is South Kensington, and the lady superintendent is Miss Trulock.

HUMMINGBIRD.—There was an article on crystoleum painting in *Silver Sails*, the Summer Number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER for 1882.

M. J.—We are not, of course, responsible for any directions save our own, but we can confidently assure you that the writer of the article on "Barbotine" is a practical master of the art.

NATALIA.—We do not quite understand what advice you require from us. If you have used water-colours before, we think you had better continue to do so—not neutral tint nor sepia, but colours. Any cheap paper that will take water-colours would answer. Flounces are more fashionable than kiltings, and the overskirts or sashes are put on very high, close to the waist.

CECILIA.—We are glad that our papers on painting have been of service to you, and that you have been able to paint on pebbles while at sea. The lines you quote are unknown to us, and are of no poetical merit.

LLANTHONY.—Use any kind of paper you please, suitable for water-colour painting, which is the kind usually chosen for painting specimens.

A. A. N. J.—We do not think there is any method of preventing the fading of a photograph; if it be an old one, and you value it, you had better have it copied at once.

MENAI.—The addresses of such societies are found in the correspondence columns of the *Queen*.

ESME.—There is nothing to prevent your selling the crystoleum paintings, if possible, to anyone, but we could not tell you what they are worth. You had better be guided by the offer made to you, as they are your first performances.

C. DE MEDICIS.—To fix crayon drawings, see page 415, vol. i., answer to "Frinnie Uleuch;" also see the method of the School of Art, at page 432, vol. ii., answer to "Katherine C." We gave directions to "M. P. L." likewise, on the same page. We must again request our correspondents to consult the indices of our several volumes.

MARY YATES.—See page 261, vol. ii., and you will find an article on "Leather Work."

ALPHA.—We advise you to read our article on "Terra-cotta Painting," page 225, vol. ii.

RIGGIGUS.—We admire your design, which does you credit, but it is too large for our paper. Besides this, when we take designs they are etched on "blocks" for engraving, not drawn on paper; the "blocks" being made of boxwood. We thank you for your kind letter.

HOUSEKEEPING.

LIZZIE.—Polish with some tripoli powder, to be obtained from any chemist.

ECONOMIST.—Pour boiling water on the dripping and set it on to boil for a short time; pour water and dripping together into a basin, and stand it away in a cool place. The white dripping will rise to the top in a cake, and all impurities will fall to the bottom with the water.

LOBSTER.—We recommend you to try them for yourself. We see no reason why they should be "unwholesome."

POLLIE.—The rent was calculated for London, where it is higher than in the country. We think your allowance of coal seems a great deal; however, in doing the washing at home there is always an extra charge for coals. The housekeeping, 34s. per week, is very moderate. You could save your coals in the summer by using a gaspipe stand for the table to boil your kettle with.

AN APRIL FOOL.—Are you quite sure that you do not intend to make us "April fools,' too? You had better make inquiries at the place where you tasted the jam.

LOUIE.—Read "Tarts and Pies," at pages 244 and 394, vol. ii.; also see "Short Paste," page 303, vol. ii. The former contains full descriptions of all kinds of pastry.

CONSTANT READER.—You have not consulted our indices. Our correspondents give us very much unnecessary trouble in asking us to repeat ourselves so continually. For the cleaning of steel articles, see pages 80, vol i., and 704, vol ii., and for cleaning marble, see page 655, vol. ii.

JAPONICA.—To clean bronze, make the article very hot by placing it in boiling water, then clean it well with a piece of flannel dipped in soap-suds, and rub it dry with a chamois-leather. Your general health seems to be out of order, and you should consult a doctor.

MUSIC.

IDA M. FREEMAN.—If you have a fair knowledge of music you could teach yourself the violin. We have known several girls to play very well who were self-instructed. Procure a good second-hand one, the price of which will be about what you mentioned, and also a violin instructor, and try, with courage and perseverance. We are indeed glad that you have found our paper so useful, and rejoice that you can now manage to make your own dresses and your mother's caps.

COBWEB.—"Di pescator' ignobile" is an air for the tenor from the opera of "Lucrezia Borgia," by Donizetti. The origin of Christmas mince-pies and plum-pudding is very ancient, and is considered by Brande to have begun in Rome, where the fathers at the Vatican were presented with cakes, etc., at Christmas. Plum-pudding was originally "plum porridge," a kind of soup with plums, and as such is mentioned at the beginning of the present century.

AN ISRAELITISH WOMAN.—The history of the Maccabees is contained in five books of that name, two of which are included in our Apocrypha. Judas Maccabeus was the third son, and succeeded his father, Mattathias, and defeated the Syrians in three battles.

BROWNIE.—You can find the names of some pretty new pieces in the reviews of new music in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Find a pretty set of waltzes, such as "My Queen," to learn by heart.

PSYCHE.—Gounod's "Faust" is used for the stage, while the "Faust" of Berlioz is only suited to the concert-room. The two works are not comparable. The hair will be worn much higher, but there is no compulsion about it; and if the low coil on the back of the neck suit you, you can continue to wear it.

J. E. M. and DAFFODIL.—Better visit several music publishers and shops, and make inquiry, if you be really anxious for the information. We regret such societies and clubs are not within our acquaintance, and we could not take the responsibility of recommending them.

PANSEY.—We regret that you should, like so many of our correspondents, overlook our rules; and the fact that we are continually repeating that one in particular which precludes our advertising publications and naming prices. You should inquire at a good bookseller's, and, failing there, at a music-seller's; or else consult some professional musician or teacher.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VIOLINA.—Were we to see the poems to which you refer, and which show certain apparent irregularities, we might be able to explain them. The poem you enclose has no rhymes, but this fact does not constitute any claim to its being "blank verse." One essential and perfectly absolute rule in reference to it is this: that every line should contain ten feet, and thus when a break occurs with a full stop, of whatever length short of this number, the next line must contain the proper number of omitted feet to complete a full line, preserving the correct measure or beat. Also the breaks that occur should be varied in their relative positions, so as not to weary the ear by falling monotonously at the end of a certain number of feet each time. We see no point of resemblance between Wagner's music and the poems of that wonderful writer E. Barrett Browning. Your poem begins with 13 feet in the first line, 10 in the next, and then 12, 9, 9, 6, 12, etc., in those that successively follow them. Further on there are no less than 16 feet! "And" is a conjunction, and is misused more than once. You have begun a line with it twelve times in this short "idyll."

T. C. T. Y.—1. Margaret Fuller was a distinguished American authoress, born at Cambridge Port, in Mass., in 1810. She received the education of a boy, and at six years of age read the works of Latin authors. She wrote "A Summer on the Lakes," and was a regular contributor to the New York *Tribune*. In 1846 she visited Europe, and in 1848 she married the Marquis Ossoli. In 1850 she embarked in a vessel called the "Elizabeth," for New York, which was wrecked off Long Island, and Margaret, her husband, and her child perished together. Her memoirs are full of interest and romance, and were published after her death. 2. Jean Paul Richter, commonly called "Jean Paul," was a great German humourist, born 1763, died 1825. His early life was a gallant struggle against poverty, but in 1803 a liberal pension was given him, which lifted him above care and want. His works are numerous, and comprise about sixty volumes, on every subject. Carlyle made him known in England, and was his ardent admirer. Many thanks for your offer, but our staff of writers is complete.

BEN'S KEEPER.—Clean the *gant de Suède* with pipe-clay, applying wet in the usual way, and shaking it out when dry.

L. M. W.—The quotation, "Be the day weary," was quoted at the stake by George Tankerville, 1555, from Heywood's "Proverbs."

"ELIZABETH WAITS."—The description given appears to explain itself. "Such eyes as Sir Walter Scott's are described to have been were wonderfully calculated to express great emotion. So far as we know, the specks would not denote anything more than that, which Mr. Lockhart says they did.

MADELEINE OF BAGNOR.—The whole poem will be found in those called "By the Sea," by Longfellow, in any edition of his works.

BRONTE'S NEIGHBOUR.—The plant is a very common one, and grows in all parts of England. All the money sent to us for the Princes Louise Home is acknowledged in the following monthly number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

A PERUVIAN GIRL.—Your writing is very neat. The 23rd of July, 1869, was a Friday.

EDITH T. COLLINS.—The only house cure for nettle-rash is to keep yourself warm and take something simple to correct acidity, for it usually proceeds from that. If not better, consult a doctor.

ALINE MURRAY.—The authoress of the poem you require is Rosa Hardwick Thorpe, we believe, but we do not think it is published in a book.

BOTHER OF A GIRL.—We do not remember having seen a cheap edition of the book you name. Why not use a little vaseline? See all we have told our girls respecting the care of the hair, by referring to our indices.

HOPE.—People usually stand up when Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" is sung, because they join in it as a personal act of worship, and do not merely listen to it as they would to a piece of secular music.

KINNY.—*The 9th of December*, 1868, was a Tuesday. Write roundhand copies daily, and you will write a good running hand later on. Do not attempt to accomplish the latter too soon.

RHANCE.—For all information respecting the United Bible-reading Society, apply to the Rev. Ernest Boys, Bengeo, Hertford, giving your full address and enclosing a penny stamp, and you will receive a card of membership, a copy of the *Christian Progress Magazine*, and papers containing all information respecting it.

ELLEN EDNEY.—See our article on "The Art of Letter-writing," page 237, vol. i. We advise you to select a French dictionary for yourself at any large bookseller's shop. Your composition needs attention, more especially if you aspire to being a teacher in a school. For example, you write, "My *sobriquet* was last Ambrosia," etc. You should transpose the sentence, and say, "My last *sobriquet* was," etc. Why do you employ "inverted commas" in writing the word "all," when not a quotation, as we now have reason to use them? Your writing if reduced in size would be very good.

RAY.—Persons who care to preserve the indications of the Norman origin of a large proportion of words in the English language, retain the "u" in such words as "honour," "favour," etc. It is in our opinion more elegant than the style adopted in the omission of that letter.

VIOLET.—We regret to say that the lines you send us are too incorrect in metrical composition, as well as too feeble and common-place for acceptance. Your writing and spelling need a good deal of attention. Instead of the words "will not," you write "wount;" you drop the "h" in whispers and the "i" in easily. But we think you appear to be a well-meaning and religiously-minded girl, and we quite approve of the sentiments you express.

CLARA FLEITMANN.—1. The cardinal spoken of by Voltaire was probably Cardinal Fleury. 2. The Castle of Chillon was built in 1238, by Amadeus IV. of Savoy. We have pleasure in regarding you as one of our girls.

A FRIEND IN NEED.—1. Borax or an egg may be put into the water in which you wash your hair. Soda tends to render it dry and brittle, and changes the natural colour. 2. The 6th of June, 1864, was a Monday, and January 5th, 1867, was a Saturday.

ASHAMED ONE.—A silly fault like that you name, if discontinued as well as regretted, need not trouble you any more, nor is it at all advisable that you should name it to anyone, under any circumstances whatsoever. Be cheered henceforth on the question. We only think your conduct childish, and unworthy of our judgment at your age.

T. T. B. D.—The worth of a well-preserved "milled" guinea of Charles II. is £1 15s. The same, with an elephant beneath the bust, is worth £2 when dated 1663. Yours is probably worth about the same.

THURSDAY'S CHILD.—Breslau is built on both banks of the Oder, and is the capital of Silesia, the second city in Prussia, in point of population. There are many routes from which you may choose your own when the travelling season opens, and the lists are published with the expenses of each. It would be out of our department, as well as take up too much space, to enter upon the question further.

BESSIE HICKS.—We are much obliged by your letter about the letter-writing connected with the Theatrical Mission, and the great good it has been the means of doing. As perhaps some of our readers may like to write for particulars, we subjoin the address:—Miss A. S. Eives, 21, King-street, Covent-garden, W.C.

A RATTLETRAP.—You will have seen an answer to your question before this reaches you in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

NIL DESPERANDUM.—We are much obliged by your note, but as the doctor in question is a "specialist," we fear the information is of no use to our readers.

THREE LANCASHIRE LASSES AND LAUSANNE.—The custom of giving eggs at Easter is to be traced up to the theology and philosophy of the ancient Egyptians, Persians, Gauls, Greeks, Romans, and all the nations of old, amongst whom the egg was an emblem of the universe, the work of the Supreme Divinity. The Christian retains it at the present day as an emblem of the Resurrection, as it contains the elements of a future life. When coloured after Easter they signify the glories of that Resurrection after death and the grave.

ONE AMONGST MANY.—We think the dog is suffering from rheumatism, and we should advise your consulting a veterinary surgeon about him, who will probably give him something.

ANNIE F.—Write to the British Ladies' Female Emigrant Society, secretary Miss Tipple, 43, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, W., who may help you. If your sister lives in Canada she had better write herself about a servant to the secretary for the Protection and Organisation of Emigrating Female Servants, Mrs. Mussen, 8, Prince Arthur-street, Montreal, Canada. This society has the use of two homes in Montreal for the reception of servants.

SPHINX.—The "Angelus bell" is sounded three times a day, and marks the recital of certain prayers addressed to the Virgin, instituted in the Roman Catholic Church by Pope Urban II. Your letter is a mass of questions, no fewer than ten in number, and the writing is so trying to read that it quite makes our head ache. Two questions only are allowed, so you may write and repeat any two you please.

INKHORN.—The quotation, "The good die first," etc., is from Wordsworth's poem, "The Excursion," book i.

DULCEBELLA.—Try some games in the evening to amuse your children. A number were suggested in the Christmas Number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

A DAILY GOVERNESS.—You will find an excellent article on the Kindergarten in a recent number of

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and we should advise your using the system.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.—1. There are "Gurwood's Despatches," Napier's "Peninsular War," all supplying much information such as you desire respecting the Duke of Wellington, and a series of despatches, correspondence, and memoranda, edited by his son. Besides this, several biographies have appeared, but we cannot give further and more particular information; for this you must apply to a librarian. 2. In reference to Wrangell Land, in 1867 Mr. Long, an American whaler, coasted along a large extent of land off the Asiatic continent to the north-west of Behring's Straits, the existence of which had been reported by Admiral Wrangell in 1823, and since then it has borne his name.

SPOTLESS.—You should go to a postal telegraph station to ascertain where the place for which you inquire is to be found. You have transcribed the name so badly we cannot decipher it. If the Eastern Telegraph Company have, as you say, a station there, inquire for all particulars at their home office. What a charming creature you must be if your adopted name be a fitting one!

RECKITT'S BLUE.—1. We thank you for your kind letter, but you seem to have forgotten to enclose the "epitaph" of which it speaks. 2. It is not at all necessary to "repeat the last word at the bottom of the page at the top of the following one."

SYDNEY PRICE.—We do not give such addresses, which are really advertisements, in our paper. Consult a London Directory, where you will find them.

CHERRY RIPE and DOUGLAS.—You may cleanse steel by rubbing on it a mixture composed of an ounce of camphor and a pound of hog's lard, mixed with as much blacklead as will give the mixture an iron colour. Leave this on the steel for two days, and rub off with a linen cloth. It may also be used during the summer to preserve steel from rust when unused.

SYDENHAM.—The consent of parents or guardians must be obtained to the marriage of minors. So far as we know, a master would have no power in the matter; but you had better obtain legal advice, as we know nothing of your engagements.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—We think your step-father is quite justified in objecting to your marriage at seventeen, to a person "who is not all that could be wished for as regards steadiness." Wait until you are twenty-one before you decide on so momentous a subject, and believe us when we tell you that disobedience to your sole authority would be most unworthy and wrong; nor do we at all believe that your marriage would be "the turning-point" in the young man's life. If he had been honourable and good he would not have endeavoured to lead you into wrong-doing at your early age.

MYSIE ANNE.—There is probably some accumulation of dirt under the pearls, and they may likewise have turned colour and become yellow. Send them to a jeweller, as he only could tell you what may improve them. Possibly they may have to be reset. Remember that pearls, turquoises, and pale amber should be carefully wiped when put away at night. Turquoises preserved from any touch of scent or spirit, and amber (the pale) should be preserved from the influence of both light and heat on all occasions when not in actual wear.

BILLY-GOAT.—Water will rise to the level of its source, that is, of the water whence the supply of the jet for the fountain is to come. In the case of your tobacco-pipe, placed, as you say, in a basin of water, you might have left it there for ever instead of for one night only; for, in remaining in the same place where you left it—viz., on a level in the pipe with that in the basin—it was in its right place. If your pipe had been supplied through a tube coming from a supply at a higher level than the top of the pipe the water would have risen in it.

B. S.—Consult the index in each of our volumes for our advice on the defects you name. We cannot perpetually repeat the same replies and recipes, as we have not sufficient space for them. We are glad that our paper proves so useful to you.

EN AMIE.—The correspondence of the prisoners under conviction is small indeed, and is confined to receiving and answering about four letters a year. There is, however, generally an excellent chaplain attached to each prison, who does his utmost to help and lead the prisoners to better things. We could not undertake to forward letters, and must decline any proffers of aid in our work, as our list of contributors is quite complete.

LILLY LEAF.—If the light be too strong for your eyes, why not wear blue spectacles when walking? You will find several recipes for chilblains given in our correspondence lately.

SARAH.—We fear there is no way of curing the unpleasant creaking noise, which is caused by the glue mixed with the dye.

TOD.—*A E I* signifies "for ever." The word is Greek.

FAIRE SANS DIRE.—The marble cross would be best cleaned by a marble cutter, who would rub it with marble dust and water. A thick mixture of whiting and soda with water, if rubbed on and left on it for twenty-four hours, might clean and restore the whiteness.

FRANCESCO.—Use any of the varnishes sold for polishing boots and shoes to your hat, or a wash of black sealing-wax dissolved in alcohol.

MADEMOISELLE LOUISE.—You have our most sincere sympathy, and we congratulate you at the same time on having been able to accept the double trial as permitted by Him whose wisdom and love for those who trust in Him will "make all things work together for good." Remember two things: 1st, that no disgrace is attached to any kind of honest labour, although laid upon you out of the usual course of events for some cause unknown to you; 2nd, that no friend is worthy of your confidence and esteem who withdraws from your society on account of loss of property or of health, provided, of course, that no act of dishonour was the origin of either visitation. The composition of your verses needs a good deal of revision. We regret we cannot insert them, although they express good sense and Christian feeling.

MAUDE.—If in business, we fear you will not be able to adopt the only plan that we can recommend, and that growing girls would find most successful—wearing a face-board and holding a back-board for at least an hour a day, while at study or learning lessons by heart. If your occupation were writing, you could wear the first-named all the time with much advantage.

MISCHIEF.—Use turpentine; put on with a brush, and it will probably check the progress of the dry-rot.

VOL. IV.—NO. 186.] JULY 21, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A LONG LANE WITH A TURNING.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XVI.

"THE STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL SONG."

SIX years had come and gone since Mary Berrithorne vanished out of the little world of Yare, and became absorbed into the great world of London. Mr. Wenlock, the Newcastles, and the Varners knew what had become of her, but neither Cassie Listowe nor her husband had ever heard of her whereabouts. And with such a very splendid establishment to keep up, and with so many dinner-parties and dances to think about, why should they concern themselves with one who had opportunely disappeared from their path in life?

Yes; for her part, Cassie was not sorry to lose sight of her old friend. She did not want to be haunted by Mary's face when she took her walks or drives through the streets, with her husband by her side. Holly Villa had been exchanged for an imposing mansion, with gardens and conservatories; and almost all Cassie's dreams of magnificence were realised. Almost all! Like the princess who could feel the hard little pea under heaps of featherbeds, Mrs. Listowe could not rest because of a certain mortification

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"'THE THOUGHTS AND THE WILL DON'T WORK TOGETHER THIS MORNING.'"

that made her couch uneasy. The Countess of Claymoor obstinately ignored her existence, and yet her ladyship was known to associate with far less splendid people than the Listowes.

The May sunlight shone brightly on an old square in Bloomsbury. There was a garden in the middle of the square; a real garden, with soft green-sward, and trees that had been planted before the neighbourhood took its name from a cross-grained German princess who came over to England to be queen-consort.

Several of the substantial houses had creepers growing over their fronts. At an open window framed in leaves some one was sitting looking out upon the garden. Passers-by could catch a glimpse of a young woman in a grey dress with a linen collar, who sat, leaning her elbow on a small table, and resting her chin upon the palm of her hand.

If you had known Mary Berrithorne in her troubled days, you would have been struck at once with the change that had been wrought in her by years. Face and form were now more rounded and fully developed. The Mary of old times had been timid, often agitated, very easily checked and subdued; but this Mary had a square chin, and a mouth that was grave, even to sternness, in repose.

Yet, perhaps, the change was hardly so great as it appeared to be. A close observer might have seen that the lips were too soft and full for sternness; and although the brows were sometimes knitted, and bore strongly-marked lines of thought, the grey eyes kept all their old tenderness and pathos. The bright brown hair, as crisply waved as ever, showed silver threads here and there, and most people remarked of Miss Berrithorne that she looked as old as she was, but that it would be a long while before she grew any older.

The small table was covered with sheets of manuscript, and bore a large inkstand, and one or two books. Mary's pen had stopped short in the middle of a sentence. Her thoughts had strayed away from her work, and had gone wandering back to the path under the limes, in the old churchyard of Yare.

Had she found any reality like the dreams of her girlhood? No. The falseness of one man had changed the purposes of her life. It had driven her out of that path of quiet, domestic happiness that she had thought to tread—out into the world's rugged ways. But she had pressed on, how wearily God only knew, giving herself little time for rest, working hard all day as English teacher in a girls' school; and at nights and in the early mornings devoting herself to another kind of toil.

The story of authors' lives has been told, and is being told, year after year. As one by one they pass away from us we learn something of their first struggles—of the heartaches and repulses, and of the grand resolute patience that accompanies the consciousness of power. When the brain takes its final rest and the pen is laid down for ever, the world knows more of the writer than it has ever known before. It finds a new meaning in the printed words when it hears that he who wrote them was sharply schooled before he taught. Mary Berrithorne's experiences were those of many others. Step by step she climbed the rocky height—often stumbling, often repulsed, but always persisting in the ascent.

She had acquired a certain standing before she won fame, and that fame was still fresh and new. Six months ago she had been known, or rather unknown, as a teacher in a Clapham school, and very few in that school were even aware that she was an occasional contributor to magazines; and nobody, save one literary friend and adviser, knew that she was hard at work upon a long story.

This friend was a single woman like herself, whose books Mary had always read with intense interest in the old Yare days. The world had read them too, and the world's verdict had been so favourable that Bona Carlisle had attained a high position, and had maintained it for several years before Mary Berrithorne made her acquaintance.

Miss Carlisle chanced to have a niece in the Clapham boarding-school, and through this young girl's influence Bona and Mary met. There was a mutual liking; an invitation frankly given and gratefully accepted. This was the beginning of one of those life-long friendships of which women are capable when they are busy bees and not butterflies. Miss Carlisle was ten years older than her friend. She criticised Mary's work candidly and kindly.

"You can do better things still," she said, confidently. "Don't be afraid to put forth all your strength."

She took Bona's advice, and so woke one morning and found herself famous.

And then the two women had agreed to live together in the old house in the Bloomsbury-square. They were not alone in the house; Bona had a father and mother and a young brother there too. It was a cheerful family, for Bona was one of those bright workers who never talk about the severity of the toil. So bright was she, that those about her thought her labour much easier than it really was, and did not scruple to take the fruit thereof.

What did it matter if Harry tore his jackets and demolished his trousers while sister Bona was earning guineas by a few strokes of the pen? And if the father would persist in lending money to the married daughter whose husband was always overdrawing his bank account, what then? Why, a few of Bona's manuscript pages would soon bring more grist to the mill.

And Bona, the brave and strong, never wearied in well-doing. She did not weary, even while she knew that those hours of extra work, of which they thought so lightly, were so many years taken away from her life. And yet she was no sentimentalist, crying out for wings like a dove, that she might flee away from a world which is never quite so black as it is painted. Bona enjoyed living, and loving, and working; and always thanked God for showing her the comedies of life as well as the tragedies.

This was the woman who had taken Mary into her heart, and would keep her there till the end of life. She knew just where Mary's strength and weakness lay, and saw how she could be helped, unconsciously, by daily intercourse with herself.

The ink had dried upon the pen, and Mary was still dreaming, when the door opened and Miss Carlisle came in. A slight woman, somewhat tall, with a young face and grey hair.

"Ah, I see how it is with you to-day," she said, in her quiet voice, laying her hand on Mary's shoulder. "The thoughts and the will don't work together this morning."

"You are right," answered Mary, turning towards her. "Those trees have been singing to me, like the trees in Longfellow's poem, about my lost youth. I, too, have been thinking of a 'beautiful town that is seated by the sea.'"

Bona's hand was lifted and laid gently on the speaker's brown hair—

"'And the friendships old, and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighbourhoods,'"

she repeated. "Do they not, Mary?"

There was no answer. Mary's glance had gone back again to the old garden; her eyes were full of tears.

"Ah, Mary, 'the strange and beautiful song' doesn't always sound the same. Sometimes it stirs up the heart and makes it restless, and sometimes it soothes and brings infinite peace. But youth is not lost, Mary; it will be found again."

"Not in this life, I think, Bona."

"Yes, even in this life. I believe that most of us will find it in the Land of Beulah. Now, Mary, you have been listening long enough to Mr. Longfellow, and you shall hearken to old John Bunyan."

And Bona went to the bookshelves, found the volume she wanted, and came back with it open in her hand.

"'Now, I saw in my dream,'" she read, "'that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant; the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle.'"

Mary was no longer gazing at the trees. Her face glowed and brightened as she turned it towards her friend.

"Can't you see, Mary, that this is not only a return to all that is really best and brightest in childhood, but also the beginning of an eternal youth? Just think of all that is expressed in that one sentence, 'Neither could they, from this place, *so much as see* Doubting Castle!'"

"It is doubt that makes us old, and worn, and weary," said Mary, thought-

fully. "When we quite lose sight of that castle we must indeed be very near heaven."

Both were silent, watching a little lad making a spring at a lilac plume that was not far above his head. Sometimes the laburnums dropped their golden blossoms within the reach of eager, dirty, little hands. Oh, the joy of carrying away a bright yellow flower, and bearing it off in triumph to some dismal court, where there were plenty of cabbage-stalks and potato-peelings, but no flowers.

"Bona," said Mary, suddenly, "I often wonder why it is you have never married?"

"What put marriage into your head at this moment?" asked Miss Carlisle, smiling. "Our thoughts were hovering round a world where they neither marry nor are given in marriage. What a comfort that text must be to some of the hard-working dowagers who have half a dozen girls on their hands!"

"I can't explain the impulse that prompted me to put the question. But don't answer it, Bona."

"My child, it can be very easily and simply answered. In my young days I had to choose between Lancelot and Arthur, and I took Lancelot, as nine women out of ten would have done. And then, Mary, I had to let him go. Do you understand?"

Mary did understand, and was again silent.

She was one of the many who never see things in their true light until they are gone past. Quite suddenly and clearly a little scene of long ago was re-enacted in her mind. Again it was the evening of the school feast; the carriage waited at the door of the Rookery. Arthur stood in the hall with the bouquet of forget-me-nots in his hand. She could see his smile and the quiet light in his eyes as he asked her to wear the flowers. Ah! when that day closed in the forget-me-nots were lying withered and crushed by the wayside, and she was the promised wife of James Listowe.

Why had she not better understood Arthur in those days? Instead of waiting till the nobler man spoke out, as he would assuredly have done, she had yielded to the first impulse of an untried heart. Oh, if she had waited, and taken "not a smaller soul, not Lancelot, nor another!"

Bona had quietly left the room, and the slight rustle of her dress moving away down the passage recalled Mary to the realities of her present life. There was her neglected manuscript lying on the table. Her work, with all its difficulties and delights, lay before her. She sighed as she took up her pen again.

On the evening of the same day, Mary stood before her mirror, dressing for a dinner party. Bona Carlisle, whose toilet was always very quickly made, entered the room with a beautiful white camellia in her hand.

"Mary," she said, "I almost thought you were going to make a confession to me this morning."

"Well, I will confess to-morrow, Bona."

"Don't. Going to a priest, or to anybody, with the set purpose of confession is like going to a dentist. When you get to his door the pain ceases. Here is a white camellia for your hair, my dear. I want you to look your best to-night, Mr. Barnard's dinner-parties are always delightful."

"Thank you," said Mary, gratefully taking the flower and setting it among the waves of crisp brown hair, just where she had once placed Arthur's forget-me-nots. "You are very kind, Bona," she added, affectionately.

"Kind! My sister Anne says I am a thoroughly hard-hearted woman. Father has had a letter from her this morning, telling him that her husband cannot yet repay the money he borrowed last year. She adds that the dear fellow is so sensitive that she does not like to remind him of it too often. When I read that letter, Mary, I felt as if my bump of benevolence had been sat upon and flattened right down."

Most of the leading literary people knew Mr. Barnard's dinner parties, and enjoyed them. Mr. Barnard was a publisher, whose name was sufficient guarantee for the worth of the books he published. As a host he was perfect. At his table no hard-worked man of letters ever found himself placed side by side with a bore; his guests were always well selected, and generally went away in good humour with themselves and each other. In his house everybody seemed to show to the best advantage.

When Bona and Mary entered the pretty Kensington drawing-room, the other guests were already assembled. The latter went into dinner on Mr. Barnard's arm, and found herself placed next to Mr. Silvermere, the eminent African traveller, whose book had lately appeared. Having said all that he had to say about Africa, he naturally did not care to talk about that country, and devoted himself so assiduously first to soup and then to fish, that Mary began to think she should never get a word out of him.

And what did she want to get out of him? She had read his bulky volume, and knew all that he could tell her about bushmen and buffaloes. But therein had been no mention of that mission station where a certain friend of long ago had begun his work. And yet Mr. Silvermere must have gone very near that station, even if he had not visited it. The little crumbs of information which Mary had gathered from Mr. Wenlock's letters had not satisfied her at all. She was not supposed to be hungering for tidings of Arthur. Mr. Wenlock did not write to her very often; and, if the truth must be told, the good vicar felt that the little Mary Berrithorne of other times was nearer to him than the popular author of to-day. Old friends are frequently a little hard upon those who rise in the world. They do not like the notion of craning their necks to look at one who was once on a level with themselves. But this feeling was not at the bottom of Mr. Wenlock's growing coldness to his old favourite.

He was unreasonably angry with Mary for living so comfortable and successful a life, apart from the man who had loved her. He was not quite clear as to the course of conduct he would have liked her to take, nor did he concern himself with the fact that Arthur's love, although openly confessed to his old tutor, had never been declared to Mary Berrithorne.

Poor Mr. Wenlock! He told himself a thousand times that his was the only heart in which Arthur's memory was still kept fresh and green. Kate seemed to have few thoughts beyond her children. Most of the old people who had loved Arthur Beachley had gone to a place where his ministrations were needed no more. How little trace that quiet, self-denying life had left on the lives of those who had once felt its influence! Mr. Wenlock wondered, distrustfully, whether unostentatious goodness *does* accomplish anything in this forgetful world.

During the third course Mr. Silvermere became more sociable. Mary had a natural gift for conversing; there was about her manner a freshness and unaffectedness which took the traveller's fancy at once. The clear, sweet voice and easy flow of language were very pleasant to one who had been rather wearied by the small talk and small flatteries of English ladyhood since his return to his own land. He liked the face, too, particularly the grey eyes.

"Absurd ways of going on," he said, when Mary at last touched upon the subject of missions. "Met one parson though—quiet, gentlemanly young fellow—who seemed to know what he was about, and took as much thought for their poor black bodies as he did for their souls."

"What was his name?" inquired Mary, so very calmly, that Bona, who sat opposite, was arrested by the peculiar quietness of her tone, and began to listen.

"Shore—no it wasn't! Seabeach—no—Beachley. But nobody knows much about him or his work. I don't think they show him off in the missionary magazines, nor have pictures of him going about with a Bible under his arm on the magic-lantern slides for Sunday-schools. I don't believe he'll last very long. Looked like a man who would soon be used up out there."

And that was all. The severe schooling of the past six years helped Mary to hide her pain from all eyes save Bona's. She was now too good a woman of the world to forget that Society does not relax its claims upon us because we happen to have received a wound that sets us bleeding inwardly.

Before the ladies rose from the table, Mary suddenly became aware of a familiar face that was turned towards her with a look of respectful curiosity. It was not a remarkable face, and nobody seemed to take much notice of it. Mary, as she returned the glance, was haunted by a memory that was too shadowy to be laid hold of. A clerical coat went with the face, and this helped her at last to recognise Mr. Lilly, who had succeeded Arthur Beachley as curate of the old church in Yare.

(*To be continued.*)

CORRECT CLOTHING, AND HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

YET another Rational Dress Exhibition! This time held at Kensington, and rather more successful in the number of its exhibits than the first held in Piccadilly. This exhibition was opened under the auspices of the "National Health Society," 44, Berners street, Oxford-street, and comprised everything appertaining to the sanitary state of the house, as well as of the person, and it was supported by the daily lectures on all these subjects, which were delivered free. It was opened by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, and lasted from June 2 to June 16. Here the divided skirt of Lady Harberton's invention occupied a considerable space, and Mrs. Pfeiffer's Greek costume appeared again in a very mild form, which might be worn by anyone without attracting attention. There was a "shocking example" of a dummy lady in a "mountain dress," which consisted of a boy's hat, coat, and knickerbockers! If one may judge from the whole of the exhibits, the promoters of the exhibition have a decided leaning toward masculine attire; but, notwithstanding that, they will do an excellent work in obtaining for us common-sense boots and shoes, and in freeing us from the dominion of the horrors in pointed toes, which the public is forced to purchase or to go shoeless. The reception one meets with in one's

SUMMER DRESSES.

search for something to wear, in the place of pointed-toed malformations, is sometimes rather difficult to bear with patience. They manage things better in America, for in each shop there are specimens of both narrow and wide toes, and there is no attempt made to "snub" you into buying what you neither like nor want, because the shopkeeper "has nothing else but 'fashionable' articles, and could not sell a pair of wide-toed boots nor shoes if they tried." This speech is delivered with such an air of superiority, that after facing the ordeal in two or three shops, you finally give in, and make some purchase that renders you a wretched woman, till you can't bear it any longer, and start on your rounds of unsuccessful hunting again.

The *Lancet* has come out in strong terms against "that monstrosity of fashion, the divided skirt," which it calls "an outrage not to be countenanced," and "unnatural and must be productive of unwomanly ways, which are to be deprecated." "Moreover," continues the *Lancet*, "as it approaches the trousers in form and in use, it must tend to increase the heat of the limbs and body in a way which is most undesirable." So we see the medical authorities have at last declared against it, and we are not surprised, as from the first it seemed full of objectionable characteristics.

The *Warehouseman and Draper's Trade Journal* also has some opinions, which give food for thought, and I should like our girls to consider them. "People," says that journal, "have developed a fancy for thrusting large hands into small gloves, and so long as they can strain a glove across the back of the hand many persons appear to be satisfied, no matter how badly the fingers are accommodated. This is, of course, very absurd. In the first place, it is bad for the glove, which has only a certain amount of 'stretch' in it, and when this is exceeded something must give way, either the stitches, or the leather, or both. Then again, an over-tight glove is uncomfortable to wear and ugly in appearance, and looking at the subject in all aspects, there is not a single gain to counterbalance the disadvantages. Messrs. Dent, Allcroft, and Co. inform us that the sizes formerly kept in stock were from 7½ to 10 for gentlemen's gloves, and that they never thought of making anything else except to special order. Now the sizes range from 7 to 10, with an increasing demand for smaller sizes. In ladies' gloves the smallest size kept in stock were 6's, now 5½ are kept. They have found it necessary to issue circulars, calling attention to the increasing practice of wearing gloves too small, and the consequent multiplication of the complaints of gloves giving-way; naturally, neither shopkeepers nor manufacturers can be expected to hold themselves responsible for gloves destroyed in this manner."

And now, having dismissed the news and the comments of the press on the subject of clothing, we will proceed to the fashions of the day. The charming weather has brought out all the most attractive summer toilettes, and we are rejoicing in it, as it gives us permission to wear light things once more throughout the entire summer. Dark-grounded sateens are preferred for ordinary morning wear, the light-coloured ones being reserved for dress occasions. The prettiest amongst the last named that I have seen had plain pink sateen kiltings, cream sateen overskirt, and a profusion of white lace. Some of the most charming designs are palm patterns, which are made up with the plain material to match; while other sateens with all-over designs of natural-sized leaves, flowers, or moons are made up as the entire dress, though it is equally good style to have some plain sateen in the costume. There are several novelties in materials, watered sateens, brocaded oatmeal cloth, printed satinettes, printed piqué, and an imitation China crêpe in cotton, besides Russian fibre—an écru material, with a broché pattern composed of little loops, like Bath towelling.

Ribbon velvet as a trimming is very popular, and is used on plain cloth, nun's veiling, and cotton. Thin woollens are trimmed with very narrow velvet ribbon, and zephyrs with velvet bands and bows, to which a collar and cuffs are sometimes added. Black ribbon velvet is used also for coloured sateens, and yellow pongee silks have bands of coloured velvet. Loops of velvet ribbon, and rosettes of the same, are used for dress trimmings. Cream-coloured woollens have trimmings of narrow velvet ribbon. This fashion will be a most useful one as the autumn advances, when light summer apparel needs to be done up to make it look spruce again.

The prettiest of the new colours of this month are the "mirror," or steel-blue shades, which are quite indescribable, and much more becoming than the crushed strawberry, raspberry, or terra-cotta shades.

Now that we are beginning to prepare our minds for autumnal tints, I must mention the immense popularity of shot silks, which are used for skirts with overskirts of plain cashmere. The colours most liked are pink and pearl grey, green and gold, blue and gold, and dove, or grey and cherry-colour. Later on these will be made up with satin, or velvet, or velvet brochés of plain colours.

For those who have to consider evening dresses, the lace skirts, either black or white, made up on transparent muslin, or net, are very convenient and economical. They can be worn over any coloured silk slip. Tunics and polonaises of piece lace, in black, cream, and white, are being worn by the best-dressed girls. They are unlined throughout, and may be worn over any coloured silk or satin costume, which may be trimmed with lace, or not, as it happens. Two bodices are very frequently made with these under-dresses, to enable them to be worn on two different occasions, such as a garden-party or a dinner-party, or a small "at home." One of the bodices matches the coloured silk skirt; the other is made low, with short sleeves, and has an over-bodice of transparent lace, to cover the shoulders and arms. A great many brocaded silks have plain front breadths, cut open up the centre, over lace flounces. This is an excellent method of reviving an old dress. Short, basqued bodices are worn in all kinds of materials, for those of our readers who possess them made in an old-fashioned style. The fashion of edging them with loops of ribbon, falling over a frill of lace, is a very pretty method of reviving them for wear.

Not much can be said in this month about mantles, for most people have already bought them, and girls have worn them very little during the spring months. Lace capes, made of row upon row of lace, have been much worn, and were very easily made at home of inexpensive, or of old materials. Lace mantles and dolmans are all worn, and also chenille and gauze chenille capes. All new pelerines sit high on the shoulder; and even lace is made to sit up by means of stiff net, as a kind of epaulette. I think that, after all, the prettiest capes are those that were illustrated in a previous number of this Journal, that have one side crossed to the opposite shoulder, and finish with a cluster of ribbon bows.

In London all the best class of girls wear bonnets, even in the morning; and they are generally of straw, matching the dress. The pretty basket bonnets, in different shades of green or other colours, are a great institution for those girls who have to think of economical dress; for they only require a velvet facing turned back over the front, about two inches in depth, and a band of the same at the back, and short, velvet strings, so short that no ends are visible. The last touch added is a bunch of pretty, mixed flowers at the top, on the left-hand side; and the pretty bonnet is thus finished. The tiny gold braid bonnets, too, are very easy to trim; and so are the unlined ones, which a friend of ours names "Catch cold-in-the-head bonnet," and considers they ought to have been exhibited as "fearful examples," at the recent exhibitions.

Amongst the forecasts for the future, I hear that indigo blue serges, trimmed with white, yellow, crimson, and pale blue, will be worn in the autumn. Indeed, all kinds of odd blue shades have made their appearance, and we promise to be clad in much brighter raiment than usual; for I see a decided tendency towards red shades, in all the thicker materials, at present. My own feelings always lead me to admire bright hues; for in dull weather, they make one feel a wee bit more lively.

The instant one enters on the parasol question the great variety opens so wide a field that one does not know where to begin. All are, however, very large, and all apparently have round valances, which are invariably edged with lace. The large crooks strike me as being a very useful addition to walking parasols, as the handle is quite long enough to lean upon. Cream lace parasols seem popular for the morning, the covering material being something like a curtain-lace, I think. The hand-painting which last year graced the outside of the parasols has this year found its way into the inside, and the most wonderful eccentricities are adopted as designs for this purpose—owls' heads, large spiders and beetles—and, last of all, I must chronicle a lobster and a crab. The half-lace and half-satin parasols are the most nonsensical of all, for how can a transparent material like lace protect one from the sun? Then there are both black and white lace parasols, entirely of lace, without any lining at all. The lace on these is extremely full, being sometimes a flounce gathered on a cord, as full as possible, and then gathered again and carried from rib to rib on a cord. The only reason I hear for the adoption of these parasols is that they are becoming, and "impart a charming look of flickering light and shade to the face of those carrying them."

Our month's illustration consists of three figures which admirably express much of what I have been describing in my notice of the "Seasonable dress of the month." The first figure with the reed hat shows the plain velvet lining and the wreath of outside flowers; the dress being one of the cross-barred zephyrs, or soft alpacas of the same pattern, trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon, and panels of piece-velvet on the skirt, mixed with folds of the stuff. The centre figure shows the way of making serge, beige, or cashmere costumes; or those of electric-blue nun's veiling, which have been so much worn. The little *jabot* of white lace is well shown, and this pretty new style will be found to add grace to any costume. The hair of this figure is dressed high at the back, and is done in a single twist; the ends being rolled round, and fastened in.

The third figure wears a nun's veiling of strawberry-colour, and a brocade or broché palm-patterned skirt and waistcoat. This dress shows how easily old figured silk skirts can be adapted to the present fashions, and how well they look. I have seen this idea carried out with a handsome figured Paisley or chené shawl which had lain by useless for years.

HOME MADE PICKLES.

ALTHOUGH I am about to describe how pickles should be made, I by no means wish it to be understood that I am an advocate for the use of pickles. I know quite well that there are a great many people who would be made ill if they were to eat anything of the sort. Let these good folks therefore leave them alone. There are others whom these relishes do not seem to affect injuriously, and who are very partial to them. I know no reason why these fortunate individuals should not have them. This I know, however, that whether you and I approve or not, pickles will be eaten, and therefore it is well that cooks should know how to prepare them, so as to render them as little harmful as possible.

I do not believe that, so far as economy alone is concerned, much is gained by making pickles at home. I have again and again calculated the cost, and I have found that when good materials had been procured, the best vinegar and spices had been bought, no allowance at all being made for the trouble, home made pickles cost a halfpenny or a penny more than pickles of the same pretensions could have been bought ready made. Do you think this fact has made me out of love with home made pickles?—Not at all; it has made me rather more in favour of them than I was before. For, if the manufacturer who has to pay for labour, materials, and advertising, and to make a profit into the bargain, can sell his productions at the price for which I can simply buy the materials, is it not probable that his article is not quite so excellent as mine? Of course he buys in quantities and therefore buys to advantage, but I do not think this fact quite accounts for the difference.

A fine appearance in pickles is not to be desired. When these preparations look bright, sparkling, and clear, the probability is that the vinegar has been boiled in a metal vessel, and this by itself would be sufficient to render the article unwholesome. And herein the special advantage of making pickles at home consists. You may at any rate feel certain about the quality of the work of your own hands. I once heard an old cook say, "I know what sheep's head is, and unless I have cleaned it myself, I will never touch it." This is the sort of feeling we have about pickles; we know what they may be; if we have made them ourselves we know what they are; not particularly digestible perhaps, but at least not partly poisonous.

Having therefore decided after due consideration that we will make our pickles at home, what points have we to be careful about? Really very few. Like a good many other things, pickling is very easy when once you understand all about it. Only be careful to procure good vegetables in perfect condition, not over ripe, and the best vinegar; to use an enamelled saucepan or a stone jar for heating the latter, avoiding altogether metal vessels of every kind; to do whatever lifting there may be with a wooden spoon, to put the pickles when made into small stone or glass jars, ("small," because the quality of the pickle deteriorates after the jar has once been opened, and "glass," because the vinegar acts dangerously upon the glaze surface of earthenware;) and be exceedingly careful to keep the pickle always entirely covered with vinegar, and to store it in a dry place, damp being especially injurious to all kinds of pickles. Now follow the recipes I am about to give, and I do not think you will have any difficulty about the matter.

The best time for preparations of this sort is for the most part from the middle of July to the middle of August. There are variations depending upon the seasons and the climate, but the period named is the one in which the good housekeeper is on the alert and looking out for suitable vegetables for pickling. In making these purchases she should be particularly careful to avoid everything that is overgrown, running to seed, or in the slightest degree withered. Unless this point is attended to, there is little likelihood that the pickles will prove satisfactory.

Red Cabbage is one of the most wholesome, as it is one of the commonest of pickles. Old housekeepers say that the cabbage should not be taken until the frost has touched it. I do not agree with this. If the cabbage is firm and sound and freshly cut, excellent pickle may be made of it without any consideration of frost. Remove the outer leaves from the vegetable and slice it across as thinly and evenly as possible. Put it into a dish or bowl and sprinkle it plentifully with powdered salt. Let it lie for forty-eight hours, then squeeze the salt as thoroughly as possible from it, and three parts fill jars or glasses with it. Intermix with each pound of cabbage 12 peppercorns and one bay leaf, or if preferred an ounce of black peppercorns and an ounce of whole ginger may be used. Fill up the jars with good vinegar to cover the cabbage entirely, tie down with bladder, and keep in a cool place. The excellence of the colour in this pickle depends upon the thoroughness with which the salt liquor is squeezed out. Some cooks add a few slices of half boiled beetroot to it in order to improve the appearance.

Onions.—The smaller the onions are the better for this purpose. What are called Reading onions or silver button onions are usually preferred, and they are at their best just after they are harvested. Peel them and be careful not to cut the bulb, and throw them into an equal measure of boiling vinegar, to each quart of which two teaspoonfuls of salt and an ounce of whole white pepper have been added. Simmer them till they look clear, which will be in three or four minutes. Put them into jars, pour the pickle over them, and when they are quite cold tie them down in the usual way. Eschalots may be pickled in the same way, but they will not need to simmer more than a couple of minutes in the vinegar. They are more expensive and also more delicate in flavour than onions.

Cauliflowers.—Divide some sound white cauliflowers into small sprigs of equal size. Throw these as they are broken off into cold water to preserve the colour. Drain them, throw them at once into a stewpan of boiling water which has been lightly salted, and boil for four minutes. Drain them once more, turn them into a bowl, and pour on as much boiling vinegar as will entirely cover them. Lay a plate or dish upon the bowl and let the sprigs lie in the pickle until the next day. Drain again and put the cauliflowers into glasses or stone jars; boil the vinegar with a teaspoonful of salt for each quart. When partially cool, fill up the jars and tie down in the usual way.

Gherkins.—Choose gherkins of equal size, about two inches long, and be careful that they have been gathered on a dry day, and before the frost has touched them. Take off the blossoms, put them into a stone jar, and pour over them brine which has been made by boiling three-quarters of a pound of salt with two quarts of water for one minute, then allowed to go cold. Throw a cloth over the jar and leave it till the next day. Drain the gherkins, put them into a clean jar, and pour over them boiling vinegar which will more than cover them, and which has been boiled for five minutes with half an ounce of salt, half an ounce of whole ginger, and half an ounce of black peppercorns to each pint of liquid. Again throw a cloth over the jar and leave the gherkins another day. Drain off and boil the vinegar once more, let the pickle stand for four days, at the end of which time the gherkins may be put into jars, and the vinegar after being boiled and partially cooled may be poured over them, to cover them entirely. Tie down with bladder or wash-leather and store in the usual way. When bladder has been used for tying down pickles, it is a good plan to damp it each time a jar is opened before putting it on again.

Cucumbers.—Peel the cucumbers, cut them lengthwise into quarters, remove the seeds and divide the quarters into slices half an inch thick. Put the cucumber into a bowl in layers, and sprinkle powdered salt plentifully over each layer, shaking it occasionally, and let it lie for eight hours. At the end of this time drain away the brine, put the cucumber into jars with some whole pepper and one or two bay leaves. Fill the jars with vinegar which has been boiled and allowed to go cold, cork the jars securely, and tie bladder over the corks.

India Pickle.—This pickle is particularly convenient for those who have a garden, and who are in the habit of receiving vegetables in quantities which they cannot immediately use, because additions can be made to it of almost every sort and at any time as the ingredients come into season. Cauliflowers, white cabbage, French beans, cucumbers, young and old carrots, onions large and small, beetroot, radishes from which the green part has been cut away, radish pods, nasturtium seeds, and small green apples may all be employed for the purpose. Prepare the vegetables which require it, before using them; that is, divide the cauliflower into small pieces, slice the cabbage as thinly as possible, peel small onions and slice large ones, slice also beetroot, cucumbers and apples; in short, act as common sense dictates in this matter. Put the prepared vegetables into a stewpan with brine which is sufficiently strong to bear an egg. Let it simmer for one minute, then drain and dry perfectly. Make pickle to cover the vegetables entirely as follows:

Put two quarts of good vinegar with 1 oz. of bruised ginger, 1 oz. black peppercorns, 1 oz. Jamaica pepper, 1 oz. cloves, and 1 oz. peeled garlic (if liked). Boil the vinegar and spices gently for five minutes. Mix an ounce of mustard, an ounce of turmeric and half a teaspoonful of cayenne smoothly with a little cold vinegar, stir the mixture into the hot vinegar and pour the whole boiling upon the dried vegetables. When these have soaked all the vinegar add more. Before vegetables are added to this pickle they should be prepared, simmered in brine, and dried as in the first instance. India pickle will improve with keeping, and should by rights be kept for twelve months before using.

Nasturtium Seeds.—Nasturtiums are very often found in English gardens. The seeds if gathered when small and pickled form an excellent substitute for capers, so constantly required in making sauce. Put the seeds as they are gathered into a jar, cover them with vinegar which has been boiled with salt (a handful to a quart), and allowed to go cold. When the jar is full, cork it down, tie bladder over the cork and store. Unless the seeds are kept well covered with vinegar they will be spoilt.

Radish Pods may be pickled like nasturtium seeds.

Walnuts.—Choose green walnuts which have been gathered before the shell has begun to form. If the nuts can be pierced with a

strong needle they are in good condition for the purpose required. Make brine to cover them by boiling six ounces of salt in each quart of water needed, and carefully clear away the scum as it rises. When cold put in the walnuts and stir them night and morning with a stick. Change the brine at the end of six days and let them remain six days longer, or if time is a consideration let the walnuts lie in brine for nine days and change the brine three times during that period. When they have been salted sufficiently drain them in a colander, and then spread them on a dish and lay them in the open air until they turn black, which they will do in about twelve hours. Pour over them enough hot vinegar (which has been boiled with spices for five or six minutes) to cover them; and divide the spices equally amongst the walnuts. When quite cold, tie down securely and store in a dry place. The pickle may be made by boiling two quarts of vinegar with a teaspoonful of salt, two ounces of black pepper, three ounces of bruised ginger, three blades of mace, six cloves stuck in three onions and an ounce of mustard seed. This pickle should be kept for six months before using; it will improve with keeping.

Small and even sized capsicums, also barberries, are very good when pickled according to the recipe given for nasturtium seeds. These brightly-coloured vegetables are very useful for garnishing. The barberries should be gathered before they are quite ripe, and should be put with the stalks into pickle, the leaves having been previously removed.

There is only one more recipe which I should like to give. The pickle made from it is so excellent, and I believe so uncommon, that I hope some of the girls who belong to our cookery class will be induced to try it this season. It was given to me by an English lady who was brought up in Germany; I have made it several times, and I do not remember having met with more than two people who, on tasting it, have not been enthusiastic in their appreciation of it. Here it is.

Sour Plums.—Take three pounds of what are called in Germany Zwetschen (a long, blue autumn plum, the nearest approach to which procurable in England is called late damson). Rub off the bloom, prick the plums with a needle, and cut the stalks short. Take as much vinegar as will cover, measure it, and for each pint allow a pound and a half of sugar, three (the original recipe said "a few") blades of mace, one stick ("a few sticks") of cinnamon, and half a teaspoonful ("a little") of allspice. Boil the vinegar with the spices, pour it through a strainer over the plums, and let them stand for twenty-four hours. The next day boil the vinegar and pour it over the fruit, and afterwards put it on the fire with the plums to simmer for a few minutes. Cover close down whilst hot. These sour plums may be used with roast mutton or with hare instead of red currant jelly. Strictly speaking, they are more suited for purposes of this kind than they are for eating with cold meat.

PHILLIS BROWNE.

FEMALE CLERKSHIPS IN THE POST OFFICE.

HE recently expressed intention of the Postmaster General to extend the employment of female clerks in the Savings Bank Department of the General Post Office has evoked some criticism as to the wisdom of the policy which was initiated by Lord John Manners. The feeling displayed by some of the critics can only be compared to that which was shown by some members of the medical profession when it was first proposed to allow ladies to qualify as medical practitioners. To judge by the opinions expressed and the fears which are entertained in some quarters, one might suppose that to be of the gentler sex was a disqualification for all employment requiring an ordinary amount of common sense. One journal devoted to the interests of the Civil Service states that when Female Clerks were first appointed to the Savings Bank Department, "The susceptibilities of the male clerks were soothed by official assurances that it was only intended to employ them on mechanical work," and complains that this understanding was not adhered to, and that important work in this Department has since been entrusted to females. We are unable to see on what ground females should only be entrusted with mechanical duties, unless it be the exploded idea that they are incapable of performing higher work. We believe that the steps taken by the Postmaster-General will meet with general approval, and that the verdict of the public would be in favour of throwing open some of the posts in other offices also to the competition of ladies, where a similar experiment might be tried with an equal prospect of success.

A short account of the progress of the movement since its introduction, and the existing regulations as to appointments, will be of interest to many of our readers. In the early part of 1881, the Postmaster-General determined, with the assent of the Lords of the Treasury, to throw open these appointments in the Savings Bank Department to public competition. Previously to this date, for all female appointments in the Post Office, only candidates were admitted to compete who had been "nominated" by the Postmaster-General, and such nomination could only be obtained by those candidates who possessed influence, direct or indirect, in the right quarter. Under this system of limited competition, only a few candidates were allowed to compete for each post, and the ordeal was thus less difficult, and reserved only for favoured competitors. For clerkships in the Savings Bank Department, however, the competition is open to all subjects of Her Majesty who comply with the following conditions:—(*a*) that their age on the first day of the competitive examination is not less than 18 nor more than 20 years; (*b*) that they are unmarried or widows; (*c*) that they are duly qualified in respect of health and character; and (*d*) that they have passed a preliminary test examination.

The preliminary examination is intended to ascertain that the candidate possesses a fair knowledge of Handwriting, Spelling, and Arithmetic (including Vulgar and Decimal Fractions). For the convenience of candidates, it is usually held in London, Edinburgh, Dublin, Liverpool, Bristol, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Hull, Leeds, Birmingham, Norwich, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Swansea, Belfast, and Aberdeen. Before candidates can be admitted to this examination, applications must be made to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Cannon-row, Westminster, S.W.; by whom an order for admission is forwarded. In due course, the candidate is informed whether she has successfully passed the first examination; and full instructions are then given to those who are admitted to the severer contest. That the preliminary examination is not mere child's play to all, it may be mentioned that at the first open competition held in Sept. 1881, out of 747 candidates, 525, or 70 per cent., failed to pass this test, the remaining 222 competing for the 76 appointments which were to be made.

The competitive examinations are held only at London, Edinburgh, and Dublin. The subjects of examination and marks allowed for each are as follows:—Arithmetic, 150; Compound Addition, 50; Orthography, 200; English Composition, 100; Geography, 150; and English History, 150. In this examination, no matter how high the average excellence of the candidates may be, only the best of them can be successful. Since the examination in September, 1881, two other competitions have been held, one in May and June last, for 35 vacancies, and another on October last for 40 vacancies. It is probable that another examination will be held very shortly. A fee of 1s. is charged to each candidate attending the preliminary examination, and 1s. 6d. to each candidate attending the competitive examination.

The salary of a female clerk on appointment to the Savings Bank Department is £65 per annum, rising by £3 per annum to £80. Promotion to vacancies of a higher class depends on merit. The following statement (which is taken from the Parliamentary Estimates for the current year) shows the proportion of higher appointments:—

1 Superintendent. Salary £180, rising to £300.

48 Principal Clerks. Salary £120, rising to £170.

17 First Class Clerks. Salary £85, rising to £110.

138 Second Class Clerks. Salary £65, rising to £80.

Every effort appears to be made by the Post-office authorities to provide proper accommodation for the ladies in their employment, and the fact that it is intended shortly to increase their number, shows that the Government are satisfied with the success of the experiment, and that the ladies employed have made good their claim to the possession of the requisite ability. The authorities of King's College have made arrangements for the preparation of young ladies desirous of competing for these vacancies. The evening class which is carried on with this object is held in a large airy room, with a separate entrance and cloak-room, the latter being in the charge of a female attendant; and the number of students from this College who have been successful in the examinations shows that the care bestowed upon them by the authorities has not been thrown away.

We must not omit to mention one important regulation which is not referred to above, viz., that any female clerk who marries is required to resign her appointment.

THOUGHTS ON A WEDDING.

"Oh! of course, it's all very well for them, poor old frumps," exclaimed a pretty, bright-faced girl, a few months ago, and the question came in return—

"What is all very well for them?"

"Oh!" with a shrug of the round shoulders, "visiting about amongst a whole lot of dismal sorrow, and suffering, and wickedness, and all that sort of thing. It just suits a set of dingy old maids, old fogies of any kind. But it wouldn't be in my line at all."

Careless, offhand words uttered with pouting lips, and laughing tones.

The solemn, awful announcement had often been read with the eyes but never as yet with the heart—

"Then shall He say unto them on the left hand, depart from Me ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels. For I was an hungered and ye gave Me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave Me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took Me not in: naked, and ye clothed Me not; sick and in prison, and ye visited Me not.

"Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment."

This declaration of the Son of Man was not made to any particular class, to any special set of humdrum, disappointed, or worn-out drudges of the world; not even to those born with long faces, and serious, prim dispositions to correspond. He spoke it to all those who should choose to call themselves Christians, that is—should elect to take up the Cross, and follow Christ.

It does seem to me so sad, and so terrible, to hear girls say in that flippant or petulant way—"Oh! those things are not at all in our line." They do seem so utterly to forget that there is only one road to heaven, the road marked out by our Saviour Himself, with humility, charity, self-sacrifice, unselfishness.

Don't for a moment suppose that I am preaching the dismal doctrine of self-justification by good works, but I always strive to keep one thing distinctly in my memory, and I would fain bring it to the memory of the girls, with whom my sympathies are still so warm that I sometimes half-fancy myself yet one of them. The thing is this—Jesus Christ Himself said, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

If there is no Christ-like life, if there be no Christian fruits, none of those deeds which are the deeds "that I have chosen, saith the Lord," speaking under the law as under the Gospel, then—how are we to be known? If the works that our Teacher gives into our hands are refused or dropped, because "they are not in our line," then—under whose leadership are we enrolled?

But with some it is not carelessness or indifference that leads to the omission of work for those of our neighbours who so sorely need our help, but a false impression, partly owing, unfortunately, to false teaching, that the undertaking of "loosing the bands of wickedness, undoing the heavy burdens, dealing bread to the hungry, and sheltering the homeless," necessitates "afflicting the soul, bowing down the head as a bulrush," and spreading the sackcloth and ashes of dreariness and dolefulness in the path of life.

If teachers and learners of this miserably false doctrine would only study chapter lviii. of Isaiah they would know better. This is what the prophet tells us, by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit of God which cannot lie: "If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday. Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily, and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy reward. Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and He shall say, Here I am."

And as though all these promises might not be enough for the young, the bright-eyed, and light-hearted, there come others, so especially suited to their needs and natural longings, that it may be well believed the all-gracious Father had them specially in His thought—"Thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water whose waters fail not."

One seems to see the fountain plashing upwards, dancing in the sunlight; one seems to hear the bell-like laughter, the happy song of the sparkling drops. One sees the fresh, brilliant, luxuriant beauty of the watered, cherished garden.

It would have been quite impossible to choose images more descriptive of joy and gladness, brightness and beauty. Why then should young, light-hearted maidens, bright and beautiful girls, declare the works of holiness "out of their line"? Why should they imagine that they must first lay down all happy hopes and joyousness, and accept dreariness and *dinginess* before they can "Serve the Lord"?

I am writing to girls, but one moment I will write to their elders, and venture to implore them, yes, almost with tears for earnestness, that they would never try to shadow the dancing light in any eyes, that they would never try to hush the song in any young heart. Let those who are overflowing with fun and high spirits go and play with some of the wan-eyed, white-faced babies of the world, whose mothers are too hard-worked or sad to remember how to smile. So shall the ringing laughter and the merriment be to the glory of the Father. Let those with dainty fingers and pretty faces be "frivolous" now and again if they like, and use the frivolity in making bright coloured sketches, painting old pictures in the *Graphic* and *Illustrated*, if they like, to cover the dingy patches on the dull walls of some poor old man or woman, who will be as much cheered by the gay sight as comforted by the aunt's flannel petticoat or knitted comforter. Let the mischievous make the queerest caricatures, the oddest toys, the funniest little speeches, they choose, and win a laugh from a poor little cripple condemned to a lifetime of helplessness.

Our Heavenly Father does not give us one single more dancing ray of sunlight either from the sun, or from human hearts or eyes, than He has a good use for. He does not want any of them smothered out.

One word to end—all these thoughts have grown out of a bright, glad wedding I witnessed in Whitechapel on the 15th of March. The bride was one of a bright band of handsome sisters, belonging to a wealthy home; the bridegroom is a member of Parliament, moreover a member of the present Government. The wedding breakfast was of the choicest, with a splendid wedding-cake, profusion of beautiful flowers; the tall, graceful bride was most beautifully dressed in ivory-white damask silk, train, wreath and floating veil, beneath which she smiled so brightly, so kindly at the invited visitors, and the wedding guests, over a hundred of them; in the church, and at the sumptuous wedding feast, were poor people of Whitechapel, amongst whom this bright-spirited English girl has been working in a spirit of joyous, hopeful love for some past years. To judge from her happy face, one would say that she has found the noble work very much "in her line" indeed. G. S.

TO A BRIDE.
To-day thou'rt entering on an untried life
With one who soon shall stand by thy dear side,
And utter solemn vows to be a guide,
A guard, and friend to thee, his sweet young wife ;
Whilst thou, in murm'ring accents wilt avow
Thy readiness to love, to honour, and obey,
To cheer him with thy smiles from day to day,
When life's sore conflict clouds his thoughtful brow.
O may the Master's presence bless your home,
And may His own deep peace with you abide,
In joy and gladness, or when griefs betide,
For sorrow comes to all on earth who roam !
And when together ye your race have run,
O may ye hear at last His sweet "Well done !"
Mary A. Roberts.

MARGARET'S NEIGHBOURS.

By Dora Hope.

The approaching marriage of Margaret's cousin, Elsie Colville, was the event to which all the family circle were now looking forward. The engagement had been a long one, and the time of the wedding had been fixed from the first, so that her friends told her if her things were not nice it would be her own fault, for she had had plenty of time to think over and plan her affairs.

At last the eventful day was drawing very near, and Elsie was dining for the last time with her cousins Margaret and Wilfred.

"A sort of valedictory dinner, his has been, Margaret," said Elsie, with a little anxious sigh, as the two sat toying with their cups of coffee in the drawing-room. "Do you know, we mean to have lots of little tiny dinner parties just like yours, instead of one or two big ones a year, and I only hope we may have everything as perfect."

"But you surely don't consider this a dinner party," said Margaret, disdainfully.

"No, that is just the beauty of it, you never have those immense heavy affairs, which cost so much, and which no one enjoys; your plan is so infinitely more enjoyable of having just a few friends in to dinner without any ostentation. How many do you generally invite at once?"

"Not more than eight, that is the most our own servants can wait on, and I do not care to have strange waiters, it seems so much more pretentious; but as we have these little dinners very frequently, I have a woman to help in the kitchen, so that the servants are not so much upset in their regular work, and in the evening she carries the dishes up to the table in the hall, so that the two who are waiting do not need to go downstairs at all."

"I am afraid the waiting will be the greatest difficulty with us; you know we are going to begin economically, and shall not give high enough wages to get an experienced waitress."

"That is always the troublesome point with everyone; but given a quick active girl, tolerably light on her feet, she can soon be trained to wait well."

"I should not know how to set about training an utterly inexperienced girl, even though she were a fairy for lightness and speed."

"I have heard it said that the best way is to seat her at the table, and take the place of waitress yourself, but I fancy the victim would be so very nervous and flurried during the meal that she would be conscious of nothing but her own misery. My plan is to make the best use of opportunities when you are alone with her, at lunch, for example, and let her do everything correctly, and hand the same dish again and again if needful, till she does it exactly as you wish, and have the table laid, and the sideboard arranged as carefully as though you had a dinner party. And then try and make her use her eyes, if you see anyone at the table lacking anything, call the maid to you, and very quietly tell her to look round till she finds the one who requires something, and what that something is. Of course, you can only do this when you are either alone, or have only your sisters with you, or someone of that sort who would not mind being practised upon for the benefit of your waitress; and then, if you speak quietly and kindly to her, and do not expose her mistakes before strangers, or flurry her, she very quickly begins to notice for herself, and take a pride in her quick attentive waiting."

"Talking of waiting reminds me that mother and I called yesterday on those new people who have come to live next door. They seem to be wealthy, and try to make a great show, but nothing was really nice. To begin with, we had to ring these times before being admitted. That annoyed mother, who said a gentlewoman would pocket her pride and open the door herself, rather than keep visitors waiting if the servants are tardy."

"And at least the mistress can always touch the drawing-room bell to call their attention if by chance they have not heard," put in Margaret.

"Well, we went in, and the servant omitted to ask for our name, so mother called her back to tell her, as we were strangers. Then she came back, and applied a match to the fire, which I do think a most unpleasant proceeding. As mother says, if the family is occupying some other room, it is much more polite to receive visitors there, even though it is *not* the best room in the house. Then the tea! I distinctly heard the lady whisper to the maid to bring some at once; but instead of a nice little table with a pretty pot and cups and saucers, the girl carried in a large tray full of cups already filled with tea, which had spilt over considerably into the saucers, and which was already supplied with milk and sugar, quite regardless of the tastes of the guest. Wasn't it horrid, Margaret?"

"Yes, indeed, though when one is alone, I see no objection to having a cup brought from the kitchen tea-pot, if it is handed on a nice tray, with a small cream-jug and sugar-basin, it is quite as pleasant as having it made specially for you, and saves the servants a little trouble. But unless you have things done nicely always you cannot expect maids to get out of their customary habits when you have visitors."

"Yes, that is a maxim which mother is constantly impressing on my mind. You know at our house we do not have an elaborate dessert every day, but we always have the plates and glasses and everything spread in detail, even though there is only a nut or two and a shrivelled orange to tempt our appetites, because mother says, how can Fenton be expected to spread it correctly upon special occasions, when she gets no practice between. But to return to your dinner parties, Margaret; it is not only the waiting that charms me, but your dishes are always so light and simple and unostentatious, and yet everything so nice of its kind that it could not be improved if a princess were to suddenly join the party. Do you always have just one *entrée* as you had the other night?"

"We rarely have more than one; as most of our friends are not gourmands, I think that is quite sufficient. I consider the idea of inviting guests to spend almost the whole evening in eating and drinking is an insult to their better natures, and altogether wearisome, and as, fortunately for me, Wilfred is quite of my way of thinking, I aim to get the actual dinner as short and simple as possible consistently with making my table attractive, and having abundant provision for the wants of our guests. I am told that many of the 'upper ten' are introducing lighter and simpler banquets, so I am reforming in good company. But it has taken some time to get cook into the way of making these simple dishes in the best way possible; long heavy dinners are really less trouble to arrange, for the fewer dishes there are, the more they are liable to criticism; but I generally have creams and a few other troublesome dishes sent in from the confectioner's; the difference in expense is very trifling, and it saves cook a great deal of trouble, and me a great deal of anxiety."

The dinner to which Margaret referred especially was one given in honour of Elsie and her *fiancé* the previous week, to which eight guests had been invited. The decorations of the table were simple and pretty. Instead of the usual embroidered cloth down the middle of the table, a plain strip of crimson Roman satin was laid down, the edges covered with trailing sprays of green, Virginian creeper, Japanese honeysuckle, and other climbing plants. The centre of the table was occupied by a large old china punch-bowl, filled with roses, and on either side of it a flower-pot with a growing strawberry plant, covered with ripe red fruit. All the floral decorations were low, so that the guests could look at their *vis-à-vis* without craning their necks to see round a large flower-vase, as one so often has to do at large dinner parties, like children playing at bo-peep. The menu was as follows:

Soups: White, and Julienne.

Fish: Red Mullet, Salmon in Mayonnaise.

Entrée: Savoury Omelette.

Joint: Fore-quarter of Lamb, with Green Peas, New Potatoes, and Mint Sauce.

Game: Golden Plover.

Sweets: Raspberry and Red Currant Tart and Cabinet Pudding, Strawberry Cream and Lemon Jelly, Cheese Straws, Dessert.

The finger glasses had each a few blossoms floating on the water, of stephanotis for the ladies, and heliotrope for the gentlemen.

This dinner being short, was quickly over, and allowed time for an agreeable evening in the drawing-room, enlivened by music and singing, as nearly all the party were musical.

"There is one little hint which you will find useful if you have rather clumsy servants, Elsie. I have found from sad experience that if the cook sends up a dish rather full of gravy, the chances are that an untrained servant will spill it on the stairs, so now I always have a thin edge of mashed potatoes put round little dishes of stews, or anything else with gravy; it improves the appearance of the dish and prevents accidents. But we are wandering away from the subject of your house, and you promised to tell me all your arrangements. Are your kitchen necessaries provided yet?"

"Some of them; all the cooking utensils are ordered, and mother and I are going to-morrow to buy brooms and that kind of thing. Which do you consider the best brush shop about here?"

"I really do not know, for I get everything of that sort from the Institution for the Blind. I wish you could get yours there, Elsie, they are just as good as anywhere else, and it is such a charity."

"But you can get them so much cheaper at the regular shops."

"There is never more than a few pence difference, and it is the only way blind people can earn a living; you know nothing would please your generous heart better than to give them a handsome subscription, but it is a far greater charity to help them to help themselves, by buying their work. If people will not encourage them to work, they have to be supported by charity or go into the workhouse, so do give them a trial like a sweet girl as you are; I am sure you will not regret it. But how about your table-linen?"

"That is all ready, and I am longing for you to see it; it is all so dainty and refined, I think. You know Hugh asked mother and me to choose everything for the house, so we are spending all our days in shopping. Some of my table-cloths are heavy linen sheeting, fringed and knotted six inches deep all round; and some have a border worked in red and blue ingrain cotton, with serviettes to match; and then of course there are some ordinary damask cloths. I am having a great quantity of serviettes, because we mean to use them at every meal. I do not see why one should be so particular about having them for lunch and dinner, and do without them at breakfast."

"You must not be too lavish with your linen, Elsie, though I admit unlimited clean white cloths are an immense temptation, but the washing bills mount up alarmingly. Do the

wedding presents come pouring in as fast as ever?"

"Yes, we have had a great many within the last few days, people are so very kind. The most unique one I have had was from that poor old crossing-sweeper, whom I have always been interested in. It is a very handsome Castor Oil plant. Hugh at once, of course, suggested it must have been stolen from a neighbouring florist, but it is not, for the man says an acquaintance in the gardening profession gave him a tiny plant some years ago, and it has grown to its present perfection. The curious thing is, the old man tells me, that flies will not go near it, at least if they do they soon repent it, for it poisons them, and in the weather when flies are most teazing and troublesome, the room with this plant in has been kept quite clear of them, and a circle of dead flies has been found round the pot; so yon see this present is both useful and ornamental. By the bye, how does Lulu's sewing-basket answer? I have promised to buy some things from it for our house."

"Poor child, she works desperately hard, and to tell the truth is a perfect worry to her friends. But she is so earnest about it, and the object is such a good one, one cannot help trying to encourage her, and it will not be for long, I suppose."

"Why? Is the man worse?"

"I do not know that he gets rapidly worse, but he cannot possibly recover, and unless he succeeds in getting to his home shortly, I fear whether he would be able to bear such a journey."

This sewing basket was a scheme of Lulu's for raising money to assist Cronetyki and his little girl to go back to Warsaw, according to his own earnest desire, and to pay back the sum of money of which in his early youth he had robbed his father. At first he had absolutely refused any definite help of this sort, declining it with all the proud reserve of his former life; but at length, after a great deal of reasoning from Lulu, and feeling his own strength rapidly failing, he consented to take a sum, strictly as a loan, and he insisted upon signing an agreement to repay it, if possible, during his lifetime, and if that by the grace of God were not permitted, that it should, by instalments, be repaid from the slender provision he would leave for Audine.

Having accomplished this much, Lulu set joyfully to work to get together the required sum, and, with her usual impulsive energy, left no stone unturned whereby she might gain a trifle for her protégé. From henceforth she abjured tea and coffee, and stoically drank water at all her meals; she left off sugar too, of which she had hitherto taken a considerable quantity; and on the strength of these sacrifices demanded 8d. a week from housekeeper Winnie. She patched and mended away at old clothes, to lay by the sum which would otherwise have been spent on very necessary new ones, going about in dresses and hats that Evelyn declared would disgrace a crossing-sweeper's daughter. She was always offering to perform different duties for her sisters; but insisted upon being paid handsomely for her services.

"Winnie, I will darn your stockings, and mend your dress, and go over to Kensington for that wool for you this morning, for sixpence," she suggested one day, with an air of bestowing a favour.

"Thank you, I can do them myself, and I have not sixpence to spare."

"Oh well, I'll say fivepence-halfpenny, as it is you, Winnie; why, it will save you that in shoe-leather."

"Fivepence-halfpenny will not go far to pay your favourite thief's debts," chimed in Evelyn, who was rather ruffled about something or other, and could not forbear having a hit at poor Lulu's Polish friend.

"Every little helps, though," said Lulu, who was wise enough not to take any notice of the taunt. "Come, is it a bargain Winnie?" and on receiving an affirmative reply, she flew upstairs for the dress, and had half finished her task before Winnie had time to explain what wanted doing to it.

Bnt the most important means of gaining money was the sewing basket of which Margaret and Elsie had spoken. A few sympathising friends spent an afternoon with Lulu once or twice a week, and made a number of useful and ornamental articles, with which she bravely tramped about to every friend and acquaintance she possessed, cajoling them into sympathising with her object, and thence into buying something from the basket. Everyone who knew Lulu, knew also that she threw herself with entire fervour into whatever she undertook, and that having resolved to get this money, she would persevere, and neither give herself nor her friends any peace till it was obtained, and this knowledge, combined with her frank enthusiastic way of stating the case, disarmed displeasure, and enlisted many friends in her cause, so that her success was considerable.

She was already within sight of the desired sum, and frequently went to talk with Audine and her father of the happy reunion with their people that lay so close before them.

"Audine will be such a pet to her grand parents, won't she, Mr. Cronetyki? and she will soon forget all her English, too, and will get as plump and rosy-cheeked as possible, running about the orchards and gardens you have described to me. And the troubles you have been through will be just like a dream to you, for you will be so happy that you will quite forget you have ever been anything else."

"Yes, mademoiselle; if indeed the good God permit it to come to pass, but my great sins do not deserve that I should see my home once more; and I sometimes wonder——and fear,——I am in truth weaker the last month, ——His will be done."

"Oh that is generally the way with sick people, they feel their weakness most when they are getting better. Indeed you have looked much better lately, you have such a colour and you must not talk so, or even think so, for it is a great mistake of yours to say you are worse. Why, God has helped me to get very nearly enough money, in a fortnight the sum will be complete, and He will not, cannot disappoint us now. Oh no, it is wicked to think of such a thing, it makes me quite angry, Mr. Cronetyki."

(*To be continued.*)

NEW MUSIC.

David Swan.

Dream Whispers. Waltz. By V. H. Zavertal.—Three nice waltzes with good introduction and finale; very easy and well marked.

Moutrie and Son.

Barcarolle de Marie. Poésie par E. de Planard. La musique par Maud M. Whitmore.—A very pretty little French song; the air is simple and the accompaniment graceful.

F. Pitman.

The Long Good-night. Sacred Song. Words by Miss Jane Borthwick. Music by M. Moses.—The sentiment of the words is good and the music simple.

Duff and Stewart.

Lost Awhile. Words and music by Louisa Gray. With *ad lib.* violoncello accompaniment.—A quiet and easy song of moderate compass. The accompaniment of the violoncello greatly adds to the interest and effectiveness of the composition.

Shepherd and Kilner.

Scarlet Poppies. Song. Written by Oliver Brand. Music by P. Von Tugginer.—This song is written in three keys: No. 1 in E flat; No. 2 in F; No. 3 in G. A simple little story song put to music in character. The compass is moderate and the song easily learnt.

Metzler and Co.

Between Ourselves. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by J. L. Molloy.—A pleasing and simple ballad set in this composer's usual happy style.

The Angel that Cometh. Song. Written by Adelaide Procter. Composed by Michael Watson. In three keys: A, B, and C.—The composer has caught the spirit of the poetry. The short recitative—"Who is the angel that cometh? Life!"—introduces a melodious and expressive strain; there is great variety in the composition, and it is skilfully harmonised.

Ben the Bosun. A nautical ditty. The words written and the music composed by Michael Watson.—A good, bold, and characteristic song.

Yesteryear. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by Lady Arthur Hill. In four keys: A, C, E, and F.—An expressive and melodious ballad, with a most effective accompaniment, at the same time not difficult.

Think of Me. Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by A. H. Behrend.—A pretty, simple song, well put together, although not very original.

Rêve Charmant. Berceuse. Composed by Gaston de Lille. Transcribed for violin and piano by Berthold Tours.—A pleasing and graceful composition, most successfully arranged for violin and piano by this popular writer. Also by the same composer.

La Colombe. Entr'acte de Ch. Gounod. Arrangée pour violon et piano.—A charming and effective arrangement for the drawing-room.

Sweet Lavender. Words by Hugh Conway. Music by J. L. Molloy.—A simple song, by no means destitute of charm. It is written in three keys, and may easily be acquired.

J. B. Cramer and Co.

Love never Sleeps. Serenade. Words by J. F. M'Ardle. Composed by W. H. Jude. In two keys: E and G.—A charming song, much above the average; we can recommend it to any of our young friends who have a tolerable knowledge of singing.

Yonder Silent Shore. Words by Gertrude Ferrier. Music by J. Stuart Crook. Written in two keys: E and F.—A pleasing drawing-room ballad, not very original, but agreeable in character, presenting no difficulties.

Sever'd the Tie. Words by Herbert Harraden. With *ad lib.* accompaniment for violin, concertina, and violoncello. Composed by Ethel Harraden.—The melody is simple and appropriate; the addition of the violin and violoncello will add a great charm to the whole composition.

Robert Cocks and Co.

"Hush!" Morceau de Salon. Composé pour piano par Etienne Claudet.—A well-written and effective piece, by no means difficult; will suit moderate performers.

St. Eustache. Reminiscence for the piano. Abridged from 2nd Grand Offertoire for the organ (L. Wely). Arranged by Carl Mahler.—This composition, having been originally composed for the organ, must necessarily lose much of the grandeur and effect intended by the composer in the arrangement for the piano. We can recommend it as an étude.

ROBINA CRUSOE,

AND HER LONELY ISLAND HOME.

By ELIZABETH WHITTAKER.

"THE YOUNG FOLK COMING UP THE GARDEN-PATH."

CHAPTER XLIV.

ENGLAND.

IF impossible to depict the meeting of brother and sister, how shall that between mother and daughter be described? My precious mother so changed, yet looking more lovely than ever in my eyes, with her silvered hair and sweet placid look of patience born of sorrow bravely, submissively accepted! I vowed that death alone should part us, and I kept my vow.

On landing, Henry joined his friends, but it was not long before he came to visit us, and make the acquaintance of my mother, who was ready to receive both my *protégés* with all the warm welcome I could wish. After a stay of a month or two in the old country home, which interested Undine very much, we went up to London. The life here was not much to her taste, although she enjoyed seeing with her own eyes the wonders she had heard Henry tell of. She learnt rapidly under her instructors, and improved in many ways through the companionship of other girls; still, I could see she often pined for the freedom of her island life, and the climate of England rather tried her health. Hence, when Henry came to me with his plan and project all ready to be carried out, providing Undine agreed, how could I put any hindrance in the way?

He had passed these two years at home in learning as much as he could of any manufacture and handicraft likely to be useful to an early colonist, always hoping to return to Cerisia, as we had named our fertile island, with Undine as his wife, having left her free, by my desire, until now, so that her love, if ever given to him, might have been sufficiently tested to prove it was wholly his. And when he came down to our country house, where we were then staying, to remind me that his time of waiting had expired, what could I do but tell him Undine was in all probability in my wild garden, her favourite spot? And when after some time I saw the young folk coming up the garden-path, with a look of happy light in their eyes that even I yet somehow understood, do you wonder if, after meeting them with an embrace that told them what words failed to do, I just ran and shut myself in my bedroom for the next hour, to give way to—well, I'll not say what, for fear of exposing feminine weakness again. But I was so glad at their happiness.

A few months later a vessel had been bought with some money my nuggets had procured, and freighted with all sorts of things suitable for a party of settlers; and some artisans, mechanics, and agricultural labourers of ascertained good character, having consented to take their wives and families to colonise the place, we saw our children off—if sad to part with us, yet happy in youthful hope and love; and I was happy too, for had I not the joy of knowing that I could fulfil a daughter's part to so true and fond a parent?

Three years passed, and then my mother was taken from me, and I was again alone.

* * * *

CHAPTER XLV.

FIVE YEARS LATER.

AM I really in Cerisia once more? Let me describe the prospect as I sit writing in a pretty cottage home, built on the side of a picturesque mountain. Below me stretches a forest of noble pines, and beyond these a summer sea, sparkling in the golden sunshine; but what are those erections on the rugged promontory that juts out, a stony barrier for the waves to leap? Sparks issuing, busy figures moving here and there, not far off a blacksmith's forge — incongruous, is it, with the beauty around? Well, perhaps so, but some will tell you that it speaks of hidden iron riches with a beauty of utility not to be surpassed. But my eyes wander a little further, and again I see busy workers at a river side, sifting and washing with the greatest earnestness, searching for the precious yellow nuggets which not too unfrequently appear to reward their toil. And now a little maiden and her brother come trotting up the well made road that reaches to my cottage, followed by one who, still young and girl-like in manner, wears a matronly air as she stoops to lift up the little Henry for his morning kiss. Every day my children come to see me, if I am not staying with them, and now they have come to fetch me to Banyan Grove, where, close by the old house, which is purposely left as it was, Henry has built a comfortable roomy cottage for himself and family. Here I see the fertile land around, teeming with the added fruitfulness that good cultivation has produced. By-and-by we wander down to the lake, and after a pleasant row, land on the islet, and, opening our baskets, arrange our pretty

THE PARTING.

"LET ME DESCRIBE THE PROSPECT."

tea-service made at the pottery works which have risen where our crude attempts were made,

And as I sit watching the merry children, I turn my eyes towards the mount again, to rest them on a building very dear to me. It is plain and unpretending-looking, but here throughout the week the little ones of the island meet to be instructed, and here some of my so-called Utopian theories on the subject of education are being tried, and I believe are proving their practicability. In this building also do we meet on the Sabbath, to join in the worship of Him to whom we owe all of beauty and goodness.

And now again I watch the setting sun, and think of the years gone by, when the shining pathway seemed to lead to an earthly home so yearned for; but now the golden beams point to an unknown land to which my thoughts wander, where some of my dear ones already dwell; and until I reach that land I care not to call any other home on earth mine, but the happy one I have in my own loved bright Cerisia.

[THE END.]

EFFIE'S AFTERNOON TEA.

By DORA HOPE.

THERE was no doubt about it, Effie Wills was in a very bad temper.

She had set her heart upon having an afternoon once a week, or, at any rate, once a fortnight, when she might be at home to receive her young friends, and entertain them with tea and gossip; and now her mother had absolutely refused to give her consent. What made the matter worse was that Effie had been turning it over in her own mind for some time, and had made all her plans before mentioning it to her mother, and to be thwarted after having spoken to her friends about it as a settled thing was too much—it was more than anyone could be expected to bear amiably; so smoothing up her hat which she had just thrown off, Effie banged the door after her and ran off, pulling on her gloves as she went to tell her woes to her great friend and confidante, Ruth Harley.

Now Ruth was a very sensible, quiet girl; and it was a source of great wonder with their acquaintances, how the two, so opposite in every way, came to be such great friends; but as everyone knows, people with the most opposite tastes are very often the closest friends, and so it was with these two girls.

Effie soon poured forth her troubles, and Ruth was all sympathy; for one point on which they were agreed was a great objection to being laughed at, and they were both afraid that the other girls would make great fun of Effie's grand plans which had come to such an untimely end.

"Effie, my dear," suddenly put in Ruth's mother, a gentle old lady, who had been sitting quietly knitting in her easy chair by the fire; "I do not want to interrupt your conversation, but I have been making plans as well as you, and thinking how nice it would be for you young people to meet together now and then, and get to know one another better."

"Have you really, Mrs. Harley? How kind of you!" exclaimed *Effie, delighted.* "Then will you persuade mamma to change her mind? I am sure she would if you asked her, she thinks so much of your opinion."

"But you are going on too fast, my dear; I quite agree with your mother, and trust she will *not* change her mind."

Effie's face fell. "But you just said you would like it," she answered, feeling very much inclined to cry at this fresh disappointment.

"Suppose you stay and have tea with us, dear, and then I will explain to you what my idea was. Run and take your hat and jacket off, and then we can talk it over comfortably.

"Now," she said, when at length the girls returned, "bring your chairs close to me, and settle yourselves down cosily till our tea comes in." This was soon done; and Mrs. Harley went on: "You remember that lady who was staying at the rectory a few months ago, Ruth? who was telling us about the different homes for poor children she was interested in, and the various plans for sending them abroad. You saw her too, Effie, and I remember you said what a pity it was we did not live nearer London, as you would have liked to help them. Well, there are similar refuges for children in most of our large towns, besides innumerable missions of other sorts; children's nurseries, homes for training girls as servants, societies for helping discharged prisoners, and every other kind you can think of. I think you would be interested in almost all of them if you heard about their work. I have been thinking over these benevolent societies for some time, and wishing it were in my power to help them.

A MERRY PARTY.

"Then I heard just a whisper of this scheme of yours, Effie, and I must tell you frankly, dear, I did not approve of it. If there were any chance of your meeting and talking on reasonable subjects, or discussing anything that could possibly do you any good, I would not say a word against Ruth joining you, for I have often thought, with such a number of young ladies as there are in this neighbourhood, you ought to have more friendly intercourse with one another; but I could never give my consent to Ruth going to your house every week, with all your other young lady friends, for the sole purpose of gossip. It would not only be a waste of time to which I could not agree, but would almost inevitably lead to much mischief. So I began to think whether we could not contrive some kind of afternoon teas which would not be open to that objection, and the conclusion I came to was that you might turn them into meetings to work for whichever mission you were most interested in."

"Oh, Mrs. Harley, I can't bear Dorcas meetings; I go to one sometimes with mamma, and it is *so* dull."

"But that is exactly what I do not intend it to be. In the first place, it would not be a Dorcas meeting, because those of you who liked could do fancy work, and you need only invite your friends, just as you would if you had carried out your own scheme. Then we would only start it for six months at first, so that if you found it dull you could discontinue it."

"But where should we meet, mamma?" asked Ruth.

"That would depend upon whom you invite. Probably you could arrange to go round to the different houses. If you meet, say once a fortnight, for six months, that would be twelve meetings. Suppose we had the first one here; perhaps Mrs. Wills would have the second, and surely amongst all your friends you might find ten other houses which would take you in; if not, some of us must have it twice."

"I think I should like to have the first one at our house, if you do not mind, Mrs. Harley, because then I can explain to the girls that it is to take the place of the afternoons I told them about. But what are we to work for, and what are we to make? I can't bear making boys' shirts, and they always give them to me to do at the Dorcas meeting."

"And I can't do fancy work," put in Ruth; "I should not mind making plain shirts."

Mrs. Harley laughed. "It is very clear we must have work to suit all tastes," she said, "and that is just what I intended. For clever fanciful fingers like Effie's there must be all sorts of pretty things to make for a tiny bazaar at the end of the six months."

"A bazaar!" exclaimed both the girls at once.

"Well, hardly a bazaar. I ought rather to have said a sale of work in one of the drawing-rooms. Then for serious people, who have no skill for fancy work, like Ruth," and she laid her hand lovingly on the girl's brown hair as she spoke, "we will have plain useful clothes for the poor children themselves, and if ever you invite any old people like me, we will knit socks for the poor little creatures, but we shall not expect to be invited often, it will be better to keep it strictly a young ladies' meeting."

"Oh, I think that is a beautiful idea!" said Effie, who had quite recovered from her low spirits. "But I do not quite understand what we are to work for: are the things we make to go to the children who are being sent abroad? And we shall not have to read sermons aloud, shall we?"

"No, I do not think sermons would do; I am afraid none of you girls would read them well enough; and besides, I want you to have music, and singing, and a thoroughly pleasant afternoon. About the object for which you work, my idea was that you should not decide at first; but each do all you can, either at making clothes for poor children, or fancy work to sell. Then, at each meeting, the young lady who is hostess for the day should undertake to provide information about some one mission. She should either write out an account of it to read, or just read from the published reports, if they are interesting."

"Do you mean to have a different mission each time?"

"Yes, and then at the end of the six months the society should be asked to vote which mission they feel most interested in, and whichever has the largest number of votes will receive the clothes, and the proceeds of the sale. I have heard of one such sewing meeting with which is also combined a sort of essay club. The young ladies prepare essays in turn, four are read at each monthly meeting, all on the same subject. For instance, one month, the subject may be the best way of helping prisoners, or training rough girls, or helping people to emigrate. At the meeting the hostess reads all four papers, which must not occupy more than a quarter of an hour each. They are written under a *nom-de-plume*, and after the reading votes are taken which is the best essay; a register is kept of the votes each writer receives, and at the end of the six months the one who has the highest number has the privilege of selecting the mission to which the contributions shall be sent."

"I like that idea," said Ruth, whose tastes were literary.

"Oh, I could never write an essay," said Effie. "I always got into trouble over my compositions at school; and besides, I don't know anything about prisoners or anything of that sort."

"I rather think I should advise you to begin, for the first six months, with the simple kind of meetings," replied Mrs. Harley, "till you get into the way of managing the work, and see how you like the plan altogether."

"And, Mrs. Harley, I think if you do not mind, I would rather we did not have the first meeting, after all; it seems such an alarming undertaking."

"Well, dear, there is the kettle being brought in, so while I make the tea, will you and Ruth get down the names of any acquaintances you would like to ask, and afterwards we will talk over the final arrangements. I do not think you will find them at all alarming."

The girls soon made out a list of some twenty names, which Mrs. Harley thought quite enough for a beginning, and then, their ideas refreshed by tea, they set to work to arrange their plans.

"We will take it for granted that your mother will give her consent, Effie, because we could have the first meeting here if she would rather not, so that the same plans will do. To begin with, suppose you invite your friends to come from three till six. If that time is not found to be convenient, you can alter it for the next meeting. (Ruth, we will install you as secretary for the present; here is a pencil and paper, and you can make a note of what we decide upon.) Then if you can manage to call upon all the girls, and explain your plans to them, it would be more satisfactory than inviting them by letter. And, Effie, it will devolve upon you to read an account of some mission or society to which you think it would be nice to contribute."

"Oh, I couldn't, Mrs. Harley. I have lived in the country all my life, and don't know anything about missions, and even if I did, I should not like to read aloud to all those girls."

"There are handbooks published of the charities in London, and in some other large towns, from which you can find out what societies there are. Then, when you have selected one which you think the most likely to interest you, write to the address given for a report, and if you tell the secretary the object for which you want it, he will no doubt send you any papers there may be, in addition to the regular report; and if I were you I should enclose a few stamps for postage. I have a handbook, which you can take home with you and look over. As for the actual reading aloud, when the time comes, you will probably not feel nervous, but if you do, you can always find someone to read for you; there is Marian Green, who I know reads very well, though she is not clever with her fingers—I am sure she would be glad to read whenever the hostess felt too bashful."

"Is the reading to last all the time, Mrs. Harley?"

"No, certainly not. I do not know that it is necessary to specify any time, but, roughly speaking, I should think you might read for about an hour. Then for another hour I thought you might arrange to have music and singing, and leave yourselves one hour for tea and talking. As you are responsible for the afternoon, Effie, it would be well to ask two or three friends beforehand to either play or sing, so that they may bring their music."

"But what work are we to do, mamma? We are forgetting to arrange the most important part of all," said Ruth.

"I was just coming to that. The first meeting is always the most awkward to manage; people do not exactly know what is expected of them, and you have no friends to buy materials. But I will give you a sovereign to start with. Then, I think, Effie, you should go as soon as you can and issue your invitations, and ask at each house what kind of work they would prefer doing. If they choose plain sewing, we will have it ready for them; if they prefer fancy work, get them to say what they like doing the best; or, better still, let them buy their materials themselves, then they will be sure of having just what they like, and you can repay them out of the money you have in hand."

"But, Mrs. Harley, you surely do not mean that I am to be responsible for all the plain clothes? I have no idea how to cut them out, nor what materials to get."

"No, all you are responsible for is the work being provided somehow; it does not follow that you should do it all yourself. I think, with your mother's help, I can undertake to see that there are sufficient garments cut out for the first meeting. But now, dear, as your mother does not like you to be out alone after dark, and the sun has already set, I am afraid you must run off. I will get you the handbook of charities while you put your hat on, and to-morrow, if it is fine, I hope you and Ruth will begin to take out your invitations."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

In Good Company.—Books are the true levellers, giving to all who will faithfully use them the society and spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race; so that an individual may be excluded from what is called good society and yet not pine for want of intellectual companionship.—*Channing.*

The Asses' Road.—At the beginning of the present century a trick was played on a learned antiquary by a student who pretended to have found on the heights of Montmartre an ancient stone bearing the inscription: CE

A Consultation.

See "Effie's Afternoon Tea," p. 672.

STI CI LEC HEM IND ESAN ES. Many members of the Académie des Inscriptions were said to have been caught by it. The more they cudgelled their brains, the further they wandered from the interpretation thereof. Whereas, the letters read straight on would have told them that *C'est ici le chemin des ânes*—"This is the road for donkeys."

Common Sense.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires:
Who from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old times make these decay
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind;
Gentle thoughts and calm desires;
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires:
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

Carew.

Getting it Over.

A widow who had just lost her husband was weeping, as a friend thought, excessively, for the dear departed one; the friend therefore made an attempt to console her, and suggested that she had better cry a little less.

"No, no," said the fair bereaved, "let me have my cry out—after that I shan't think anything about it."

Sound Education.

A huntsman went out one day into the fields along with his son, and during their wanderings they were parted by a deep and rapid stream; then the boy would fain have crossed over to his father, but he could not, for the brook was very wide. So he cut a branch from one of the bushes which grew along its banks, and, resting it in the midst of the stream, he leant heavily upon it for support, and sought, with a bound, to reach the opposite bank. But lo! it had been cut from an elder; so, whilst the boy was leaping across, the staff broke in the middle, and he fell into the water, and the waves closed over his head.

A shepherd, who was standing at a distance, saw him and ran to his assistance; but the boy had risen out of the stream and swam smilingly towards the shore.

Then the shepherd spoke to the huntsman and said, "You seem to have instructed your son well in many things, but one thing you have forgotten. Why have you not accustomed him to examine well the interior of all things, before he ventures to confide in them? If he had proved his staff and seen how weak the pith was, he would not have trusted to the deceitful rind."

"Friend," answered the huntsman, "I have taught my son to exercise his strength and quickness of vision; I can now, therefore, trust him to earn experience for himself. Mistrust is a lesson which time will teach him soon enough; but he will remain upright in the midst of temptation, for his eye is clear and his strength is proved."—*Krummacher.*

The Noble Nature.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauty see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Ben Jonson.

The Patience of Women. — Perhaps one reason why women bear affliction—as I believe they generally do—better than men, is because they make no attempt to fly from the cause of it, but betake themselves patiently to the duties, however painful, which they have to perform. It is the old emblem of the reed and the oak; they bend and therefore they are not broken; and then comes peace of mind which is the fruit of resignation.—*Southey.*

New Knowledge for Every Day.—"In one of my visits, very early in life, to that venerable master, Dr. Pepusch," says Dr. Burney, "he gave me a short lesson that made so deep an impression that I have long endeavoured to practise it. 'When I was a young man,' said he, 'I determined never to go to bed at night till I knew something that I did not know in the morning.'"

Double Acrostic.

According to the time of year,
One season or another,
I sometimes in one form appear,
And sometimes in the other.

1. In Herefordshire is a town;
One like in Ireland, too;
The English town's of some renown,
The Irish one is *new*.
2. Right in the forehead of the bull
My brilliant light appears,
Of prophecy and knowledge full
To pre-historic seers.
3. An Indian plant, whose stalks cut down
And steep'd in water clear,
Give out a dye to merchants known
For ready import here.
4. In Edinburgh am I found,
St. Giles' Church hard by;
And in a house within my bound
John Knox did live and die.

Ximena.

Answer to Double Acrostic (page 654).

S I B E R I A
H U N S
E D O C I (*a*)
M O C H A

Shem. Asia.

(*a*) Here Joshua defeated and destroyed Og, King of Bashan, and all his army.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

Far Muriel.—We think you should write for the General Catalogue of the Religious Tract Society, and select what you think would be suitable and interesting to your pupils. Address Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row. With reference to your friend, who so often has relapsed into a state of comparative carelessness, lukewarmness, and worldliness, let her study those words of promise given expressly for such when they have been led to repent, and to strive to do better: "He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him" (Hebrews vii. 25). But let her beware of "tempting God," or to "sin," that grace may abound—in other words, lightly to offend God, because of His wonderful forbearance towards us. You write a beautiful hand.

Constant Subscriber.—Read our articles on "The Art of Letter-writing," page 237, vol. i., also "How to Form a Small Library," pages 7 and 122, vol. ii., and "How to Improve One's Education," page 794, vol. ii. See Jeremiah xiii. 23, in reply to your inquiry, whether a dark skin can be transformed into a fair one. Why should you wish to turn a brunette into a blonde, any more than to turn a damask rose into a white one? Be thankful if your skin be a healthy one.

Zingarolla and Nettie Eaton.—We are so continually receiving inquiries respecting clerkships in the Civil Service, and we have answered these questions so often in the very same way, that we need only refer you to the index of vol. i., where you will find all that you require to know under the word "clerks."

Erin.—See our article, "Nursing as a Profession," page 454, vol. i. Of course there is one at Westminster.

Septimus.—Apply to the College of Preceptors, 42, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, W.C., for the information you require respecting separate branches of education.

HOUSEKEEPING.

A Young Wife.—Use a breakfast-cup to measure the rain-water, and double the quantities of the component parts of the recipe if you require more. Any spirit will do for cleaning the lace. A little oil will restore the polish of the trays if not much scratched.

Sara Isaac.—To remove spots of paint from the stairs, drop some turpentine upon them, and leave it there till the paint be dissolved. Your hand is not formed; it is like a child's, but it promises well.

An Old Southwellite.—The spots of paint on the satin might be removed by turpentine, and if any circular marks are left round the place, use a little spirits of wine to remove them.

Pearl.—One method for removing stains from marble is to take two parts of soda, one of pumice-stone, and one of finely powdered chalk, to sift them through a fine sieve and mix them into a paste with water; then to rub this well all over the marble, and lastly, to wash it with soap and water. We have given a recipe for cleaning marble before.

Madeline, Gwendoline, and Beatrice. — You should clean the soiled carpet with ox-gall. The writing of "Beatrice" is sloped the wrong way, and has a commercial look; those of the two former promise well.

York.—For staining a floor, see pages 64, 80, and 399, vol. i. To polish the boards after they are stained, you should employ beeswax and turpentine, melted into the consistency of thick honey (that does not pour). It should be rubbed on with a hard scrubbing-brush. Page 64, vol. i., is in the number for January 24th, 1880.

Annie.—To bronze plaster statuary that has become dirty, cover the figure with isinglass size until no part becomes dry by absorption, then take a brush, called by painters a "sash-tool," and go carefully over the whole, so as to remove, while yet soft, any of the size lodging on delicate parts of the figure. When dry, take a little very thin oil gold-size, and with as much as just damps the brush go over the whole with it, allowing no more of it to remain on the plaster than just sufficient to make it shine; then put it away in a dry place, free from smoke, for forty-eight hours. It will then be ready to receive the bronze powder, which you can purchase, with which touch it over. It must then be put by again for another day, and then you may rub off all the loose powder with a soft dry brush, especially from all the more prominent parts of the figure.

ART.

Standard-Bearer. — Marble may be first cleaned with fine sand, then use emery-powder of three degrees of fineness, and finish with putty-powder. The tool for polishing is of iron or stone, covered with old bagging or felt. We should use the recipe you mention for cleaning a small portion first, and then try polishing with a little fine emery or putty-powder.

Maud E. Beavis.—We have no doubt there will be an article on the subject, if necessary, in due time.

Golden Hair.—Etching is usually applied in metals, copper being the principal one used; steel, brass, and gold and silver are also employed. Pen and ink drawings are called "etchings," because the strokes should imitate the effects of etching on metal.

Louie M.—The colours must be mixed with Chinese white, and a little gum-water instead of pure water.

M. B. Myron.—There are art classes held all over the country. Had you given us your address, we could have told you of the nearest to your residence. A full list of them will be found in the annual report of the Science and Art Department, price 1s. 6d., to be obtained from Mr. King, Parliament-street, London, S.W. Teachers may attend the day classes in London on payment of £1 a month. Classes for elementary and pupil teachers for 5s. the session.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hope.—1. Pronounce "Medici" as "Med-dich-e;" "Tuileries," as "Twe-ylair-e;" "Maximilian," as "Max-e-millian;" "Montreuil," as, in French,—not in the English method of pronouncing,—you would sound "Mon-" (nasal)-"treu-e;" "Sforza," as "Sfortz-a;" "Vernueil," as "Vair-neu-(French style)-e;" "Yori," as "Yo-re;" and "Alto," as "Al-to." 2. You will find long tables of geographical names, etc., at the end of the large dictionaries, such as Webster's and others; and in reference to the last query, there is none published with which we are acquainted.

Lauretta.—Your letter is too nicely expressed, and too grateful, for us to say more respecting the poem than that it is incorrect in composition; and, judging of it in all respects, we advise you, in all friendliness, to confine your writings to prose. Try to write a smaller and neater hand. You form the "m," "n," and "u" quite correctly, and, with a little pains-taking, you would write well.

J. C. S.—We thank you for your kind letter. Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell" is a play. You should go to some publisher of foreign books, and inquire the price. Such as Trübner, on Ludgate-hill, or those respectively in Soho-square, or Regent-street. We do not give addresses, nor prices, but we have given a sufficient suggestion to enable you to ascertain them yourself.

A Tiny Star.—A lady has the right to salute a gentleman first, on all occasions. We do not recognise the quotation.

CRYSTAL.—We think we may wisely say "Persevere," as you ask us to do, for your verses have a certain amount of merit in them. Best of all, you say you have comfort and consolation in writing them.

AN ANXIOUS ONE.—You might register the article, but a patent would be very expensive. We think the best way would be to obtain a good agent—a chemist, for instance—who would be able to sell it for you. Inquire at the Patent Office, Somerset House, for particulars.

E. L. E.—We think you may read the letter to her without appearing to see anything extraordinary about it. Simply remark to her that a little kindness is sometimes greatly appreciated, and let her taste be consulted, and her thanks included with your own for the kind appreciation shown to both your husband and niece for such trifling marks of their recognition of the worth of the departed, and the feelings of his officers and comrades. Let her see your answer.

A STORMY SEA.—We thank you for your kind and grateful letter, and are glad that you are trying to improve. Your writing promises well, but is still unformed; it is very correct in size and in formation. You must copy some nice round "running hand." Change your assumed name whenever you like.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—Much depends on the age of your sister. Is she older than yourself? We are in perfect ignorance of the circumstances and position of either party. Perhaps, if intimate with the correspondent of your sister, you might induce him to come forward in an honourable manly way, and so relieve her of a great difficulty and place her in a proper position. You do not tell us to whom your sister is responsible for her conduct. Tell her openly that if she will not desist in acting in a clandestine manner you will appeal to him to protect her from the consequences of such conduct. Do nothing underhand yourself, and speak in a gentle and very conciliatory way. We presume you are an elder sister.

ELIZABETH.—We could not recommend you a temporary home near town for children that are not invalids. You should either advertise for such a place (stating terms), which might be found in some farm house, or procure a recommendation through friends. It does not come within the range of our business to put in advertisements.

WELSH GIRL.—You are receiving a salary for certain work done, which you are apparently competent to do and do faithfully. Were you asked questions, you might either decline politely or consent to reveal your family affairs. It is no part of your duty to confide them to anyone.

NAVY BLUE writes one of the worst hands we ever attempted to read. It is not legible, but so far as we can decipher it, we can throw no light on the quotation given.

PRISCILLA P.—In reference to the sword named in Revelation i. 16, read the passage in the Epistle to the Hebrews iv. 12. The Word of God convinces of sin in the heart, not merely as evidenced by the lips or the actions. It pierces into the very soul, and shows you what you are in the sight of your Creator and Judge. You will find that, as a rule, the Holy Scriptures explain themselves. The story of "Robinson Crusoe" had its origin in that of Alexander Selkirk, and so incidents in such a story as that borrowing the same idea, which you name, has probably some foundation in fact—at least, as regards certain incidents narrated. But to obtain any more absolute expression of opinion in any individual case, you need to consult the author, and it is quite a question whether you would obtain any satisfaction in so-doing.

M. J. J. T.—You omit to name the material from which the mud-stains are to be removed, whether cloth, paper, or leather. But all directions for such a purpose will shortly appear in a series of articles entitled "The Fairy of the Family," now in course of appearing.

GUISEPPINA.—Your subjects are indeed gloomy, and although we think you give better promise than many of our verse-makers of writing your thoughts in correct metrical form, we must advise you to study prosody, and to cultivate a less morbid state of mind. Take a brighter flight next time.

A. G. CLIFTON.—In reference to the meaning of the letters on the back of the sixpenny-piece of George III., it is this, "Georgius Dei Gratia, Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ et Hiberniæ Rex, Fidei Defensor; Brunswicensis et Luneburghensis Dux, Sacri Romani Imperii Archi Thesaurarius, et Elector." The origin of the motto which you quote is traditionally attributed to Queen Elizabeth, who uttered the words of Psalm cxviii. 23 on hearing of the death of Queen Mary, her sister, which were stamped on her gold coins, with the motto before-named on her silver ones, viz., *Posui Deum adjutorem meum* "I have chosen God for my helper." However, both these sentences had been previously employed by Queen Mary on her own, and were perpetuated on the coinage by Elizabeth. The second motto or inscription which you quote means, "Portugal and the Azores."

POOR TOM PINCH.—Hong Kong is a British colony. It is an island at the mouth of the estuary leading to Canton, but about 100 miles distant from that city. It was ceded to England in 1840, and the opposite peninsula of Kowloon in 1861. The whole collectively is under the administration of a governor and an executive council. The capital of the colony is Victoria, of which there is a bishop. The town is built on terraces, is lit by gas, and has good waterworks, and is the headquarters of British naval and military establishments. The money in circulation is the English. In China there are perhaps as many varieties of climate as in Europe. The extremes of heat and cold are to be experienced there. At Canton, under the tropic of Cancer, frost is not uncommon in January, while burning heat prevails in July, August, and September.

MORALISER.—The record of history, regarding the death and last hours of Voltaire, is, that after his reception and coronation at the French Academy, he "was exhausted by excitement and want of sleep, and took opiates; and after great sufferings, fell into a lethargy, and so died."

A WELL-WISHER.—The proper phrase is to "go up for an examination," the other is slang. The term "wrangler," in Cambridge phrase, is one who has obtained a place in the highest mathematical honour-class, and the first man of this class is distinguished as the "senior" wrangler.

TWEEDIE OF TEN-Y-BRYN.—Such ideas are quite old-fashioned nowadays; we have enough to do to preserve our strength, and we are wise enough to avoid medicine, unless we really need it. Your

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

account of your condition, with chilblains and neuralgia, shows that you do not need lowering, but plenty of cod-liver oil and good strengthening food plenty of warm clothes too, and a fire to warm you when you need it. Take what exercise you can, but avoid over-fatigue in either teaching or walking. Many thanks for so kind a letter.

A PLAIN GIRL.—We most of us suffer from the use of hard water for personal ablution when visiting friends. When required for the face, put a little oatmeal or bran in it, and use your own soap, the best you can procure unscented.

PERPLEXED GIRL.—In reply to your question, we will ask you another. Do you imagine that every individual, in every congregation of all denominations of Christians, who hears the Scriptures read and the Gospel of Christ preached, and therefore is "called" to repentance and faith in Christ—do you think every one of these will hereafter be amongst the "chosen," who will "enter into the joy of their Lord?"

ALEXANDRA.—Your long kind letter is fully appreciated by us. We thank you in the names of our writers for this paper. The words "Gounod," "Faust," and "Mephistopheles" are respectively pronounced, "Gou-no," "Fow-st," and "May-fis-to-fale."

JOUMAY.—We think the coin of Queen Anne which you describe is a penny piece. If the letter "E." be under the Queen's bust, it was minted at Edinburgh. Copper farthings of her reign are valued at 15s., 30s. and 35s. on recent lists. The other coin is a groat of Edward III., and is valued at from 2s. to 4s. 6d. The coin of 1229 we do not recognise, it is not English. An inexpensive manual of English, Scotch, and Irish coins is published by L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, price 5s. 4d. by post.

E. F. C. tells us she has abolished the "fringe" (of hair) she used to wear, and wishes us to state her reasons for so doing, five in number; of which two are to the effect that, over-heating the forehead tends to promote headaches, and that much time must be devoted to it when worn in curls.

R. A. M. CANDIDATE.—The five-shilling piece you name is a specimen of the "milled" coinage of Charles II., 1663. Its value is about eight shillings. The inscription, *Decus Et Tutamen. Anno Regni XV.*, may be rendered in English by the words, "the Lord is our glory and defence."

BLAGES.—You do not say whether the coin be of gold or silver; if hammered gold, the value is 40s., if of silver, with an elephant beneath the bust, from 8s. to 12s.

DORIS ELSIE.—A milled shilling of Elizabeth is worth from 5s. to £1, a hammered one, 2s. to 5s.

LILLIE.—Many thanks for advising our readers so kindly about chilblains. We have recommended the "prepared fuller's earth" before now, to heal and soften the hands, but we have not before heard of the benefits of common starch, finely rolled out, and used to prevent moisture after washing. We are quite sure that most people's chilblains arise from improperly drying them. We sympathise much with you, and regret that we cannot find your quotation for you.

M. A. ADNITT SNOWDROP.—We regret we cannot help you in any way.

OLIVE.—You say you are "greatly troubled" about the thoughts with which you are beset. Now, so long as you are "troubled," you have the evidence in yourself that God has *not* "given you up to hardness of heart." Do you not remember what St. Paul says in his Epistle to the Romans vii. 20, "now, if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." Sin confessed, repudiated, prayed against, and fought against, is sin forgiven, and atoned for by the bloodshedding of Christ. Were there not this internal conflict going on, you might indeed be regarded as "dead in sins," but, the conflict going on, shows that there is life, and that the Holy Spirit is striving in your heart, and "greater is He that is with us, than he that is against us." Your letter is very well expressed.

HOPELESS.—Pronounce "Manitoba," "Manny-to-baa, laying the emphasis on the last syllable, and "Cairo," as "Ky-ro." You write fairly well, but your letters do not all uniformly slope one way.

HOPE MONTAGUE.—We do not at all approve of any girl's attending the meetings to which you allude. A certain amount of Divine truth is preached at them mixed up with much of error, and a great deal of excitement is taken to represent a high state in spiritual attainments. The more the eyes of the understanding are opened to see God's purity, and to realise our own real state of heart and feeling, the more we shall realise our miserable shortcomings and misdoings, and that up to the last breath we draw. Yet, seeing and knowing all this, we must strive after holiness, and a state of higher perfection and consistency. The awful warnings to which you allude were not given for nothing; yet this we know, "He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him," etc.

A READER OF THE G. O. P.—We know of no savings bank so safe as the Post Office. By the new system of giving sheets for twelve postage stamps, 1s. deposits can be received.

DAISY CHAIN.—Your sister shows a good deal of poetical, as well as religious, feeling; but she has not learnt the rules which must be rigidly followed to produce that style of composition called "blank-verse." The lines in this attempt vary in length, and the regularity of the beat is disregarded and falls in wrong places. She ought to study some fine specimens, count the syllables, observe when the emphasis falls, when the regular recurrence of breaks in the lines should be varied, and where, at a terminal line, the emphasis may likewise be transposed from its usual place to the first word or syllable, for the sake of bold effect. She promises to do better after more study.

K. K. C.—It is a comfort to see, amidst so great an increase of infidelity around us, that simple and happy faith in the promises held out to us of the glorious hereafter, which is expressed in the verses we have received from you. May you realise the full joy and fruition of the promise contained in that emphatic declaration of our Lord's, "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." We advise you, as there is much poetic feeling in your verses, notwithstanding their errors, to study prosody, and to procure the "Handbook of the English Tongue," by Dr. Angus.

MARGERY MUCKLETOP.—Potatoes were introduced into England in 1565, and generally used in 1592. They were not known in Flanders until 1620. We regret we cannot inform you.

VOL. IV.—No. 187. JULY 28, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A LONG LANE WITH A TURNING.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

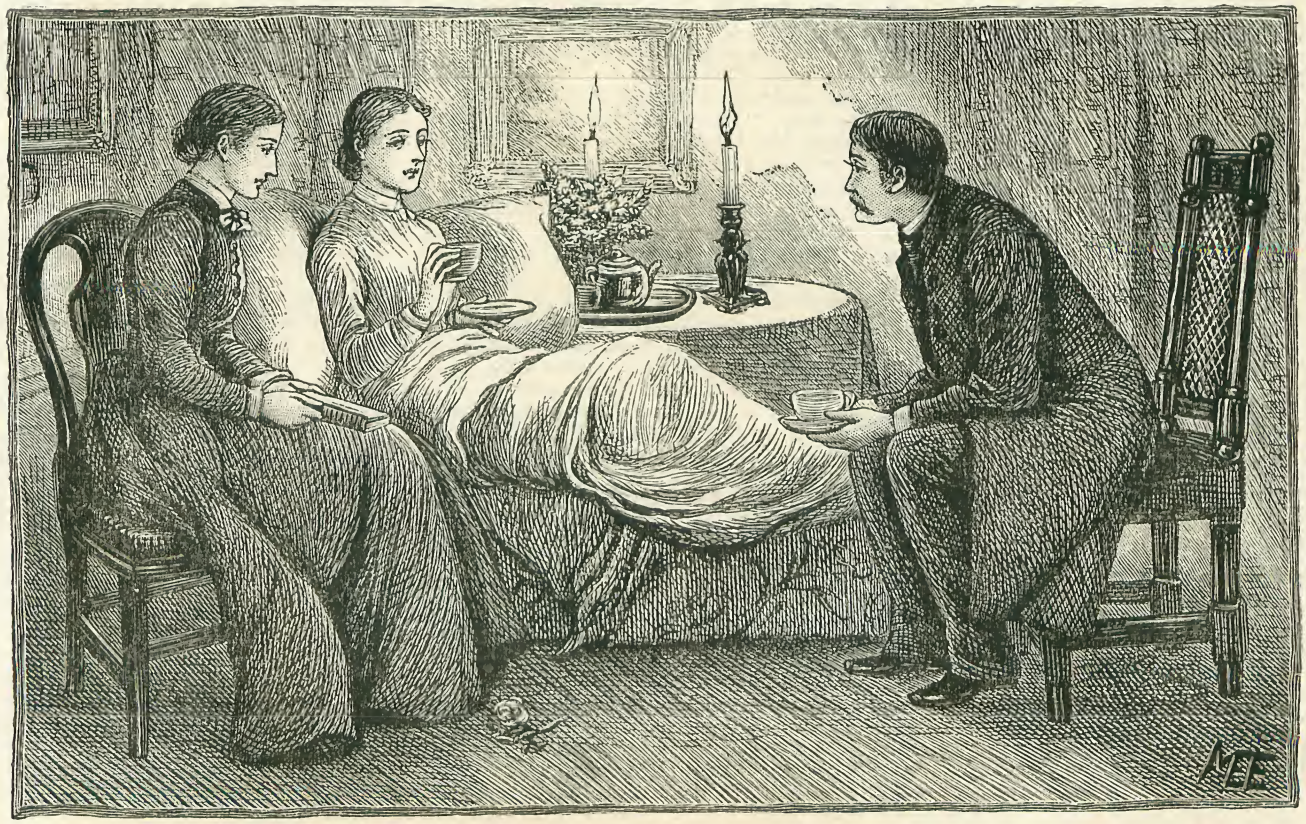
CHAPTER XVII.

"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?"

FRANK Lilly was a sadder and a wiser man. The reverend boy who had spent his energies on the croquet lawns of Yare, and had dined out four or five times a week, had learnt some useful lessons. To serve a certain purpose of her own, Cassie Decke had smiled upon him till he had really believed himself sure of her affections. Twenty times he had been on the point of making a declaration, and twenty times she had cleverly contrived to keep back the words that trembled on his lips. Yet on these occasions he had always blamed his own faint heart for failing him, never suspecting her of frustrating his intention.

Fortunately for Mr. Lilly, his dream was a brief dream. Friends had scarcely begun to congratulate him on his conquest, when Cassie openly announced her engagement to James Listowe. Then, indeed, he woke with a start, and found the realities of life as hard and cheerless as sudden disenchantment could make them.

Young ladies, who had watched Cassie Decke's doings with jealous eyes, now secretly chuckled over Frank's discomfiture. Their elders talked of the days when Arthur Beachley had been curate



All rights reserved.] "FRANK LILLY DID BEGIN TO TALK ABOUT HIMSELF."

of the old church, and recounted the good deeds that he had silently done, and the good words that he had spoken in season. Frank received fewer invitations to dine; the croquet-lawn seemed to be under a cloud when he took mallet in hand; fair hearers no longer made strenuous efforts to keep awake while he was preaching. And, withal, he was conscious of a smarting and burning pain within him; but he was not quite sure whether his heart was wounded, or only his vanity.

There can be little good in a man if his better nature does not assert itself in the time of his humiliation. It is a hopeful sign when a voice within cries, "You have deserved all this, and you will be all the wiser for it." There was much that was good in Frank Lilly; his little follies and foppish ways were not serious faults; moreover, he had really intended to run well, when Cassie made her snare, and hindered him. In the midst of his disappointment and disenchantment he listened to that inner voice; and then he began to realise, in a small measure, the infinite patience of One who rules this world. Here was he — poor Frank Lilly — writing sermons in the pauses between dinner-parties and croquet-parties, and actually fancying that he was teaching people how to get nearer to heaven!

Later on, his own insignificance became the greatest comfort to him. It was a blessing to know that he had been too puny to do much mischief in the little world of Yare. The memory of one who had been there before him was still living in the hearts of the people. The good that Arthur Beachley had done all poor Frank's blundering self-conceit could never undo.

It was a happy day for Frank when he flung away the croquet-mallet and took up his cross like a man.

He did not pay many farewell visits when he went away from Yare. One Sunday he was missing; one or two persons assailed the old vicar with inquiries, and learned that Mr. Lilly was not coming back any more. This was the only answer that they ever received. The vicar was afflicted with deafness; and there were times when no question, however loudly bawled into his ear, could elicit a rational reply.

And then Frank came to London, and began to work in right earnest in a Marylebone parish. Let it not surprise us that he took to reading the lives of the early saints as he sat alone in the evenings in his London lodgings. The very startling contrast which their lives presented to his own had its fascination. All honour to him, if shame of his bygone frivolity well-nigh drove him into the extremes of self-mortification. Here indeed was the spirit of true penitence, albeit it needed a restraining hand. Fortunately for him, the restraining hand was laid upon him at the right moment. God has His way of touching us through human fingers, and speaking to us through human voices.

It was a long time before he made any intimate friends in London; but he fell in at last with Stephen Barnard, the great publisher's son, and the two really became attached to each other. Mr. Barnard was willing to like anybody who was liked by his son; Frank was made welcome at the Kensington villa, and found himself all the happier and wiser for going there.

It was seldom, however, that he was asked to Mr. Barnard's select dinner-parties; and only Stephen's entreaties had induced his father to give Frank a seat at the same table with Mr. Silvermere, and the rest of the celebrities. Frank had, of course, read Mary's book, and had a natural curiosity to see the writer; but he had never for a moment connected the successful author with the quiet Miss Berrithorne whom he had seen at Holly Lodge.

But when Mary entered Mr. Barnard's drawing-room, he recognised her at once.

For an instant or two the sight of her face brought back the dream-life in Yare. Cassie's dark head, with its flashing diamond star; the voice that had sung to him, and made him deaf to all other voices; the eyes and lips that had beguiled him with false smiles— these old memories assailed him suddenly, and almost bewildered him. All through the dinner he sat silent and confused, watching Mary Berrithorne as she talked to the man at her side; and remembering with no small humiliation how he had once left her to his young brother, scarcely thinking it necessary to address half-a-dozen words to so insignificant a person. Poor Frank— he had not got to the end of all his hard lessons, even yet!

Of course he settled it in his own mind that she would not vouchsafe him a single sign of recognition. But by-and-by in the drawing room a smile called him to her side.

"I am glad to see a familiar face," she said, with the grace that was natural to her. "Have you lately come from Yare, Mr. Lilly?"

"I left Yare nearly six years ago," he answered, with some shyness. "My London work suits me, Miss Berrithorne. I am happy in it."

Then Mary remembered that the curate had been spoken of as Cassie's devoted admirer; and with a woman's quickness, divined how it had been with him. He was a good deal changed from the dapper little fellow who had never been caught in anything but faultless attire. It was not that he had grown neglectful of his person, but you saw at a glance that he thought of other things beside the whiteness of a cravat, and the fit of his clerical coat. There was a new expression in his face; a deeper tone in his voice. Mary felt drawn towards him.

"I always feel kindly to Yare," she said. "It is not my birthplace, but I was so young when I went to live there, that I cannot remember any earlier home. I hear sometimes from the Newcastles and the Varners."

"Are they well?" he asked, with real interest.

"Yes. Rose Newcastle has two children, Lizzie Varner was married last year to a well-to-do doctor in Petersport, and Bertha is engaged."

"Do you mean to revisit the old town, Miss Berrithorne?"

"Some day, perhaps; I cannot tell. Mine is a very busy life."

He wondered how it was that he had ever thought her insignificant; perhaps the consciousness of well-earned success had given her a certain new dignity; and it might have been that in the old times her restlessness of heart had communicated itself to her tone and bearing. She was very calm in these days, although it was always an animated repose.

"You must come and see me," she said kindly. "Not on Thursday afternoon, when there is always a little crowd in our rooms; come next Monday evening."

Frank Lilly went home to his lodgings thinking of Miss Berrithorne all the way. What had he done that this piece of good fortune had fallen to his lot? Her notice of him had given him a new importance in Mr. Barnard's eyes. Frank was pleased, grateful, and surprised, all at once.

Seven days passed by before Monday evening came round again, and the curate set out towards the house in the Bloomsbury square. He was later than he had intended to be; a sick man had sent for him in the afternoon, and had detained him a long time. The sun had gone down when he entered the old-fashioned square, and the twilight was sweet with the scent of lilacs. Birds had gone to roost in the trees, a young moon was just visible above the chimneys, as he stopped at Miss Carlisle's door.

He was shown into a misty drawing-room full of curious old furniture and comfortable lounges. In one corner near the fireplace a figure was lying on a sofa; a long, soft sigh came floating towards him out of the shadows. He stood still, not knowing whether to advance or retire.

Bona Carlisle's voice, whispering at his elbow, made him start. It was all dim and strange, and almost like a dream.

Miss Berrithorne has not been well," said Bona; "she is asleep, I think. Will you come into another room?"

"There was a gentle movement on the sofa; a shawl fell softly on the floor.

"Did anyone call me?" asked Mary's voice. "I am not disturbed; I was just waking when I heard Bona speak."

Miss Carlisle went towards her to pick up the shawl, and beg her to lie still.

"Mr. Lilly has come to see you," she said. "But he will excuse you——"

"No, there is no need for excuses," Mary answered, holding out her hand to Frank. She was really glad to see him. Just then, when she was tired with overwork, it was pleasant to meet a face that seemed to have wandered out of her old world. She sat among her cushions in a corner of the couch, and he seated himself in a tall oak chair opposite. Tea was brought in, and a couple of wax candles were lighted and placed upon a little round table.

"And now tell me all about yourself

and your doings," said her sweet voice. "I have had one or two bad days since I saw you; days when I have said to myself, 'Is this bad health or bad temper that makes me feel unsettled?' I believe I have been rather over-tired, that is all."

Frank Lilly did begin to talk about himself; modestly, it is true, but all the more freely because formalities were laid aside, and Mary's invalid condition made his visit altogether unceremonious. She was so sincerely interested in the details of his work, and so ready with gentle counsel, that this was a very happy evening to him.

"It seems to me," she said, when he had been pouring out some of his sorrows, "that you have been in as much danger lately of thinking too much of your calling as you were formerly of forgetting it. You must just have patience, and come down to people when they won't come up to you. St. Simeon Stylites was thoroughly in earnest when he perched himself up on his column, but what might he not have done if he had descended, and worked, and prayed amongst men, and met them on common human ground?"

"But, somehow, your saints in comfortable broadcloth are very difficult to believe in," answered Frank, with a sigh.

"One does despise the reverend Charles Honeyman with his rich silk cassock, and his dear little boots," said Mary, laughing. Poor Frank blushed hotly, remembering the days when he had thought a great deal about his own boots. "But," she added, perceiving his confusion, and quickly divining its cause, "I believe there are more true saints in broadcloth than ever there were in sackcloth. And once let a man have an honest desire to help others to become better, and he is sure to find the way to their hearts. Only he must learn, as St. Paul did, to become all things to all men; and not fancy he is going to make all men become just like himself."

"Now you have been talking quite long enough," said Bona, coming up to the sofa. "Mr. Lilly, I must send you away. You know you are to come again soon; and you will take my unceremonious dismissal as a sign of friendship."

So Frank departed, and made his way back to his lodging with a lighter heart than he had carried for many a day. Mary's influence upon him was very different from what Cassie's had been. Cassie had flattered and dazzled him, until he could neither see himself as he really was, nor the duties that were lying all around him. Mary made all things clear; she showed him his mistakes without disheartening him; she pointed to his duties, and they seemed easy. He worked better, and preached better, for that visit to the Bloomsbury square, and he thanked God, as many men have had cause to do, for the friendship of a good woman.

He was doubly ashamed now, when he remembered the old days. He saw that he might have been miles further on in the march of life if he had not stopped to trifle by the wayside. If he had only read, and thought, and laboured, instead of dangling after Cassie Decke, and wasting his time in the small gaieties of Yare!

And then he thought of Mary Berrithorne's trial, and of its influence on her life and character. That she had suffered deeply he had learnt from her writings; but had not those griefs of hers helped to make her what she was? Were his little mortifications (the natural outgrowth of his own vanity) to be compared to her stern sorrows? The Reverend Frank Lilly walked very humbly after these meditations, and was better liked and more respected than he had ever been before.

He went frequently to see his friend and counsellor, and was always kindly welcomed. Miss Carlisle used to treat him as a kind of *protégé*, according to him the same sort of licence she gave to Harry's schoolfellows. Even Mary seemed to forget that she and Frank were nearly of the same age; and behaved to him in an elder-sisterly manner that began, ere long, to make his heart ache in a most unreasonable way.

Meanwhile, Mr. Wenlock, in his country vicarage, was mourning over the latest tidings from a distant land. And when those tidings found their way to Bloomsbury, Mary Berrithorne wept such bitter tears as she had not shed for years.

(*To be continued.*)

CHATS ABOUT THE CALENDAR.

AUGUST is the glorious time of harvest. The year has now reached its prime. In the fields the busy reapers are hard at work from early morn to dewy eve, getting in the fully ripened corn. Sheaves of wheat are now piled upon the carts, and the whole country-side is astir with life. In addition to the wheat, oats, and barley, the hops are now gathered, and the picturesque hop-gardens are alive with busy hands, picking the long green sprays of hops, which will be converted sooner or later into beer, that great English beverage! To the sportsman, too, does August bring work and pleasure, for on the 12th of this month he hies to the moors with his dogs, and commences the slaughter of the much-coveted game. Yet although the noon is hot, and the sky is blue, there is the beginning of the silent change that tells us that the year is on the turn, and we must look forward to winter, and backwards to summer.

August derives its name from the Roman Emperor, Augustus Cæsar, to whom it was dedicated in honour of his being created Consul in this month. It was the sixth month in the Roman Calendar, but Numa Pompilius made it the eighth; Julius Cæsar gave it thirty days; and Augustus, taking one day from February, gave August henceforth thirty-one days. The Anglo-Saxons called it *Arn-monat*, or *Barn-monat*, alluding to this being the period when their barns were commonly filled, the Saxon word *Arn* signifying harvest.

The 1st of August is called Lammas-day, and was one of the four cross quarter-days of the year; Whitsuntide being the first of these quarters, Lammas the second, Martinmas the next, and Candlemas the last; and such partition of the year was formerly equally as common as Lady-day, Midsummer, Michaelmas, and Christmas. Lammas seems to have been held as a day of thanksgiving for the new fruits of the earth. It was probably a great heathen festival.

The 6th day commemorates the Transfiguration of our Lord, which is not observed by the Church of England, although it is inserted in the calendar attached to the Prayer-book. The *Greek* Church instituted this feast as early as the year 700; but the *Latin* did not adopt the institution until 1456, when Pope Calixtus passed a decree for its general observance.

On the 10th a grand festival is held in Spain in honour of St. Lawrance, who, being by birth a Spaniard, has ever been highly exalted by the Spanish nation, and is their tutelary saint. The celebrated Escurial, situated near Madrid, founded by Philip II., and dedicated to St. Lawrance (in honour of a battle won on his day), is built in the form of a gridiron, which is supposed to be the instrument of torture by which the saint met his death at the hands of the Emperor Valerian.

On the 15th of August, 1769, was born, at Ajaccio in Corsica, Napoleon Bonaparte; the great leading star, military and political, of the Western World, for nearly a quarter of a century. During the reign of the second Empire in France, this anniversary was always considered a *grand jour de fête* among the Parisians. The illuminations were magnificent, and everything was done to give due prominence to the birthday of that Emperor who had done such great things for France. What a different story is told to-day!

The 24th day is dedicated to St. Bartholomew, and this festival was instituted A.D. 1130. When the Apostles took different routes, the more extensively to propagate the Gospel, St. Bartholomew travelled with energetic zeal and great hazard through Arabia Felix, Lycaonia, and Phrygia, in which latter country he witnessed the cruel death of his friend St. Philip, and narrowly escaped a similar fate, to suffer a death yet more painful; for, about the year 72, he was flayed alive by order of Astyages, brother to Palemon, king of Armenia. He may readily be recognised in all Scriptural paintings by the representation of a knife in his left hand, in allusion to the terrible death to which he was doomed. His day has also a horrible historical celebrity, in connection with the massacre of the Huguenots in Paris, in 1572, by order of the king, Charles IX. of France, and his mother Catherine de Medicis.

Prince Albert, the illustrious Consort of our Queen, was born at the castle of Rosenau, on the 26th of August, 1819, and his marriage with Her Majesty took place in 1840. He was the son of Ernst Anton Karl Ludwig, Duke of Saxe-Coburg, whose ancestors were Margraves of Meissen, in the twelfth century, and Electors of the Empire from 1425 to 1547.

On the 28th day, 430 A.D., died St. Augustine, one of the most celebrated Fathers of the Church, at Thagaste, in Africa. His mother, Monica, appears to have been a woman of considerable piety, and instructed him in the principles of the Christian religion. Valerius, Bishop of Hippo, in token of his high estimation of St. Augustine's virtues, ordained him a priest; and in the year 392 caused him to be advanced to the dignity of Bishop of that place, Valerius himself being preferred to another See.

The allegorical representation of the month is a young man of rustic and cheerful countenance, with a flame-coloured habit; upon his head is a garland of rye and wheat; upon his arm a basket of ripe fruits; at his belt a sickle; and at his side the sign *Virgo*, the Virgin, because the sun enters that constellation on the 23rd of the month.

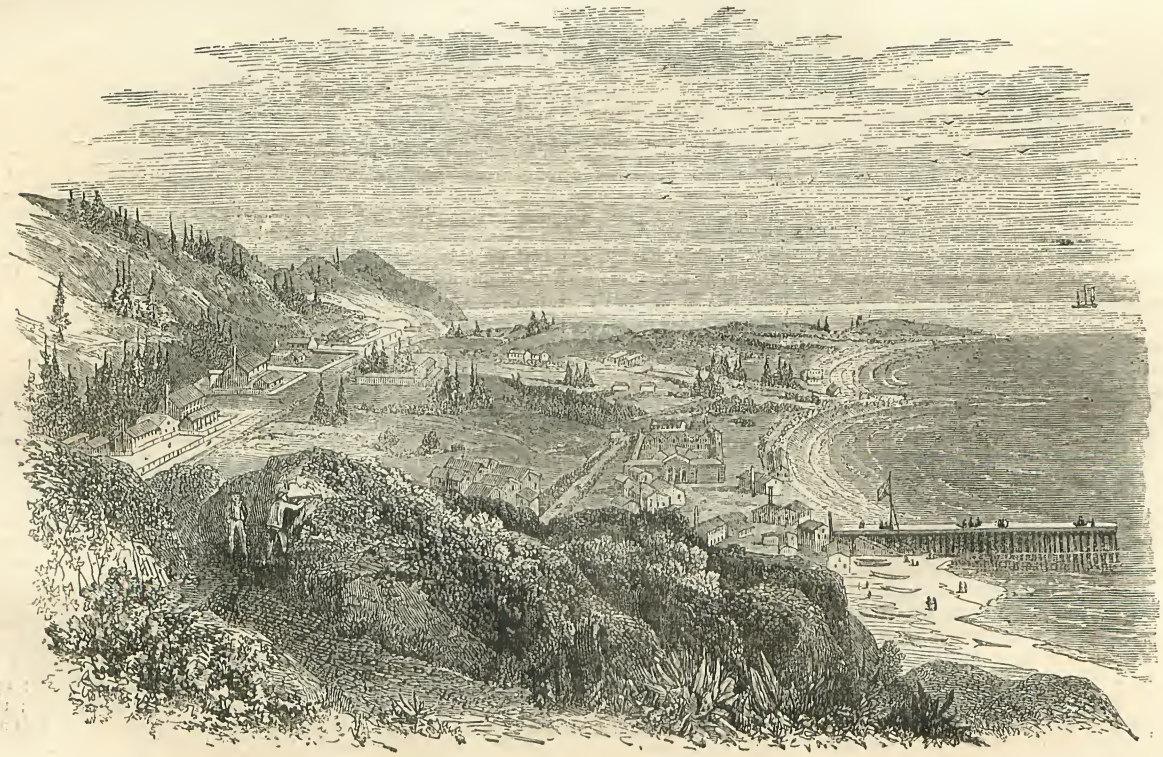
OUR AUSTRALIAN COLONIES AND NEW ZEALAND.

By Mrs. BREWER.

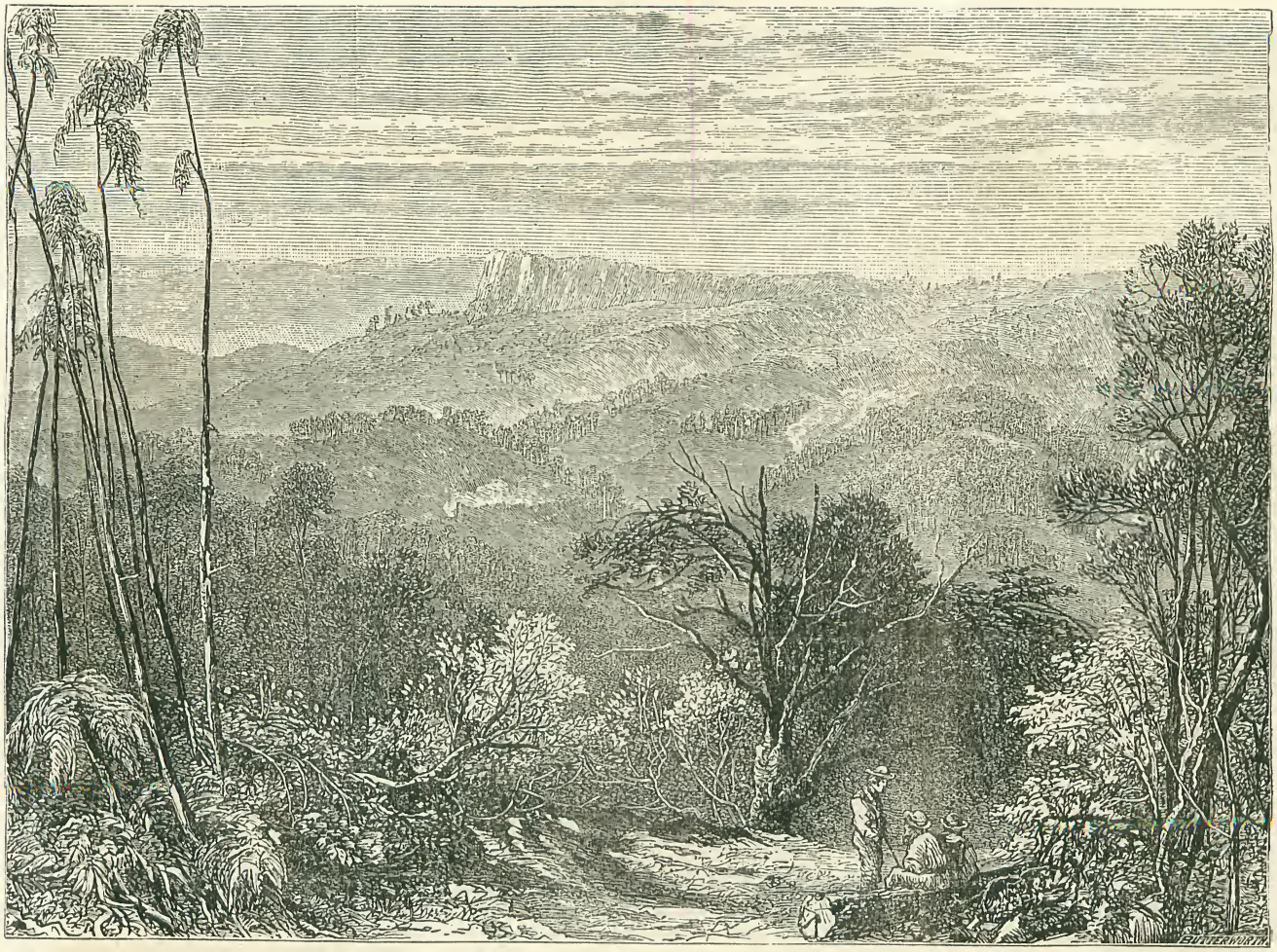
THESE colonies are, perhaps, the most interesting of all our possessions. A little of the past history is necessary to enable us to appreciate their present condition, and on our way thither we shall have ample time to consider their origin, their wonderful progress, and their vast contributions to the necessities of the mother country.

We, passengers in the "Girl's Own," have a special interest in this visit beyond the enjoyment we anticipate in seeing the beautiful works of Nature and Art. We desire to see personally some of the girls who have already made their homes in these colonies, and to inquire what chances of remunerative labour and independence exist for girl immigrants in the future.

The voyage will be a long one, and before starting some few arrangements must be made. Our time must be fully and usefully occupied, according to the special knowledge which each may possess. Some of us will take charge of the kitchen, and if any very good dish should be sent to table, we will dot it down for the use of those who by-and-by may have homes of their own. All will take part in keeping our beautiful ship—the "Girl's Own"—clean and pure. We have decided to take with us wools, needles, plain and figured muslins, long cloth, edgings, ribbons, and prints, so that in the after-part of the days, when household or shiphold duties are over, and we meet on deck to talk about the countries whither we are sailing, we may employ our hands in making up useful and attractive articles of dress for servants, who have not the time to work for themselves, and who, in their desire to look pleasant and attractive, spend more than they can afford in buying very unbecoming articles of wear. We also intend



NORFOLK ISLAND.



DANDENONG RANGES, VICTORIA.

MELBOURNE.

to make dresses and dainty little articles for children, and offer them for sale to mothers whose busy life prevents them from keeping their little ones as well dressed as their means would allow. We shall take our packets of finished work about with us, offering them at the various farmhouses we may pass; the money over and above the cost of material we shall put by to help some girl to pay her passage out.

Each girl coming on board must have a warm serge dress and one of thin llama or sateen, so that she may be provided against the variety of temperature which must of necessity occur in a voyage of 16,000 miles; these dresses should be made as simple as possible, neither flounced nor tied back, otherwise we shall lose our healthful exercise of walking up and down deck.

Our farewells are spoken and our ship is off, but not until England is lost sight of can we settle down to our daily tasks. As we look back we talk of those girls who have been compelled to leave the dear old country, and take upon themselves the responsibilities of life alone and in an unknown land, and we honour them for being courageous enough to break away from the old life, in order to lessen the burdens of those they love. We think it just possible that the information we may glean on this tour may make separation less painful to those left behind as well as to those who go, for knowledge always clears away doubts and difficulties.

It is the nature of girls to look forward and to hope, and we are not surprised that the sad thoughts have passed, and that the party assembled on deck is a bright and happy one. Our captain says his ship looks like a beehive; some of us are cutting out, some sewing, others knitting or crocheting, and all desirous of imparting what we know, one to the other, of Australia; it will be a patchwork history, but if the facts fit in, and there are no incongruities, this will not signify. Most of us have friends in one or other of these colonies, and according to our tastes we have picked up and remembered certain facts concerning them.

These colonies,* now seven in number, lie midway between America and Africa, and at the extremity of Asia. Of their origin and discovery so many opinions have been formed, and some so fabulous, that it would not profit us to dwell upon them. One fact is important, viz., that a hundred years ago they had no existence as far as we were concerned. It was in May, 1787, that a ship left England (Isle of Wight) for Port Jackson, laden with 565 male and 192 female convicts. With these were sent 200 officers and soldiers, 65 women and children, together with 81 free emigrants, chiefly mechanics to instruct the prisoners. Unhappily, no one thought of sending out a clergyman with them, but one good man offered himself and was accepted, and well he did his work. After an eight months' voyage this ship arrived at its destination in January, 1788.

As soon as the passengers were landed, the British flag was hoisted on the shore of Sydney Cove, then wooded and abounding in kangaroos; the silence and solitude of the forest were soon broken by the sound of the axe; the ground was cleared and huts constructed of wattle branches and clay; the live stock, consisting of one bull, four cows, one bull calf, one stallion, three mares, and three colts, together with the stores, were brought on shore, and the little colony established.

Up to 1821 it was little more than a convict settlement, and to a great extent unproductive; since that period, however, the progress made has no parallel in history.

In founding the colony, all the land was declared Crown property, to be sold to settlers at a certain price, 5s., 10s., or 20s. per acre. The rights of the Aborigines were quite overlooked. Many of the prisoners, whose good conduct gained for them a conditional pardon, received free grants of land to enable them to gain an independence, many were thus reclaimed from error, and being possessors of land, even though it were but forest and scrub, made them defenders instead of enemies of society. In every ship taking out convicts the Home Government tried to send also free immigrants, and as these increased, the colony became more prosperous and more productive. A settlement was formed at Norfolk Island of twenty-two people, for the purpose of cultivating the flax plant; they took with them tents, tools, and provisions for six months; the time came when the food was finished, and they would have died of starvation had it not been for a flight of aquatic birds which alighted on the island to lay their eggs; both birds and eggs were so numerous as to supply them for two or three months until help came: these birds have always been called Providence Birds. Farms were laid out at Paramatta and various other places to try and make the settlement self-supporting. The early fault of New South Wales was intemperance, which proved so destructive to life as to cause a doubt of its healthfulness. The chaplain who went out in the first ship did what he could to correct this vice, but he had very little help; for nearly seven years Divine Service was celebrated in the open air, and then at his own expense he built a temporary place of worship, which was opened in 1795. Many of the convicts, by the system of "ticket-of-leave," obtained good situations at high wages without difficulty; they were often preferred to newly arrived immigrants, because of their knowledge of the country; they filled situations of trust, and the better educated among them were employed as superintendents of estates, as tutors, and as clerks; many of them married free women and became wealthy and good citizens, and thus from this convict population gradually arose a free people. Under the twelve years' good government of Lieutenant Macquarie New South Wales made great progress, many public buildings were erected, roads constructed, the country over the Blue Mountains explored, and many Government farms established. Many of us have heard of Lady Darling; she was the wife of the governor who succeeded Macquarie. By her example Sunday was observed for the first time in Government House; by her influence the social condition and domestic happiness of the colony were raised and increased. She stands forth in its history a bright example of what one good woman can do to make people happy and successful. We do not think she is dead, and, if not, we should like her to know that the voyagers in the "Girl's Own" honour her.

It was in 1832 that women and girls were for the first time specially encouraged to immigrate, and during the subsequent three years, 2,972 female emigrants were sent out to New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land (now Tasmania), at a cost of £42,070 (about £14 9s. 10d. each).

The colonists now began to manifest an earnest longing for more religious teaching, and a better education for their children; churches and schools sprang up, and clergy and well-qualified masters and mistresses were invited to come from England.

Such is the little history we have collected among us of the Mother Colony of New South Wales. The time came, however, when her household became too large for her to manage, and she did what many another mother has done before and since, settled her children in homes of their own and started them in life with a new name. The first to leave the mother's care was "Tasmania," the most beautiful of all her children. She has done well, and gradually obtained the confidence of all who were attracted to her home. In 1834 the most exemplary of the family took her place in the world under the name of South Australia; she gave no trouble as a child, and her course has been one of steady industry and integrity, and none have had cause to repent becoming her subjects. The rebellious, ambitious child was Victoria, who wanted to assume the reins of government before the mother thought her capable, and, therefore, without the mother's leave, she asserted her independence in 1850, and took her place in the world as Victoria. The youngest child, who was launched under the auspicious name of Queensland in 1859, is making progress in wealth and position, and offering a home to the children of other lands who desire to work under her banner. We have left West Australia to the last, because from her starting in life in 1829 she has had many and overwhelming difficulties to contend with; she has been depressed and well-nigh crushed, but by her intelligence and perseverance she is coming out a conqueror and able to stand side by side with her prosperous sisters without shame. One law is common to all these homes, viz., that they will not extend their protection to the idle; all who seek them must be willing and able to work, and accept as their motto, "*Labour is honourable.*"

We have resolved to go first to the colony of Victoria, and have been busily engaged in looking over maps and charts. We find it is small compared with other Australian colonies, and lies south of the mother colony of New South Wales, from which it is divided by the river Murray. A chain of mountains traverse Victoria from east to west, and is called the dividing range, the rivers to the north falling into the Murray and those to the south into the ocean.

After a voyage of nearly fifty days we are naturally looking forward with great excitement and gladness to spending some time on land, and our eyes are strained to catch the first view of Melbourne; how very different is the picture we make in our minds of a place to that which we find on visiting it. During our voyage we have often looked at a sketch of Melbourne, taken twenty years ago; of course, we thought it would be larger, but we were quite unprepared for this Melbourne, which looks as imposing as London or Paris. As our ship draws up to Queen's Wharf, on the "Yarra Yarra"* River, the Custom House officers step on board, and, with great politeness, though with some amusement, we fancy, ask if we have anything to declare, and seeing we look puzzled, ask again if we have any goods with us on which duty should be paid. Of course, we assure them we have not, and they are civil enough to accept our statement.

Some of us are looking among the crowd hoping to recognise friends or relatives, while others of us are looking out for a gentleman to whom we telegraphed to secure us lodgings: His name is Mr. Whitworth, of 104, Collins-street, Melbourne, who, for a fee of one guinea, will get suitable accommodation for visitors, according to their means, on receiving instructions; this is a great comfort after a long voyage, and saves time and fatigue. He introduces himself, and conducts us to the Menzies, one of the best and largest hotels in Melbourne; the charge for one week's board and lodging for each is to be three guineas a week. There are good hotels of three classes in every part of the city; second class charges being two guineas and upwards, and third

* New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, West Australia, Queensland, Tasmania, and New Zealand.

* Means overflowing.

class under two pounds per week. Mr. Whitworth, seeing that we were pleased with the accommodation he had provided, took his leave, saying he should be happy to help us in any way during our stay. While quietly taking our tea, one or two friends have come to the hotel to see us, and amongst them one old gentleman, between seventy and eighty years of age, a relative of one of the girls. He is full of intelligence, and gladly answers any of our questions. He says that he came to Melbourne in January, 1838, a very different Melbourne to the present city; it consisted only of a few huts embowered in forest foliage, and looked very like an Indian village; two wooden houses were used as inns for the settlers, who frequented the place; there was one wooden building, which was used by all denominations for public worship, to which they were summoned by an old bell suspended from a tree. We ask him if there were any shops. "Not exactly shops, as you understand them," was the answer, "but two or three odd kinds of stores at which we could buy necessary articles. Beef and mutton were very rarely seen among us, our food consisted chiefly of the flesh of the kangaroo and wild fowl, and only one newspaper in the place, and that not printed, but in manuscript." Another of the early residents tells us that the progress of Melbourne has been so rapid that his memory has been unable to keep pace with the movements. This we hear on our first evening in Melbourne, and we are anxious for the morning, that we may contrast the Melbourne of to-day with that of 1838.

And now for our experience: We have been down to the river. Melbourne is built on both its banks, and connected by two substantial bridges; we have crossed from one bank to the other by means of a ferry (of which there are several) for one penny. The water is yellow and muddy, and we are glad to hear that we shall not have to drink it. The city itself is about a mile square, intersected by eight wide* handsome streets, well-paved, and well lighted. It contains 11,795 dwelling houses and a population of 65,859. As to the shops in Collins and Bonder streets, they are equal to any in Regent-street, London. There seems an absence of anxiety in the faces of those we meet, more health and vivacity among them than we have seen hitherto in our journeys; they are most kind to us. We said to some of the older residents that we admired the beautiful streets, and they called to mind the time when they were afraid to go out of doors after dark owing to the badness of the roads. One told us that in 1842 the streets and byways were often impassable owing to the weather and ceaseless traffic of heavy bullock drays; thick stumps of trees and deep ruts and the gutters of temporary water-courses, he said, made it neither safe nor pleasant, at that time, to take one's walks abroad. There are coffee stalls in all directions, handsome coffee taverns, and restaurants for poor as well as rich. We went into one of the very poor, and saw them eating a good dinner of soup, meat, vegetables, and pastry for 6d. We have heard repeatedly since we came here that this is the first port in the British colonial possessions, and we can well believe it; it is a magnificent city. There is a public library of 100,000 volumes; there are cathedrals, churches, grammar-schools, public baths, asylums, hospitals, theatres, handsome government offices and houses of parliament, fish-markets, fruit-markets, and botanic gardens more than beautiful; in fact, everything except that which we are most interested in—viz., a home to receive girl immigrants on their arrival. We know that such a home has existed here, and we had always heard that it answered well, many girls whom we ourselves knew having enjoyed its benefits. After consulting together we make our way to the government offices, and, being admitted, we state our difficulty. The officials were all very polite, but were sorry to inform us that there was no such home now; formerly one had existed, but being no longer needed for its original purpose, it was put to some other use. Seeing our astonishment and disappointment, they explained that since her separation from New South Wales, Victoria had spent upwards of £2,000,000 on immigrants from the United Kingdom; that of late years the sum so expended had been gradually decreasing, and that now it had almost ceased. They then placed in our hands some figures of Mr. Hayter to show the decline of free immigration:—

IMMIGRANTS FREE OR ASSISTED.

	Males.	Females.			Males.	Females.
1871..	1,413	1,792	..	1877..	9	8
1872..	468	625	..	1878..	8	10
1873..	456	407	..	1879..	7	8
1874..	64	85	..	1880..	—	5
1875..	50	52	..	1881..	—	—
1876..	34	37				

On our saying, "Then you no longer desire the immigration of girls to your colony?" "On the contrary," was the answer. "Good and intelligent girls are always valued, and can obtain better wages here than at home, but they must come out at their own risk, or at the invitation of friends who will receive them and place them out; the rate of wages, with board and lodgings, in Melbourne being, for cooks from £35 to £60 per annum; for general servants, £30 to £35; for housemaids, £25 to £35; for nursemaids, £35 to £40; for milliners, 20s. to 30s. a week.

The immigrants most valued now in Victoria are evidently heads of families with little or much capital, who can buy some of the unoccupied land; and these seem willing to go, for in 1879 there were 44,369 such. The area of the colony is 56,245,760 acres, and if we deduct the land already granted, sold, and selected, which amounts to 19,201,780, there remains 37,043,980 acres. Deduct from these the roads, state forests, and lagoons, there remain for the immigrants' selection nearly 11,000,000 acres. The amount obtained by the sale of the land forms a very important part of the revenue of the colony. We thank Victoria for what she has done in the past to lighten the burdens of the mother country, in giving so many of her girls a start in life, and we must consult as to the establishment of a Home to which respectable girls can go direct on landing. It was some little satisfaction for us on calling at the post-office to see girls employed in the various departments. We called upon Mr. Whitworth, and begged him to point out to us how we could visit places of interest in a short time, and to ask him to accompany us. Accordingly, we first go to Williamstown, the seaport of Melbourne; it is about twelve miles distant, and the journey there is performed partly by rail and partly by steam across Hobson's Bay; fare for each, 9d. Only a short time ago this was a mere coast village, and now it is a busy prosperous town. We gladly avail ourselves of the permission obtained for us to visit the Sailors' Rest, which was opened in June, 1878. The sailors of the many ships lying off the pier found it difficult to get to Melbourne to spend their leisure hours, and consequently passed the time in the public-houses of Williamstown. A few clergy and laymen met together to see how this could be remedied; the result was that an old Wesleyan chapel was bought and fitted up. There are three compartments—viz., a large hall, a smoking-room and cooking house, and offices; the first of these will hold 200 people; it is fitted up with tables and chairs, and very tastefully ornamented; there are stands of ferns making it look like a garden, and globes with gold fish, and cages, with various kinds of birds, hanging from the ceiling. There is a library to suit the taste of all, a piano, English newspapers and journals, and Melbourne papers. A concert is given every Wednesday evening, ladies and gentlemen of the place giving their services. It is open from seven in the morning till eleven at night, and during these hours food is provided of the very best quality, well cooked and exceedingly cheap. Those who do not want to buy are equally welcome, and the sailors' wives, sisters, or sweethearts are not refused admission. This Rest is doing a good work in diminishing crime, and gradually raising the tastes and character of the sailors' enjoyments. We wish we might copy a sketch from the *Illustrated Australian*, which has just been put into our hands, it so well describes the place. We do not quite know the laws, but we do not think the editor would object to one of our girls taking a rough copy.

We return by rail through Footscray, a busy manufacturing town, occupying a large number of people in its tanneries, its boat and its carriage building. On reaching our hotel we were tired, but well-pleased with what we had seen, sadly conscious, however, of the absence of special work for girls. It seems to us that it would be just as easy to find employment in London as in Melbourne and its environs; we may change our views as we go inland.

Our next trip is to Ballarat, the metropolis of the gold diggings, and the second city of importance in the colony; the distance from Melbourne is ninety-seven miles, and our second-class railway ticket, 10s. 6d. On our way we pass through Geelong, built partly on the picturesque cliffs of the harbour and partly on the river Baron. There are beautiful vineyards among the hills round about. It was thought at one time that Geelong would be the trading capital of the colony, but while some obstruction was being removed from the harbour, Melbourne took advantage of the delay and secured the trade. Arriving at Ballarat, which in 1851 was a single hut built of wood and roofed with bark, we find it no infant city, but one well developed, full of vigour and beauty, and with a population of 22,414; like the other towns we have visited, there seems so little to remind us that only a few years ago they had no existence. The Victorians are very wise in their generation; they do not sit down and live at ease on their capital; on the contrary, they lose no opportunity of increasing it, and that not by speculation, but by legitimate common-sense means. Take Ballarat as an example: she might rest content with the gold and quartz, which have made and sustained her; but one would think that her existence depended upon her foundries and her cloth factories, so vigorously and extensively are they worked; her eyes scan the country round, and she sends out lines of railway from every side of her, that, like mighty arms, they may collect the productions of the remotest corners of the colony. Nothing comes amiss to her, whether it be wool, hides, tallow, sheepskins, or agricultural produce, she knows exactly what to do with everything; all is well thought out and nothing allowed to waste. It is this very principle which has created the new trade of sending out frozen meat. We can see how it is that up to this time no poor law has been needed in Victoria; we girls think it might not be amiss if we individually could exercise the same intelligence and perseverance in our own homes. Of course, it is clear to us why so many men come from the old country here—there are so many trades requiring so many hands that there

* 99 feet wide.

ON LAKE WELLINGTON.

is scarcely a chance of a good workman remaining idle. Back in Melbourne, we are desirous of seeing Gippsland; this a very few years ago would have been difficult, but now a railway has been made a distance of 127½ miles to Sale, a town built in the midst of a primeval wilderness, from which place steamers carry us through the lakes to Bairnsdale. Rail and steam cost us 24s. each. What is this Gippsland, and where is it? It is a perfect garden lying between the sea and lofty mountain ranges; in it there are three distinct kinds of land, the very best lying within a halt of twenty-five miles about the lakes. Previous to the railway being opened it was more difficult to reach than any part of the colony, owing to the bad forest roads and uncertain water communication. On our way we pass through fern gullies, cascades, dense forests, and gigantic timber, giving us a faint idea of the indomitable energy and pluck of a people who could propose and construct a railroad in such a country.

Settlers are being already attracted to this newly opened-up land, and their dwellings or settlements on the banks of the lakes, especially on Lake Wellington, are simply charming.

We have been fortunate enough to see some of the Aborigines during this journey; they are well-dressed and well-behaved, and the children extremely handsome. They are trained to labour, and taught reading, writing, and arithmetic. On our return to Melbourne we started again for the Kilgounda Coal Mine, near Western Port headland. The coast seems very little known, but it is wild, stormy, and exceedingly beautiful. We found a fine jetty erected for the shipment of the coal, which is considered of very good quality. We inquired if precious stones were found in Victoria, and were told that in and about Beechworth, 171 miles from Melbourne (one of the gold centres), they had frequently been picked up.

A gentleman, hearing our question, said, laughingly, "They are found in the gizzards of wild duck;" and really it is true that a short time ago a fine blue sapphire was so found.

Mr. Hayter, whom all the world knows as the gentleman who keeps the accounts of Victoria in such splendid order, has kindly sent us his "Year-book," from which we must dot down one or two figures as striking proofs of the progress of Victoria, a progress which an American describes as "quicker than lightning." The number of acres under cultivation is nearly 1,700,000. There are 1,199 miles of railways at work. The value of goods she exported to us at home last year was £5,901,351. The number of churches and chapels 3,307; schools 2,500; the number of letters sent and received in one year exceed 24,000,000. Everything is of so gigantic a character that our heads can scarcely take it in. As this is the last evening of our stay in Melbourne, we may express our admiration of this wealthy, intelligent, and prosperous country, and also our thanks to its kind hospitable people. We should have no thought of sorrow connected with Victoria if we dared hope that some day, not far distant, the girls who left the old home for this colony, poor and friendless, but who are now in comfortable and even wealthy positions, would of their intelligence and abundance obtain a respectable, well-managed Home for those who still desire to try their fortune in this favoured colony. So we bid farewell to the first Australian colony on our tour, and go on board our ship away from the turmoil and excitement of city life.

(*To be continued.*)

SNATCHED FROM PRISON DOORS.

By EMMA LESLIE, Author of "Out of the Mouth of the Lion."

CHAPTER I.

LINA MEETS A FRIEND.

"Now, Miss Lina, do come downstairs and have a bit of supper with us. I promised your poor mother I'd look after you a bit and not let you fret, and I'll be as good as my word."

"Thank you, Mrs. Mason, you're very kind, but I don't want any supper to-night," said the girl, lifting her head from the table a minute, and trying to keep back the tears and sobs that threatened to choke her.

"Now, that's all nonsense. You'll be ill yourself next if you don't eat," said the kind-hearted landlady.

"Oh, no I shan't, I'm never ill; nothing ever ails me," said Lina, almost in a tone of complaint, for she had been wishing that she too could lie down in the quiet grave that had just closed over her mother.

She was an orphan and friendless, and she had been thinking rather bitterly

"AND PRAYED THAT GOD WOULD DECIDE."

that if she could die now no one would grieve very much for her. She and her mother had been all the world to each other for the last ten years. For the last three or four she had been her mother's prop and mainstay, as well as comforter, for Mrs. Wilton had never been a brave, self-reliant woman, and since her husband's death she had become fretful and querulous, *often tasking* the patience even of Lina, who never could see a fault in her mother, but nursed her and shielded her from every annoyance possible.

At her father's death a small annuity had been secured for her mother, and as long as both were well, and there was no extra expense to be incurred, they managed to make ends meet without very much anxiety. But after a few years of this comparative comfort Mrs. Wilton had a serious illness, and Lina had to undertake the housekeeping, and then she soon discovered that this slender income barely sufficed to keep them when both were well, and she wisely determined to find some occupation by which she might increase their small resources and yet live with her mother, for this was the only way she could hope to pay the debts they were now obliged to incur.

A friend advised that she should obtain a situation where his influence would be of some use, and where she would quickly learn all that was necessary, so as to be able to add something to the home store as soon as possible, for Mrs. Wilton never entirely regained her health, and the doctor said she would always be weak and delicate, so that it was absolutely necessary that Lina should do something at once, and yet have some time to devote to her mother.

The business her friend was engaged in was the manufacture of fancy boxes and pocket-books, in which a number of girls were constantly employed. They were very respectable girls, most of them, like Lina, recommended by the older employés, and as the hours were short and the work constant, they could afford to be particular and take none but respectable young people.

Part of the work was done with machines, but it was not very heavy, and a girl considered herself fortunate to get employment in this house of business, although foolish Mrs. Wilton was constantly deploring the necessity that compelled Lina to go out in the world and earn her own living, and frequently begged her to make no friends among her companions in business.

The salary she thus earned, added to her mother's small income, enabled them to live with more comfort, and Mrs. Wilton gradually became reconciled to the thought that Lina was earning her own living when she found that it made no difference in her devotion to herself, and Lina hoped that they might live together for years now, for her mother was all in all to her, and she made no friends beyond her home.

But scarcely two years had passed when her mother was taken ill again, and death had now ended her sufferings, and Lina was left alone in the world, except for the kindness of her landlady, Mrs. Mason; and what had partly caused this fresh outburst of grief to-night was the thought that she must give up her present lodgings and seek a home nearer, if not actually in, London, for the railway fare backwards and forwards was more than she could afford now that she had only her salary to depend upon. She had been thinking this over, wondering what she ought to do, when Mrs. Mason knocked at the door and invited her down to supper.

In vain Lina protested that she did not want any supper, Mrs. Mason would take no refusal, and so at last Lina went downstairs, and was soon telling her friend the thoughts that had been troubling her.

"If—if anybody wanted me now, Mrs. Mason, as mother did, I don't think I should feel so lonely and desolate," said Lina, with another burst of tears.

"But, bless me, child, you've got enough to do to take care of yourself," said Mrs. Mason, who could not comprehend what Lina herself had only began dimly to understand—that the sorest part of her grief was that she had no one to "mother," to care for, and think of, and plan for.

At her mother's repeatedly-expressed desire she had made no girl-friends among her companions at the warehouse, and now she felt that her cares and plans must be for herself in the future, and whatever Mrs. Mason or other people might think, this was not enough for Lina—or rather it was too much, for the burden and perplexity of doing the best thing for herself under her altered circumstances had already worried her not a little; while, as she argued, if she had only someone else to think of and study in the shaping of her life, things would adjust themselves quite naturally.

Her perplexity was this: An old friend in the country had written, advising her to give up her present employment and go into a family as nursery governess to young children, and she might have agreed to this, but she knew she had no aptitude for teaching, and very little liking for it either; but then, on the other hand, she did not like to set up housekeeping for herself all alone in London, and she must do this if she was to continue at her present situation.

All this was explained to Mrs. Mason, but she could do little to help Lina to come to a decision.

"I don't say but what the governess plan would be a good one, if you could get a situation at once. But, you see, your mother's illness has just swallowed up all your money, and so you couldn't afford to wait."

"No, I couldn't afford to wait," repeated Lina; "and another thing, I don't care about teaching."

"As to that, my dear, you could get over that; half the world is obliged to do what they don't like—it's the waiting I'm thinking of," said Mrs. Mason.

"But with teaching it seems impossible to do it properly unless you really liked it," objected Lina.

"Oh, you would do it well enough, I should not be afraid of that, but you might have to wait months and months before you got a situation, that's the worst of it. I had a poor young thing here once, waiting and waiting, until I believe she would have starved if I had not been able to give her a meal now and then, and it's thinking of her makes me afraid to advise you to give up a regular situation to be a governess. Not that I approve of your other plan," added Mrs. Mason, quickly, "for London is no place for a young girl like you to live in. There's no telling what may happen if you try that," she concluded.

Lina sighed. "You talk as though the streets were full of wild beasts," she said.

"Well, my dear, the streets of London are no fit place for a young girl."

"But you forget I have been walking through these very streets every day for nearly two years now, and nothing has ever happened to me. Perhaps I am too insignificant to be noticed," added Lina, with a smile, and then she thought, with some degree of satisfaction, that such a plain little person as she was would scarcely attract attention anywhere.

This thought so far encouraged her, that before she went upstairs to her own room again she ventured to say to Mrs. Mason—

"I think I shall try to keep on in my present situation and live in London; I can but give it up if I find it does not answer."

"Very well, you know best, my dear," said Mrs. Mason, rather tartly.

"No, I don't know what is best, I wish I did. I wish I had someone to decide the matter for me," said Lina, as she rose from her seat.

And when she got up to her own room she knelt beside the bed and prayed that God would decide, that He would show her the way in which she ought to walk.

The next evening, as she was leaving the warehouse, another girl joined her, to whom she had spoken a few times, and said—

"Do you live near here, Miss Wilton? Excuse me asking the question, but my brother is obliged to leave London, and I must look for another home, and I thought if I could live with somebody who comes here it would help me to keep my time."

"I've been looking for a lodging for myself to-day," said Lina. "I went down some of the streets close by in the dinner hour," and then she added, "I wonder whether we could live together."

"Why shouldn't we?" said her companion; "it would be just the thing, I think."

"Do you know much about London?" timidly asked Lina.

"Oh yes, I've lived here all my life. Since my father died I've lived with my brother about half a mile from the warehouse. But now he's going to the north of England I must look out for a home for myself."

"And you think we could do it?"

"What! Live together. To be sure we could. Do you live Islington way?"

"Oh no, I go by train; that is why I must move. My mother was obliged to live a little way in the country, and I could afford the railway fare then very well, but now she has gone I have only

my salary to depend upon," and this reference to her mother almost overcame Lina's firmness.

"Don't cry, Miss Wilton," said her companion. "I never knew my mother, but I know what you must feel, for I never left off crying for a month when my father died."

Lina was not one to parade her grief, and she soon choked back her tears.

"Where do you think we had better look for rooms?" she asked, in a minute or two. "I have furniture enough for two rooms," she added.

"Oh, you've got some furniture! That's capital. We shall be sure to find nice rooms out Islington way. Will you come home with me now and see my brother? He may be able to help us, you know. My name is Amy Carrington, and you must call me Amy now, you know, for we are going to be close friends. What shall I call you?" asked Amy.

"My name is Adelina Wilton, but everybody calls me Lina."

"I shan't. I shall call you Adelina, for that is such a pretty, romantic name. I wonder what my brother will think of our plan," she added, for they had reached her home by this time.

Lina almost shuddered as she went into the dark, stuffy little room at the back of the shop, and wondered whether this was what their future home would be like.

Amy introduced "Miss Adelina Wilton" as an old friend, and then told her brother what they thought of doing. He asked Lina a few questions, and then agreed to go with his sister after the shop was shut and look for rooms "Islington way."

Amy seemed almost wild with delight at the prospect suddenly opened before her, but Lina was by no means elated. She felt herself fairly committed to a trial of this plan, but she could not feel sure that she should find in Amy a congenial companion. But she must think of her friend now as well as herself. It was perhaps the only pleasurable thought arising out of the transaction at present, but to Lina this was a great deal. She had someone to think of and care for again, and if Amy needed a little help—well, her life would not be quite useless.

Amy was waiting for Lina outside the warehouse the next morning, and greeted her most warmly.

"Don't you want to begin housekeeping all by yourself now directly?" she said.

"But I thought we had agreed to try the plan together," said Lina.

"Yes, that's what I mean; we shall just be by ourselves, and can do exactly as we like. I cannot think of anything but our delightful plan. When shall we begin?"

"As soon as we can get the rooms, I suppose. Did you look for them last night?"

"Oh yes, we walked miles, and looked at hundreds of rooms," said Amy.

"Hundreds! Then we shall be able to take our choice," said Lina, in some surprise.

"Well, perhaps there wasn't hundreds, but there's three my brother said I had better take you to look at when we get away this evening. You don't mind a walk after work hours, do you?"

"Oh, no, I'm used to walking, and like it," said Lina.

"You see, we couldn't get nice rooms in a genteel street without a walk—a good long walk I mean," said Amy.

"Well, I think we might manage that, for we don't have to get to the warehouse until nine in the morning and we leave at six in the evening, so that will give us time for a long walk and do us good too."

"Just what I said to my brother," exclaimed Amy, triumphantly. "He don't like walking, and said it was too far from our work in the city, and wanted us to go down a pokey little street near the shop, but I wouldn't go even to look at the rooms, for I hate pokey little streets."

Lina recalled the look of the shop and the stuffy little room at the back, and said, decidedly—

"Oh, I would rather walk a little further to live in a light, airy street. I'll go with you this evening and look at the rooms, and we must try and make up our minds which we like best."

"Well, we'll take the bus, I think, just this once, because you'll want to get back, you know, and my brother is very particular about me being out late."

"Oh, we shan't be late I hope," said Lina.

"No, not if we take the bus; but the walk there and back, and looking at the rooms, and talking to the people, takes more time than you think for, so we'll ride just this once if you don't mind."

"No, I don't mind in the least," said Lina, and they kissed and parted, for although they were employed in the same department, their machines were not near each other, and so they seldom had an opportunity of speaking together during the day.

(*To be continued*

SERVANTS AND SERVICE.

By RUTH LAMB.

CHAPTER VII.

ON FAULT-FINDING, GIVING NOTICE TO LEAVE, AND GIVING CHARACTERS.

THERE are two practices not altogether unknown amongst servants, against which it is hardly possible to protest too strongly. I allude to those of listening, in order to find out things never intended for their ears, and of prying into odd papers or letters, accidentally or trustfully left within reach.

No right-minded girl, no person deserving the name of Christian, would be guilty of either practice.

If employers leave their letters and papers lying about, this certainly implies trust in their servants and that they believe them to be too upright and honourable to be guilty of prying into their contents. If they speak of private matters in such a place and tone that their servants could hear, if they were mean enough to listen, it is a proof that they do not think them capable of such an underhand proceeding. Deserve their good opinion, dear girls, and preserve your self-respect by scorning to do, when unseen, what you would be ashamed of, if detected in the act.

Servants sometimes complain that mistresses are unreasonably suspicious, and act as though they expected to be cheated at every turn—that, like Dickens's Miss Sally Brass, they would padlock everything, down to the very salt-box, until "there was nothing that a chameleon could lunch upon," and manifest, to those whom they employ a prying spirit which they would be the first to complain of in their servants.

This spirit is, however, often the harvest reaped by an upright girl from the seeds sown by a deceitful and dishonest one. When a mistress has trusted and been deceived, she is apt to become suspicious where there is no occasion to be so.

The only remedy is for the new comer so to act as to show that the more her conduct is looked into, the better *she* will be satisfied, as well as her mistress.

If, however, after a fair trial, the habit of locking up every little thing and incessant mistrustfulness should continue, a girl would be right to try for another place, where truth and honesty were better understood and appreciated. Were I a servant, I could not endure the harass of being constantly suspected and misjudged, any more than as a mistress I would, after a fair trial, keep a servant whom I could not both trust and respect.

People tell us that nowadays there are no old servants—that where a seven years' character used to be a common thing, one for twelve months or two years should be reckoned very good indeed.

I do not agree with these sweeping statements, and my own home experience contradicts them. But I am well aware that, in many households, there is a perpetual game of Marjory-move-all going on. I believe this is for want of a little more reasonableness on both sides.

Small difficulties, which might be got over by a little patience, twist themselves into a knot which is summarily cut by the usual month's warning.

If I could only persuade you, dear girls, never to give warning on the day that something has occurred to irritate you, I should save many of you from throwing away a good place. But if, yielding to a momentary irritation, you have done this and are sorry for it, do not be too proud to own that you were wrong and ask forgiveness and permission to withdraw the notice. Your mistress will respect you and value your services all the more after such a display of right-feeling and good sense.

To young mistresses, I venture a word of advice. If you have something to complain about, always call your servants into your own sitting-room, after the day's work is over, and point out the fault kindly and reasonably. Say what is wrong and how it is to be amended, and be firm in exacting attention and future obedience to your orders.

Never squabble with or rate your servants.

By doing so, you lose your own dignity and their respect.

Never reprove them in the presence of visitors. Few things are more calculated to irritate, or to provoke a disrespectful reply; besides which, it renders the guests extremely uncomfortable.

I once saw a lady who had a very *correct eye*, and who was very particular about her table arrangements, seize upon a young servant, whisk her round as she was about to leave the room, and angrily direct her attention to a dish which was the least bit awry.

The girl, a new comer, young, inexperienced, and fresh from the country, blushed, trembled, and seemed ready to sink through the floor, had it been possible. Frightened at the angry looks of her mistress, and confused at being made a centre of observation to all those strange eyes, she was, moreover, unable to comprehend what was amiss. By the time the lady had, by shakes and jerks, aroused her to a sense of the mistake she had committed, the poor girl was hopelessly unnerved and in tears.

One blunder followed another. She handed dishes at the wrong side, spilled the liquids when attempting to pour them into glasses, was glared at by the mistress, secretly pitied by the guests, and occupied herself between times in furtively using her handkerchief to wipe away the tears which, once set flowing, were not easily stopped.

Yet an unnoticed touch from the deft hand of the lady would have straightened the dish. A few kind words and a little lesson in private, instead of the course pursued, would have revealed a disposition willing to be taught and led in the servant, and have shown her the capability of the mistress to model her into a first-class parlour maid. As it was, the girl left as soon as possible, and the mistress had to seek another maid—a difficult matter; for she had got the character of being perpetually changing her domestics.

This is a real picture, and one which, with trifling variation in actual detail, I have seen enacted again and again.

"Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal; knowing that ye also have a Master in heaven."

This advice, or command, given by the hand of an inspired apostle, applies to all who bear rule over servants, whether in the place of business or the home—to mistresses as well as masters. And surely, in giving that which is just and equal, we have to think of more than a mere question of wages. We should be just in our acts, reasonable in our requirements, and even in our tempers to those who serve us.

I knew one lady who, when the smallest portion of the household machinery went wrong, would fly into a violent passion and say all sorts of unjust and harsh things to the author of the mishap. Being, like most hasty people, very generous, she would next lavish gifts on those to whom Conscience told her she had been too severe. Her maids calculated on this result, and one was heard to say that she enjoyed a "flare up" with the mistress. Her temper was soon up, but as soon over. It was worth while to put up with it quietly, "It paid so well in the end."

No need for a word of comment on this true story.

"Be just and equal!" A short sentence, but how much it says! Give praise heartily, where it is fairly earned. Be equally just in pointing out what is wrong, and firm in enforcing obedience, but do it in a reasonable way—not in the heat of passion or in the presence of others, but so as to convince your servants that you know both your own place and their duty.

Young wives, who in their early married life are often much alone, sometimes make the mistake of first being over-confidential and familiar and then of going into the opposite extreme. They have fault-finding fits, and the damsel who has been treated as a friend and *confidante* on one day cannot understand why her girl-mistress should on the next be sharp in speech and distant in manner. If we mistresses wish to be respected we must, as I have said be equal in temper, reasonable in our requirements, and just in our judgments.

I have alluded to the giving of hasty notices by servants, and suggested how these should act, if they feel they are likely to throw away a good place, and are sorry for it. As a mistress, I would not advise another to ask a girl to withdraw a notice given in a fit of temper. However valuable her services might be, she had better be allowed to go, unless she herself asks to stay and owns that she has been wrong.

Were the mistress to ask the servant, the latter would probably get it into her head that she was too valuable to be spared, and the notice would be repeated whenever she was found fault with, until a separation became inevitable.

Reasonable Christian girls have too much common sense and right feeling to act in this foolish manner.

On the other hand, if the mistress has been the one to give a hasty warning, and conscience tells her that she has acted on impulse, and without a fair consideration of the grievance, I do not think she would lessen herself, or lose the respect of her servant, by frankly saying so and asking the latter to remain.

A good servant would show no foolish triumph, and would give herself no airs. On the contrary, she would manifest her sense of her mistress's fairness by extra gentleness of speech and manners.

It is good alike for mistress and maid, for the mother of the family, and the young people, down to the little one who is only able to lisp out his request, to practise always and under the home roof the same politeness that we take with us into the outer world.

There is an old saying, that "No man is a hero to his valet." The meaning is plain. The outside world too often gets the best side of us all. At home, we give way to little tempers, use hasty words, and act towards those whom we profess to love best as we would not do in the presence of strangers. Sometimes the mistress who is admired and sought after, the girls who are called charming in society, even the little children who have two sets of manners, one for home and the other for company use, have different verdicts passed upon them by those who serve in the house.

"She's no lady, or she wouldn't speak to a servant worse than to a dog," is not an uncommon expression with regard to a mistress. Or, "If some of these fine young gentlemen could see our pretty young miss in one of her tempers, she wouldn't be so run after," etc., etc.

Dear young mistresses, dear girls who look forward to being such, let me give you a hint or two. Be loving, kind, considerate, courteous, sympathetic, thoughtful for others, careful not to wound the feelings of those who dwell under the same roof with you. *Practise true politeness there, every day and to everyone with whom you have to do.* Teach it to the little children, both by precept and example, and you will be doing them an inestimable service and yourselves also. That which is learned in childhood abides. That which is in hourly use is not likely to be forgotten. Those who are loved for their own sakes in the home, and whose manners are admired there, are certain to win love and to be charming when outside that hallowed circle and under other roofs.

It is next to impossible for a servant to treat a mistress rudely if the latter carries her own politeness and good manners with her wherever she goes. And the real daughters of the family will lose no dignity but gain much love if they too thoughtfully strive to lighten the work of servants by giving no needless trouble—if, thankfully remembering the goodness of God in giving them many advantages of education and surroundings not possessed by their toiling sisters of the household, they try to make the lot of these brighter and happier. They may do this by kindly consideration, feminine sympathy, pleasant words and looks, by imparting useful information, by lending suitable books; by acting in accordance with the spirit and teaching of our Divine Lord and Master; in short, by obeying His command, "Love one another." "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

We must show that we do not wish to exact all and give nothing. We must manifest an interest in our servants, and in those near and dear to them. We must give a tender, womanly thought to the little, lonely lassie who, having come to her first place, is frightened at the sight of so many strangers, and yearns for the familiar faces she has left behind.

Our responsibilities extend beyond the threshold. If a mistress is a mother also, surely the thought of her own daughters will make her anxious to preserve every girl from what is impure or morally injurious. The young mistresses, in their turn, will feel anxious for the well-being of their domestics, and will strive to guard them from all evil influences, as they themselves have been guarded in their girlhoods' homes.

We mistresses, each and all, should assure ourselves that our girls pass their Sundays as God's children should spend His day. We should give them opportunities of enjoying the fresh air, which is as needful for their health as for our own. But, if the girls are at a distance from their own homes and friends, we should ascertain what associates they have, and where and how a holiday is likely to be spent. We shall feel that it is our bounden duty to guard from contaminating influences these girls—the daughters of other mothers, who have been intrusted to our care, as well as to work for us and under our rule.

We shall encourage them to consult us in seasons of doubt, difficulty or temptation. We shall help them to decide on taking the right course, and cheer and strengthen them in their efforts to resist evil.

We, too, shall have our reward; though we work not with any thought of benefit to ourselves, but with a single hearted desire to do good to others.

There are certain tasks and duties the performance of which can be bargained for, certain work that can be paid for in current coin of the realm. But there are numberless services, labours of love, which we cannot demand and money cannot buy. In such as these we shall reap an abundant harvest.

There is another matter in which we should be just and equal; namely, in the giving of characters. Alike for the sake of the servant herself and the future mistress, we should be equally frank and impartial.

Few mistresses willingly give the worst side of a servant's character. There is always the feeling that a girl's bread depends on her obtaining a situation, and that ill-success may drive her to evil courses. So, whilst no untruth is told, the whole truth certainly is not. All that can be said for the departing servant is said, the damaging circumstances are glossed over or wholly suppressed, and perhaps the lady comforts herself with the thought that she has done a kind act.

Some much-pressed house-mother takes the girl. She has probably been unsuccessful in obtaining one, and the domestic emergency is

"THIS DID NOT TAKE VERY LONG TO READ."

great. Too soon she finds out how one-sided was the character given—out of kindness, or from fear of consequences it may be—and she feels that she has been cruelly deceived.

Ah, these half-truths! What mischief they do!

I have always felt the importance of being just and equal in this respect, and that I owed a duty to the mistress in search of a servant, as much as to the girl in want of a place. "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," should be our motto in character-giving.

That one and only bad servant I ever had would never have crossed our threshold, but for the written character sent by her then mistress. When, after a few weeks of bitter experience, I came to analyse it, I wondered that I could have been deceived by such evasive answers to my queries; such self-evident half-truths.

That very servant, finding that no one would engage her, after an interview with me, wrote one of the most remarkable letters it was ever my lot to receive. Without for a moment professing regret for her wrong-doing, or a desire and determination to amend, she asked me to tell a falsehood in order to hide her untruthfulness and dishonesty, and obtain for her another place in which to resume her career of wickedness.

What I did was to visit the different register offices at which she had entered her name and warn those who kept them not to send to me for a character, as I would only tell the truth, and this would prevent any lady from engaging her.

Occasionally one finds that an employer will give a tolerably favourable character, but accompany her words with looks and manner which seem to say, "I could tell more if I chose, but I will not;" or will merely state that the servant herself gave notice, and left by her own wish.

This is neither fair to employer nor servant. A girl may have many excellent qualities, yet not prove equal to the duties she has undertaken. In such a case, I should, were I her mistress, look round for a vacant niche which she was likely to fill, and help her to obtain it. I have done so more than once with most satisfactory results. But I would never allow an inquiring mistress to be deceived, or to take into her house the seeds of trouble in the shape of an untruthful or impure minded girl, for lack, on my part, of courage to speak of such a one as she is.

Let us, by all means, help the fallen to rise again, and stretch out the hand of love and pity to the penitent. But let us, mistresses, young and old, be true to others and to ourselves, and not show our compassion by concealing the truth, or help the wrong-doer to obtain a place by sacrificing the peace of our neighbour's household.

(*To be continued.*)

EFFIE'S AFTERNOON TEA.

By Dora Hope.

CHAPTER II.

In spite of Effie's nervousness, her first "afternoon tea" was quite a success. Ruth arrived early to help her in her final arrangements, and promised to do her best to entertain the girls, who, somewhat to Effie's dismay, had *all* accepted her invitation. The plain needlework was placed on a side-table, with a work-basket containing a plentiful supply of cottons, needles, and scissors.

"We have cut out most of the clothes to fit Elsie," said Effie; "mamma said it was much better to make them as if for a definite age. Elsie is twelve years old, you know, and that seems to be about the age at which girls are generally sent abroad: so her share in the work is to act as model and be 'tried on;' she is delighted to be any use."

"I have been wondering what size you would make the clothes, and also whether you would make them suitable for a hot or a cold climate."

"It seems from that 'Handbook of Charities,' that most of the Emigration Societies send their children to Canada, so we have made warm things. We bought strong unbleached calico for the underclothes—mamma says it wears so much better than any other kind. The only objection to it is that it makes such a mess of one's dress while sewing it, so I have provided two or three aprons I happened to have, to lend to any girls who object to being powdered with the 'dressing'—that is why I asked you to bring one with you; another time we will warn them to come provided with some of their own."

"And what kind of frocks are you going to make for the child?" asked Ruth.

"We have not provided anything yet; mamma thought it would be better to get some of the underclothes finished off first, as of course we shall have to make at least three of each article; but as soon as we have cleared off a few of these things we thought we might make two or three dresses of strong linsey, and perhaps some rather prettier ones of serge, trimmed with braid, or something of that kind. But you know I am only responsible for the work at this meeting,

and perhaps some of the others may prefer making clothes for little boys or bigger girls. Mrs. Jamieson said, when I called there, that if we liked to make some boys' clothes she would give us a pattern of a small suit, with a sort of tunic and knickerbockers, made of blue serge; so probably we may make some later on."

It turned out, as Effie expected, that several of the girls thought it would be better to make some boys' clothes, for the very good reason that they would probably be more acceptable, owing to the greater difficulty in obtaining them. Little girls' clothes, they argued, can so easily be made from those cast off by older people, that there is not nearly so much difficulty in supplying them; and it would be a greater kindness, therefore, as they were going to buy new materials, to get what would be suitable for boys' wear. For the present, however, they were fully occupied with the clothing Effie had provided.

The two girls put one or two small tables about the room, for the visitors to put their sewing materials upon; and then determined to begin and get something done before the others arrived.

"Now for a surprise, Ruth," cried Effie. "I cut all these clothes out myself!"

"No! did you really? I thought you knew nothing at all about needlework. How *did* you manage it?"

"Well, I can hardly believe it myself; but mamma heard me saying one day what a dreadfully intricate process cutting out always seemed to be, so she turned upon me and said it was nothing of the kind when you once knew how, and that I should begin to learn on the spot. So I did, and I am very proud of my performance."

"I should think so; but, Effie, you have not cut out enough to supply half the girls with work."

"No," said Effie's mother, who had come in unobserved, "when I saw how very ignorant Effie was, I thought, perhaps, some of the others were equally so, and that they would like to learn, too; so I have arranged that anyone who likes to learn shall come with me into the dining-room—as there is no table large enough here—and cut out a garment, and make it entirely themselves, and when that is done, begin a fresh article, so that at the end of the six months, if any of you say you do not know how to cut out a complete outfit for a little girl, it will be because you did not wish to learn, not because you had no opportunity. But here are some of your visitors arriving, so I must go. I shall be in the breakfast-room if you want my help for anything."

Most of the girls came punctually, and for a time Effie and Ruth were busily occupied giving out work to those who had not brought any. Ruth had come provided with her favourite knitting, and had brought also several additional sets of needles, with different kinds of wool and yarn, for those who preferred that sort of work. Effie declared she was as good as a "knitter's own companion," her head was so well stored with recipes for all kinds of fancy and plain knitting. That first afternoon her own work, a knitted vest, did not get on very fast. Two or three girls were so anxious to learn that she gave up her time to teaching them, and to answering the numerous calls on her ingenuity from several others. For the learners she had provided very coarse knitting cotton and large needles, and she taught them to make dish and pudding cloths. For the former she cast on forty stitches, and knitted a square, as loosely as possible. For the latter she cast on the same number of stitches, knitted nine rows plain, then, for the tenth row, knitted two together, made one, and so on to the end of row; then five rows plain, then repeat for the tenth row. A piece of tape was sewn at each end of the cloth to tie it up with, and to that at one end a long skewer was attached, to run through the holes, and fasten the sides together.

One girl, Ellen Crosse by name, gifted with clever fingers, and a faculty for "doing up laces," as she said of herself, brought some yards of inexpensive lace, some India muslin, and stiff net.

"You see," she remarked to Effie, "I do all the laces at home, and people are kind enough to admire them, so I thought, perhaps, you would accept a few here. To be quite honest, I abhor plain work, and do not do it well, so Jennie and I made a compact, as she likes plain work, and could not make a decent bow to save her life, for her to do my plain sewing, and I make up all her bows and laces, and trim her hats, and so on."

Effie was delighted; she had often noticed and envied the taste with which these girls dressed, and mentally marked "sold" already on some of Ellen's productions.

"I wonder if you could make any use of some pieces of plush or velveteen," said another friend who came in at the same moment. "I cannot do anything tasteful myself, you know, Effie, and never have any new ideas; but I have been begging all sorts of odds and ends from some of my friends, who I knew had opportunities of getting patterns from a large warehouse, and I thought amongst us we might think of some way of using them," and so saying, she untied a parcel she had brought with her.

"Do let me see them," replied Ellen. "I feel that 'genius burns,' and I have no doubt I can use some of them."

"It struck me that most of the things they sent were only rubbish; but I thought I had better bring a sample of everything, as some of them might be useful."

"I should think so, indeed," cried Ellen, drawing out a piece of plush. "This will make the crown of a cap splendidly; with some lace and frilling round the edge it will be done; and here are some scraps of the same that will do up into a nice bow, I beg its pardon, 'jabot' to match;" and she grew quite excited over her work as she selected piece after piece which her clever fingers could transform into dainty decorations.

"Now here, for instance," went on the owner of the parcel; "what possible use could anyone make of these? They seem to be sections of bandanna handkerchiefs, such as negro ladies wind around their woolly locks."

"Oh, you ignoramus!" cried another; "that is what comes of living in the country all one's days. Don't you see they are patterns for those fashionable handkerchief aprons? But nevertheless I do not see what we can do with them."

"I know," said Effie; "if we could pick out two that are as nearly as possible the same colour, we might sew them together, and make them into aprons for the little children. If they are so very poor they wouldn't be particular about the colours exactly matching, and we might gather them once or twice at the waist, and strengthen the gauging at the back with a piece of tape, and they will at least be useful to keep their dresses clean."

This idea was carried out and answered very well; but there were still a number of pieces left over of bright colours and so dissimilar that they could not be used together, and for a long time no suggestions were offered; but, after a while, on the discovery of several pieces of ribbon and velveteen in the parcel, Ellen, whose ideas ran very much in the direction of personal decoration, suggested that they should get some straw hats, perhaps they might have some given them, and line or bind the brims with the velveteen and silk, and finish them off in front with one of her favourite "jabots," made of any of the handkerchief corners which would correspond well in colour with the binding. A few hats were trimmed in this way, and the remainder of the pieces were made into toilet-tidies for servants' bedrooms. They were cut in two, and a triangular piece of cardboard covered with the one half, while the other was sewn on to it in the form of a pocket, the broad part at the top being drawn up with elastic. They were made to hang up by a small loop of ribbon at the top, and being only marked sixpence each they found a ready sale.

The next thing produced from the parcel was a bundle of cuttings of cretonne. "The very thing I wanted myself," cried Effie, as soon as she saw them. "I was going to do plain sewing, but I have a piece of serge I bought some time ago to make a mantel valance, and some of these cretonnes are such handsome patterns they would do beautifully to *appliqué* on the serge. Then I will get some more material to match it, and make curtains and all complete."

This undertaking kept Effie hard at work through a good many subsequent meetings, but they were finished in time. She cut the cretonne out roughly, not close round the pattern, and then tacked the pieces in place. When they were finally arranged she worked round the leaves with crewels, and the flowers and birds with silks, adding a few stitches to the lighter parts of the flowers to brighten them a little, and when all were finished the cretonne was carefully cut away close round outside the stitches. The set could not be completely made up, as it was impossible to know what would be the exact size of the purchaser's mantel-piece; but fringe and cord were supplied with it, and the different parts were put together, as far as possible.

Another girl undertook to make a pair of footstools. She had the foundation made of plain deal by a carpenter. They were nine inches square, and with four legs, about six inches high. She had painted them herself with enamel black, and covered the tops, first, with a piece of felt, over which the outside cover was carefully nailed down, and finished off with fringe to match. This cover was made of olive green serge, with a bold pattern worked in coarse crewel wool, doubled. This was made more effective by having the edges further outlined by coarse silk, couched down. Her sister made a cover for a large double perambulator, with a conventional pattern worked and outlined with silk in the same style as the footstools, only that in this case the effect was heightened by raising the flowers with wadding.

The next girl who came in asked immediately if they were to be restricted to needlework, as she had so much of it to do at home for her little brothers and sisters, that she thought, if no one objected, she would rather do something else. Nobody saw any reason to object, as long as her work was of a kind which would sell well at their bazaar.

"I thought of etching some *menu* and guest cards," she said; "I know you have a book of lovely engravings, Effie, which I thought you would lend me to copy, or, at any rate, to get ideas from; I have brought pens and cards with me."

Being provided with the book she wanted, she moved a small table into a good light, and produced a packet of large, and one of small, tinted cards, such as are sold at most stationers' shops. The larger ones were for *menu* cards, but the smallest she could obtain were too large for guest cards, so she had bought the medium size, and cut them in two with a sharp penknife.

On one set of these she sketched graceful designs of flowers and fruit, and on another

set quaint little figures with an appropriate quotation such as—

"A good digestion to you all; and once more,
I shower a welcome on you; welcome all."

"With frugal nectar
Give the hesitating wheels of life
Gliblier play."

"Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both."

"There, St. John, mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

These were done up in packets of half-a-dozen together, and found a ready sale.

Another girl made several pairs of dancing marionettes or wrestlers, of corks and cardboard. The two bodies were made of wine-bottle corks, covered the upper half with white, the lower with red silk.

Two medicine-bottle corks were then very roughly carved into the shape of heads, and painted with hair, eyes, lips, and cheeks, and were ornamented with silk turbans. Into the bottom of each neck, the head of a pin was forced, and the cork was given a hard squeeze to make it firm. The pin points were then pushed into the top of the large corks, thus forming the heads and bodies of the two dancers. The limbs were of cardboard; the arms were made, and the figures joined together by two straight pieces of card, with rounded ends, painted to represent arms, with hands clasped in the middle; these arms were fastened to the two bodies by a pin thrust through each rounded end into the corks. The four legs were also cut out of cardboard, and painted and fastened loosely to the bodies with pins. This completed the figures, and they were made to dance by having a long piece of black thread passed through holes in the two pieces of cardboard, just where the hands were painted. A knot was made in the middle of the thread to prevent it slipping. When they were required to wrestle, one end of the thread was fastened to the carpet with a pin, and the other end was held in the performer's hand and gently jerked.

Amongst other contributions sent to Effie were a great quantity of patterns of cloth. Most of them were not at all pretty, and the girls were at a loss what to do with them; but at last they picked out half-a-dozen of the best-looking, and made strong footstools of them, with a pattern *appliqué* on them, cut out of red serge. A few more of the largest pieces were sewn together and made into petticoats with bodies for little children. The others they decided to make into patchwork quilts, to be lined with unbleached calico, and bound with red braid. These two last were not intended for the sale, but to be sent to whichever of the charities they should decide to help.

Other girls made cloths for small trays, of oatmeal cloth, edged with lace, and with little figures worked in the corners, in either red or blue washing silks. Others, again, made work-bags, to carry on the arm. They were very much the shape of a spade, the handle forming a loop to go over the arm. Some were made of oatmeal cloth, prettily embroidered and lined with coloured sateen; others of satin, lined with quilted silk.

Then there were small hanging bookshelves, for bedrooms, made of two pieces of board, two feet long, covered with serge, and with a valance of the same, embroidered, and edged with fringe. This was fastened on to the board with ornamental nails. The two shelves were suspended, one above the other, by strong blind cord, put through holes in the four corners of the wood, with knots in the cord under the shelves, sufficiently large not to slip through the holes.

Some small pieces of plush and velveteen were made into bedroom slippers; they had a little embroidery on the toe, were bound with ribbon, and stitched on to fleecy soles; some were made with heel-pieces, some without. Several shoe cases for hanging against the wall were made of a piece of brown-holland, a yard square, bound with braid, and with deep pockets edged with the same sewn on to it, each large enough to hold a boot. Other better ones were made of Bolton sheeting, embroidered with crewels.

Half-an-hour sufficed to set everyone to work, and Effie suggested that they should have a little music. The girls who had been previously asked to do so, brought songs with them; others had the happy faculty of playing and singing without notes, so the time passed merrily enough. The music by no means stopped the sewing, in fact, rather helped it on. They had a few vocal and instrumental solos, followed by Schubert's lovely quartette for female voices "The Lord is my Shepherd"; and this suggested the idea that when their society was more firmly established, as there were a good many singers amongst them, they might undertake longer and more elaborate pieces, and combine a musical society with their work.

In the midst of their singing an interruption occurred in the shape of tea. The tray of tea-things was placed on a small table, and a few plates of bread and butter, cake, and biscuits were brought in. Effie poured out the tea, informing her guests as she did so that as they met in such an informal way she expected them to wait on themselves, which they readily did; and she, with Ruth's help, did all in her power to make them comfortable and at their ease. Though many of the girls were friends, several were strangers to the rest, and Effie did her best to fulfil her duties as hostess by introducing these friendless girls to those with whom they were likely to have congenial tastes, and tried to give them a clue as to the interests they would probably have in common.

When the tea was removed, Effie felt that the dreaded moment had come when she must stand up before everyone, and read the report she had ready. She and Ruth had explained the idea of the meetings when they invited their friends; but feeling quite incapable of breaking in upon the general conversation herself, she coaxed Ruth into asking for a moment's silence, and saying a few words of introduction and explanation. This done, very hot, but determined, Effie began, and read an account of the year's work at a large orphanage. The account was partly copied from the report, partly also from a short paper, describing a visit paid to the orphanage, which had been sent her by the secretary.

This did not take very long to read, and they had time for a good deal of discussion as to the merits of the orphanage, as compared with various others they knew of; also for a little more music, before Mrs. Wills came in to say that, as the time fixed for leaving off work was six o'clock, and she thought they would find it pleasanter to keep to a regular hour, she had come in to say that it had struck six o'clock. Before they parted, someone suggested, and the others agreed, that they should each subscribe one shilling to form a fund for purchasing materials; and that they should elect a treasurer to take charge of the money, and buy what was required.

So ended Effie's first afternoon tea. At subsequent meetings accounts were read of a crèche, of some of the many agencies for helping destitute children to emigrate, for relieving poor gentlewomen, and many other charitable institutions; and at the end of the six months, when the summer holidays, and consequent absence from home of many of the members, compelled them to discontinue their meetings for a time, she could look back upon the gatherings with the pleasant reflection that much useful work had been done for the poor. Casual acquaintance had, in many cases, strengthened into warm friendship, and a bond of union—the interest in, and sympathy for the poor and suffering—had been created amongst them all.

GIRLS' OWN HOME.

Collected by Miss Stevenson, 10s.; Collected by Miss Sarah Bower, 6s. 6d.; Miss G. Y. Pendarves, 15s. 10d.; Collected by Miss S. Edgerton, £1 7s.; Collected by Miss Warner, £1 10s.; Collected by Miss Harriet Sibley, 10s.; Collected by Miss Woodall, £10; Collected by Miss Florence Fairley, £1; Collected by Miss Stanger, £3 10s.; Collected by Miss Edith Westwood, 17s. 2d.; Collected by Mrs. T. D. Ohrly, £1 18s.; Collected by Miss Bessie Grant, 12s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Fanny Howard, £2 2s.; Collected by Miss Ellen Roofe, 13s.; Collected by Miss Thackwell, £2 5s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Warwick, 15s.; Collected by Miss M. S. Starkey, 17s. 6d.; Collected by Miss E. F. Starkey, £2 15s. 3d.; The Widow's Mite, 6d.; Collected by Miss Stedman, £1 8s.; Collected by Miss Marriott, 16s.; Collected by Miss E. Marshall, 6s.; Collected by Miss S. Crawford, £1 4s.; Collected by Miss K. Trowbridge, £1 6s. 6d.; Collected by Miss E. W. Smith, 15s. 8d.; Collected by Miss Cameron, 7s.; Collected by Miss E. C. Holmes a' Court, £1 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss C. Taylor, £1 3s. 2d.; Collected by Miss M. Phillips, £1 8s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Mary Gibb, £1 10s.; Collected by Miss Alice Davy, 10s.; Collected by Miss Rae Rothschild, 15s. 3d.; Collected by Miss E. Alice Jones, 13s. 6d.; Collected by Miss E. Kate Pearce, 7s.; Collected by Miss Emily Raggett, £1 10s.; Collected by Miss R. Smith, £1 3s. 6d.; Collected by Miss J. E. Almond, 14s.; Collected by Miss Agnes Owen, 18s.; Collected by Miss Amy W. Stabb, 13s.; Collected by Miss Florence Mackrell, 7s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Florence Toyer, £1 19s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Emily Elven, £2 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Lucy A. White, 5s. 6d.; C. R. S., £100; Collected by Miss Mary G. Cuppage, £1 15s. 1d.; Collected by Miss Emily J. Adams, £1 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss H. W. Dare, 16s.; Collected by Miss E. Muskett, 17s. 6d.; Collected by Miss T. Spencer, 6s.; Collected by Mrs. A. M. Thomson, £1; Collected by Miss A. Prosser, 9s.; Collected by Miss K. Todhunter, 15s.; Collected by Miss F. Marcus, £2 4s.; Collected by Miss Lucy Maplesden, 5s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Rose Twyman, 16s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Lina Hanson, 8s. 11d.; Collected by Miss Rose Johnson, 13s.; A Friend, 2s.; An Orphan's Mite for Jesus' Sake, 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Adams, £1 3s.; Collected by Miss J. Sedgwick, 10s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Hettie Curtis, £1 12s. 6d.; Collected by Miss C. A. Webb, £1 13s.; Collected by Miss Emily Bell, £1 15s.; Collected by Mrs. Macpherson, £1; Collected by Miss Susan Bailey, £1; Collected by Miss E. J. Foster, £1 2s.; Collected by Miss Markham, 14s.; Collected by Miss Eleanor Neate, £1 0s. 8d; Collected by Miss Louie Rabone, £1 3s.; T. S., 6d.; Miss May Noble, 5s.; The Rev. Canon H. D. M. Spence, M.A., £7 7s.; Mrs. Pryor, £1; Collected by Miss Clara Jones, 7s. 6d.; Collected by Miss Annie Marshall, 6s. 3d.; Collected by Miss Isabelle Griggs, 15s.; Collected by Miss A. Armstrong, 15s.; Collected by Miss A. Lewis, £1 6s. 1d.; Collected by Miss Edith Bartram, 17s. 6d.; Collected by Miss B. Whateley, £1; Collected by Miss Skrine, 11s. 6d.; Collected

by Miss A. J. Vautier, £1 6s.; Collected by Miss Mary C. Harrison, £1 18s.; Collected by Miss Masters, £2 2s.; Collected by Miss Mary Maggs, £1 9s. 1d.; Collected by Miss M. Phillips, 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss M. Goldsmith, £3 10s. 3d.; Collected by Miss M. Stallybrass, £2; B. C. M., 5s.; Collected by Miss Esther A. Passmore, £2 15s. 6d.; Collected by Miss T. Harty and Miss E. M. B., £5 10s. 6d.; Collected by Mrs. T. Llewellyn, 14s.; Collected by Miss L. Hart, £1 3s. 9d.; Collected by Mrs. Muirhead, £3; Anonymous, 1s.; Nettie (aged 6), 6d.; Gertie (aged 9), 6d.; E. K., 2s.; Collected by Miss M. Bredin, 10s.; Collected by Miss Lizzie Thomson, £1 16s. 9d.; Collected by Miss Harty, 2s. 6d; Collected by Miss Dunn, 17s.; N.B., 2s. 6d.; Collected by Miss E. M. Stockham, 10s.; Miss C. Crichton-Stuart and Friends, 6s.; Collected by Miss Jessie C. Sherriff, £1 2s. 6d.; A Reader of the G. O. P., 1s.; Une Pauvre Fille, 2s. 6d.; Collected by Stumpy, 5s.; Collected by Miss Ellen M. Beale, £5; Peace, 2s.; A Yorkshire Clergyman's Daughter, 1s.; Mary S., 5s.; Miss Powell, 5s.; Miss M. F. Hurt, 2s.; Beatrice Lee, 2s.; A. N. C., 2s. Total, £232 6s. 2d. Total amount received to May 31, 1883, £518 11s. 5d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUSIC.

MARIE.—Thalberg's setting will prove the most difficult. We do not know what kind of a performer you are, so we cannot advise you. Your writing is unformed and rather careless.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—Go over and over again until you can play the passage without hesitation. Perhaps you get inattentive, and your thoughts wander. Look at Proverbs xviii. 24 for an answer to your second question.

AUNT COCKLETOP.—We could not answer the question about the mandolin unless in a position to judge of how much you knew of music. We do not know the quotation.

OTTO'S GIRL.—Inquire at any music shop.

CHURCH will oblige us by applying direct to the music publishers whom she mentions, who will be glad to furnish information, no doubt.

W. M. O.—We do not know of one. The addresses of such clubs are often to be found in the columns of the *Queen*.

JUDY.—We can only advise you to inquire for the music you want, and all information about it, at a large musicseller's shop. We do not act as advertisers.

"YACHT POLLY."—To make an Æolian harp, see page 335, vol. i.

H. A.—We do not think, so far as we know, that singing would do you harm; but you had better consult a doctor, as we know nothing of your particular case, and can only speak generally.

ONE WHO IS ANXIOUS.—The examinations at Trinity College are held twice in the year, in January and July. Candidates are admitted without limit of age, and whether they are students of the college or not. Apply for regulations and all particulars to the secretary, Trinity College, London, W.

LITTLE DORA.—You would not be too old to begin learning the violin at sixteen. Of course, we take it for granted that you have a good ear. Your handwriting is scarcely formed, but promises well.

W. H. E. L.—We advise you to wait patiently until a little older, and you had better compete for another scholarship at the Royal College of Music when better prepared.

SUPER-TONIC.—You must obtain the permission of the author to use any printed piece to which his name is attached.

MERVAIDE.—Lady Benedict's articles on "How to Play Beethoven's Sonatas" appeared at pages 25, 81, 194, and 233, vol. iii.

PRIMROSE.—You had better learn the tonic sol-fa system, as that perhaps will assist you in singing at sight without an accompaniment.

FLORENCE M. E.—There are plenty of pretty French songs that would suit a mezzo-soprano voice—by Gounod, amongst others. Write for a list to Messrs. Cramer, Regent-street, W., or go there and try a few.

NAPOLI.—Your hair should be turned at eighteen. It would look like a silly attempt to make a child of you to wear it down your back later than that. Practise for an hour daily.

R. S. V. P.—Your father's advice is good; the more you read music the easier you will play at sight, of course. We do not think it would have any effect. Bran or oatmeal water would be better for the face.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DAISY.—"*Kyrie Eleison*" is Greek, and means "Lord, have mercy upon us."

ANEMONE.—Wear gloves, or dip the ends of your fingers in aloes, until the disgusting habit be cured. Cross "t's," and do not spell "biting," "bitting," nor "legible," "legibal."

ASHLEIGH.—On a fine summer's morning you might rise at six or half-past; in winter an hour later, but the hour of rising should be regulated by that of going to bed, and by your breakfast-time. Long fasts in the morning are very injurious, and if for the preservation of the eyes alone, a certain number of hours in bed—even were you unable to sleep—is very essential. Do not fret yourself over little matters of self-denial, in which no questions of doctrine nor of morality are concerned, and on which persons of equally holy and devoted lives entertain opposite opinions. Endeavour to cultivate those "fruits of the Spirit," faith, patience, humility, meekness, charity, and be "diligent in business;" these are "the weightier matters of the law," whereby you may evidence your gratitude and love to God. Your verses are not correct in composition, and the rhymes are forgotten in some places, but you write a very pretty hand.

ELIZABETH CATHARINE.—We contemplate giving an article on leather work, perhaps before very long. You should try to slope all your letters the same way.

A. A.—The description given in your friend's verses is most truly that of a very beautiful character; but as a metrical composition it is very faulty. The verse quoted in a sermon we do not know.

ACORN.—Boscobel is near Donington, in Shropshire. The oak near the house is said to be a scion of the Royal Oak in which Charles II. was hidden, with Colonel Careless. Read the rule for finding Easter in the "Common Prayer" book.

BETTINA.—We think we have answered your query before, and told you that we do not think "Sholum" is a Scripture proper name, so far as we know.

DIMPLE.—A woman attains her majority, and may dispose of property, when she attains the age of twenty-one. We should not approve of her leaving home unless she procured the full consent of her father and mother.

A VERY DISCOURAGED ONE. — 1. Rotten-stone is chiefly found in Derbyshire; we cannot find any French name for it, but if you should be near an English chemist, go and get some from him. Tennis is called in French *jeu de paume*, we believe. The game was originally played inside the courtyards of the old castles, and there is such a court to be seen at Cambridge, as well as in other places in England. 2. Wash well with soap and use a rough towel. We are much obliged for the recipes, which, however, have most of them been mentioned in the "G. O. P."

DAISY.—We have given several recipes for washing lace, and we have heard of its being rubbed with flour to clean it, but we do not know how it would answer.

TIDINESS PERSONIFIED.—1. Pedestrians pass each other to their own right side; equestrians and persons driving take to their own left; those that ride and those that drive must give place to those that are on foot. Steam vessels give place to sailing ships, and both to row-boats; and men give place to women in passing them singly (not in a crowd), and give them the inner side, on whichever side they may be. 2. If you wish your hens to lay, you should give their food to them warm, and also some oats. Get the loan of a brood hen.

SYBIL GREY.—Women have no right to use crests and family mottoes, but they may have the coat-of-arms engraved in a lozenge instead of a shield, or they are free to adopt a device and fancy motto. If you use a lozenge of the family coat-of-arms, you must pay tax for so doing. To have politely offered to post the letter for the elderly lady would not have been at all intrusive or impertinent. You might have said, "Will you allow me the pleasure of posting it for you?"

ESDAILE.—There is no doubt that our Lord's birthday was not in December. It is considered to have been after the vernal equinox, as the shepherds had begun to camp out at night, and December being the cold season in Judea, the nights would be too inclement for the flocks to be abroad. The probable date, according to recent authorities, is March 12th or 13th.

LEONIE.—We fear we could not listen to a suggestion which would involve so much new work and so many new responsibilities. We think, from your pleasant letter, that you cannot be such a *very* "horrid girl."

ZOEDONE.—Inquire for "starch gloss" at any good grocer's. It you cannot get that, stir the hot starch with a wax candle. The face you inquire about is entirely an ideal one.

ALICE MAUD.—You will find benzine colas an excellent thing for cleaning gloves; they must be hung in the open air afterwards.

HELEN W.—"Blue—darkly, deeply, beautifully blue," is from a poem by Robert Southey, called "Madoc in Wales." It was quoted by Lord Byron in one of his poems.

LENCHEN.—The author of the quotation "From grave to gay," is Pope. You will find it in the "Essay on Man," line 379.

AUNTIE'S NIECE.—Say the "Spaniards," or else the "Spanish people." You write fairly well.

CORINNE.—The 19th October, 1866, was a Friday. We think your former letters were answered.

RAINBOW.—The poem is a recent one by Longfellow, and will be found in any late edition of his writings. There are several cheap ones.

GIPSY.—The symbolical meaning of the heliotrope is "moved with pleasure," and that of the ivy "fidelity and friendship."

ROSY BELL.—You have our sympathy and best wishes, and we trust your mother's health will improve. The sending of birthday cards to intimate friends is a very unobjectionable practice.

FEZ.—Persian cats are very delicate, and washing them would be to run the risk of giving them cold, their hair being so very long and thick. Try cleaning yours with flour, rubbing it into the fur with your hand.

ORA PRO NOBIS.—The letters "L. R. C. P." signify "Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians." The word *hospice* means a sort of hospital or refuge. You may write to us as often as you like.

MADGE.—With reference to the cleaning of pearls, see page 543, vol. ii., the answer to "Evelyn and others." But pearls set in a brooch or ring may be dirty underneath, and require resetting.

SIR PETER and LADY TEAZLE.—We have already given full particulars as to the origin of throwing rice after newly-married couples, so we will only say that it is ancient Roman—a relic of the *panis farreus* in the most honourable form of Roman marriage, called *confarreatio*.

THE LEEK OF WALES.—Areca-nut powder is recommended to clean silver jewellery.

POLLY BETTY ANNE.—Write for the General Catalogue of the Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. In that you will find the kind of tales you require.

MARIE DERBYSHIRE.—The bridegroom and his "best man" wait for the bride, who, on her father's arm, followed by her bridesmaids, walks up to the chancel. When the marriage is over, the bridegroom and bride, and the "best man" and the bridesmaids, go down in pairs, arm in arm; the father, if he had no companion, would follow alone.

IMPATIENT PATIENT.—The word "patient" comes, according to "Crabb's Synonymes," page 123, from *patiens*, the active participle of *patior*, to suffer. When physically applied, "patient" denotes the act of receiving impressions from external agents. Ray says, "Wheat, which is the best sort of grain, is 'patient' of heat and cold."

PETITE.—The 3rd of December, 1860, was a Monday; and November 19th, 1867, was a Tuesday. Pronounce as "Ro-bena."

ELLA H.—We regret to say that home employment of a remunerative character is the most difficult thing to obtain in the world. We do not know what your abilities may be, but perhaps you might obtain some sort of training, as you are only seventeen, by which you could earn money at home.

MUNU, and CUCKOO.—Dr. William Harvey, the physician who discovered the circulation of the blood, was born at Folkestone in 1578. He studied at Cambridge, and subsequently at Padua; became Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians on his return home, and Physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and to James I., and Charles I. He died in 1657. Dr. Edward Jenner, the physician who discovered vaccination, was born at Berkeley, Gloucestershire, in 1749, studied in London under John Hunter, and settled as a medical practitioner in his birth-place. Parliamentary grants of £10,000 and £20,000 were voted to him, in consequence of the benefit rendered to the whole human race, and foreign scientific societies enrolled him as a member of each. He died in 1865.

AIMEE.—Your quotation is from Milton's "Paradise Lost." Pronounce the name "Tadema" as "Tad-de-ma," with stress on the first syllable.

A BUSY BEE.—The origin of the phrase to "chalk it up," is the old custom of keeping a "score," on which what was not paid for was "chalked down" with white chalk, before lead pencils were so common. "A red letter day" is a lucky day, or festival, called so from the fact that in calendars saints' days and holidays were printed in red ink, and other days in black.

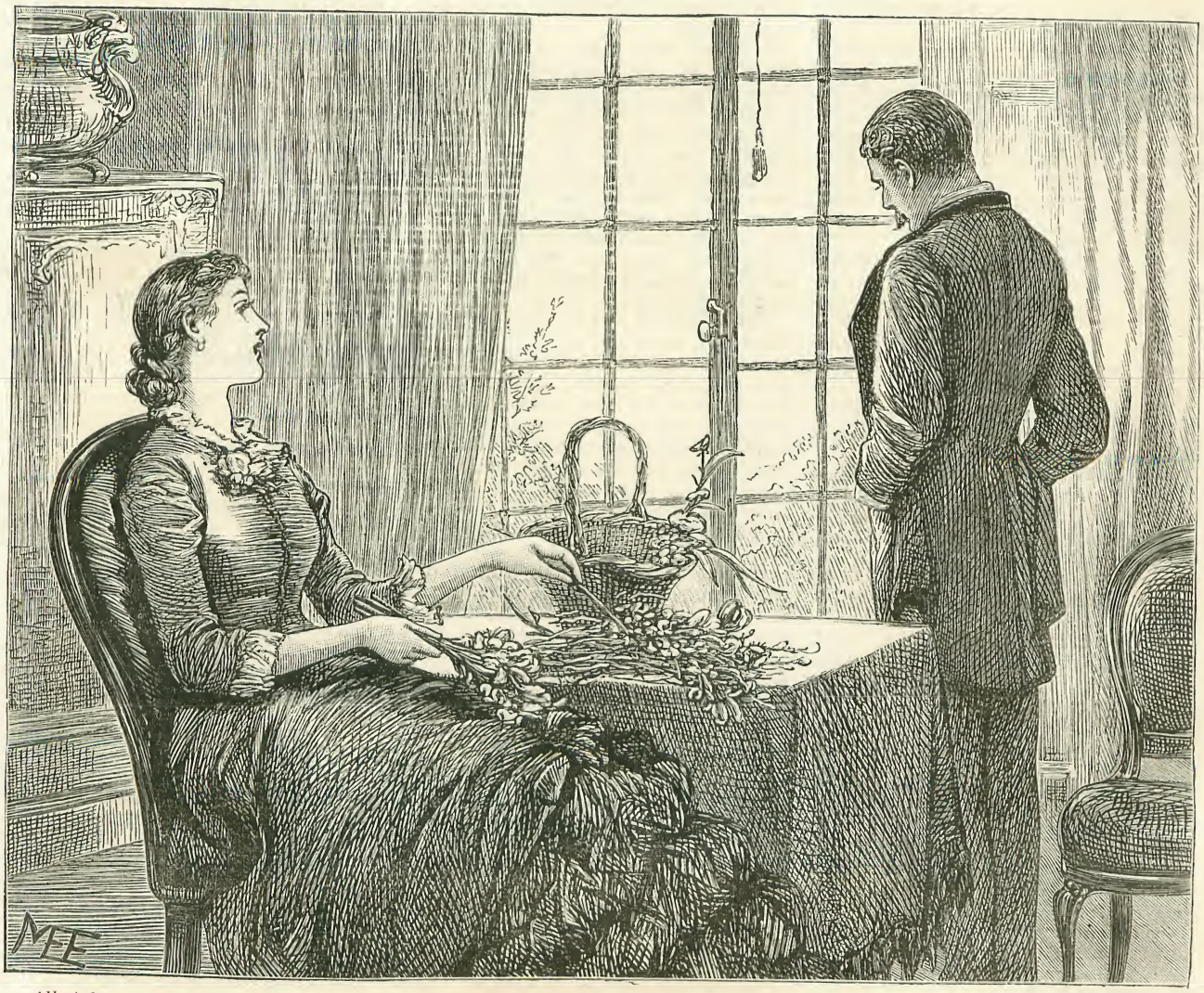
MIDLANDS.—Your experience of a cure for loss of voice produced by over-straining it, *i.e.*, sea air, high living, and perfect solitude, that is to say, having no one to speak to, except a landlady and a maid, commends itself to our judgment, and we draw "Patient One's" attention to it, as you have described your case and your cure for her special benefit. At the same time it is one of which a young girl, needing a chaperone, could not, as a general rule, avail herself. To procure periods of rest from mental application, after taking a walk, we quite recognize as not generally practicable in a school. But we do insist on the grave obligation resting on all who have the physical care as well as mental culture of the young, so to arrange the hours for study and for recreation as to leave a full hour free for digestion after dinner, and half an hour respectively after every other meal. The brain and the stomach cannot work efficiently together, and any attempt to force Nature will result, sooner or later, in both physical and mental injury, and deterioration. On this point we cannot speak too emphatically. The spots in the face, the red noses, bad digestions, and headaches of which hundreds of our girls complain to us, are due to studies prosecuted too soon after meals.

IOLANTHE.—For the preparation of skins, see page 368, vol. iii., in reply to "Juno and others."

VOL. IV.—No. 188. AUGUST 4, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A LONG LANE WITH A TURNING.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.



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"'POOR ARTHUR,' SAID CASSIE."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"THE FRIENDSHIPS OLD, AND THE EARLY LOVES."

"I WISH there were no people coming to dine to-night."

James Listowe uttered the wish in a moody tone, standing at one of the French windows overlooking his grounds, with hands plunged deep into his pockets. Cassie, seated at a small table, was selecting, from a heap of flowers, a few choice blossoms for her hair and dress.

"What makes you so gloomy?" she asked, without looking up. She was not unused to James's fits of depression, and frequently treated them with indifference.

"Well, I have heard sad news, Cassie; very sad news. To-day I met Mr. Newcastle, and he stopped to speak to me. He has not done such a thing for years!"

"Wonderful condecension!" said Mrs. Listowe, with a sneer.

"He tells me that Mr. Wenlock has just received a letter from Arthur Beachley, or, rather, a letter written by somebody else at Arthur's request. Arthur is dying; some deadly sort of fever has got hold of him, and he can't possibly recover. Poor fellow; poor old fellow!"

Cassie did look up at this. Her husband's back was turned towards her; he was looking straight across the lawn and shrubberies. A light summer rain was falling, making a cool, pleasant rustle on grass and leaves; the sun was shining through the shower. But James was gazing at the scene without seeing anything, and there were actually tears in his eyes.

"Poor Arthur," said Cassie. "I did not think we should see him again. He was just the kind of man to die young."

There was a pause. Cassie had chosen her flowers, and rose from her seat.

"Hadn't you better go and dress, James?" she asked in a matter-of-fact tone.

"The old Rookery is to be pulled down," he went on, without heeding her remark. "Dr. Lintop has given up the school; and the house is so thoroughly out of repair that it would cost an immense sum to put it in order. It will be pulled down, and a row of new villas will be built on its site."

"It was a splendid old place," said Cassie, moving towards the door. "Do go and dress, James," she added, as she left the room.

He muttered something that sounded very like an oath. That little chat with Mr. Newcastle had stirred up feelings that had slept for many a year; and he was possessed with a strange desire to be quiet, and think over old times. He would have liked to have talked about them with Cassie, had she permitted him to do so. But here was the inevitable dinner-party coming off, and Cassie could scarcely spare a thought. He must drag himself upstairs and make ready for his guests; it was a nuisance, but it had to be done.

James had paid his debts with Cassie's money; but her fortune was not so large as he had expected to find it. He was not satisfied with her investments, nor with Mr. Cardew's management of her affairs. He took matters out of the hands of that respectable old lawyer, and talked Cassie into a state of perfect confidence in his judgment, and submission to his will. In the early days of their marriage he might, in truth, have talked her into anything. Her love for him was the one reality in that false and selfish little life of hers. In winning him, she had verily won the desire of her heart. But, sometimes when "the desire cometh" it turns out to be a root of bitterness instead of a tree of life.

When Mary Berrithorne finally departed from Yare, Cassie believed that her happiness was complete. She had been a little uneasy at the idea of any meetings between James and his former betrothed. Moreover, if Mary had remained, and had had brain fever, and had gone about afterwards with a woe-begone face, exciting the sympathies of the townsfolk, Cassie felt that things would have been very unpleasant indeed. By quietly quitting the place before the wedding came off, Mary almost earned the gratitude of her successful rival.

Between Mr. and Mrs. Listowe Mary's name was very rarely mentioned. Even during the short engagement that preceded his marriage with Cassie, James had sternly refused to talk about his first love; and Miss Decke had thought it best not to force the subject upon him. She did not quite like his silence; it would have pleased her better if he had made excuses for his neglect of Mary, and his devotion to herself. And after marriage the reserve was still kept up.

But, after all, what did it matter? Mary was miles away, and Cassie was Mrs. Listowe, living in a fine house, giving grand parties, and enjoying herself after her own fashion. Only—only James was not quite the devoted husband she had expected to find him; and that, for the first time in her life, Cassie knew what it was to have a heart that ached for more love.

A little boy was born to them; but Cassie had never loved children, and she soon began to think that James cared more for his child than for his wife. Selfish always, she could not bear that any other object should call away his thoughts from her. Why did he heap caresses on the baby who could neither return nor understand them? She said something like this one day, and saw his handsome blue eyes gazing at her in unfeigned wonder.

"Why, Cassie," he said, "I always thought you had more common-sense than any woman I ever knew! Surely you are not going to be jealous of your own child."

Cassie could keep silence when she chose; she had, perhaps, more self-control than most of her sex. But as time went on, her dissatisfaction increased. Might she not have married a man who would have been more grateful for the prize bestowed upon him? There was little Frank Lilly, who would have taken her with half her fortune, and have worshipped her as she loved to be worshipped. It was humiliating to feel that she had almost asked James to marry her, and that he accepted herself, and her beauty, and her wealth, with a matter-of-fact calmness that provoked her every day.

Poor Cassie. She was sometimes tempted to think that she had made a very poor bargain, after all. A loving spirit, however sorely tried, cannot fail to win some happiness; it is blessed in giving, even if the bliss of taking seldom falls to its lot. But for Cassie, the self-worshipper, what hope was there? Could her sable and velvet warm a chilled heart? Could the flash of her diamonds light up that dark and secret path which she must tread alone?

As months lengthened into years, she learned to grow cold in her turn. Her music, her smiles, her pretty ways were kept for her guests. James, when he came home from his office, found her silent, indifferent, absorbed in some occupation of her own. Generally her fingers were engaged in something that was destined for self-decoration. Cassie was no reader; she did not love books, and only made herself acquainted with a few popular works that she might not appear ignorant when people talked about them. The age is intellectual, and Mrs. Listowe simulated intellectual tastes.

She read Mary's book with much secret envy and heart-burning. It was discussed at her table again and again; the townsfolk were proud to remember that Miss Berrithorne had once lived amongst them. James praised it with an honest warmth not very common in him; when he spoke of it, his eyes lit up; his face glowed. In his heart of hearts he was glad to think that this gifted woman had once loved him; Cassie read his thoughts, and fancied that she read also some regret for the old days. Was Mary the conqueror after all? It is strange, sometimes, that the victor feels himself beaten, and owns his victory to be an unsuspected defeat.

It was not often that this husband and wife were left alone together. They liked company; Cassie, indeed, declared she could not exist without entertaining and being entertained. Her two children had an excellent nurse who was almost a mother to them. One little grave lay under the shadow of the limes in the old churchyard; James passed it every day on his way to his office, and sometimes went to look at it. Cassie never visited it at all. Poor Cassie—poor James! If they could but have met heart to heart over that little grave, perhaps they would never have parted again.

To add to her private griefs, Cassie had the bitterness of knowing that she was no longer queen of Yare. The London lawyer, Mr. Kingstone, had married a wife who sang better, played better, was far more accomplished, and quite as handsome as Mrs. Listowe. The Kingstones lived in a snug little house, and Mrs. Kingstone was not too

fashionable to look after her own children; yet she was invited to houses which Cassie never entered. She possessed one charm which the attractive Mrs. Listowe had always lacked—even the ornament of a true, noble, and generous soul; and people both saw and reverenced it.

So Cassie's heart was not at rest, even when it beat under the regal purple silk and rich lace that she wore at her dinner-party. And more than once, as she sat at her table, she looked at James across the flowers and crystal, and saw that in the pauses in the talk his face settled into the profoundest gravity.

The earth was still glittering with rain when James Listowe walked slowly up the long carriage-drive that led to the Rookery. Briers and grasses had overgrown the roots of the old oaks; but as James passed on his memory recalled the rustling of the great boughs and the flickering lights and shadows that used to fall upon the road. How often he had seen the girlish figures of Cassie and Mary flitting along the avenue! How often he had strolled here with Arthur's arm linked in his, and Arthur's calm voice sounding in his ears!

The roses were in bloom again, their delicate tints contrasting with the dark ivy green. The house door was standing open; he saw no one as he ascended the steps and entered the hall. Much of the luxury and refinement had passed away with the old tenants; the great, costly china jars had been sold, and the beautiful statues had disappeared. Dr. Lintop's scholars had left their traces; there was no longer a rich crimson carpet on the staircase, and the carved oaken balustrade had sustained some rough usage. But the hall was still dim and cool as it had ever been, even on the hottest of summer days; and to James Listowe it seemed as if the ghosts of four young people met him here, and beckoned him up the stairs.

He went on and passed through the dusky corridors without meeting anybody. Still on, and up to the third storey, until he paused before the door of Arthur's old chamber, and knocked twice or thrice on the oak panels. There was no reply, and he turned the handle and went in.

The room had been used as a sitting-room by Kate, but its aspect was little changed. A couch filled the place of the bedstead, but the writing-table was still there, and the bookshelves, with some of Arthur's books upon them. Even the little ornaments on the mantelpiece were the same; and only two of the pictures had been removed — the group of college friends and the crayon head of St. Agnes.

James sat down in the old arm-chair which had been Arthur's usual seat. The casement was open, and the sun was setting in a sea of pure crimson light that streamed into the little chamber. He looked up to one spot on the wall where a brown and withered oak-twig was hanging still. It was the very twig which Arthur had left there as a memorial of Katherine's oak.

The red beams, striking full upon it, cast its shadow on the wall behind; and the rugged outline of that shadow was like the form of a cross. It seemed to James at that moment as if Arthur's voice were speaking solemnly to him in the stillness of the room, and uttering those words which contain the very essence of Christ's teaching—"Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after Me, cannot be My disciple."

After all, was it not easier to bear the cross of Christ than to carry the fetters of sin? He thought of the life that was now passing away in a far-off land, and contrasted it with his own. And then he buried his face in his hands, and wept bitterly, not only for his dying friend, but for his own wasted youth.

The ivy rustled outside the window, and the wind brought the scent of roses on its soft breath. "What shall it profit a man," whispered the leaves and the breeze, "what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Surely the air was full of voices that evening! It seemed as if Mr. Wenlock, too, were speaking to him out of the bygone years.

"Life and soul," the vicar had once said, "in the original Greek are one and the same word. A man's soul is not a part of him, as people are apt to think, but the man himself. There is no distinction between the good of a man's soul and his own good. Christ came not to seek and to save anything short of our whole selves, and we, the ministers of Christ, desire the salvation not of *souls* but of *men*. What a simple question it is—'what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his soul'—his life—himself?"

When James lifted his face again, the red light had faded, the shadow on the wall was gone. He rose from the chair, and gave one long glance round the little room that he was never to see again. It was a holy place to him.

He met a housemaid as he was on his way downstairs, and inquired for Kate Glendon.

"She has gone to the vicarage, sir," the girl answered. "She will come to-morrow, and take away the things that she means to keep. We are going to have a sale next week."

As James walked away down the long drive, and passed through the lodge gates into the highway again, he felt as if he were going forth into a changed world. Youth was gone; the best things of his life had been weighed in the balances and found wanting. He had chosen, as we all have to do, between the perishable and the imperishable, and he had taken the first, because the last seemed, somehow, less easy to have and to hold. He thought of Cassie, and his big house, and fine horses, and sighed.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

THE END OF LIFE.—The truest end of life is to know the life that never ends.

NARROW AND LOUD.—It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles: the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

OUR BUSINESS IN THIS WORLD.

The proper business of people in this world falls mainly into three *divisions*:—

First, to know themselves and the existing state of things they have to do with.

Secondly, to be happy in themselves and in the existing state of things.

Thirdly, to mend themselves and the existing state of things, as far as either are marred and mendable.

These, I say, are the three plain divisions of proper human business on this earth. For those three, the following are usually substituted and adopted by human creatures:—

First, to be totally ignorant of themselves and the existing state of things.

Secondly, to be miserable in themselves and in the existing state of things.—*Ruskin.*

THINKING WELL AND LOOKING WELL.—There is so immediate a relation between our thoughts and gestures, that woman must think well to look well.—*Steele.*

ON APPEARING AGREEABLE.—If you wish to appear agreeable in society, you must consent to be taught many things which you know already.—*Talleyrand.*

ÆSOP IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

A contemporary has a new version of the fable of the dog who saw his visage reflected in the brook, which is more applicable to modern life than the original.

A dog, carrying a stolen beefsteak in his mouth, came to a limpid stream, which reflected surrounding objects as good as a mirror. Perceiving the reflected image of himself, he thought of seizing the piece of meat it held, which he supposed to be real, but concluded that it would be more prudent first to devour his own piece.

Then he looked again into the stream. The reflected dog had nothing in his teeth, and expressed the satisfaction of a contented stomach.

"Ha!" said the dog, "that fellow had the same idea that I had!"

And he ran away laughing.

SAFETY IN SILENCE.—Silence is the safest response for all the contradiction that arises from impertinence, vulgarity, or envy.

A SIGN OF WISDOM.—The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness: her estate is like that of things in the regions above the moon, always clear and serene.

BENEFITS CONFERRED AND BENEFITS RECEIVED.—A generous girl will place the benefits she confers beneath her feet—those she receives nearest her heart.

HUMAN LIFE.—Human life is like a game of chess: each piece holds its place upon the chess-board—king, queen, bishop and pawn. Death comes, the game is up, and all are thrown without distinction, pell-mell, into the same bag.

FOLLOWING ADVICE.—He who builds according to every man's advice will have a crooked house.—*Danish Proverb.*

THE MOST DESERVING GIRL.

By DARLEY DALE.

Author of "Spoilt Guy," "Little Bricks," "The Family Failing," "The Jersey Boys," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

MADEMOISELLE'S MOTHER.

It was the first day of the new term, and Mrs. Edgcome's boarders, twelve in number, were sitting over the schoolroom fire, waiting till the tea-bell summoned them to the dining-room.

"So there is a new girl, I hear; has anyone seen her yet?" asked Julia Robinson, a tall, handsome girl of sixteen, with dark, flashing eyes, and a quantity of dark, curly hair, who had just arrived.

"Oh, yes, dear; we have all seen her—a plain, insignificant little thing, with a pale, pasty complexion, and red hair," replied Blanche Scott, who was considered the belle of the school, and was Julia Robinson's great friend.

"I don't think her plain; she is very lady-like and nice-looking—'*gentille*,' as Mademoiselle would say—and that means something better than our word 'pretty;' and her hair is lovely; it is real auburn, and waves and curls naturally without the aid of curling-papers and irons. In fact, I call her pretty; she has such a sweet expression," said Annie Scott, who was a plain edition of her younger sister.

"Yes, my dear Annie, but you are no judge; you call everyone pretty who has not an actual squint. Wait till you have seen her, Julia, and then you shall judge who has the better taste, Annie or I," said Blanche.

"If you ask me, I don't think any of you have much eye for beauty, or you would have noticed that picture over the chimney-piece

instead of chattering about Agnes Cornwall's hair. I wonder where Mrs. Edgcome got it from?" said Marie Despard, a bright-looking girl, rather younger than the other three.

"Got what—Agnes Cornwall, or her hair?" asked Julia.

"No; the picture, of course. It is lovely," said Marie.

The picture was a fine engraving of Holman Hunt's painting of "The Good Shepherd," and was handsomely framed; but before the girls had time to give their opinions upon it, the door opened, and Mrs. Edgcome, followed by the new girl, walked into the room.

"Well, girls, do you like that picture?" asked Mrs. Edgcome, coming forward.

A chorus of assenting voices replied.

"I am glad of that; and now I will tell

you why I have put it there, and what I mean to do with it. I have placed it there to be a pattern to all of us, that we may try daily to grow more like Him whom it represents; and at the end of the term I mean to give it to the most deserving girl. I shall decide myself; but I will let you all have a voice in the matter; that is to say, I will put it to the vote; and if the majority agree with me as to who is the most deserving girl, the one I select shall have the picture; if the majority are against me, it shall stand over till another term."

"But is it to be given to the girl who gets the most prizes, or to the best girl in the school? Is conduct to count, or is it to be decided by the examinations?" asked Julia Robinson.

"I can't tell you any more. It is to be given to the most deserving girl, and I hope you will all try your utmost to deserve it," said Mrs. Edgcome, with a smile, as she left the room.

"I hope Mrs. Edgcome is not going to turn the school into a chapel this term," said Julia with a slight sneer, to Blanche Scott.

"I wonder who will win it—you, Annie, or Julia I expect, because you are so good and Julia is so clever. I shan't have a chance, and yet I would rather win it than any of the other prizes," said Marie.

"Oh, so would I; it is so beautiful!" said the new girl, who had been gazing at the picture intently all the time Mrs. Edgcome was speaking.

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Julia, turning sharply round to the child and opening her great black eyes to their fullest extent. "I like your humility, and if that is to count, I should think you will certainly win the picture. A new girl, younger than most of us, too, to expect to gain it!"

"Oh, but I did not expect it—I only wished it. Of course I have not the slightest chance," said Agnes Cornwall, colouring painfully, for she was shy and nervous, and at Julia's speech she shrank away from the group.

"You have just as much chance as any of us, and I don't see why you should not get it, although you are a new girl. We were all new girls once," said Marie, kindly.

"I see why she should not though, and I'll take pretty good care she does not, little upstart," said Julia, aside to Blanche; but the tea-bell rang and put an end for the present to the discussion, for no talking was allowed during meals except in French or German, a rule which had the effect of confining the conversation to Mrs. Edgcome and the French and German governesses, the girls preferring silence to talking French or German. But though they were silent, the picture was the principal thought of each girl, every one of them, even the little ones, longing to win it, and for the first few weeks of the term the picture was the topic of conversation during recreation time. Girls dearly love a mystery, and the vague way in which Mrs. Edgcome had offered the prize to them increased their desire to possess it, and many and various were the speculations as to the probable winner; but the general opinion was that if it were to be given to the cleverest girl, Julia Robinson would certainly get it; if to the best, Annie Scott, for she was never known to break a rule, or lose a mark for being late or for leaving a book about; she never laughed or talked in class; in fact, she was the most industrious girl in the school, and gave no trouble to any of her teachers. Even Mademoiselle, who was very strict and by no means popular, never had any fault to find with Annie Scott.

But the new girl, Agnes Cornwall, was running Annie very close in point of conduct. She was not particularly clever—indeed, the only thing she excelled in was drawing, but she was most attentive and obedient, and Julia Robinson began to regard her with very envious eyes. One Saturday afternoon, about a month after the term had begun, it happened to be a wet day. Julia Robinson came suddenly into the class-room where Agnes was sitting, taking advantage of the wet day to get on with her drawing.

"Agnes! oh, here you are. I have been looking for you. Come into the schoolroom. One of the girls has dressed up to take you in; she is pretending to be Mademoiselle's mother. Just come in and show them you are not so easily taken in. Mind, don't say I let you into the secret."

Agnes rose, wondering at Julia's kindness, for she rarely spoke to the child, and saying she would come directly, began to put away her drawing, while Julia ran back to the schoolroom to see the fun. In a few minutes Agnes followed, and on her way met Marie Despard, who had only been one term longer than Agnes in the school, and, as it happened, had never seen Madame Desfeux.

"Marie, come with me. One of the girls has dressed up like Mademoiselle's mother to take me in; I am going to find out who it is," said Agnes.

"But are you sure it is one of the girls? for Madame Desfeux is a caution, so I have heard. I have never seen her," said Marie.

"Oh, quite sure; Julia told me," said Agnes; and, rather pleased at being able to show she was not so easily duped, Agnes led the way to the schoolroom.

Now, Madame Desfeux was a most peculiar-looking old lady, and she added to her natural peculiarities by dressing in a singularly old-fashioned style. She was very deaf, and carried an ear-trumpet, which, as she was in perpetual mourning for her late husband, was adorned with a crape bow. Her visits were a great trial to the girls, for Mademoiselle was very sensitive about her mother, and woe betide that girl who dared to laugh at her. On this afternoon Madame Desfeux was shown into the schoolroom to wait till her daughter was ready to go out with her, and when Agnes and Marie entered they found the other girls sitting in a stiff circle endeavouring to entertain Madame with their Anglo-French. They seemed ill at ease, as they were, for it was only with the greatest difficulty they could keep their countenances, and, indeed, only Annie Scott had sufficient control over her features to be able to talk to her, and the crape bow was *almost too much* even for her gravity, and every time the trumpet was turned to her she trembled lest she should disgrace herself for ever by laughing down it. She was in the act of answering one of Madame's questions when Agnes and Marie entered the room, and to the horror of all the girls except Julia, instead of bowing, they stopped in front of Madame Desfeux and went into fits of laughter.

"Marie! Agnes! Be quiet! This is Madame Desfeux," exclaimed Annie, catching hold of Marie.

"Agnes! *do* be *quiet!* Marie, don't laugh! It is Mademoiselle's mother," said Blanche.

"Oh, it is no use trying to take us in! We know well enough who this old guy is," said Marie.

"It is a splendid joke, but you can't deceive us. Who is it, though, Marie?" said Agnes, going close to Madame, and peering under her poke bonnet.

"Qu'est ce qu'elle a?" demanded Madame; but Agnes only fell back to steady herself by the table, as she exclaimed—

"Look at the wart on her nose, too! How did they manage that?"

"Girls, for pity's sake be quiet; it is no joke. Do go away before Mademoiselle comes," said Annie Scott, not daring to laugh, but enduring agonies in endeavouring to control herself.

"They will be expelled to a certainty, if Mademoiselle catches them," said Julia.

"Oh yes, you are acting splendidly, all of you, aren't they, Marie?" said Agnes, touching the crape bow delicately with the tips of her fingers.

"What is going on *here?*" demanded Mademoiselle, appearing on the scene just as Marie was recovering from her laughter sufficiently to be able to speak.

"It is capital!" exclaimed Marie, in French, which she spoke fluently; "look at her bonnet and her hair in those little curls, and that wart—that is a stroke of genius."

"Marie Despard, are you mad? How dare you speak of my mother in this way—to my face, too? It is unpardonable. I will report you at once to Mrs. Edgcome," stormed Mademoiselle.

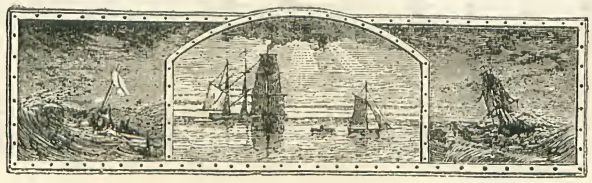
"Mademoiselle, you act beautifully," said Marie, going closer to Madame Desfeux: "but I cannot make out who she is, Agnes."

"I tell you, it is my mother, and unless Mrs. Edgcome expels you and Agnes Cornwall for your impertinence, I will resign," cried Mademoiselle, turning to leave the room to fetch Mrs. Edgcome, whom Annie Scott was already gone in search of.

Just as Mademoiselle reached the door Agnes seized the ear-trumpet and cried down it, "Who are you, you old fright?"

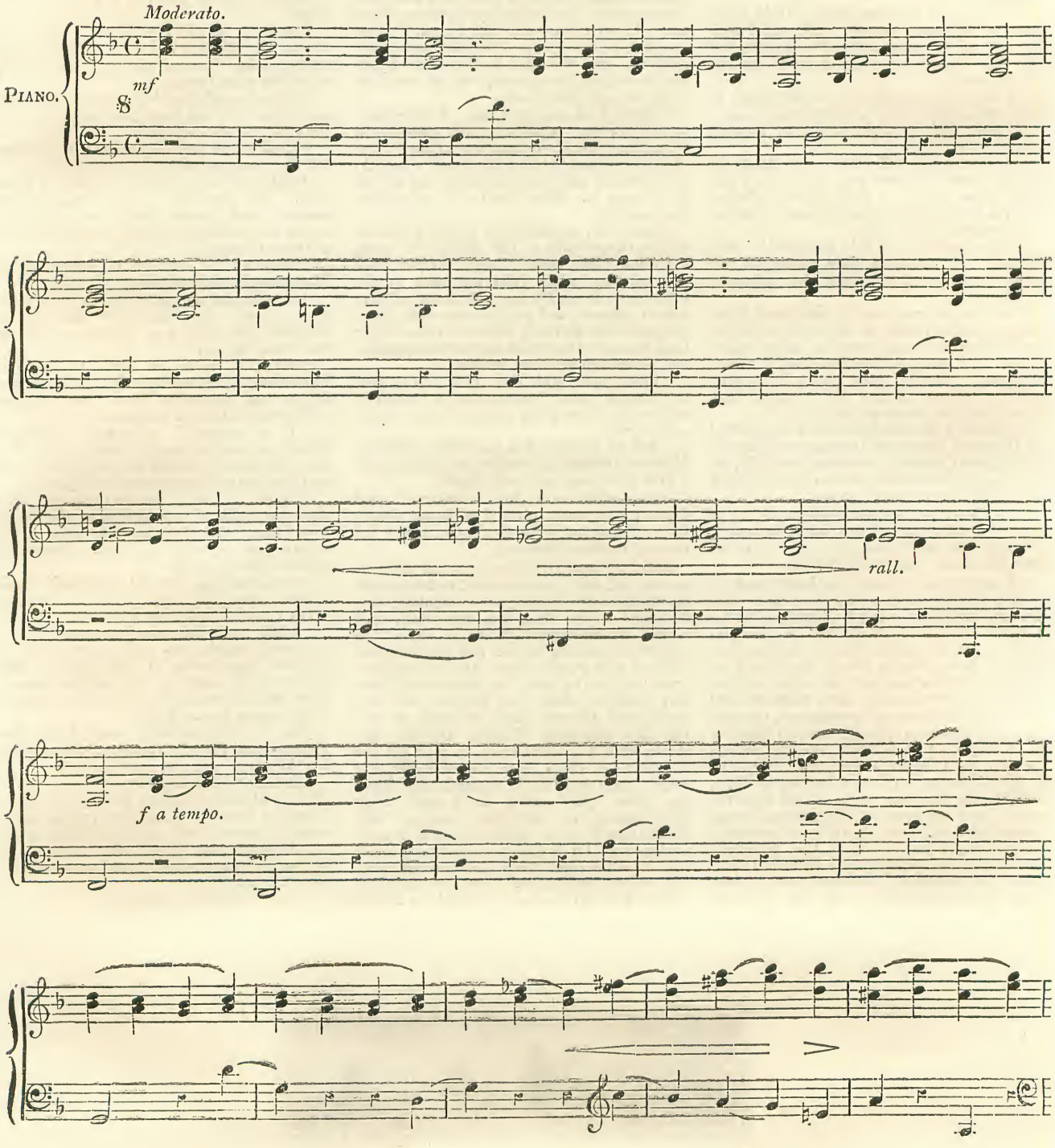
On hearing this the other girls gave up all attempt at preserving their gravity, and sat and shook in fits of silent laughter, while Mademoiselle turned back, and seizing Agnes by the shoulders was in the act of turning her out of the room, when Annie returned with Mrs. Edgcome.

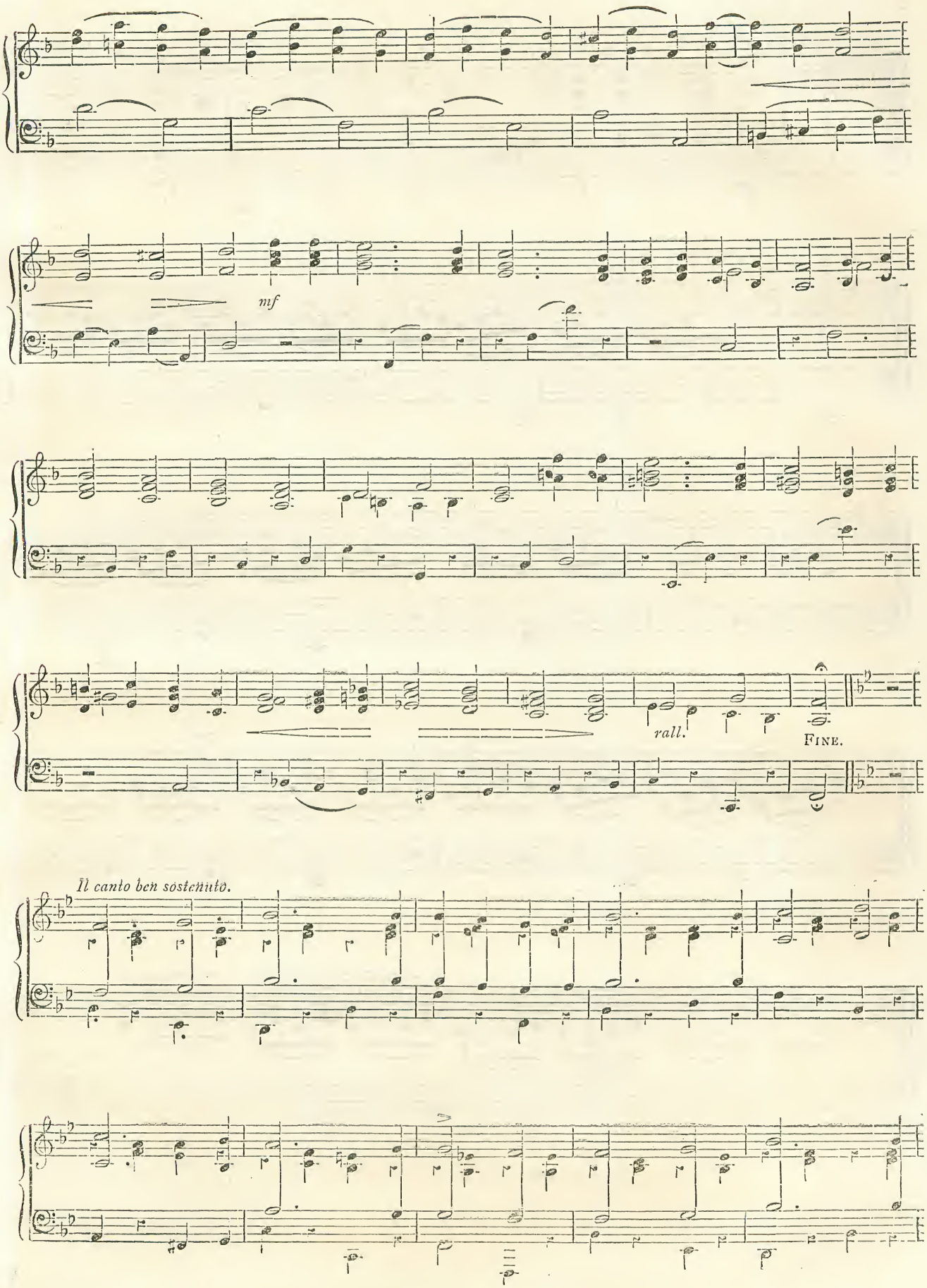
(*To be continued.*)



EVENING CLOUDS.

EDWIN M. LOTT.

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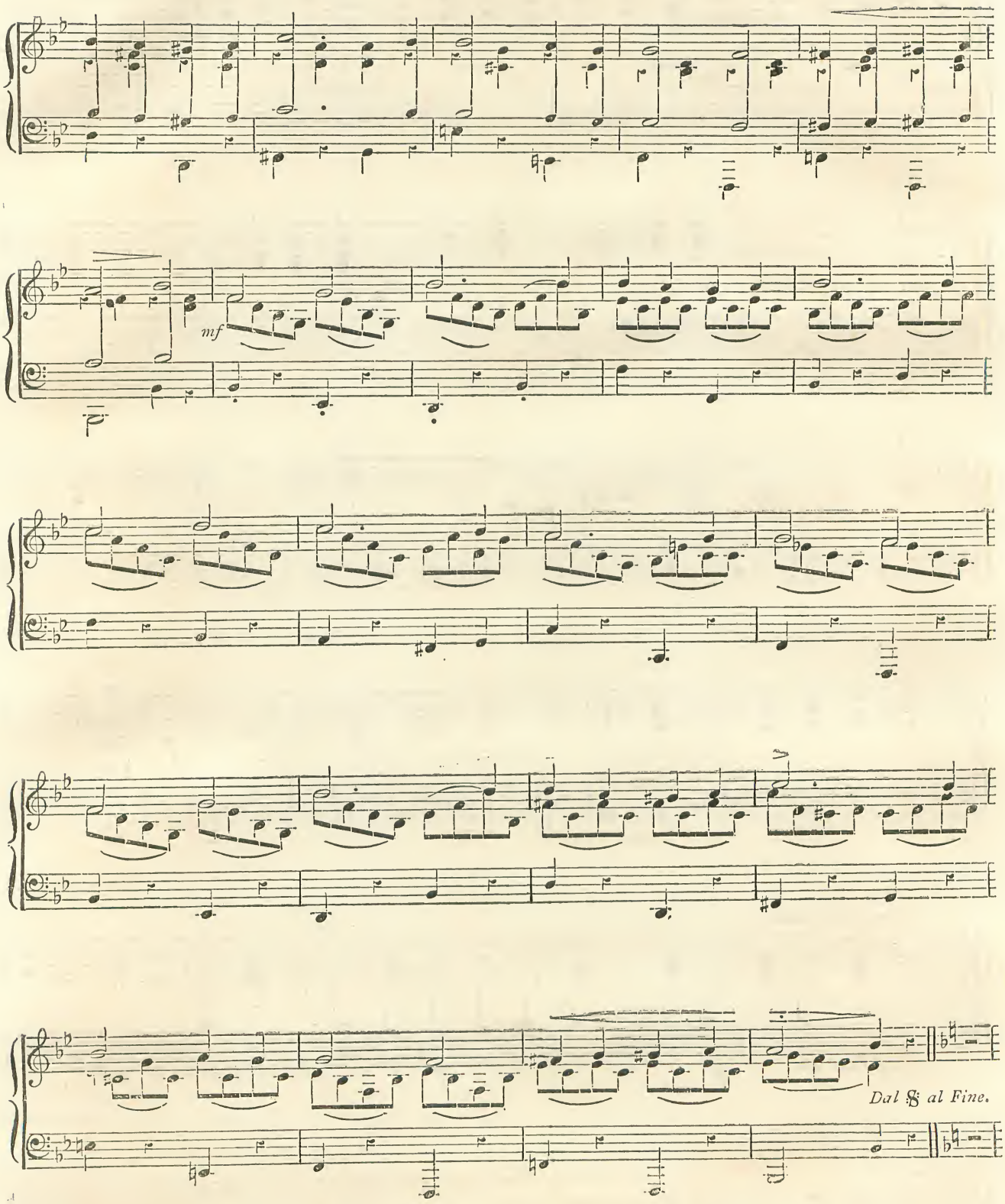
FINE.
Il canto ben sostenuto.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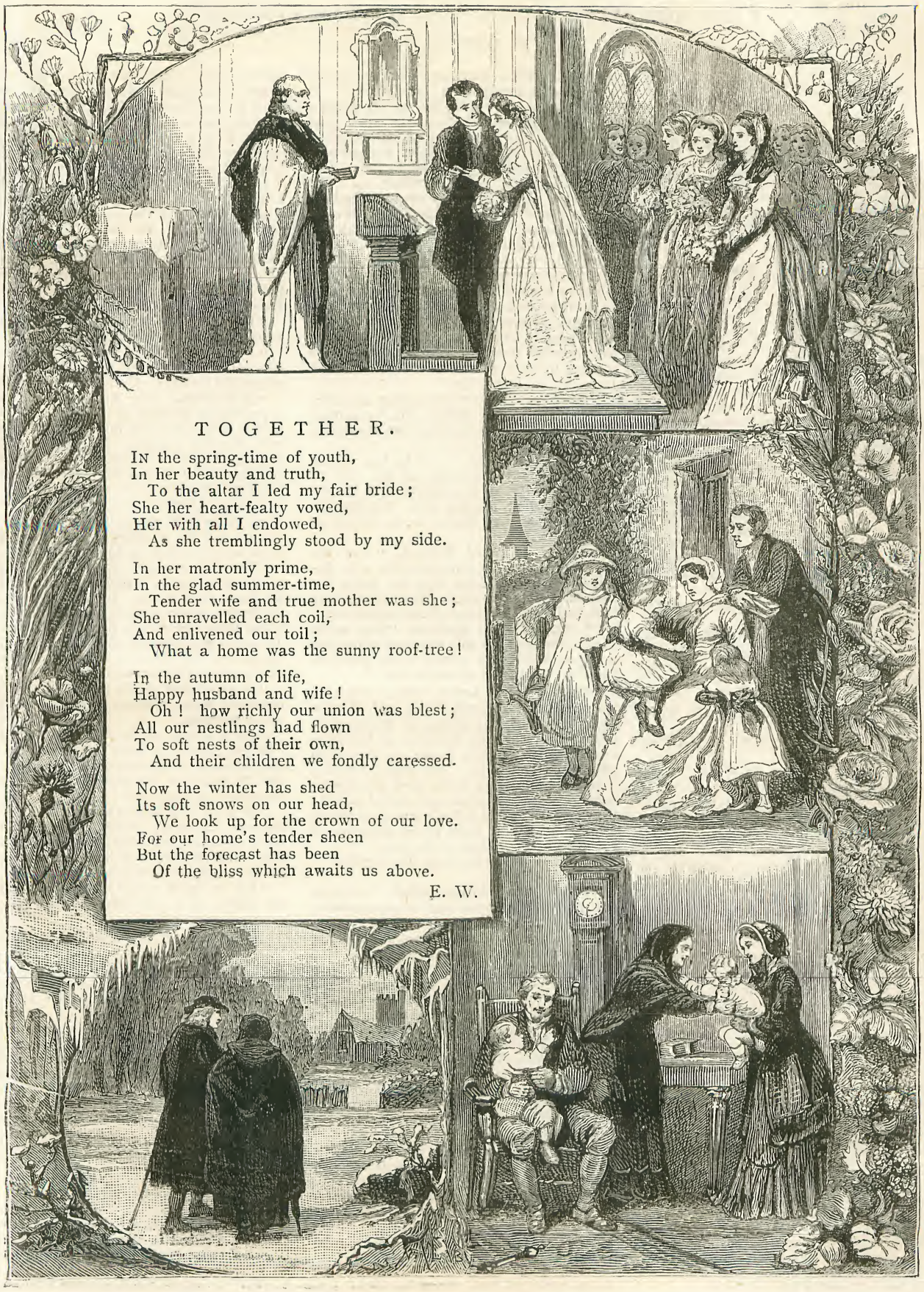


TOGETHER.

In the spring-time of youth,
In her beauty and truth,
To the altar I led my fair bride;
She her heart-fealty vowed,
Her with all I endowed,
As she tremblingly stood by my side.

In her matronly prime,
In the glad summer-time,
Tender wife and true mother was she;
She unravelled each coil,
And enlivened our toil;
What a home was the sunny roof-tree!

In the autumn of life,
Happy husband and wife!
Oh! how richly our union was blest;
All our nestlings had flown
To soft nests of their own,
And their children we fondly caressed.

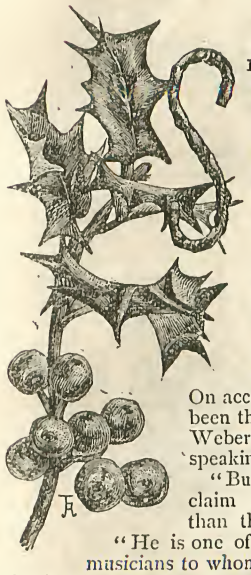
Now the winter has shed
Its soft snows on our head,
We look up for the crown of our love.
For our home's tender sheen
But the forecast has been
Of the bliss which awaits us above.

E. W.

EVENINGS WITH OUR GREAT LIVING COMPOSERS.

By JAMES MASON.

IV.—Sir Julius Benedict.



"Sir Julius Benedict!" said Harry; "why, I thought you were going to discuss Rubinstein to-night."

"No," said Arthur, "Rubinstein is for our next meeting. This evening our subject is Sir Julius."

"And a good subject too," remarked Ralph. On account of his having been the favourite pupil of Weber, he would be worth speaking about."

"But he has a higher claim on our attention than that," said Arthur. "He is one of the many foreign musicians to whom this country has afforded a home, and to whose works she has listened with eagerness. We are fast becoming a musical nation, and Sir Julius is one of the teachers to whom we are most indebted for our progress."

"You say he is a foreigner. Where was he born?" asked Rose.

"At Stuttgard, on the 27th of November, 1804," replied Arthur.

"Then he is amongst the oldest of our living musicians."

"Yes, perhaps the very oldest."

"Of what family did he come?" Agnes inquired.

"His father, I have heard," said Arthur, "was a Jewish banker."

"Was he educated at Stuttgard?" was Agnes's next question.

"Yes," answered Arthur; "his literary studies were pursued at the gymnasium of that town, but he early showed a rare aptitude for music, and his family, thinking rightly enough that a man is bound to cultivate his highest gifts, sent him to study music at Weimar."

"Who was his master there?" asked Agnes.

"Hummel."

"And what sort of a master was he?"

"He has been described as one of the dull classics of the piano, and 'expressly cut out for the hero of respectable mediocrity,' but he seems for all that to have been a good teacher."

"Where did young Benedict go after leaving Weimar?" Hilda inquired.

"To Dresden," said Arthur. "He went there in 1820 to become the pupil of the illustrious Weber, who was then engaged in the composition of his *Euryanthe*."

"He seems to have become a special favourite with Weber," observed Florence.

"There is no doubt about that," Arthur said. "He was treated by Weber, to quote Sir Julius's own words, 'not only as a pupil, but as a son.' Weber behaved very generously by him. It had been agreed that Benedict was to have three lessons a week of one hour each, but he actually received six lessons a week of two hours apiece—four times what had been stipulated for."

"To have secured the attention and good wishes of Weber must have been a fortunate circumstance for Benedict," said Nora.

"Undoubtedly," said Arthur. "Many a one looks back on his intercourse with a great man, and says, 'But for that intercourse I might have had no intellectual existence.' But for Weber Sir Julius might never have been a musician worth listening to. The friendship of the great composer fanned the sacred flame within him, and urged him on to enthusiasm. He learned from Weber the secret of success in art."

"And what is that secret?" asked Nora.

"Self-forgetfulness," answered Arthur. "But he learned more than that. He learned to meditate on the works of the great masters, in whose presence it is impossible to think or write meanly, and he was taught not to be satisfied with transient successes, and not to attempt to build an ambitious structure before laying a solid foundation."

"Amongst the most interesting memories of this period of Sir Julius's life," remarked Ralph, "must be his meeting with Beethoven and Mendelssohn."

"Yes," said Arthur, "and he has written a very interesting account of his visit to Beethoven in 1822, in company with Weber, and of his first meeting with Mendelssohn when walking with Weber in the streets of Berlin in 1821."

"Such," remarked Edward, "was the beginning of his acquaintanceship with distinguished men. Since then Sir Julius has been intimately associated with every musician of the nineteenth century of any importance."

"I suppose," said Ambrose, "that under Weber Benedict not only obtained instruction in composition, but gained some practical knowledge of the art of conducting?"

"Yes," answered Arthur, "he accompanied the composer to Vienna, Berlin, and all other towns in which the operas of Weber were performed. The two, however, at last separated, and the parting seems to have been painful on both sides. The pupil received a farewell letter written in the most affectionate terms, bade Weber adieu, and started to make his way in the world, full of enthusiasm for his art, and anxious to tread in the footsteps of the illustrious musicians of the past."

"To what did he first turn his attention?" Rose inquired.

"About 1824," Arthur replied, "owing to the powerful influence and recommendation of Weber, he received his first official appointment. He was made director of music of the German Opera at Vienna. This post, however, he resigned at the end of two years in order to make a grand tour in Germany and Italy with the celebrated impresario Barbaja. The tour ended in Barbaja confiding to him the direction of one of the numerous Italian theatres which he administered."

"And when did Benedict begin his career as composer?" Annabella asked.

"Just about this time," said Arthur. "His first opera, *Giacinta ed Ernesto*, was produced at Naples in 1827."

"Was it successful?"

"No; it seems, according to Mr. Sutherland Edwards, to have been too German for the Neapolitan taste. But the composer was not discouraged; he was a man of perseverance, as well as energy, and was content to wait for success."

"Did he remain long at Naples?" asked Nora.

"No," replied Arthur. "He shortly afterwards went to Paris, where he stayed some time. It was a brilliant musical period in that great art-centre, Paris being then 'the headquarters of Rossini and Meyerbeer, a frequent place of rendezvous for Donizetti and Bellini, and the home of Auber, Hérold, Adolph Adam, Halévy, Berlioz, and Félicien David.'"

"From Paris I understand he proceeded to London," said Ralph.

"You are right," said Arthur. "And in London he contracted an intimate friendship with Madame Malibran, one of the most distinguished singers the world has ever seen, and De Bériot, the famous violinist, whom Madame Malibran married in 1835. Benedict followed his friends to Naples, lived in Naples for a short period, and then returned to London, where he established himself."

"He has had no reason to complain of taking that step," observed Rose.

"Well," said Nora, "from the public he has got his money, and to the public he has returned it tenfold in pleasure and instruction."

"In England," said Arthur, "he has held a prominent position as musical conductor both in connection with the operatic stage and with chamber concerts. As conductor at the Monday Popular Concerts, ever since their commencement, he has long been well known to all the amateurs of the metropolis."

"As a pianist," Nora remarked, "he deserves to rank amongst the most distinguished for the elegance of his playing, and as an accompanist he is simply perfect."

"Benedict attracted considerable attention as an accompanist," said Arthur, "during the Jenny Lind mania. Jenny Lind, as everyone knows, made a tour in the United States about 1850, and she was then accompanied by Benedict, who directed all the concerts given by the Swedish Nightingale, and contributed very much to their extraordinary success."

"A great deal of the time of Sir Julius," remarked Rose, "seems to have been taken up by teaching."

"As a teacher of the piano," said Arthur, "he has enjoyed a great reputation, and we may without exaggeration set him down as the Professor of the Pianoforte to the high aristocracy of England."

"It must have been a thankless position," observed Edward. "For every pupil who has a chance of becoming an agreeable player there must be a hundred thousand who never reward the pains taken with them."

"Let us speak now," said Annabella, "of Sir Julius as a composer. What are his principal works?"

"He has tried his hand," said Arthur, "both at operatic and instrumental music. To begin with, there are several operas. The first, as I mentioned a little while ago, was *Giacinta ed Ernesto*, brought out at Naples in 1827. Then followed *I Portoghesi in Goa*, composed in 1830. Afterwards came *Un Anno ed un Giorno*, produced at Naples in 1836. In 1838 was brought out his first English opera, *The Gypsy's Warning*, and this was followed by *The Brides of Venice* and *The Crusaders*, both put on the stage at Drury Lane and very favourably received. Then came the successful *Lily of Killarney*, a musical version of the drama of the *Colleen Bawn*. It was brought out in 1862."

"And besides these operas, what has Sir Julius written?" asked Annabella.

"He is the composer," answered Arthur, "of the cantata *Undine*, produced at the Norwich Festival in 1860; another cantata, *Richard Cœur de Lion*, brought out in 1863; an operetta, the *Bride of Song*, brought out in 1864; a cantata, the *Legend of St. Cecilia*, first heard at the Norwich Festival in 1866;

and an oratorio, *St. Peter*, produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1870."

"What a varied list," said Rose.

"But that is not all," added Arthur. "In the highest forms of orchestral music he has also done something. A symphony of his was played at the Crystal Palace in 1873, and a second in 1874. Then he has written many charming songs and ballads, and he has added I cannot tell how much to the already enormous mass of pianoforte music. His works in this line include concertos, sonatas, fantasias, variations, rondos, rêveries, divertissements, and many transcriptions of classical works, and they are all amongst the best productions of their kind."

"You should not forget to add," said Nora, "that he has contributed to the literature of music, and has written a lecture on Mendelssohn, and a very readable life of Weber."

"Many honours," remarked Hilda, "seem to have fallen to the lot of Sir Julius."

"Yes," said Arthur; "he was knighted in 1871, and on his seventieth birthday he was named Knight Commander of the Order of Francis and Joseph of Austria, and of Frederick of Wurtemburg. He has also been decorated by the sovereigns of Prussia, Italy, Belgium, Sweden, Portugal, and Hanover."

"I remember well," said Ralph, "being present not long after his seventieth birthday at a meeting at Dudley House, when a service of silver, including a magnificent candelabra, was presented to him by his numerous friends in this country to mark their appreciation of his labours in the advancement of art."

"And now," said Arthur, "let us hear some of his music."

Nora, as the best musician present, was called upon first, and she played a simple and beautiful little piece, "An Evening Thought."

"That may well claim to be a song without words," remarked Arthur. "And how exactly you observed the marks of expression."

"I don't see any use in their being there if they are not observed," replied Nora. "How savage a composer must be to hear his pieces played as if every *pp.*, *cres.*, *decres.*, and every *f.* and *ff.* were struck out, for not one of them is attended to."

Ralph, who was in excellent voice, now sang "The Lord brings back His own," of which the words,

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,"

are familiar to everyone.

A two-part song followed, "Come to our fairy bowers," sung by Annabella and Rose.

"Surely," said Florence, "I remember hearing that as the Naiad's song in *Azurine; or, the Spirit of the Waters*."

"Yes," said Edward; "and so you too have seen that grand spectacle?"

"It was one of the things," replied Florence, "that Arthur took me to before our marriage."

"A violin solo now from Hilda," said Arthur.

"Impossible!" said Hilda. "My G string, after a long period of active service, broke this afternoon, and I have not had time to go after another. But I shall play you a pianoforte fantasia founded on airs from Donizetti's opera of *Anna Bolena*."

"That is first-rate," exclaimed Ralph, when she had finished. "I don't think we shall regret an accident to your violin once in a while when it gives us so much pleasure in hearing you in the *rôle* of pianist."

Gertrude now volunteered "The Two Stars" song. "And I must make a remark," she said, "by way of preface. There is a tradition that a wish will be fulfilled if expressed when we see a star falling."

"There is the same sort of superstition," interrupted Arthur, "about wishing at a 'wishing gate' when hearing the cuckoo for the first time, when on seeing the new moon, and in a number of other circumstances."

"Hear what the song says," remarked Gertrude.

"A very striking song," said Ralph, when we had heard the last of it, "and very good words too."

"Let us have a song now from the *Lily of Killarney*," said Arthur; "but first Agnes might play the overture to that opera."

Agnes played, and then we decided to have the Recitative and Romance introduced where Eily O'Connor—the "Colleen Bawn"—is waiting for Hardress, and beginning "Far o'er the lake his signal I see." The question was who was to sing it.

"No one like Gertrude," said Ambrose; and so said we all.

Gertrude yielded to the general desire, and she sang her very best. Her great charm was naturalness, and no one who heard her will ever forget her rendering of this Romance—

"In my wild mountain valley he sought me,
My heart soon he knew was his own."

"Oh, your beautiful voice!" exclaimed Ralph.

"I am very fond," said Florence, "of another air sung by Eily, beginning, 'I'm alone, I'm alone.'"

"Let us have it," said Ralph, and Florence, with her small voice, sang it with great tenderness and expression.

"Nora, your turn has come again," said Arthur, and Nora brought to a close the confidential chat she was having with Edward, and took her seat at the piano.

"I shall now play 'Douce Confidence,' an Andante for the piano," she said, and it was so well rendered that everyone called for a second piece.

She chose a Nocturne known as "Un rayon d'espérance," and that led to a call for something more, to which call she replied by playing a fantasia on Balfe's opera, *The Rose of Castile*."

"What a number of pieces you know!" observed Rose.

"Well," said Nora, "I make it a rule to be continually playing new things. I may not manage to play any of them quite perfectly, but then I am not a public performer, and my critics are all good-natured."

"Do you know the song, 'I've a home in Cloudland,' from the *Bride of Song?*" said Arthur, turning to Annabella.

"I've a home in Cloudland,
And rivers run o'er golden sand,"

said she; "of course I do."

"Sing it then," said he.

She sang it with an expressive voice, and a far-away air that admirably suited the words, and though nobody said it, I am sure everyone thought that our matter-of-fact friend was growing each week a more finished and poetic musician.

"We might have some harmonium music now," suggested Ambrose.

Florence said she had a box of favourite subjects from the *Legend of St. Cecilia*, arranged for the harmonium by E. F. Rimbault. The book was produced, and Agnes played with great taste, first the Prelude and afterwards the Chorus of Angels.

Next we had a song from *St. Cecilia*, sung by Rosa, beginning—

"Those whom the highest One befriends
Are shielded by a charm."

Then we had the quartette, "The Cruiskeen Lan" from *The Lily of Killarney*—

"Let the farmer praise his grounds,
Let the huntsman praise his hounds,"

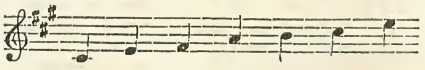
and this bright piece of music was sung by Gertrude, Rose, Ralph, and Arthur.

"Another quartette," said Ralph. "Here are the parts, 'Rise! sleep no more, 'tis a noble morn,' and this hunting song had full justice done to it by the same performers.

"I shall play you now," said Nora, "the Andante from a concerto dedicated to the Empress of the French," and in the rendering she gave us her intensely sympathetic nature was shown to great advantage.

Ambrose followed with the dramatic air, "Rage, thou angry storm," from the *Gypsy's Warning*.

Then Agnes volunteered to give us a pianoforte curiosity. "I shall play," she said, "The World's Delight," the Chinese national air, as it has been arranged by Sir Julius. The original melody is built on these notes:



"That is an interesting piece," said Ralph, and he was just about to make a remark on national music in general, when Arthur cut him short by saying, "We have just time for one song more. Gertrude, will you sing?"

"With pleasure," answered she. "This time it will be Sir Julius's 'Poor bird,'" and our programme concluded with that pretty song, given with the most tender and delicate expression.

"We really ought to have another piece," observed Ambrose, "for a concert should end in noise and fury."

"If that is so," said Arthur, "let our concert be an exception to the rule."

"There are some composers," remarked Edward, "whose works produce an impression of fatigue and unconquerable *ennui* on every listener; but it is not so with Sir Julius."

"There is nothing empty or trivial in his music," said Hilda.

"Or unfathomable either," said Harry.

It was at the street door that Edward turned to Nora and said, "What a lovely moonlight night. It is a pity you have so short a walk home."

"We may make it longer," said she.

THE FAIRY OF THE FAMILY.

III.—The Renovation of Clothes.

My present article on the renovation and altering of clothes requires perhaps the most thought and consideration of any it contains; in fact, the whole art of economy, that clever and practical economy the possession of which makes a woman more valuable to herself and to others than any other in the world. Some women will tell you at a glance how to transform an old dress, an old bonnet, or an old carpet into "something new and strange," in which you can take pleasure and comfort once more. We have only to look at the correspondence pages of the Dress Magazines to find out how few women possess this faculty, and how many write to avail themselves of the wisdom of the Editorial staff—a wisdom which after all is not difficult of attainment, and has cost only observation and attention, two qualities, strange to say, that are uncultivated in most girls. I remember reading an anecdote of Robert Houdin, the famous conjurer, and of the method he chose to educate his son's eye and memory and powers of observation. The father and son went out for a walk each day, and on passing a chosen shop they took a look at the contents of the window — then they tried which could remember *most of what* they had seen in it; sometimes even going back to verify some doubtful point. Now this is an exercise I should like our girls to

adopt, and I know *how* much good they will obtain. Well-trained powers of observation add pleasure to every walk. In the act of dress renovation this is exactly the training that gives cleverness: so and so has a brown silk, half worn, ugly, and too good to give away. One day she goes out, and passing by some West-end shop, she suddenly sees a brown silk dress in the window made up with a bright oriental-looking striped silk, which adds both brightness and beauty. "My long Roman scarf," she thinks in a flight of inspiration, "and my old brown silk." If she has an amiable dressmaker she forthwith goes to her, but if she be clever enough she sets to work, and from the results of her observation she conjures up a dress which is both becoming and pretty, and which has been of practical use also, for she has more money to spend on more needful things.

The first rule to make in the household is that, when the family linen comes up from the laundry, each piece must be unfolded and examined, every button replaced and every rent repaired, even weakly buttons should be cut off and refastened and doubtful strings sewn together. Socks and stockings must be darned and the thin places run.

Saturday morning, as a rule, is a good day for doing this, if the clothes come on Friday night; but many people prefer giving Monday morning, as the soiled clothes can be attended to as well, and one day does for both duties.

But not only the appointed day is needful, but one must have the proper tools or utensils, and with these the large family work-basket should be well furnished: thimbles, a good large pair of scissors; several sizes of needles (from 6 to 9 is a useful range); a piece of wax, white and black cottons and threads; darning and carpet needles, a piercer, buttons of all kinds, hooks and eyes, and an assortment of darning cotton and wool. I always prefer to wash all darning cotton in a hot lather and rinse it in cold water before using it; this treatment softens and shrinks it, and makes it more valuable in every way.

Table and bed linen should be darned with the ravellings of the linen, or else with linen floss, to be purchased by the skein at any draper's; woven underclothes with darning cotton shrunk in the way I have described; thread and spun stocking with filoselle of the same colour, split into the necessary fineness; and woollen and merino with the merino darnings, to be bought on small cards. A ball of wood or glass will be found of great use in darning stockings, as putting the hand inside the stocking or sock stretches it and spoils the shape. For this reason, also, washerwomen should be told to avoid putting their hands into them, and ironing should never be allowed. They should always be left what is called "rough dried," without stretching of any kind. The wear of stockings treated in this way will soon show how valuable a hint it is. The same may be said of woven underclothing of all kinds. When it becomes thin at the elbows and knees, a piece of an old woven garment should be neatly herring-boned on, on the wrong side, so as to protect and cover the place. This will be an immense saving in appearance as well as in strength, and provides a foundation to darn upon.

If the needle gets sticky in your hand, use the emery cushion, or else lay it on the carpet and roll it under the sole of the shoe, which perhaps is a better plan. If the hands perspire in working, powder them after washing with a little prepared chalk.

Gloves should always be mended on the wrong side, and if the hole is too big to be mended in any other way, put in a patch neatly from the remains of another glove of the same colour. Black gloves should be rubbed with oil or butter before wearing, and if they "rub" and show white, a little of the same "gloss" you use for your shoes and boots will cover up the place.

Slight breakages in kid gloves, too small for a patch, can be perfectly repaired by drawing them together with the fingers and applying a piece of court-plaster the same colour as the glove to the under or inside of the glove. This little plan must be carried out with great success with very light-coloured gloves, and also with black *gant de Suède;* with the latter it completely hides the breakage, and the mend lasts as long as the glove itself.

Black kid gloves that have become rubbed may also be restored to their original colour by a mixture of equal parts of black ink and sweet oil, and rubbing the whitish parts with a flannel dipped in the mixture; this preparation is also excellent for restoring the black to fine black kid shoes.

Silk and thread gloves should be put on the hands, and washed with white curd soap, just as if one were washing the hands, and while thus on the hands they must be thoroughly rinsed by being held under the cold water tap. Wipe as dry as possible and hold the hands at the fire till the gloves are almost dry, when they may be removed, and, after carefully shaping them, in the same manner that new gloves are shaped, lay them in the folds of a towel and put them under a weight, when they will look like new.

For cleaning kid, doe, buckskin, washleather, chevrette, and *gant de Suède* gloves, the following is an excellent "dry wash" if it may be so termed. The gloves to be operated on must be laid on a table or a smooth clean board, and the mixture applied with a stiff brush; this mixture consists of pulverised alum and fuller's-earth in equal quantities, and rubbed smooth. After rubbing, shake the gloves well to remove the dust, and then cover them with a mixture of Spanish white or whiting and well dried bran for some hours, and if not clean enough afterward, the alum and fuller's-earth must be applied again.

If gloves become greasy from contact with the hands, and those dreadful dark stains come through which quite prevent our use of them again, at all events as best, the stained places may be covered with ivory black, and it may remain for some hours. Then take some thin paper and place it over the spots covered with ivory black and press with a warm iron, then rub the gloves with a piece of flannel powdered over with alum.

In hot countries, and beside the "sad sea waves," we have all suffered from the spotting of our gloves, and the best way to prevent this is to keep your gloves, new and old, in a glass bottle with a glass cover, such as is used to preserve fruit.

A pair of glove stretchers are a mine of wealth in the way of economy to those who possess them, for on them all kinds of cleansing and dyeing operations can be carried out, which would be impossible without them. My young readers will see that the purchase of cheap gloves does not enter into my calculations, and indeed I would advise everyone against so wasteful a method of spending money.

I have just given a method of dry cleaning for gloves, chiefly concerning those gloves like the *gant de Suède*, which are rough on the outside. The following is an excellent "wet" method of cleaning: Wash them in lukewarm water with curd soap and prepared ox-gall. Stretch them and rub them with pipeclay and yellow ochre, in equal parts, made into a paste with beer. Dry gradually, rub when half dry, put them into shape, cover them with paper, and then iron them.

Another method of washing gloves is to rub them with a strong lather of curd soap and milk, applied with a shaving-brush, rubbing upward, the wrist to the finger tips. When clean, remove the lather with a soft cloth, take off the gloves, blow into them, and hang them in the air to dry.

The simplest method of all is the French way, which is to put on the gloves and wash them in a basin of spirits of turpentine till clean; benzine is also excellent for the same purpose. Afterwards the gloves must be hung in the air till the smell evaporates. A caution must be given here, and that is that this method must always be used by daylight, never by gas or candle light, or else we shall probably furnish the daily papers with a very sensational paragraph, and our friends and neighbours with an awful and painful experience, of a death, horrid and sudden, caused by our own carelessness and thoughtlessness.

White and light coloured gloves may be dyed both dark and light by those who choose to take the trouble; and now that black gloves are less worn than they were, I will venture to enter on the question here. I must first say that one must have a pair of stretchers, I think, to dye gloves successfully and spread the colour evenly. Judson's dyes answer very well for dyeing gloves, and when finished and dry they require to be rubbed over with the white of an egg well beaten. The best thing to restore the colour to tan or brown gloves is to wet them with a strong solution of saffron and water, which has been boiled and then left to infuse through the night; the tops of the gloves thus treated must be sewn up, to prevent the colour from running inside, if they are not put on a pair of stretchers. A strong solution of coffee also gives a pretty colour to white gloves, by dipping them into it when on the stretchers.

Another method of cleaning and restoring the colour to gloves is to clean them with yellow ochre and pipeclay, or rotten-stone and fuller's-earth, according to the colour you wish to give; yellow ochre for yellow, and mixed with pipeclay to make it lighter; while the rotten-stone and fuller's-earth give a dark shade; the colours are mixed with either beer or vinegar and applied with a shaving-brush; then dry the gloves gradually, neither in the sun nor by the fire, and when dry, rub and pull out before they become quite dry. Spanish brown and black earth will give a good dark brown colour.

A paragraph that has gone the round of the newspapers tells us that as a rule we are all wearing gloves much too small for us, and that no glove is the proper fit unless the fingers will close properly when it is on, or unless the palm of the hand can be placed flat on the table with ease and comfort. These seem good and safe rules to go by in selecting gloves.

One of the secrets of neat and economical dressing is "having a place for everything and putting everything in its place," and in renovating the clothes you will find the benefit of this rule. Brush the dust from mantle, cloak, and hat before putting them away, fold the veil, and lay the gloves flat, not turning one over the other, brush out all the flounces and folds of your dresses, and remember to see that the loops for hanging them up by are all there, and be sure to mend the torn braid and the ripped space in the tuck of your petticoats.

The best way of keeping the buttons on both boots and gloves is to take them all off when they begin to get loose, and pierce a little hole for the shank of each button through the leather or cloth, push them through, and run a stout tape or string through each shank on the wrong side, fasten each end of it fast to the boot or glove, and the buttons will be secure as long as they last.

DORA DE BLAQUIERE.

"'HAVE YOU GOT ON YOUR THICK BOOTS?' ASKED LINA."

SNATCHED FROM PRISON DOORS.

By EMMA LESLIE, Author of "Out of the Mouth of the Lion."

CHAPTER II.

A WET MORNING.

LINA was agreeably surprised to find that the apartments selected by Amy were in a much more open and airy neighbourhood than where she had been living with her brother, although she could not help remarking that she feared they would find the walk a long one, especially in bad weather.

"Oh, it isn't so very far," said Amy; "I shall be glad of a good walk and a breath of fresh air. I think we had better take these rooms, don't you? They're only five shillings a week—half-a-crown for each of us. We can afford that, I'm sure, out of thirteen shillings."

"Yes, we can afford it, I think, if you are sure we could manage the walk every day. You see, moving is expensive, so we cannot afford that; we must make up our minds to stay here if we come."

"Oh, of course, why should we want to move? We shall soon get used to the walk, and be the better for it. Some of the girls live further off than this."

"Well, you are a better judge of the distance than I am, for you walked here last night," said Lina. "One cannot tell so well riding in an omnibus, so we will take these rooms if you like."

And they soon came to terms with the landlady, to the great delight of Amy's

vain little heart, to whom the genteel street was the sole attraction.

When Lina got back to Mrs. Mason's and told her what she had done, and that she intended to move to Islington during the week, the good woman could scarcely believe it.

"I couldn't have thought it, Miss Lina. I never believed you really meant to go away from me and live in that horrible London. You'll repent it, I know you will, taking up with strangers you know nothing about."

"She isn't such a stranger as you think, Mrs. Mason; she has been at the warehouse almost as long as I have, and is such a pretty, lively girl, you would be sure to like her if you could see her."

"I don't want to see, and you needn't bring her down here, Miss Lina, for I've no liking for these flighty London girls, with their heads full of theatres and finery, and such-like nonsense. She'll make you as bad as herself in less than three months, I'll be bound," and Mrs. Mason walked out of the kitchen in high dudgeon.

Lina went up to her own room, wishing Mrs. Mason was not so angry, for she had been a kind friend both to her and her mother, and Lina would have liked to feel she had a friend in her still, although she was obliged to leave her.

"It is very unreasonable of her," said Lina, half aloud, as she took off her hat, "and I daresay she will see it before I go, and we shall part good friends."

But as the days went on Mrs. Mason seemed to grow more cross, and never offered to help Lina with her packing, and at last they parted almost as strangers, both feeling grieved and hurt. Lina had told her she was going to live at Islington, and fully intended giving her the proper address; but Mrs. Mason's manner was so chilling and repellant at the last, that she left without doing so, an omission that rankled sorely in Mrs. Mason's heart, for although she would doubtless have received it very ungraciously, still she expected Lina would give it to her and ask her to come and see her; but she did neither, and Mrs. Mason at once jumped to the conclusion that she was not wanted, and she mentally pronounced Lina a most ungrateful girl.

Poor Lina went to her new home, feeling very miserable over her parting with Mrs. Mason; but Amy was so delighted with the task of putting things straight, that Lina soon grew cheerful too, and the rooms soon began to look orderly and homelike, although it would occupy several evenings after their return to make carpets fit and put curtains up, and give finishing touches to the whole.

While this work lasted Amy was as gay as a lark, and took her full share of the work; but when the bustle was over, and the novelty began to wear off, she began to grow restless and irritable.

"Oh, I do hate the sight of white work," she exclaimed one evening when they had been in their new home about a month, and Amy took out her work-basket as usual.

"Well, I've been thinking it would be a good plan if we read aloud to each other sometimes," said Lina. "One could read while the other worked, you know; it would certainly be more cheerful."

Amy tossed her head. "That's your idea of a cheerful evening," she said. "I want to go to the theatre or a music-hall, or somewhere where I can dance."

Lina looked at her companion in surprise.

"But we cannot do any of these things," she said.

"Why not? What's to hinder us? We are here by ourselves, and can do as we like."

"Well, to say nothing about those things being right or wrong, it is just because we are here by ourselves that they are wrong for us, and you must not think of going, Amy."

"But I do think of going; I've thought about it all along. You don't suppose I'm going to be mewed up here night after night, do you?"

"But I thought you agreed with me that we could sit and work or read of an evening. Besides, we cannot afford to go to theatres and places like that."

"Oh, that need not trouble you; it need be no expense to us if we like to go," said Amy; "I've got friends who will take us, and pay for us too."

But Lina shook her head.

"Your brother told me before he went away that you had no friends but an aunt, who lived at Stockwell," she said.

"My aunt!" repeated Amy, with a derisive laugh. "Catch her taking me to a music-hall or theatre."

"Then, Amy, I am sure you will not go with anyone else," said Lina, earnestly.

"Well, I'm not so sure, I can tell you. Where's the fun of living together if we can't do as we like?"

"But we can do as we like; there is no one to interfere with us," said Lina, "and that is why we must learn to like things that no one can reproach us about."

"Is it because you are in mourning—because you have lost your mother lately, that you won't go?" asked Amy.

Lina shook her head. "Look here, Amy, I don't think I could ever go to the places you speak of. One thought of my mother seeing me there would make me run away, even if I had gone in."

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Amy, crossly.

"It isn't nonsense to me. I like to feel that my mother may be near, watching me, helping me perhaps; who knows? It may be that God sends our mothers to us as angels, for we know the Bible tells us that angels are sent to help us sometimes, only we cannot see them as our Lord Jesus did, and Peter, when he was brought out of prison."

"Oh, I never trouble my head about things I don't understand," said Amy.

"But you've told me what your aunt has said to you about your mother, and you can understand that your mother has not forgotten the girl she left alone in the world."

"Do you really think she remembers me?" said Amy, in a startled tone.

"Yes, indeed I do. You see, mothers never forget their children."

Amy was silent for a minute or two, but at length she said—

"What a strange girl you are, Adelina! I never heard anyone talk about things like that before."

"Didn't you? Oh, I like to think of my mother as an angel waiting for me in heaven, it seems to bring God nearer and make heaven more real to me."

After another silence, Amy said, "Well, look here, if you won't go to the theatre, nor a dance, nor the music-hall, what are we going to do with ourselves every night?"

"Can't we take it in turns to read and work? I've got some nice books."

Amy made a wry face. "I hate goody-goody books," she said; "and to sit—sew—sew—sew at that white work like a couple of old maids would drive me mad."

"Well, dear, suppose we go to some of the lectures that were spoken of at church last Sunday," suggested Lina.

"Oh, they're sure to be about the shape of Noah's ark, or something equally interesting; as if I cared whether it was the best possible shape for the purpose, or whether——"

"But there wasn't a word said about the ark," interrupted Lina.

"Oh, well, if it isn't that, it's something like it," said Amy, shortly.

"Some of the lectures are to be illustrated by experiments and dissolving views," said Lina, "and we could go there very well."

"Yes, I suppose we could, and I don't see why we couldn't go somewhere to see some fun. Where's the difference, I should like to know?"

"The lectures are delivered in the Sunday-schoolroom," said Lina, quietly.

"Yes, but anybody can go; it's a public place, like a theatre," said Amy.

"Now, Amy, what is the use of disputing about such a thing as this. You know there is a great deal of difference between a lecture or entertainment given in a Sunday-schoolroom and a performance at a theatre or music-hall. Two young girls like us could not go to a music-hall alone, but we could go as often as we pleased to the schoolroom. Now let us try to think of some plan by which we may spend our evenings more pleasantly."

"Oh, what's the good," said Amy, sulkily.

And, indeed, Lina found it was useless, for every suggestion she made was objected too, and Amy declared at last that she would go and look at the shops rather than do anything Lina proposed, and she went off to bed at last, thoroughly out of temper.

Lina sat up some time longer, thinking over this, their first disagreement. She, too, felt vexed and angry, and half-disposed to tell Amy in the morning that, as their tastes in some particulars were so different, and this difference seemed likely to lead to quarrelling, they had better part at once. But when she had laid the matter before God in prayer, she thought no more of telling Amy they must separate, but rather tried to think of some plan of spending their evenings that would please Amy, and win her from this desire to go to questionable

places of amusement, for the answer to her prayer had come, not as she had anticipated, and almost wished, but in a full conviction that God had given her this work to do—to help and guide poor, weak, silly Amy—and, therefore, instead of driving her away, she must do all she could to make things pleasant, that she might be induced to stay with her.

If Lina had thought only of herself, she would undoubtedly have dissolved the partnership, for she had found out by this time that there never could be much real companionship between them, for Amy was an empty-headed little thing, vain of her pretty face, and ready to court admiration on any pretext.

How to get a little common sense and useful knowledge into this empty head, and cure this vanity, by giving its possessor something better to think about than her own small person, was the task Lina had set herself to accomplish, but how to begin was the difficulty—how to interest Amy in anything beyond the trimming of a hat, or the making of a bow, was a puzzle that kept Lina awake some hours that night, and the morning found it unsolved.

"Oh, dear! a wet day, and I shall have to put on thick boots and a waterproof," exclaimed Amy, as soon as she got up the next morning.

"It is wet," explained Lina, as the rain-drops were dashed against the window by a gust of wind.

"I hate wet weather; I do look such a fright bundled up in a dingy cloak. I wonder somebody don't invent something more becoming in the way of waterproofs, when more than half the weather we get here is wet," grumbled Amy.

"But, my dear Amy, people think of comfort—how they may be kept dry—not the look of a waterproof."

"Yes, that's just what I complain of; I'm obliged to walk through the street, looking like a nun, in that dingy old cloak. I like bright, natty-made things—things that will set off one's face and figure. And why shouldn't I have them on a wet day as well as a fine? Surely somebody could think of something better than the dowdy old cloak that everybody wears now."

"Well, I can't, but I must go and get the fire alight," exclaimed Lina.

It always fell to her share to light the fire, for Amy was so long dressing, that breakfast would always have been late when her turn came round to light it, as they had agreed to do.

Lina had the fire alight and the room half-swept over before Amy made her appearance, and when she did come, it was to saunter to the window and look out at the dripping streets.

"What a miserable walk we shall have this morning," she said, in a complaining tone. "I do hate going out wet days—don't you?"

"Oh, I don't mind it much if I'm wrapped up. Amy, will you set the breakfast-things while I change my dress?" said Lina, as she put the fender back into its place and stirred the fire. "The kettle nearly boils," she added, as she ran out of the room.

She was soon back again, and the two had just sat down to breakfast when the postman's knock was heard.

"I wonder whether that's from John," said Amy; but she never moved from her seat to open the door, although she knew their landlady had a long flight of kitchen-stairs to come up, while their room opened close to the street-door.

Lina put down the coffee-pot instantly and went.

"I'm here, Mrs. Mead," she said, as she heard the poor woman labouring up the stairs. "The letter is for Miss Carrington," she called, as she closed the street door.

"Thank you, miss, I'm much obliged," said Mrs. Mead, going back, and Lina handed Amy her letter.

"It ain't from John," she said, with a puzzled air, turning the letter over and scrutinising the postmark.

She turned it over once or twice before opening it, but as she opened it a slip of coloured paper fell out, which she instantly snatched up and held close in her hand, while such a change came over her face as she read it, that Lina said, almost instinctively—

"Who is your letter from, dear?"

"Oh, nobody—only a friend, I mean," said Amy, in a confused manner. But as she folded up the letter and put it into her pocket, she laughed quietly to herself, and exclaimed, half aloud, "Well, this is funny." She drank down her coffee very quickly, and then rose from the table, saying, "I'll go and get my things on now."

"But there's plenty of time; you have not eaten any breakfast scarcely, only one thin slice," said Lina.

"I don't want any more; I've no appetite this morning," replied Amy.

"That letter has spoiled your breakfast," said Lina, laughingly.

But Amy hurried upstairs to the bedroom to dress without making any reply.

Lina finished her meal and washed up the breakfast things before she went to dress, and as she went into the bedroom Amy was hurrying on the much-despised waterproof-cloak; but it was evident there had been some care bestowed upon the toilet underneath, for her drawer had been turned out, and the bed was almost covered with ribbons and laces, collars and cuffs.

"Have you got on your thick boots?" asked Lina, glancing at the bed.

"Oh, bother, that I haven't. I shall go in the thin ones," she added.

"Don't be foolish Amy; you will catch cold."

"Then we'll go by the 'bus for once."

"I don't think it rains quite so fast, and you know we can't afford 'bus fares every time it rains," said Lina.

"Oh, well, I shall go for once; I hate those thick, clumsy boots," Amy exclaimed.

"Well, I'll walk, I think. It looks as though it was going to clear up," said Lina. "Good-bye for the present; you won't have to start just yet, but I must go." And drawing on her gloves, Lina took her umbrella and hurried away.

(*To be continued*).

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

FRANCES.—Write to the hon. secretary, Dr. G. Griffith, 71, St. Vincent-square, Westminster, S.W., for full particulars, enclosing a stamped envelope, of course.

HOPE, FANNY HUSTWILL, EIN ARMES MADCHEN, and VIOLET.—Vacancies are filled by a competitive exam, conducted by the Civil Service Commissioners, and the candidates must be between eighteen and twenty years of age. The salaries in the Savings Bank department of the Post Office commence at £65, and rise by £3 per annum up to £80. The regulations for admission to clerkships in the Prudential Life Assurance Co., and in the General Post Office at St. Martin's-le-Grand, are often slightly varied, and as few vacancies occur in the year, the competition for them is very severe. For eight hours' work daily, the scale of pay is from 8s. to 30s. a week. The candidates for these departments must be between fourteen and eighteen years of age. After passing the test examinations they must attend the Post Office Telegraph School for three months, the instruction given being free of any charge.

BLANCHE BONVIER.—You give no idea of your attainments, and whether certificated, but it is clear that as yet you have had no experience. Have you taken lessons in the art of teaching? Salaries vary, with reference to all these considerations, age included. Of course, you should study all questions of good-breeding and etiquette, so as to train your pupils efficiently. See all our articles bearing on this question. We may observe, *en passant*, that you must not write the date of a letter thus, "12. 4. 83." It may be suitable in commerce, but by no means in "polite society." October 6th, 1866, was a Saturday.

MOORE.—We do not quite know what you mean by your query. If you go to school at Lausanne, we suppose it will be to acquire French and German thoroughly, and before you go you should have some knowledge of both languages. You will learn the usual things—history, geography, etc.—in French, instead of through the medium of English, and the lessons are usually given in the form of lectures, of which you will have to take notes at the time to write them out in a connected form in a book, and answer all the questions put to you on the subject.

MUSIC.

ORGANIST.—We should advise you to consult the organist you are now studying under, and obtain lessons from him, and his leave to practise on the organ.

YARKASTAD writes, "Will you be so kind as to tell me how to play Mendelssohn's 'Songs Without Words'? I cannot afford to buy the numbers that contain it." We have always been told that "some people would lose nothing for the want of asking for it," but we never quite understood before how much could be asked for. We only hope our correspondent is very young.

MYOSOTIS.—It is the melody of an Old English part song. You may obtain it from any musicseller. We do not know.

TWO VICTORIAN MAIDENS.—We think the amount of time required to perfect you in music would depend on your talents and on your own industry and perseverance.

ALICE S.—Before you see this you will have read the notices of the examinations which have lately been held for the New College of Music. They were in all the newspapers.

ENID.—There is no difference between the meaning of the two terms you employ as regards music. It is "a distinction without a difference." The 14th of February, 1867, was a Thursday.

AN OPENING BUD.—You may begin to study singing at any time after sixteen, which is now considered a suitable age.

CARMEN and DORALICE.—You are neither of you too old to begin learning the violin at eighteen; but, of course, we cannot say what progress you are likely to make, for we know nothing of your respective characters for perseverance under difficulties. We have known a young lady to learn to play very well with no other aid than an instruction-book.

VERE HALDANE.—Quite customary, provided the songs offered be worth buying. Get a London directory, and look for "Music Publishers." We could not advise you, excepting in so far that you had better make inquiries before acting. Such pupils are more generally obtained through friends or by advertising.

DOLLY.—Are you quite sure that you pay due attention to your lessons and your practising? If a bad timist, you should never play without counting aloud until you have conquered the difficulty. As regards the impossibility of learning a piece of music, we fear we cannot believe in it, if practised often enough. A very weak hand may sometimes be much improved by rubbing it with oil or lard every day.

TARANTELLE and ARABESQUE.—Some time ago it was stated in the papers that the authorities of (we believe) Gotha, in Germany, had determined to put an end to the nuisance of too much pianoforte playing by inflicting a fine on the performer. So you see that even in musical Germany there are people

who object to the infliction of five or six hours' practice on them! The usual style of practice is a great trial to the most musical people. You ask us how long we should advise you to practise? We think one hour's good practice is better than five hours of doubtful work, but whatever and wherever we are we should carefully avoid being a nuisance, and should observe the golden rule of "doing exactly as we would be done by."

ANDANTE. — No girl could teach herself to sing, because a book could not show her how to take the different notes, having regard to the compass and quality of her particular voice and the note on which it breaks. The best notes should also be discovered, and songs selected to bring them specially into use, songs should be transposed into higher or lower keys to suit her voice, and notes or passages altered to relieve her of a strain on the weak ones. The best places for taking a fresh breath should be pointed out, and any bad trick corrected. A dozen good lessons from an Italian master would be sufficient to set you in the right way and enable you to judge for yourself afterwards. The passage about the castor oil seems to be a case of "printers' pie." You are right in your own view.

A LATE ONE.—Either your pupil may be nervous or she may be slightly defective in sight. It is easy to lose the place on a page of music when the latter is the case, having to look away so often. Point to the place, and do not agitate her.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARIE.—Your lines are full of good feeling, and show some promise, but they lack originality. Perhaps you would succeed better with another subject.

EXCELSIOR.—Nothing is more remarkable than the history and the very opposite associations connected with gloves. At page 420, vol. iv., you will find some of them. They appear, in addition, at the funerals of unmarried people in Derbyshire and Durham, and no doubt in other parts of England, when they are cut out of white paper and hung with the garland in the church. They were sometimes thrown into the grave also, as you mention. Bourne says, "It is in token of esteem and love, and as an emblem of their reward in the heavenly church above." It was a custom thus to honour unmarried women in the earliest ages of Christianity.

MINETTE and CARMINE.—The Eve of "All Hallows" is the vigil of "All Saints' Day," the 1st November. The origin of the keeping of this night, and of the name, seems lost in obscurity. It is said to have been a Druidical festival, on which they lit fires on the tops of the hills. In Scotland it was a kind of thanksgiving day for the blessing of the harvest. The observance of this day, and the ceremonies attached to it, extend to all the northern nations.

PETITE ANNETTE.—A special licence, which is granted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, allows the solemnisation of the marriage at any time or place which may be chosen by the parties interested.

BASHFUL HEART.—We fear you are giving way to morbid feelings and fancies, and that your religion, instead of making you happy and useful, is making you miserable and selfish. Turn your thoughts steadfastly away from yourself and your own wishes, and devote yourself to Christ and His blessed service, by being useful and thoughtful for other people. Not only by our prayers may we serve Him (thank God!), but by our hands and heads, and in the common duties of everyday life. Read carefully all the advice given by "Medicus;" take a regular morning bath of tepid water, exercise in the open air, and a simple and nutritious diet.

MARION S. HARTLEY.—We think your chief trouble is probably want of exercise in the open air. Take the tonic recommended by "Medicus," and follow his treatment, as found in "A Word with the Nervous," page 298, vol. ii. Cod-liver oil is an excellent nerve tonic, also Parish's "chemical food," or any simple iron tonic, to be procured at any chemist's.

NORA G. (Orkney).—You write very well, and we are much obliged to you for your kind letter and good wishes, which latter we cordially reciprocate.

HELYAWATER (Shetland).—1. The severe north wind that prevails at certain seasons in the south of France is called the "Mistral," and is exceedingly dangerous to persons with any delicacy of the chest or throat, as well as trying to the eyes. 2. We have not met with any lemons of the exceptional kind you name having seen this year.

LONELY LASSIE.—There is an old saying which very severely satirised some people, as being to all external appearances "A saint at home and a"—very different description of being—"abroad." As "charity begins at home," so the exercise of all the lovely graces of Christianity should begin at home; above all things, dutiful behaviour in word, act, and demeanour towards your parents. If they be inconsistent and faulty, you were not appointed to be their judge. Show that dutiful deference to their position which is absolutely required of you, by that law confirmed in the New Testament, which constitutes the "first commandment with promise."

CÆSARINA. — We have more than once told correspondents the origin of eating pancakes on "Shrove Tuesday," and have just recently repeated it. Also, we have many times replied to inquirers on the subject of freckles, as for instance, at page 363, vol. i. Your handwriting is not yet formed.

JOSEY.—To remove mud-stains from a merino or cashmere dress, dissolve some carbonate of soda in water, and sponge them carefully with the solution.

WHITE NOSE.—Our three largest ironclads are the "Agincourt," "Minotaur," and "Northumberland," all being five-masted ships. We thank you for your grateful letter.

TIDDLES.—Your first mistake was in washing the stain. Perhaps some turpentine may do it good now; and if this should leave a margin round the place, use a little spirits of wine to take it away.

UNE ABONNEE FIDELE.—The greenhouse is too dry and cool for your plant; with a little more moist heat it would flower and do well. The letters round your guinea mean in English, "King of Britain, France, and Ireland. Defender of the Faith, Duke of Brunswick and Luneburg, Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, Arch-treasurer of the German Empire, and Elector." With "Defender of the Faith," the last-named titles were all adopted by the Georges. The words, "Defender of the Faith," then appeared on British coins for the first time—although the title was conferred in 1521 on Henry VIII. by Pope Leo X.

A CONSTANT READER.—The following are the homes for young women engaged in business during the day in London: Norfolk House, 50, Well-street, Hackney, E.; Garfield House, 361, Brixton-road, S.W.; Morley House, 14, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, W.; Gordon House, 8, Endsleigh-gardens, N.W.; Alexandra House, 88, St. John-street, City, E.C.; Victoria House, 135, Queen's-road, Bayswater, W.; and Woodford House, 28, Duncan-terrace, Islington, N. The rent of a bedroom, including the use of dining and sitting rooms, with library, from 2s. 6d. to 4s. per week; and board, including breakfast, dinner, and tea, 4s. 6d. a week; but this charge is left subject to private arrangement. Separate meals are supplied, if desired. Address the lady superintendent of each home. But we should strongly advise you to obtain something to do before you leave your present situation, as such employment is most difficult to obtain, and you may find yourself in London without resources.

M. E. C.—We think your quotation is wrong. Shakespeare has a line in *Measure for Measure*, "Best men are moulded out of faults," which may be the origin of your lines.

FLOWERS.—We should say that a Virginia creeper or ivy would be suitable for your window for this summer. While they are growing up, you might sow some seeds of the ordinary convolvulus, which grow quickly.

LITTLE BROWN JUG.—The condition of the complexion depends much on the habits of the individual and the state either of the blood or of the stomach and digestion. We have said very much about it. Consult the articles by "Medicus" in reference to it; and if that be not sufficient, procure a doctor's opinion of the cause in your case, and follow his advice. Poor living, lack of friction with soap and water, and thorough drying; eating too fast, and only partial mastication of food; study too soon after meals, unwholesome diet, poverty of blood, and other causes may produce a spotty face.

KATIE D.—There is a good deal of cleverness and originality in your verses on "Cock Robin." You should, however, have named your age, to enable us to judge of its merits correctly. But whether you will "ever be a noted poet" we could not possibly foresee; we must wait until the wonderful poem really appears.

SYBELLA.—In Sir Bernard Burke's new book, amongst other moot questions, he discusses that of Her Majesty's surname, and decides that she has none.

MINNIEHAHA.—"Still waters run deep" is a proverb derived from Shakespeare's *Henry VI.* "Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep." March 7th, 1866, fell on a Wednesday.

PETRARCH.—The proverb about the stones and glass windows dates back to the time when, on the union of the two crowns, Buckingham was the chief instigator of a movement against the Scotch who filled London in crowds, and whose windows were continually broken at night. They retaliated the attack upon them by smashing those of the duke's own house, in St. Martin's Fields, which used to be called "The Glass House," on account of its many windows. On appealing to the king for redress, he only replied, "Steenie, Steenie, those wha live in glass housen should be carefu' how they fling stanes."

STREDA ASHWOOD.—The old nurse, called "Mrs. Gamp," is a famous character highly representative of a certain class of untrained and unattached nurses, which has been almost entirely superseded by a far better one. You will find her in Dickens's "Martin Chuzzlewit." She was by no means "little," nor young. You are trying to write a "running hand" before you can write a round one, and are likely to spoil it, if you do not copy a small round one daily and carefully.

A YOUNG NATURALIST. — For advice respecting "comedones," or black specks obstructing the pores, see page 174, vol. ii.

JAPONICA.—The usual difference between a rector and a vicar is this, the former receives the full tithes and other advantages of a living as well as the care of it, while in the case of a vicar, the chief revenues may belong to a lay patron of the living, who, unable to perform the religious offices himself, appoints a clergyman with an annual and certain sum for his maintenance, etc.

A RITUALISTIC.—To make "pot pourri," see page 335, vol. i. The name "Bessie" is short for "Elizabeth," which see at page 135, vol. iv., in the list of Girls' Christian Names.

LOVER OF NURSING.—See "Food for Invalids," page 611, vol. i., also Miss Florence Nightingale's "Hints on Nursing," and Miss Florence Lee's "Nurse's Handbook."

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.—We see no cure, save to avoid the cause, in your case, and take the greatest pains to keep warm, and away from draughts, and any exposure which may give cold.

IRISH JEANIE.—Write a note and send for the book, with instructions to the bearer to wait for it. Be careful to choose a time when you know the gentleman is at home.

M. G. F. G. and KERRY KATE.—Did you know your letter was rude, impertinent, and unladylike? The habits of cats, like those of men, change with the circumstances in which they are placed. We know a cat that goes fishing successfully, but that does not prove the habit is natural to cats.

MYSOTIS.—Clean the *gants de Suède* with pipe-clay in the usual way.

VANDELEUR.—The name "Adela" is pronounced much as it is written "Aa-de-la."

DADO.—We are glad to hear that our paper is of so much use to you. Your hand is spoilt by the straightness of the lower part of the small letters, which should each be turned roundly, not drawn along the line horizontally. You evidently form them by successive jerks. You should practise making all kinds of graceful flourishes, holding your pen long, far up the handle, to acquire more freedom of handling.

ISABEL.—1. St. John the Baptist was not Elias literally, but he came in the spirit and power of Elias, just as Elisha the prophet was not his master Elijah, but "a double portion of his spirit" entered into him when the mantle fell from that prophet upon him. 2. Pronounce "Nina" as "Ne-na," and "Mignon" after the French style, "Mee-ne-on," which being nasal and peculiarly un-English in tone, cannot be rendered in English spelling.

C. SPENCER.—At the Court of James I. there were two jesters, Thom and Derrie. These were the last of the licensed "court jesters." There is, however, a certain Wallett, who is called by himself the "Queen's jester," to H. M. Queen Victoria, who does not appear to hold any warrant for such a title from the Lord Chamberlain. You would write very well if you gave a more correct shape to the "g," "m," and "n."

DHWALAGIRI.—"The day is cold and dark and dreary," is from a poem called the "Rainy Day," by H. W. Longfellow. The 9th August, 1825, was a Tuesday.

L. C. M.—Gelatine or starch are generally used when very delicate gums are needed. Practise carefully; we should think you were not in the habit of doing so, but you allow your wits to "woolgather."

T. E. S.—The gentleman furnishes the house as a rule in England, and the lady has nothing to do with house-linen, etc. We could not answer your last question, as it would depend on your own talents, perseverance, and determination.

LIZZIE.—Write on one side of the paper only when writing for the press, and let the writing be neat and legible. There are openings for talent of all kinds; publishers are always willing to welcome anyone who promises well. So, if you think your productions are worth anything, put them to the test, and do not be easily discouraged.

R. WINDEBANK.—There are no steps to take, or the lawyer would have told you of them. Begin to use the name at once, and let the lawyer who was employed write out a proper advertisement to be inserted in a newspaper; no other step is needful.

PRIMROSE.—For all information respecting soldiers on foreign service (or at home), write to the Under Secretary of State, War Office, Whitehall, London. You will obtain all you desire to know, either of a personal or a pecuniary character, respecting the soldier to whom you refer.

GOOSEBERRY JAM.—We do not keep addresses of such a society as that you name. We are sorry we cannot oblige you, and thank you for your praise of our paper.

FLORENCE HORNBY.—We regret that you should be disappointed of a place on our staff of writers, but it is complete, and we are over-stocked with contributions. Were it otherwise, however, you are evidently incompetent to express your ideas—were they of a high order, and sufficiently original—as clearly evidenced by the sentence, "whether it would be of any use *me* copying and sending a story to you."

L. H.—To be a "lady's maid," you should learn dress-making and millinery, plain sewing and darning, hair-dressing, the folding and packing of dresses and other articles, and, if there be a chance of travelling abroad with your mistress, you should occupy any spare time in learning French sentences such as will enable you to be useful; instead of a great encumbrance to her. We advise you to read our article on "The Duties of Servants," at page 534, vol. ii., and page 646 in the same volume.

B. W. AND OTHERS.—We answered the exact question sent to us. We were quite aware that "Jesus only" may be found in both St. Matthew xvii. 8, and St. Mark ix. 8, not as a motto, but as only forming part of a sentence.

VOL. IV.—NO. 189. AUGUST 11, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A LONG LANE WITH A TURNING.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XIX.

"OUR HAP IS LOSS, OUR HOPE BUT SAD DESPAIR."

IT was nearly nine o'clock when James reached his own house, and let himself in with his latch-key. The butler met him in the hall, and put a letter into his hand.

"A gentleman from London has been here, sir," he said. "He waited half an hour, and then wrote this note for you."

Cassie had gone to a concert. The children were asleep upstairs, and the house was still. James walked into the drawing-room and opened the letter.

He read it twice from beginning to end. And then he sat down in Cassie's favourite lounging-chair, and looked round the beautiful room like a man who has awakened from a sound sleep, to find himself in a new sphere.

A certain great banking company had come to ruin, ruin so hopeless and complete that James's informant had not

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"WITH AN EVIL LIGHT IN HER EYES."

dared to write a word that might soften the blow. And in this company James Listowe had invested the whole of his wife's fortune, besides purchasing shares for himself. Uncle Jacob's money was gone, utterly gone, as money often does go when it has been left to the wrong people. The Varners, who ought to have had it, had done exceedingly well without it.

And it was James who had rashly invested this money; James who had always wanted to manage everything for everybody, and had believed himself to be such a thoroughly practical far-sighted man. It is astonishing how frequently your practical far-sighted men come to grief, after committing blunders that more simple folk would have avoided. Sometimes the children of this world, wise as they are in their generation, fare worse in mundane matters than the children of light.

What was to be done? He got up and paced the room, while the ormolu clock ticked the minutes away. He tried to think—tried to persuade himself that things were not really so bad as they seemed; and then came back hopelessly to the starting-point. Thus three-quarters of an hour went by, and at last there was a noise of wheels on the carriage-drive. Mrs. Listowe had returned from the concert.

She came into the room with her Indian cloak wrapped loosely round her shoulders; there was a flash of jewels as the light fell upon her, and there were white roses in her hair. She began slowly pulling off her gloves, without looking at her husband.

"It was a wretched concert," she said. "Miss Skellington was horribly flat, and Mr. Dyke sang quite out of tune. Mrs. Ringstone was there, flirting as usual; I wonder how her husband can look on so complacently!"

James was standing a few paces from her with the letter in his hand. He began to speak, and at the first sound of his voice she looked up, startled.

"Something has happened, Cassie."

"Anything the matter with the children?" she asked, quickly.

"No; there is nobody ill. The Anglo-Mongolian Bank has come to a smash, Cassie; and that means—ruin!"

To do him justice, he had not meant to bring out the bad news so abruptly; and yet, if such news has to be told, it is doubtful whether any preface really prepares the mind to receive it. Cassie's dark eyes flashed a look of incredulity; then her face turned deadly white, and her fingers crushed the primrose kid gloves she was still holding.

"How do you know it?" she said, harshly.

"Jorkin came down from London to tell me," he answered. "I was out when he arrived, and he left this note."

"Give it to me," said Cassie, still in the same harsh tone.

He handed it to her in silence, and she read it through steadily before she spoke again. Then, with an evil light in her eyes, she threw the letter on the floor at his feet.

"You have been the curse of my life," she said, in a low voice that made him quail as no other voice had ever done. "You forsook another woman, and courted me for the sake of the money that paid your debts. And when you had got your will, you let me see plainly that I had been a fool in marrying you. I have never had one happy year with my cold, selfish, ungrateful husband."

She paused, and then went on again—

"I always knew you for a vain, weak man, who could easily be led, while you thought you were leading everybody. I always saw your ridiculous self-conceit and pretentiousness, and yet I married you! And now you have made beggars of me and my children."

"For heaven's sake, Cassie, don't say such fearful things," he pleaded. "I can't bear them now."

"I hate you," she said, with terrible distinctness. "You have never loved me, and I have learnt to hate you. Go away—go; I wish I could never see your face again!"

Years ago Mary Berrithorne had trembled at Cassie's outbreak of passion in their old chamber at the Rookery. Cassie's temper was usually kept chained; it was but seldom that it made itself heard or seen. Repression had been the habit of her girlhood. But of late she had lived from day to day in a state of secret exasperation. James had grown more indifferent, more neglectful, and now had she not spoken the truth when she blamed him for the ruin that had fallen upon them all? Had he not taken her money out of the safe hands of Mr. Carden to invest it in this wretched bank? At the moment when Cassie said that she hated him, she spoke from her heart. Hers was the kind of love that can and does turn to hatred.

She left him where he stood, and went upstairs to her own room. She shut the door, and sat down in front of the toilet-table, just as she had been used to sit in the days before her marriage, when she had loved to take a last look at her beauty before retiring to rest.

Was it really Cassie who confronted her in the mirror, that pale, wild-eyed woman, whose face seemed to have grown suddenly thin and old? Her thoughts went wandering back to the dreary house in Portman Square, and the schemes that were crowned with success. She remembered the reading of the will in the gloomy parlour; the look that Dr. Varner gave her when she bade him farewell.

Then came recollections of her return to Yare, and of her meeting with James Listowe in Church Road on a February morning. How she had flattered and allured him, how she had played with little Frank Lilly to rouse his jealousy, how she had won him at last from his allegiance to Mary Berrithorne, and made him all her own!

We pity some who tell us that their whole lives have been spent in grasping at the golden apples that hung above their reach. But what of those who have got their desire, and then have found that it was but Dead Sea fruit?

Still sitting in front of the toilet-glass, Cassie broke suddenly into a storm of weeping. Her tears were hot, fierce tears which gave her no relief, and made her temples throb as if they would burst. Some time went by before she calmed herself enough to rise and undress; and then, thoroughly worn out, she laid her aching head on the pillow, and slept the heavy sleep of exhaustion.

The summer night was dark and still. There was only one passenger waiting on the Yare platform for the mail train to London. He carried a travelling bag, and wore a light overcoat and a soft felt hat drawn down over his brows.

"Good night, sir," said a porter who had passed him once or twice with a searching glance, and had at last recognised him.

"Good night," responded James, shortly.

There was the usual roar, and the gleam of red lights out of the darkness. Then the train stopped, and James got in, rousing a sleeping traveller, who gave a grunt at the intrusion, and then dozed off again.

On rushed the train, and James sat near an open window through which the night air came chill and sweet. He looked out upon the pleasant, wooded country, every acre of which was familiar to him, and saw only the shadows of the midnight brooding over all. He could smell the scent of trees and fields, and their fragrance carried his thoughts back to the time when he and Arthur had gone bird-nesting and blackberrying together. O, to be resting by Arthur's side in a far-off land! He envied the lowly grave at the African mission station where they would lay his friend to sleep.

Still the train rushed on, and still his fellow-traveller slumbered. James sat motionless, letting the cool wind blow upon his hot forehead. He did not even ask himself why he had taken a ticket to London. It was enough for him to feel that he was going away from Cassie, out of reach of her cruel taunts and reproaches. The weakness of the man's character was manifesting itself, as weakness always does in the hour of trial.

Nobody else got into the carriage when the train stopped at the stations. It was a silent journey from beginning to end.

It was still dark when he stepped out upon the London platform; gas-lights were flaring through the misty atmosphere, and the passengers and porters looked like ghosts as they hurried to and fro. James stood gazing round him for a few moments, and then walked slowly out into the streets.

As he strolled on, aimless and hopeless, he bethought him of a little Kentish village where he had stayed with his mother in his early boyhood. Why should he not go there now and collect his scattered senses and find rest? There would be no fear of molestation in Barberry Heath. He could not think and mature plans in this mighty London. He might spend a day among the strawberry fields, and try to get back his old self.

On one point he was already determined; he would never see Cassie again.

He would write to a legal friend in town, requesting him to make the best arrangements for Mrs. Listowe that could be made, and then he would turn his face away from England.

Perhaps, to those who knew the whole history of this man's life, there might have seemed to be a curious similarity between this hurried departure from Yare and that sad and hasty leave which Mary Berrithorne had taken of the old town years ago. Nameless and friendless, an almost broken-hearted woman, she had come to this great London world, leaving behind all that she had held dearest on earth. And now, crushed and humbled, and utterly alone, the man who had darkened her young days was walking the very streets that she had trodden in her sorrow. Surely the solemn words of the great Teacher are verified every hour in our own lives, and in the lives of those around us:—"Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again."

The dawn was still fresh and new when James was in the train again, speeding towards Barberry Heath. It was a sunny world through which the noisy wheels rushed on; meadows, silver streams, wild roses, and soft shadows of hazel copse flew past the weary eyes that looked listlessly out of the carriage window.

At length the little station was reached, and James walked through the crooked street of the quaint village, and struck into a narrow path across the fields.

Then indeed the delicious fragrance and freshness of the morning were felt and seen. Acres of strawberry plants stretched away to right and left, and from other grounds came the odour of currant trees; all the air was sweet with promises of the fruit harvest to be gathered in by-and-by. On and on he went, until a woody slope rose precipitately on the right hand, and then he paused to rest.

There was something singularly wild in this rugged height, whose base was clothed with thick underwood; higher up there were trees, growing in twisted shapes, flinging out gnarled boughs, like elfish arms, across the little path that went winding up to the top. On the very summit was perched a solitary house, built of dark red brick, with quaint latticed windows, a place that passers-by looked at, and said it must surely have a story of its own.

James, too, looked up at the house, and as he looked there came a cloud across his sight. He passed his hand over his eyes, but could not clear away the mist. The strawberry acres were blurred, as if a fog had suddenly come up and obscured them; the sun itself seemed to be struggling to shine through a thick haze. And then fields, and fences, and banks began to spin round and round, and James dropped heavily to the earth.

In the dark red house two women were chatting cheerfully over an early breakfast. Both were so accustomed to rise betimes that they always kept up the habit, even when they were taking a holiday. Bona Carlisle had filled the coffee-cups, and was doing the greater part of the talking.

"When is Frank Lilly coming to take a peep at us?" she asked. "Poor fellow, a breath of this sweet air would do him a world of good."

"I think he will get a day next week," Mary Berrithorne replied.

"He is improved," remarked Bona; "there is less boyishness about him."

"Less priggishness, you mean," corrected Mary. "I like Frank very much. And now that he has left off pulling that heavy moustache of his, and thinking that all women are in love with him, he is a very good little fellow."

"The friendship is platonic, I see," said Bona, laughing.

"Platonic!" echoed Mary, opening her grey eyes. "What else should it be, between a woman like me and a man like him?"

"Yet there is not a great disparity of years."

"Age has nothing to do with the matter, Bona. I have lived two or three lives while he has been living one."

"And he has been a long time in getting through that," said Miss Carlisle, laughing again.

"It was a cramped life that he lived in Yare. You don't know what it is to live in a small country town, Bona. The years that he spent there checked his intellectual growth. He is one of those who only rise by the aid of helping arms held out to them."

"Well, he has the desire to rise," said Bona, kindly. "He was not content to remain a groveller."

"I like him," Mary repeated. "And, perhaps, I might have liked him better, even when he was in Yare, if he had not succeeded one who was very far superior to him. His predecessor was a dear friend of mine."

"And that dear friend—where is he, Mary?"

"In Africa, or, perhaps, in Paradise. When I last heard of him he was dying."

Breakfast was ended; and after Mary had spoken the last words she rose quietly, took up a straw hat which was lying on a side table, and sauntered out of the open door. Bona's kind eyes followed her with a wistful look.

"Was it her fault or his that they did not come together?" she mused. "I wonder how it is that people sometimes miss the very blessings that were intended for them, and grasp the things that they were never meant to have! We don't always know what *is* meant for us. Why does my friend, Miss Smith, whose visage might almost be covered by a fourpenny-piece, persist in overshadowing herself with a Gainsborough hat? And why does good Mrs. Brown perch a tiny turban above her full-moon face? And why do my thoughts go wool-gathering in this silly fashion when I ought to be just revelling in the air and sunlight as the dogs and cats do, and not thinking at all?"

Some sort of mental reproof was necessary, for Bona's eyes were fast filling with tears. She got up, gave herself a little shake, and pulled the bell. A homely old woman entered to clear the breakfast-table, and found Miss Carlisle quite ready for a chat.

While Bona and Mrs. Allen were discussing the merits of home-cured bacon, and the best way of flavouring sausage meat, Mary was slowly descending the steep path that led down to the fruit fields. And yet she scarcely saw the cool green of the strawberry acres, nor felt the kiss of the scented morning wind, as it came blowing from the flowery pastures and hop-gardens. Her mind had roamed far away to the sandy plains of Africa, and lingered at the little mission station which her fancy had pictured a thousand times. He was at rest now, she thought. For him all the hoping, and toiling, the waiting, and suffering were over.

"And I must live on!" thought Mary. "Well, I know how he would tell me to live. 'Just go on in the old straight path,' he would say, 'and rest will come at the end.' Arthur never used to speculate, as some do, about the place that men call heaven. It was rest, he would say; and that was enough for him. It is enough for me too."

(*To be continued.*)

USEFUL HINTS.

MEAT PUFFS.—Make a puff paste with dripping or lard, roll out about a quarter of an inch thick and in oblong pieces, and place a spoonful of cold meat of any kind, chopped fine and well seasoned, on each piece of paste; roll up, brush over with egg, and bake in a quick oven.

MACARONI SOUP.—Break one quarter of a pound of pipe macaroni into small pieces, place them into one quart of boiling water, and cook for an hour; then add two cups of strained stewed tomatoes, and just before serving pour in half a cup of cream or milk.

THE HAIR.—Jamaica rum, constantly used to wash the hair, keeps it very clean and promotes its growth. It is most injurious to sleep with the hair plaited.

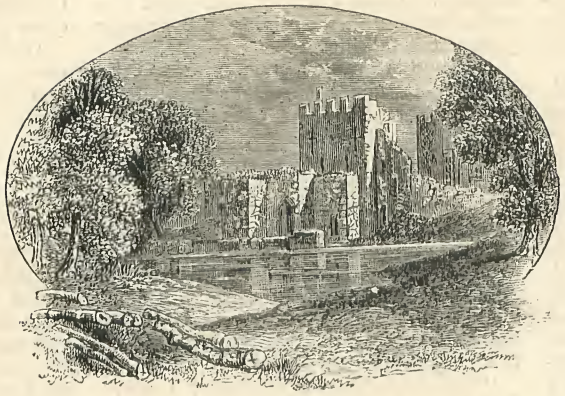
THE TEETH.—If you wish to preserve fine teeth, always clean them thoroughly after you have eaten your last meal at night, taking care to rinse the mouth with water.

LITTLE girls can very early learn to take care of their own clothes, and thus feel the happiness of being useful; they can also easily knit stockings, make patchwork mats, weed the garden (if so fortunate as to possess one), and cultivate a love of flowers.

TO COLOUR SOUPS.—Amber is obtained by adding grated carrot to the stock. Red, by using red skinned tomatoes without the skins and seeds. Spinach leaves pounded, and the juice expressed and added to the soup, will give a green colour. For brown soup, use either burnt sugar or burnt onions, and add to the stock.

CLEAN a brass vessel or kettle before using it for cooking with salt and vinegar.

MARBLE MANTELPIECES.—Marble should never be washed with suds; it destroys the polish. It should be dusted, and the spots taken off with a nicely oiled cloth, and then rubbed dry with a soft duster.



THIS DAY.*

"All such works as Thou hast prepared for us to walk in."

BUT ten days more, and six-and-twenty years
Have run for me their course of hopes and fears;
Year after year, how rapidly they go!
And what have I for all these years to show?

Ah, me! I used to see in early youth—
In vision clear as it had been in truth—
I saw my King; I looked upon His face,
So full of loving majesty and grace.

I was His servant, and methought I came
With many more, whose errand was the same,
At morn His will to learn, that all the day
That holy will the servants might obey.

His task for me I knew not—some great thing,
Worthy to be presented to a king,
I doubted not—some peril great to brave:
The martyr's pain to bear, men's souls to save.

How different the truth! how far away
From that bright vision! Take this very day,
And judge if in its petty round there lie
One single task of heavenly dignity!

I'm here with many more, his goods to sell.
Our master hires us all: at morn the bell
Warns us to rise; what marvel if one may
A little longer rest—then scarcely pray?

We took our meal together, all went wrong;
I felt alone amidst the noisy throng.
They talked of gaieties I never see:
I should enjoy them—no one gives them *me!*

The food I liked not, and I spoke my mind,
And then was ridiculed—it was not kind;
And so—I'm almost sorry now—when they
Had something to propose, I answered "Nay."

'Tis true the child wants clothing, and can get
No schooling if she has it not; but yet
She has no claim upon us, and, indeed,
Some trifles for myself I really need.

The morn was dull, and customers were few;
I saw my old friend leave me for a new—
A girl in rusty crape, our newest hand;
Such fickleness I cannot understand.

Besides, the girl belonged not to her care,
To me appealed the aunt who brought her here;
But I love not new faces, nor would leave
An old friend so, a stranger to receive.

And so the day wore on, and after noon
More customers came in, and very soon
My hands were filled—with things I have forgot;
Trifles they must have been—it matters not.

My mother's friend lies ill. I meant to go
To visit her to-night—I told her so;
I know not how it happened till too late,
I quite forgot my promise: it must wait.

Perhaps 'tis better so, for she is sad,
And to give comfort one must needs be glad;
And I am dull and lonely. I must rest.
Would that in slumber I might see again
that vision blest!

* * * * *

Was it a dream? Methought a vision came,
Like that which came of old, yet not the same:
'Twas evening, and the labourers came to bring
Account of this day's labour to their King.

The King I saw not, but His servants bright—
Angels that stand before the Throne of Light,
And those that visit earth with loving hand
To guide the pilgrims to the Better Land.

And one of those, with awful solemn look,
Methought was writing in a wondrous book,
And then by turns each guardian angel came
With this day's page of works of praise and blame.

And then one angel spoke. I knew 'twas he
Whose love had watched me from my infancy;
And as of this day's faults he told, how poor
Seemed the excuses I thought good before!

Oh, love of ease and love of self, how strong
Ye still were shown to be! Followed ere long
The stern demand, "The good works that this day
To her share were allotted, what were they?"

"The child of an old friend, for lack of clothes,
Can have no schooling. Some small share of those
She should have given. By her, standing near,
A girl was sad, whom it was hers to cheer.

"Into the shop she serves in came a boy,
A crippled lad, whose life knows little joy,
To buy a present for his mother kind:
She should have helped some pretty gift to find.

"Her mother's eldest friend lies sick and lone;
She was to visit her." "Are these things done?"
"Not one of them." My angel's voice sank low.
"Yet they are few nor heavy." "Even so."

"At one time more were given, that she might prove
In greater measure loyalty and love;
But they so often unfulfilled remained,
More zealous workers have those tasks obtained."

"Did she not know, then, what her orders were?"
"Alas! her ears are deaf, she cannot hear.
Such tasks as these she loves not, and each day
She hurried prayers repeats, but does not pray."

"Then for to-morrow let no tasks be given
To so unmeet a servitor of heaven;
'Tis even better she be unemployed
Than good through her neglect be rendered void."

"Oh, no, no, no!" in bitter grief I cried,
"Let me once more, but only once, be tried.
Give me one thing to do—one little thing:
So am I still a servant of the King."

I ceased, and waited, trembling and in fear
My eager prayer for grace denied to hear;
That angel spake not, but my Guardian's tone
Sounded in pleading earnest as my own:

"Behold, great angel! she repents her sin;
Then write her penitence thy book within
Where thou her sins hast written." Thus he spoke,
Then slowly faded sights and sounds, and I awoke.

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* This poem is simply a production in verse of a prose article bearing the same title in *Friendly Leaves* (Hatchards'), the organ of the Girls' Friendly Society.

THE MOST DESERVING GIRL.

By Darley Dale,
Author of "Spoilt Guy," "Little Bricks," "The Family Failing," "The Jersey Boys," &c., &c.

CHAPTER II.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR REVENGE.

Mrs. Edgcome was more loved than feared by her pupils, some of whom were passionately fond of her, and regarded her with that excessive admiration bordering on idolatry, which very young enthusiastic girls sometimes feel for an older woman. Marie Despard was one of Mrs. Edgcome's most devoted admirers, and, high-spirited as she was, a look or a word from Mrs. Edgcome was sufficient to check her in her wildest moods. On the present occasion Marie was so certain that the girls were playing a trick on them that she firmly believed both Mademoiselle and Mrs. Edgcome, despite her grave face, were accomplices in the joke, so she interrupted the torrent of eloquence in which Mademoiselle was declaiming against the insults offered to her mother and herself.

"They can't take me in this time, Mrs. Edgcome, though she is beautifully got up; but we can't make out who it is; do tell us, please, will you?" said Marie, going forward to the group at the door.

There stood Mademoiselle, crimson with rage, her hands still on Agnes's shoulders. Agnes looked rather frightened, and had already begun to suspect they had made a mistake, and Mrs. Edgcome was unusually grave, and certainly did not look as if she thought the matter a joke.

"Marie, it is Madame Desfeux; but leave the room at once, I will speak to you by-and-by—and Agnes, come with me," said Mrs. Edgcome, taking hold of one of Agnes's trembling hands, and, turning to Madame Desfeux, she apologised for her girls, saying they had made a mistake, and then assuring the irate Mademoiselle that justice should be done her, she left the room with Agnes in search of Marie, who had gone to the class-room.

Marie knew the moment Mrs. Edgcome told her it was Madame Desfeux that she and Agnes were the dupes of Julia Robinson, and she shrewdly suspected that young lady had certainly had malicious intentions towards Agnes.

"It would just serve her right if the child were to tell of her, and I hope she will," was the conclusion she had arrived at when Mrs. Edgcome came into the room, and closing the door, asked the girls, both of whom were rather crestfallen, how they came to make such a mistake.

Neither of them answered, and Mrs. Edgcome continued still more gravely—

"I conclude it was a mistake. I can hardly think you would have been guilty of such rudeness, not to say unkindness, wilfully."

"Oh, yes, it was a mistake; we really thought one of the girls had dressed up, you know they often do, Mrs. Edgcome, and I had never seen Madame."

"Nor I—I was certain it was a trick till you came in," said Agnes, on the verge of tears.

"I cannot imagine what put such an idea into your heads. But, of course, you must go and apologise to Mademoiselle before the girls, otherwise I shall have to take away a conduct mark, and as it was a mistake I should be sorry to do that," said Mrs. Edgcome.

"Oh, I dare not; please don't make me do that; I would rather lose a conduct-mark," said Agnes, bursting into tears from sheer nervousness at the very thought of such a thing.

"I won't make you do it, my dear child, but if you don't I must take away a conduct-mark, and that cuts off fifty marks, you know," said Mrs. Edgcome; but she could not prevail on Agnes to summon up courage to apologise to Mademoiselle before the other girls, so the conduct-mark had to be taken away.

Marie by no means relished the task, for though not shy she was a proud child, but she thought of the picture and of Mrs. Edgcome's words, "Do it to please me," and going back to the schoolroom she looked Mademoiselle straight in the face, and made the *amende honorable*. This done, Marie went to Julia Robinson, and told that young lady pretty plainly what she thought of her conduct. "It would have served you right if Agnes had told Mrs. Edgcome of you, and I wish she had, then you would have been the one to lose your conduct-mark instead of poor little Agnes," cried Marie, indignantly.

Julia dared not say anything to this, for Marie had already told her she believed she had purposely tried to get Agnes into trouble to prevent her winning the picture; but she was secretly exulting in the success of her manœuvre, for it had turned out even better than she had hoped. To lose a conduct-mark was a very serious thing, and Julia felt certain there was no fear now of Agnes winning the picture. Poor little Agnes was of the same opinion, and when she was in bed that night and the lights were out, she hid her face under the bedclothes and sobbed as if her little heart would break. How she wished she had been brave like Marie, instead of so stupidly nervous and shy as she had been; if she had only had a very little moral courage she need not have lost her conduct-mark, and now she would certainly not have the pleasure of taking the picture home to her father and of seeing his pleased smile. Of course it was all quite right; she knew she never could have deserved the picture, but yet she had hoped to win it, since Mrs. Edgcome had said that the youngest girl in the school might try, and had as good a chance as the eldest. It was very unkind of Julia to get her into such a scrape, and very wicked too, Agnes thought, for she had told a deliberate story, and it certainly was not told in fun. Just as she reached this point in her meditations she was surprised to hear Julia, who with another girl named Madge Reynolds slept in the same room, strike a match and proceed to light a candle, after which she pulled out a novel from under her pillow and began to read. Agnes, who generally fell asleep as soon as her head was on her pillow, was not aware that this was Miss Robinson's nightly custom as soon as she heard Mademoiselle, whose business it was to see the lights put out on this floor, retire to her own room. She was completely taken aback by the proceeding, for every light was ordered to be extinguished punctually at nine o'clock—those who were not in bed by then must get in in the dark. Then, reading in bed was strictly prohibited, even in the morning by daylight, Mrs. Edgcome maintaining they had enough reading in the daytime; and, lastly, novel-reading was an utterly and strictly forbidden amusement under any circumstances, and that Julia was engrossed in a novel Agnes could plainly see, for she could read the title on the coloured back from her own bed.

For a moment the thought crossed her mind that she might easily be revenged on Julia. She need only report what was now going on to Mrs. Edgcome the next day, and Julia would certainly be very severely punished; but Agnes dismissed the thought almost as soon as it arose as one utterly unworthy of her father's child, for Mr. Cornwall was a clergyman and a very saintly man. But as Agnes lay watching Julia, she began to get rather alarmed lest she should set the room on fire, for that young person had taken the candlestick on to the bed in order to be able to see better, and once or twice had very nearly fallen asleep and dropped it. At last, Agnes could bear it no longer, and seeing Julia's great black eyes close for the third time, she called out:

"Julia, Julia, please put the candle out; you have nearly set fire to the bed two or three times."

Julia was thoroughly awake now, and, sitting up in bed, she held the candle in her hand, and peered at Agnes, whose poor little pale face was disfigured with crying.

"You awake, Agnes! I suppose you are spying at me now, to pay me out for the trick I played you for fun to-day. Of course, you will go and tell Mrs. Edgcome the first thing to-morrow morning, and I shall be expelled just for learning my German in bed."

"It is a novel you are reading, Julia, and you need not take the trouble to deny it, for I am not going to tell of you; only please put out the candle now; I am so afraid you should go to sleep, and drop it."

"You don't mean to tell of me; are you sure?" demanded Julia, opening her great eyes in amazement.

"Quite sure. I promise I won't tell; but I wish you would give it up, because it is so dangerous; besides, it is against the rules."

"Well, you are not a bad child, Agnes, nd I am very much obliged to you; you nay go to sleep in peace, I won't read any more," said Julia, putting the candle out as she spoke. And Agnes did go to sleep in peace that night, a deeper peace than Julia dreamt of, a peace that only comes to the forgiving and forgiven. The next day Agnes found that losing her conduct-mark was not the only result of her fatal mistake; she had made a bitter enemy of Mademoiselle, and she had to suffer for it all through the term. Probably, if Agnes had followed Marie's example, Mademoiselle would have been appeased, but as Agnes never dared to express her regret for what had passed, the French governess chose to conclude she felt none, and poor Agnes was always in her black books. She was naturally not at all quick at languages, and, being very shy, was afraid to talk French for fear of being laughed at, so Mademoiselle was constantly catching her up, and giving her bad marks for speaking English, when she would have overlooked it in any of the other girls; but Agnes bore it all very patiently, and looked more than repaid when Mrs. Edgcome gave her an approving smile or a word of praise, as she often did. Thus the term wore on, and Julia would probably have left Agnes alone, seeing the child had kept her transgressions quiet, if Marie had not one day declared that she believed she had at last solved the mystery of the picture, and was sure Mrs. Edgcome meant to give it to the girl who won the first drawing prize. It is a work of art, and the girl who produces the best drawing will deserve it the most; such was Marie's argument, probably advanced to tease Julia, for if she were right in her surmises there could be no doubt that Agnes would win the picture, for she drew far better than any of the others. Indeed, she was now finishing a crayon drawing from a bust of Clytie, which was so superior to the crude attempts of the rest of the class that if there had ever been a doubt about it this would have decided the matter in Agnes's favour. What, then, was her grief and vexation when a day or two after Marie's remark about the picture, Agnes found her drawing-board lying on the floor in the drawing-school, face downwards, and on picking it up found it so rubbed as to be scarcely recognisable?

(*To be continued.*)

THE NEW PLAIN NEEDLE-WORK COMPETITION

WILL consist of ladies' night-gowns, on which the specimens of stitches to be shown are sewing, stitching, hemming, running and felling, button-holes, and gathering, stroking, and setting-in. The calico may be washed before being made up, but the night-dresses must be clean, although not washed; neatly and properly made, and well-fitting, according to their dimensions. No particular size is required, and the wearers will range from 14 years old to grown-up women; as we intend to bestow the work on children's and other hospitals, both in London and the country, as presents from our kind competitors.

The amount of calico required for a woman's night-gown is four yards. If the calico be a yard wide, take two widths of the proper length and slope off the gores at the top, cutting each gradually from a width of three-and-a-half inches at the top, to a point in the middle of the length. Then join the straight or selvage side of each gore to the selvage of the skirt. This is the usual way of goring a night-dress. There are several methods of making night-gowns, any of which are open to the choice of our competitors, provided that all the stitches required be exhibited in it. Too much trimming must be avoided, the fronts being ornamented with coral or any other fancy stitch, and tucks, and the embroidery (which may be purchased) being used for the neck, front, and cuffs.

There will be a Prize of One Guinea awarded to the most successful competitor of every age from thirteen to twenty-three years. For instance, every girl of thirteen years may compete for the prize to be awarded to the most successful girl under fourteen years of age, every girl of fourteen years and under fifteen can compete for the Guinea Prize to be awarded to the most successful competitor of fourteen years of age, and so on up to the age of twenty-three.

Certificates of the first, second, and third classes will be awarded to girls of any age obtaining the necessary number of marks.

The age of the intended wearer must be indicated on the ticket, which should also state the age of the competitor herself, her name and address, and bear the signature of a teacher or minister, certifying that the work is her own, and that in it, as well as in the cutting out, she has been unaided by anyone.

Neither machine work nor crochet edgings will be admitted. All seams must be on the inside. All linings, such as yokes and wristbands, must set smoothly and be straight to the thread. Great attention must be paid to the shape and fit, the necks must not be too large, nor the wrists too small.

The last day for receiving the work is New Year's Day, 1884.

THE NEW FANCY NEEDLE-WORK COMPETITION.

WE propose to repeat the crochet shawl competition held two years ago, which was so great a success, and was evidently so much appreciated by the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. The small shawls must be suitable for hospital and for home use; the wool selected should be such as will give warmtn and comfort to the wearer. The ends of the wool must be properly joined and crocheted or fastened in, and the work must be clean and neat. Each article must have the name, age, and address of the wearer *firmly* attached, together with the usual certificate from a parent, minister, or teacher. Patterns for crochet have been given in each volume of

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, at pages 275 and 276, vol. ii.; pages 476 to 478, vol. iii., and also, in other places. Any other pattern, however, may be selected which is suitable and pretty. The border may be fringed or lace, but wool balls are not recommended for the purpose. *Very* light colours should also be avoided as unwearable by patients in hospitals. The work will be judged in the same manner as the sampler competitions—by the ages of the competitors.

Prizes and Certificates will be awarded as in the Plain Needlework Competition.

The last day for receiving the work is New Year's Day, 1884.

RESULTS OF THE PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

DARNING SAMPLERS.

Examiners:—DORA DE BLAQUIERE AND ANNIE NASH.

FORTY-FIVE competitors of various ages entered themselves for competition in this very needful and excellent art, a great decrease in our number, which for that reason is a matter of disappointment, but for others is rather a surprise and pleasure, when we consider the novelty of the subject, and the very fair character of the work sent in. One sampler, that of Miss Elizabeth Lucy Marsh, was exquisite in its work, finish, and spotless cleanliness, and was deserving of the highest praise.

UNDER 14.—(SEVEN COMPETITORS.)

The worker at 11 years of age compares very favourably with the older ones, and shows more care and greater application. The prize sampler, at the age of 13, is beautifully done, for the years of the owner. The chief faults are in the diagonal darning and patching, both of which are below the mark.

UNDER 15.—(SIX COMPETITORS.)

In the prize sampler the work was peculiarly excellent. The chief faults in this list were in the three-cornered darn.

UNDER 16.—(TWO COMPETITORS.)

So far, the prize at this age is the best work seen. The embroidery stitch, however, is not shown at all.

UNDER 17.—(NO COMPETITORS.)

UNDER 18.—(EIGHT COMPETITORS.)

In one instance only is the work in this list up to the mark. Two competitors show no "Swiss darning" whatever, and the plain darns are faulty. On the other hand, the patching is excellent.

UNDER 19.—(THREE COMPETITORS.)

We have mentioned the sampler already, which most deserves notice here, and is indeed worthy of a first prize anywhere.

UNDER 20.

The work in this class is not so good as that of the younger competitors. Some of the workers had spoilt their work by using spool-cotton instead of darning-cotton, and several had added clocks to the stockings, a useful accomplishment which we shall add to our test in future.

UNDER 21.

The prize sampler is very well done in this class, but the work in general is not good enough for the age of the workers.

UNDER 22 AND UNDER 23.—(THREE COMPETITORS).

All of them, however, good of their class. The prize sampler contained a beautifully-done checked darn, which deserves praise.

UNDER 24 AND UNDER 25.

Work pretty good in both classes.

Very great praise must be given to all the competitors for their close attention to the rules of the competition, as to the size of the sampler, the cleanliness of it, and its neatness and finish. No fault could be found with a single competitor on any of these grounds.

The authorities of the Orphan Working School are to be especially congratulated on the excellent teaching and training which are manifested in the work of their scholars. The younger girls from this school show a very high standard of advancement for their age.

The Editor considers it wise to delay any further sampler competitions in plain needlework and darning till next year, during which time he earnestly hopes that the young readers of the "G. O. P." will have seen the great advantage to be gained from them, and will be endeavouring to improve themselves in every way, so as to attain to the requisite degree of perfection.

PRIZES OF ONE GUINEA.

Sayer, Jane (13), Orphan Working School, London.
Bartlett, Ellen E. (14), Orphan Working School, London.
Jackson, Agnes M. (15), Ballinderry Rectory, Moneymore, Ireland.
Bilton, Maud (17), Bayston-road, Stoke Newington.
Marsh, E. L. (18), 67, Victoria-road, Aldershot.
Pamment, Hannah (20), 25, Seal-street, Shacklewell, N.
Macintosh, M. A. (21), Knockglass House, Camp, Tralee, Ireland.

FIRST CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Buckle, Florence E. (14), Orphan Working School, London.
Waites, Alice C. (15), 6, Victoria-road, Cambridge.
Parsley, Rose (17), 220, Goldhawk-road, W.
Lambert, May (19), The Elms, Rochampton.
Owston, S. H. (20), 34, Bailgate, Lincoln.
Barrow, E. C. (22), Knockglass House, Camp, Tralee, Ireland.
Leslie, Annie J. (22), 11, Brunswick-road, Brighton.
Bland, Margaret (24), Wanstead, Essex.
Gardner, Maria (24), 7, The Grove, Clapham Common.

SECOND CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Legge, Ellen E. (11), Orphan Working School, London.
Martyn, Grace (12), Orphan Working School, London.
Simpson, Kathleen (13), Orphan Working School, London.
Burge, Amy B. (14), Orphan Working School, London.
Langlois, Rosa, (18), La Villette, St. Martin's, Guernsey.
Brown, Margaret (19), Longhaven House, By Ellor, Aberdeenshire.
Dawson, M. A. (23), 22, Crossley-street, Great Horton, Bradford.

THIRD CLASS CERTIFICATES.

Cooper, Amelia (12), Orphan Working School, London.
Rose, Alice S. (14), Orphan Working School, London.

W. MORLEY AND CO.

Cleverly Caught. A rustic tale in two verses. Written by Juba Kennerley. Composed by Henry Pontet.—This interesting story is most unaffectedly and gracefully set, the music being perfectly in keeping with the poetic sentiment. It should be sung archly.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

An Exile's Dream. Words by J. F. McArdle. Music by W. H. Jude.—A very expressive and carefully-written song; the change of time and style of accompaniment in the second part gives a varied feeling, and greatly adds to the effect of the composition.

W. CZERNY.

The Old Abbey. March. For Pianoforte. By Oscar Wagner.—This march is also arranged for the organ.—The introduction is effective, particularly for the organ or harmonium, on which the swelling tones are more easily produced. The march is slow and majestic, in keeping with the "Old Abbey." The transition from the "dolcessima" to the "risoluto" in the last page should be carefully attended to, as well as the last four bars of "adagio." The march requires only a firm legato touch and strictness in time.

WEEKES AND CO.

The Edelweiss Polka. By William J. Burleigh Robinson.—A very easy little polka, with trio and coda. There is no difficulty, whilst the rhythm is marked and easily caught.

Six Duets for Teacher and Pupil; airs of northern nations. By Myles Birket Foster.—The following airs are easily arranged, and are useful as lessons and pleasing to the ear:—

No. 1. England—*Hearts of Oak.*
No. 2. Wales—*The Ash Grove.*
No. 3. Ireland—*The Minstrel Boy.*
No. 4. Norway—*A People's Song.* Denmark—*An Evening Song.*
No. 5. Sweden—*An Ancient March.*
No. 6. Scotland—*Jock o' Hazeldean.*

The six duets are printed in good type in No. 507 of Weekes and Co.'s editions. They are suitable for two pupils in slightly different stages of advancement.

Seaweed. Song. Words and music by E. M. Harrison.—The music well expresses the pathetic sentiment of the words, and is agreeable in character.

"'TIS SWEET TO ROAM IN THE MORNING HOURS."

"GATHER YE ROSEBUDS WHILE YE MAY."

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

'Tis sweet to roam in the morning hours
  And, fresh and fair from the dewy spray,
To pluck the rose in the garden bowers,
  Before the lips of the fervid day
Have kissed too warmly the youngling flowers—
  Oh, "gather ye rosebuds while ye may!"

'Tis sweet to work in the morning tide,
  When the hand is strong, and the heart is gay—
To roam like bees from side to side,
  'Mid golden stores that about us lay;
But youth and strength not for aye abide—
  So "gather ye rosebuds while ye may."

'Tis sweet to love when the heart o'erflows;
  'Tis sweet to brighten the darksome way
Where some less fortunate sister goes
  With life and warmth from one's own heart-ray—
In heaven blooms many a deathless rose—
  Oh, "gather ye rosebuds while ye may."

A LADY'S JOURNEY TO TEXAS.

Part II.

UP COUNTRY.

Now arrived at San Antonio, we enjoyed a few days' rest, and made the most of our freedom, after being on board ship for so long, in walking about and seeing all that was to be seen.

Of the history of San Antonio I know but little. Until 1836 Texas, the Lone Star State, was a province of Mexico. It was very thinly peopled before 1820, and was mostly sought after by the horse Indians during the winter months, when they had plenty of sport, and chased the wild horse and buffaloes on the wide stretches of prairie land. The Mexicans occupied a few towns, the two oldest and best fortified being San Antonio and San Felipe de Bexar; the former was then the capital. There are also some old missions, by name Refugio and San Patricio, founded by Jesuits.

When Texas threw off the Mexican yoke and became an independent State, desperadoes from all countries flocked thither, hence the bad name which it held for so many years. Since the annexation of Texas to the United States, emigrants from the North, followed later by many from other parts of the world, settled in that wild country, and, gradually dispersing the numerous tribes of Indians and Mexicans, are now the undisputed owners of the largest, and perhaps one of the finest States of the great northern portion of the Western Hemisphere.

A finer race of men, I may venture to say, cannot be seen than these hardy settlers, and during the late war of South *versus* North, the Texan Rangers, as the mounted troops they mustered were called, proved themselves to be valiant and capable soldiers, praised and admired by friends and enemies alike for their courage, hardihood, magnificent horsemanship, and expert marksmanship.

San Antonio is now a thriving city, the inhabitants numbering about 22,000, 6,000 of whom are Mexicans, or of Mexican descent; some few are Northerners, merchants, storekeepers, or otherwise, and a great many coloured folk, who are employed chiefly in the hotels, or make a living at laundry work. To "put washing out" there is decidedly an expensive luxury, the lowest charge being a dollar a dozen for the smaller articles, and that usually does not include starching and ironing!

In the town there are three very large squares or "plazas," the Main, the Military, and the Alamo, the space of which is in the daytime mostly occupied by the waggons coming from and going to the country, and drawn by horses, mules, or steers. Here and there is to be seen an occasional Mexican rider, with highly ornamented accoutrements, and large sombrero, often richly embroidered with silver or beads. These large and shady hats, made of grey felt or of Panama straw, vary in price from $5 to $500, according to quality and the amount of silver on them. Frequently, too, may be seen a party of jovial "cowboys" from the mountains and surrounding prairies, also wearing the sombrero, not embroidered, but often completely surrounded by the rattles of those formidable snakes, and who, dressed in their red or blue flannel shirts, jean knee-breeches, jack-boots and spurs, and mounted on their trusty mustangs or mules, are equally, if not more, to be admired.

In the evening the plazas are scattered over with little stalls and benches, where is served that special dainty of Mexicans, *chila con carne*, for the price of 10 cents (5d.) a plate; the vendors thereof being Mexicans. The shops or "stores," as our cousins across the Atlantic call them, are good, but the prices of most articles are very high. Meat was an exception, beef being sold at 6 cents (3d.) a pound, mutton fetched 8 cents (4d.) per pound, and bacon about 8 to 12 cents (4d. to 6d.) per pound. This was during the winter months, for later, when the heat is greater, there is very little killed, only as much as the butchers are sure of selling on the spot.

There are several large churches in the town, a Mexican (Catholic) Cathedral, also another Catholic Cathedral, not built many years ago, for the use of the English-speaking population. Besides these there are a German Catholic Church, a Lutheran, and a Methodist one for the coloured people, who mostly belong to that persuasion.

Finding it very expensive work living at an hotel, the charge being one dollar per head a day, and having to pay for our luggage lying at the depôt, we looked about us for a small cottage, and in the course of our rambles we came across the very thing to suit us. It was a tiny frame house, *i.e.* built entirely of wood, standing in a piece of ground, and consisting of four rooms, all on the one floor. We inquired the rent, and agreed to take it for a month for $12 (dollars), about £2 10s.

Another English family shared it with us, and we invested in a good stove and a few cooking utensils, and, after bringing our luggage from the station, we at once installed ourselves in our temporary abode.

Beyond bringing a couple of camp bedsteads from England we had no furniture whatever, but made use of our trunks for sitting on, and out of a packing-case we knocked up a table which did service well enough for us to eat off, and to do our ironing when necessary. A few odds and ends of china, flasks, goblets and tin plates, knives, forks and spoons, answered their purposes just as well as the best silver and china could do.

Altogether we were very happy in our little cottage, and commenced getting our hands into the work necessary for us to do up country. We did our washing, making a large fire in the ground surrounding the house, and were greatly surprised at the rapidity with which the clothes dried, and the beautiful colour they bleached. We also initiated ourselves into the art of baking, etc., and took it in turns to cook.

Our firing consisted of logs of wood, as coal, if used at all there, which I doubt, must be an enormous price.

As yet I believe I have made no mention of the weather at that time of the year. The days were glorious, clear blue sky, and bright warm sun, the early mornings and nights being cold; but when a "norther," as they call a cold north wind, blew up, it was bitterly cold while it lasted; it might be for a few hours only, or for a day or two. It seldom rained, but very heavily when it came. Towards the end of February it grew very warm, and we were glad to take the children by the tram-car to the San Pedro Park and Springs, some little way out of the town, and walk home when cooler by sundown.

Orchards of peach trees were then in full blossom.

While we were domiciled in the cottage, in charge of the English gentleman of our party, my husband had been busy. After seeing us settled as comfortably as possible in our little house, he went the rounds of the yards in the town to choose and buy a good horse.

This done, he took a few necessaries for camping out, namely a "blanket" or travelling rug, as we call it, a Mexican saddle, "lariat," or horsehair rope, also a tin coffee-pot and mug, some coffee which we had roasted and ground, a piece of bacon, and salt and bread, all securely packed in the

saddle-bags. Discarding his "billy-cock" and boots of English manufacture, he appeared in jack-boots and large grey felt sombrero, and armed with gun, and belt securing pistol and bullets, he set off "up country" to explore, and look about for land which would be suitable for a ranche, either to rent or buy as we chose.

The horse he bought was a beautiful creature, a roan, with black mane and tail, both very thick and long. He gave about $30 (£6) for him. In England he would have fetched £50. We named him "Tommie," and he became a great favourite with us later.

My husband was away about ten days, having gone in a northerly direction, but not coming across any suitable land for sale, he altered his course and struck out for the north-west. After three days' riding he arrived at Bandera, a "city" about sixty miles from San Antonio.

Five miles beyond Bandera there was a large tract of land in the market. He went over it, and found it was the very place to suit us, having the Medina River running through it, thereby the one great necessary for a ranche was provided for, together with plenty of good grass. He returned to San Antonio to see the agents and arrange upon the terms for taking it. We agreed to rent it at 45 dollars per year, for five years, with the option of purchasing either then or before, the extent of the land being 3,300 acres.

Next he bought a "Studebaker" waggon, a couple of good strong mules for $90 (about £18), harness, etc., a plough, farm tools, crowbar, etc., and set off once more to Bandera, and, with the assistance of a carpenter of the neighbourhood, built a little house of rough cedar and cypress lumber, on high ground and near a creek. In a fortnight's time he returned with the waggon to fetch us and our belongings.

A day or two was spent in getting together seeds for planting vegetables, etc., and a few procurable groceries, and on the 1st of March, a glorious day but very hot, we were all safely ensconced in the waggon, another following with the rest of the luggage, and soon left San Antonio behind.

Our English friends were with us, and were going to remain on our land, too, for some time, another little "shanty" being built by them not far from ours. So we made a very jolly party to go up country. Mr. —— rode, and my husband drove the waggon, containing the lady and her four children, myself and our little boy, together with part of our luggage, and our rugs, etc., for camping out at night.

San Antonio lies very low; as far as the eye can see it is a dead level on every side, and for some miles out the land is covered with a very short turf and the stumpy mesquit brush, which is useful for nothing, not even affording shade for the herds of cattle which we encountered continually.

About an hour before sundown we camped (that is we dismounted), and after hoppling the mules and fastening a bell to their necks, we turned them loose to graze till morning, and proceeded to make our fire, always an easy job when there is plenty of wood and dry grass. When in the midst of boiling the coffee and frying our bacon, a terrible "norther" blew up suddenly, much to our discomfiture, and continued all night.

Of course, we had taken good care to make enough bread to last us for three or four days, so the trouble of making it out in the open was saved, and after giving the children a good supper we put them to sleep with the lady on a mattress at the bottom of the waggon. We were glad enough to get a good warm at the fire and roll ourselves in our blankets and get to sleep round it.

About four o'clock in the morning we were roused and given an hour to be ready to be off again. The gentlemen busied themselves with the fire and in getting some hot coffee and bacon cooked, while we attended to the little ones, who thoroughly disapproved of being awakened and made to get up in dark; but on having some food to warm them they soon got reconciled to the inevitable. By "sun-up" we had caught and harnessed the mules and horses, and were again on our way to Bandera.

The "norther" continued till mid-day, and what with it blowing in our faces and the hot sun scorching them, our lips and cheeks began to smart and burn in a most uncomfortable manner, and we were not sorry when we arrived at Pipe Creek at noon, and camped down for an hour; and while the gentlemen made the fire, we took the little ones, and all had a refreshing wash in the creek.

The scenery now commenced to be very pretty, and increased in beauty and wildness as we went along, and was no longer flat and uninteresting. A few wild flowers, quite new to us, peeped out here and there, and sometimes within our reach hung branches of beautiful purple, crimson, and white blossoms, the forerunners of wild fruits to be tasted by us for the first time. Among the branches of the trees, which now grew more thickly, or flying across our path, we saw many kinds of bright-hued birds, and some with sweet notes but dull of plumage. The bright red cardinal, so prized in England, the little blue-bird, and others with golden and black feathers, were there in quantities, and the voice of the soft dove-coloured mockingbird was continually heard imitating the song of one or other of its feathered companions, and mingling with the tender cooing of the wild dove.

Herds of cattle were to be seen everywhere, their skin in some cases almost covered with letters, numbers, or designs of all descriptions, the brands of the various owners whose hands they had passed through at some time or other. They are "rounded up," with the help of "cowboys," once or twice a year. Now and again we would pass a skeleton of one of their deceased brethren, or of some wilder animal bleaching in the sun; or more unsightly still, a poor beast but recently dead, and on which those hideous though must useful scavengers, the buzzards, had already assembled, gorging themselves with their ghastly feast. Once we passed a swamp in which a poor unfortunate beast was hopelessly stuck fast up to its haunches, dying a slow and frightful death. It was impossible for us to attempt to rescue it, imploringly as it looked towards us as we passed it by, and equally impossible was it for us to shoot it and put it out of its misery, as the law out there is very strict on the subject of stealing, killing, or maiming another person's cattle.*

By nightfall of the second day we camped on the San Jeronymo Creek, a lovely spot, almost like a bit of an old English park, and here we rested till morning. There was a slight frost that night, but when the sun rose and we were once more on our road it became very hot again.

Here the track we followed wound in and out of the most charming bits of scenery in which an artist would have revelled.

Higher and higher the hills rose on either side, the creek running parallel with us, and then after crossing it once more we passed a large frame house. The charitable occupants came out directly we pulled up, and brought us hot coffee and goat's milk, and cakes for the little ones, and after a chat with them we went on our way. Once a herd of fine deer, startled by the approach of our waggons, bounded across our path about half a mile ahead of us.

Through cedar-brakes, which scented the air with their delicious fragrance; now putting the mules to the test, as steady and surefooted climbers, and now holding on like grim death to the break and sides of the waggon, as we went at a rapid pace down steep and rough inclines, through creeks, over rocks, nothing standing in our way, thus we gradually neared our destination, which we counted on doing that night.

Late in the afternoon we reached the city of Bandera. Across the Atlantic all towns are "cities," whether in an advanced state or only in embryo, Bandera city decidedly one in the latter stage. As far as I could make out it consisted of an hotel, a saloon (answering to our inn or public-house), a couple of stores, and about half a dozen small frame or stone cottages; a church which had been used for Catholic service, but was now closed; and that was all!

By this time my husband was well known to the inhabitants, so on seeing our waggons arrive all wanted to have a look at the Englishman's family. The rough but honest fellows shook us warmly by the hand, with a "How-dy, marm, hope you will like your new home," "Guess you will not choose to return to the old country after a while," coupled with plenty of invitations to go and look them up at their various ranches or shanties.

We had still another hour's driving through about six miles of the country to the north of Bandera city, so set off again quickly. There being no twilight, it was dark almost immediately after sunset; but tired as we were, we gazed with delight and awe at the several prairie-fires which lit up the distant mountains with a weird and lurid light. These, I may here notice, were started purposely by those holding the land, as a customary thing every spring, to burn away all the long dry grass, so that the young and fresh can benefit by the rains and sun. Men are stationed at the various points where it is necessary to check it; this is done by beating it out with long sticks or wet cloths, and I need hardly add is done when there is little or no wind, and when in a favourable quarter.

On arriving at our abode on our ranche, the scene which presented itself was picturesque in the extreme. At a little distance from the house a huge camp fire was burning, round which were seated or standing several women and children, and about eighteen to twenty men. The women were busily employed in cooking goat's flesh and bacon, making tea and boiling coffee, and baking cakes of bread in a skillet in the embers; and the men attending to their horses and mules, or chatting and smoking round the fire, watching the preparation of the evening meal. About fifty yards off a tent had been pitched, and several waggons were standing about. Altogether the effect was charming, and with the fitful gleams of the fire lighting up the faces and figures around, worthy of the brush of a Rembrandt.

Within a very few minutes we were seated with the rest around the blazing fire, enjoying a hearty meal, and answering all inquiries regarding our journey, etc., and listening to what the rest had to tell regarding the country and our neighbours. Strange as it may seem, I must here mention that nearly everyone of those camping for the night were perfect strangers, who were only passers-by through the country; but so great and general is the habit there to receive and give hospitality to all alike, that we felt no surprise at finding so many on the ground making themselves comfortable for the night.

After the children had been put to sleep on

* It is a common case for cattle thus to get fast in a morass; owing to the length of time they are often without water, they drink to such an extent when they have the opportunity that, being weak from extreme thirst and weighted down from the amount of water inside them, they are rendered perfectly incapable of extricating themselves.

mattresses hastily put down on the floor in the house, we returned to the fire, and listened to story upon story, as the demijohn of whiskey was freely passed round, of amusing and interesting adventure with the Indians and Mexicans, or with the snakes, and other wild animals natives of the country, interladen with recollections of the late war, in which most of those present had served, until, thoroughly tired out, we also thought of sleep, and retired for the night. Some of the women and children slept in the tent, the men lay rolled in their blankets round the fire, a few of them on the floor in our little house. Soon the camp was in sound repose, the stillness alone broken by the bells of the mules and horses which were hoppled and turned loose for the night.

At "sun-up" all were astir, and after breakfast round the camp fire, dispersed on their several routes, leaving us to enjoy the comparative quiet of our first day in our new home "up country."

(*To be concluded.*)

SERVANTS AND SERVICE.

By Ruth Lamb.

CHAPTER VIII.

DRESS. VISITORS. SYMPATHY IN CHRISTIAN WORK, ETC.

Formerly, there was such a decided difference between the dress of mistress and maid, that there was no mistaking the one for the other. Now, much greater latitude is permitted, and it is sometimes said that, if we wish to distinguish the mistress we must look for the more plainly dressed of the two when the maid is also present.

Some ladies do not interfere in the matter so long as their domestics dress quietly and neatly when on duty.

Without going far into the question, let me give you, dear girls, a little advice on the subject. It will be just the same as I would offer to my own children or to any other girl who might wish for it.

Regulate the amount you spend by your actual requirements. Do not spend all you can upon dress just because you have the money. Remember there are other ways in which your spare wages may be wisely and well laid out or laid by. I say laid by, because whatever be your income, you should try to save something out of it for the proverbial rainy day. There are plenty of ways by which thrifty people may save and invest even very small sums, and by a penny at a time, if they can afford no more.

For instance, the post office will supply you with a form on which you can stick a new postage stamp, bought with a spare penny. When twelve stamps have thus been affixed, you can take them to the post office, receive back their value in the shape of a shilling, and make that your first deposit in the savings bank there.

Make a beginning, and you are almost sure to go on. If you can spare a shilling at a time, you need not buy stamps, but become a savings bank depositor at once.

It is a pleasant thing to have a little money, your own honest earnings, to fall back upon if sickness should come or you are out of place. Or you may help the good father and mother to whom you owe so much, or, if they do not need it, in due time spend your earnings on furnishing your future home.

Which of us has not at some time known a girl who, having spent all her means on "fine feathers," has had to be a burden on hard-working parents in such seasons of trouble as come with sickness or want of employment?

Then, beside laying by money, you should have some to lend or lay out in our Master's service. Because you are young girls in situations, are you to have no share in Christian work, to do nothing for love of that dear Saviour who gave His life for you? You would be very angry indeed if anyone were to say that you should have neither part nor lot in sending missionaries to the heathen, at home and abroad, in spreading the written Word of God, so that all may possess a copy, or in caring for the sick and suffering in homes and hospitals.

My own experience shows me that many amongst you give almost beyond your means, and contribute nobly and lovingly to many a good work. If some have not done so they will, I trust, take this reminder in good part, and spare a trifle, remembering that most of our great societies owe more to the small contributions of the many than to the larger ones of the few.

Going back to the subject of dress, let me advise you to choose quiet colours and as good a material as you can afford. Such will never become conspicuous, they will wear double the time, look well to the last bit, and cost no more for making than the commonest stuff you could purchase; so there would be a real saving, to begin with, in this last item.

Have your gowns made well, but in a simple style. There is no reason why you should not display excellent taste in this matter. But good taste never chooses staring colours or extreme styles which are likely to attract notice and encourage rude remarks on the *fast* appearance of the wearer. Good taste never loads poor materials with tawdry trimmings, which only make a dress look shabby the sooner, and are equally costly and useless.

Good taste and good sense alike suggest that our clothing should be in accordance with our means, and fitted for the work we have to do and the position we occupy in the world.

The above rules apply equally to every article worn.

Never sacrifice the comfort of having a good supply of warm, well-made underclothing, and of being neatly and strongly shod, for the sake of mere outside finery, such as you are perhaps half-ashamed to wear, knowing that it is unsuitable, and wholly afraid to be seen in by your hard-working, sensible mother.

Lastly, save the money to pay for what you buy at the time when you get it. Those who have to run into debt usually pay dearly for the accommodation, and especially those who can least afford the extra price. Tradesmen know quite well that they run some risk in trusting young girls, who generally have nothing but their wages to fall back upon, and whom sickness might deprive of the power to earn any. Extra risks must mean the putting on of extra profits, and thus those who run into debt pay a higher price for their articles than those who go money in hand.

Now a word about visitors. Some mistresses draw a very hard-and-fast line on this subject, and will allow none. Servants may visit their friends at stated intervals, but they are forbidden to receive even those nearest and dearest to them under the roof which shelters themselves. Most mistresses, I believe, act differently from this, and, considering what their own children would feel if they were amongst strangers, allow all reasonable liberty in this respect. A right-minded girl will never abuse this privilege, or try to introduce into the house of her employers any person of whose presence they would be likely to disapprove.

Remember, dear girls, it is your duty to fall in with the rules of the household in which you serve, and employers have often very good reasons for such as may appear too strict in your eyes. In this, as in all your dealings, act straightforwardly, and never bring in a visitor by stealth, or in the absence of the family. Many a robbery has been successfully carried out through the folly of young servants who have listened to the flattering words of chance acquaintances whose real object was to obtain a knowledge of the premises, and to find out where the valuables were kept. Through such visitors a servant's character has been lost, and a girl who would not have taken a farthing dishonestly, has been suspected of being an accomplice of thieves and punished as such.

When visitors come by permission of the mistress, I think the latter should always see them, say a few words of kindly welcome, ask after the other members of the absent family, and thus manifest her interest in what gives pleasure to her maid. She will not be the worse served for doing this, and for showing that, amid her own household cares and occupations, she has a heart large enough and warm enough to sympathise with the joys and sorrows of all around her.

But there may be, and I trust there often is, a far stronger bond of union between mistress and servant than any which could result from the mere fact of being placed in these relations one towards another. It is not work well done and wages regularly paid—not the mere ministering on the one hand and being ministered to on the other; not the being members of the same household band and dwelling under the same roof which can create this bond of union to which I have alluded.

No, dear mistresses, dear girls who serve; there is something better still. It is the recognition of the great truth that, while there may be a difference in our social positions and duties here, we are alike servants of a Heavenly Master. If we are both Christians we are sisters in Christ, members of one body and looking to one glorified Head, children of the same family, with God Himself for our Father.

Some years ago I read a brief extract from an article which was published in one of the reviews—I think the *Nineteenth Century*—and by a lady writer. Though I never read the whole article, I remember the little portion I did see, and that the author suggested that we mistresses should give our servants a share with ourselves in some special Christian work, such as visiting and relieving the sick poor, etc.

She also stated her belief that no lady's work could have its full value unless united with such help, and no relations with outside helpers could equal those which might subsist between Christian mistress and maid, living under one roof, knowing each other's weaknesses and engaged in a work where the one who in other respects was first might be last, and the last first.

I have no copy of the words and do not profess to quote them literally. But I remember the impression they produced on my mind, because they agreed not only with my own opinion, but with my practice and the experience of years.

I read the words aloud to a dear young girl who was at the moment preparing the table for dinner, and, as I finished them, said—

"We realised the truth of what this lady has written, a long time ago, did we not?"

"Yes, indeed," she said, her face glowing with honest pleasure, for she was and is my willing and capable helper in the conduct of a large mothers' meeting—entering heart and soul into the work, respected and loved by the members of the class.

And those who are at home whilst she and I are at the class help also, for they take the share of work which does not belong to their departments during her absence. I am thankful to say that we never hear any one of them say, "It is not my place," but that they work together as members of a family, and, above all, as God's children.

Years before, another dear girl who is now a happy wife and mother rendered me the

same kind of help at the class, and with equal interest and heartiness.

Going further back still, there comes before my mind's eye the picture of a bright young face, that of a housemaid then in our service. I was ailing for some time and unable to go out on Sunday evenings, and when it was this girl's turn to stay in the house I always called her to sit with me, that we might talk, read, and pray together. I do not remember ever spending evenings at home with more true pleasure and spiritual profit than these.

The girl was such a bright Christian, and when she began to speak of the way in which she had been led to realise the great love of our Father, God, in giving His dear Son to die for sinners, and of her share in that finished work, I used to think her dear, earnest face was one of the sweetest pictures that my eyes ever rested upon.

I never think of her without remembering the happy seasons of truly Christian communion we enjoyed, and offering a prayer that her influence in her own home may always be an equally blessed and useful one to what it was in ours. She would teach our children sweet hymns, both words and tunes, and it used to be delightful to hear her rich, full voice mingling with their childish ones in songs of praise to God.

At that time a very dear friend, a clergyman, was a frequent visitor at our house. None of our servants attended his church, but he never crossed our threshold without saying a few kind words to whichever he happened to see. He would ask after their health with the same courtesy that he manifested towards the heads of the family, and contrive, in a few syllables, to show them that he was ever solicitous to leave a little message from his Divine Master, to sow a little seed which might produce fruit to His glory, and for the good of an immortal soul.

How this was appreciated by our girls, and especially by the dear lassie to whom I have alluded! How she would try to repay the interest thus manifested by the most thoughtful attentions that she could show when waiting at table! The clergyman's health was failing at the time, and he was ordered to winter abroad. On his return, the young waitress was the first to see him approaching the house, and, noticing that our dear friend was looking weaker and more worn than when he left England, she came to me sobbing and with her good, true face expressing the deepest sorrow.

I thought she must have received bad news from home, but as soon as she could answer, she explained the cause of her tears. "It is not that," she said. "*They* are all well; but Mr. —— is coming up the walk, and he is looking worse than ever. He is stooping like quite an old man. I am so sorry, I am so sorry. He is so kind and good."

Someone else had to answer the door to our friend, who, not seeing the usual face, inquired after the girl. He was deeply touched on finding that her tears and trouble on his account had made her absolutely unable to meet him.

During dinner, when the girl was in attendance, it was pleasant to see the manner in which she showed her grateful sympathy by anticipating the clergyman's slightest want, by offering a little dainty dish in a sort of beseeching way, and venturing to hint that it was "very nice," as she lingered a moment to see if he would recall his first refusal.

Our friend's wan face lighted with a kindly smile as he said, "I *must* taste this, as you say it is so good," and he helped himself to a small portion, to the girl's great delight.

Afterwards he spoke of this little incident, and of the true sympathy with his weakness and suffering which she manifested in every word and act.

"In these days," he said, "a kind of stony unconsciousness is generally required in table attendants. But for my part, I would rather have your bright-faced waitress, whose countenance is perpetually reflecting the quick sympathies of her true, warm heart, than a whole regiment of well-drilled waiting machines."

Do not imagine for an instant that this sympathy in work and consequent familiar intercourse ever made our servants less obedient or respectful. The contrary was the case. Communion in Christian work, life and aim, whilst it will bring about frequent and close familiar intercourse between mistress and maid, would be the last thing in the world to engender the sort of familiarity which "breeds contempt."

No. This kind of union will be productive of mutual and ever-growing affection and respect, and will alike tend to the well-being of the family itself, and of all who are brought within the sphere of its influence.

Those who are Christ's servants are always more faithful to their earthly employers than are any others.

Those who, filling the place of mistresses, most earnestly desire to serve the Lord, are ever the most patient in dealing with others, and most truly reasonable in their requirements.

(*To be concluded.*)

SNATCHED FROM PRISON DOORS.

By EMMA LESLIE, Author of "Out of the Mouth of the Lion."

CHAPTER III.

AMY'S ESCAPADE.

"HAVE you seen Amy, Miss Carrington?" Lina was standing near the warehouse, waiting and watching for her companion to appear; but the stream of girls leaving their work had well-nigh ceased, and so Lina asked one of the last of them, thinking it possible that Amy might be detained from some cause.

"I saw her with her things on, ready to leave ten minutes ago. She told me she wanted to get out early," replied the girl.

"I wonder how I could have missed her," said Lina; "we always wait for each other at this corner."

"Perhaps she has gone on, as it is so wet to-night," suggested the other.

"Oh, perhaps she has gone on by omnibus," said Lina, thinking of what had passed in the morning; but, resolving not to encourage such extravagance, she determined to walk home herself. "She will have the fire alight by the time I get home, and that will be comfortable such a wet night."

"Do you and Miss Carrington live together?"

"Yes; we live at Islington," said Lina.

"So do I. Shall we walk together? My name is Mary Adams."

And the two girls went on through the splashy streets, chatting as well as they could. Mary, who knew the route thoroughly, took her companion by a quieter way than the main road, and so they were able to become somewhat acquainted, for although they had seen each other often, they had never spoken before, but in the course of their walk they became very good friends, and before they reached home Mary said—

"You like Amy Carrington, of course; she is such a merry little thing. But do you think you could say a word to her about her work."

"About her work?" repeated Lina.

"I don't mean the way she does her work, but you know how particular they are, and she will laugh and chatter with William Haynes whenever he comes into the room. She has been spoken to about it once, and, besides, Haynes is not a nice lad; he will do her no good, I am sure, so I thought if you could give her a quiet hint it might save a little fuss."

"I will, the first chance I get; but you see it is not easy with a girl like Amy," said Lina, "she is so full of fun, and yet so easily offended. She did not like what I said last night about theatres and music halls, and I have been trying to think of something we could do of an evening to make a little change for her. She don't care about needlework, you see, and so the time seems long after we get home."

"Well, I don't like it either, and you see my mother does all for me; but I am trying to improve myself, so as to keep pace with my brother. We are the only two, and have done everything together; but he is younger than me, he hasn't left school yet, but I never had the chance of learning what he does, and so I want to make up for it by reading of an evening. Now couldn't we do this together—all three of us, I mean? We could exchange ideas about what we read, and help each other that way," said Mary, eagerly.

Lina laughed. "I am afraid I don't know enough to make my ideas worth exchanging," she said.

"Well, of course we shall all be learners, but I think it would be a help to me, if you don't mind trying the plan, and I know mother would be pleased to have you come in of an evening sometimes."

"Well, I'll talk to Amy about it," said Lina. "This is where I live," she added, pausing at the steps, and looking up at the window.

"There don't seem to be either fire or light," remarked Mary.

"Perhaps she has gone upstairs to take her things off," said Lina. "Good-night; I must make haste in, for I am rather wet."

Truth to tell, she was rather anxious too, but she did not wish her new friend to notice this; but when the door was opened, she said, eagerly—

"Has Miss Carrington come in?"

"I haven't seen her, miss. Didn't you walk home together to-night?"

"No, we missed each other. Dear me! how tiresome, and such a wet night too. She will be looking about for me," said Lina, as she took off her wet cloak.

"I'll take it downstairs for you and hang it by the kitchen fire," said Mrs. Mead. "And don't you worry about Miss Carrington; she'll take care of herself, depend upon it."

"I hope she won't take cold," said Lina, thinking of her thin boots; "I'll make haste and light the fire, and get the tea ready."

"You can have some hot water as soon as you like, Miss Lina. I'll take your kettle down and fill it from mine that's boiling; you'll be glad of a cup of tea, I dare say."

"Thank you, I shall," said Lina, and she hurried her things off and set light to the fire, hoping every minute Amy would knock at the door, yet growing vaguely uneasy as the minutes passed and she did not come.

She set the tea-things and made the tea, but would not begin at once, for fear Amy should be disappointed. But when half an hour had passed, she sat down and poured out her own tea, thinking that Amy must have met with some old friend while waiting for her, and she would be in shortly. But an hour passed, two hours passed, and then Lina, in some alarm, went and called Mrs. Mead.

"What can I do?" she asked. "I am afraid something has happened to Amy, or she would not stay out like this."

"Well, Miss Lina, it is strange surely, but I wouldn't worry about her yet. Have you looked upstairs to see whether she's got her usual things on, or whether she's dressed as though she was going to stay out for the evening?"

"Oh, she would have told me if she had any thought of staying out so late," said Lina.

"Well, I don't know, she's a giddy young thing and—and you'll excuse me mentioning it, but I fancied she had on her best dress when she went out this morning."

"I'll go and see," said Lina, and she ran upstairs, slowly followed by Mrs. Mead. As she opened the bedroom door Mrs. Mead's suspicions were confirmed, for there hung Amy's everyday dress, and, looking in the cupboard, Lina saw that her best one was not in its usual place.

"Are those things yours, Miss Lina?" asked Mrs. Mead, pointing to the bed, where Amy's collars, cuffs, and ribbons were strewed about.

Lina shook her head; she felt too much hurt to speak, and wished her landlady had not followed her upstairs.

"I remember now," she said, slowly, "Amy had those ribbons and things out this morning."

"Ah, then she's gone off somewhere for the evening," said Mrs. Mead, a little triumph in her tone. Amy was no favourite of hers, and it seemed as though she was not sorry to find her predictions of her coming to no good likely to be fulfilled.

"I'm glad we are so far assured that no harm has happened to her," said Lina, as she gathered up the things off the bed, and put them into Amy's drawer.

"Well, I don't know; I don't feel so sure about that myself," said Mrs. Mead. "There's harm and harm, you know, and a giddy young thing like Amy gets led into mischief before she knows it. Why couldn't she tell you where she was going; she must have known all about it when she went out this morning."

"Yes, she might have told me, but you see she is as old as I am, and so quite capable of taking care of herself, and managing her own business," said Lina.

"Capable!" exclaimed Mrs. Mead, "about as capable as a half-fledged sparrow. I don't believe she ever thinks of anything but finery, and I only hope she may not get herself into trouble before long."

"She is not such a baby as you think. I have no doubt we shall find that she has gone to spend the evening with some old friend," said Lina, speaking with some dignity as she closed the bedroom door, and went downstairs again to wait for Amy's return. She tried to assure herself that there was nothing extraordinary in what Amy had done, that they had known each other such a little time, that she had a perfect right to please herself; but still, try as she would, she could not help feeling hurt and disappointed that no word had been said to her about this evening's engagement, whatever it might be.

About half-past ten Mrs. Mead knocked at the parlour door. "I'm going to bed now, Miss Lina," she said. "Shall I leave the street door for you to fasten up. Do you think Amy will be home to-night?"

"Oh yes, Mrs. Mead, I shall sit up for her, and will take care to fasten up the street door securely as soon as she comes in."

"You seem sure she's coming," said Mrs. Mead. "Don't sit up all night, Miss Lina, because if she has gone to friends, as you suppose, she may stay all night."

"I don't think she'll do that," said Lina, confidently. "Good-night, Mrs. Mead; I'll take care to fasten the door," she added.

Another hour passed, and Lina had put out the lamp and taken her post at the window to watch for Amy. It still rained, and few people were passing now, and in the soundless quiet every footfall was heard approaching either up or down the street. Lina began to shiver more from nervous tension than cold, when all at once the quiet of the street was broken by the sound of laughing and talking, and in a minute or two, by the light of a lamp on the opposite side. Lina saw Amy walking between two young men, and laughing almost incessantly.

They paused opposite the house, and Lina went and lighted the lamp before opening the door; but she stood some minutes holding it close before Amy bade her friends good-night and came up the steps.

"La, Lina, how white and frightened you look! One would think I was a ghost," said Amy, laughing, as she walked into the parlour. "Didn't you expect to see me?" she asked.

"I didn't know what to expect," said Lina. "Amy, where have you been?"

She laughed as she turned away to take off her cloak. "Do you know what they used to say to me when I was a child? Girls shouldn't ask questions, and then they'll have no stories told them."

"But I think I have a right to ask this, and have it answered truthfully," said Lina, with some dignity.

"Oh, don't make a bother about such a trifle; I'm tired, and want to go to bed," said Amy.

"But it isn't a trifle to me," said Lina; "how was I to know but that you had been run over and carried to some hospital, or killed?"

"Well, you see I haven't, so let that content you. Oh, no, I don't want bread-and-cheese; I've had something better than that," she said, with a short laugh, as Lina took up the loaf to cut some bread.

"Very well then, we'll go to bed," said Lina, and nothing more was said, although Lina felt far from comfortable at the conduct of her companion, and the thought again came to her mind that they had better separate.

But the next morning saw Amy in a different mood. Lina had a severe headache, and really looked quite ill when she got up.

"I'm afraid it's all my fault; you sat up late for me, and worried yourself as though you thought I should be killed, you poor old dear." And Amy put her arms round Lina's neck and kissed her.

"Amy, you won't go out again like this, will you?" said Lina, solemnly.

"Well, no I shan't. I didn't think you'd get in such a fidget about me, or I don't believe I'd have gone; though, when those two theatre tickets came yesterday morning, and I thought of the fun I could have just for once with young Haynes, I never thought about you worrying yourself over me."

"And you went with that young Haynes—gave him one of the tickets?" said Lina.

"Yes, where was the harm? You wouldn't go, you said, and I didn't want to go by myself."

"Oh, Amy, how could you?" said Lina. "And I've heard, too, that Haynes is not at all steady—not at all a good companion for you."

"Now, don't look like that, Lina, or I shall laugh. There, lie down on the bed again, and I'll go and make you a cup of tea, and then you'll feel better. No, I won't be scolded any more; I've had my bit of fun, and now I'm going to

settle down and be as prim as you please."

And before Lina could say another word she ran out of the room, and in a very short time came back again with a delicious cup of tea, and some very thin bread-and-butter on a plate.

"There, now, you are to lie here until it is time for us to go," said Amy, as she handed Lina the tea.

"How quick you have been, dear! This is nice," said Lina, tasting the tea.

"Yes, I begged some hot water from Mrs. Mead, and there'll be no need for you to do any more scolding, for she's given me a piece of her mind—a large piece, too; and if it's a sample of the rest, I shan't want any more of it, I can tell you."

"No, dear, I hope not. Mrs. Mead did not like you being out late, I could see, last night, and two young girls like us ought to be careful."

"Young girls! Why, we're old enough to take care of ourselves; and as for you, why, you're like a grandmother—I'll call you granny, I think, for the future."

"But, Amy, promise me you'll have no more to do with this young Haynes," said Lina, following up the advantage she thought she had gained.

"What do you mean, Lina? I don't have anything to do with him, as you call it."

"But you went to the theatre with him last night, and you must have talked to him before that."

"Well, of course I must be civil if I'm spoken to," she said, with a merry laugh.

"Yes, but you know what I mean; we can be civil without laughing and talking with the young men."

"As if they'd let us," said Amy.

"Do promise, Amy."

"What! Tell the young man he's not good enough to talk to me, if ever he should attempt to speak again."

Lina made no reply to this, but after a few minutes' silence she said, "Amy, do you wish us to separate?"

"Separate! What do you mean? You can't be in earnest, Lina; I thought we were going to live together for ever," said Amy, in some consternation.

Lina was glad to see this, and resolved to make use of it. "I have no wish for us to separate at present," she said, "but you know if we are to live together comfortably, we must yield a little to each other's tastes and wishes. Thus far I have yielded to you in almost everything; now it is your turn, Amy—do you understand?"

Amy was by no means deficient in understanding when it suited her, and she had never heard Lina speak in such a firm, decided tone before.

"Very well," she said, rather sulkily, "if you make such a point of it, I suppose I must promise."

"My dear Amy, it is for your own sake I want you to do this. You must see that two girls like us all alone in London ought to be very careful, more so than those who have friends to look after them."

"But where's the harm in having a joke sometimes, or laughing a bit if one gets the chance? It helps you on with the work, I'm sure."

"Well, for one thing it is against the rules, and therefore no steady young man or woman would do it; and as to being a help in our work, you know it leads to mistakes. But I have your promise now, dear, and so I feel sure you will avoid young Haynes as much as you can without being rude; and now we will let the whole affair drop and say no more about it."

Amy went out of the room muttering, but Lina did not notice this. She was glad she had had the opportunity of speaking firmly to Amy, and hoped that good would yet arise from the foolish girl's escapade.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

TEMPER AS IT SHOULD BE.—The first and most important quality in woman is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to the fair sex insinuation and persuasion, in order to be surly; it did not make them weak, in order to be imperious; it did not give them a sweet voice, in order to be employed in scolding; it did not provide them with delicate features, in order to be disfigured with anger. A wife frequently has cause to lament her condition, but never to utter bitter complaints. A husband too indulging is apt to make an impertinent wife, but unless he be a monster, sweetness of temper in his wife will restore him to good humour and soon or late triumph over him.

DIFFICULT TO PLEASE.—People who are over-difficult to please, often choose the worst at last; and those who will have nothing but the best, must either submit to frequent mortification, or stay until none but the worst is left.

IN ANGER.—Before you give way to anger, try to find a reason for not being angry. Remember too that wrath kindles wrath, therefore, make it an indispensable rule never to utter a word while you are angry.

FRIENDS AND FOES.

The man who has a thousand friends,
Has not a friend to spare;
But he who has one enemy,
Will meet him everywhere.

Emerson.

DOING GOOD.—She who does good to another does also good to herself, not only in the consequence but in the very act of doing it, for the conscience of well-doing is an ample reward.

REPENTANCE.—Repentance hath a purifying power, and every tear is of a cleansing virtue; but these penitential clouds must be still kept dropping. One shower will not suffice, for repentance is not a single action, but a course.

HOW SHOPPING IS GONE ABOUT IN JAPAN.—Japanese shopping is an art to be acquired, apparently, and I have not patience for it. As a general rule I would rather give something approaching the price first asked by the vendor, than spend my time in haggling over it; but foreigners, who are expert, never do anything so extravagant, and in the estimation of the shopkeepers so absurd. If you like and wish to buy an article, you don't ask its price, but that of several other things, working indifferently round to it. Perhaps the vendor says ten *yen;* you laugh as if you were very much amused and say two *yen.* He laughs derisively but quite goodnaturedly, and you put it down, on which he says eight *yen;* you laugh again and walk about, on which he looks amused and says seven *yen;* you say carelessly three *yen;* he looks sad and appears to calculate on his *soroban;* you move as if to go out, when most likely he claps his hands, looks jubilant, and says *yuroshi,* which means that you are to have it for three *yen,* which possibly is far more than it is worth to him. If the sellers were sour and glum, this process would be unbearable, but if you are courteous and smiling they are as pleasant as people can be.—*Isabella L. Bird.*

FIRST YEARS AND LAST YEARS.—The greatest part of mankind employ their first years to make their last years miserable.

TO-MORROW.

Just as the hinder of two chariot wheels
Still presses closely on its fellow's heels,
So flies to-morrow, while you fly as fast,
For ever following, and for ever last.

MUSIC AGAINST TIME. — Several years ago a musician declared that he could strike one million notes on the piano in the space of twelve hours. Accordingly he took a compass of three octaves, ascending and descending the different scale, and struck 109,296 notes in the first hour; 125,928 in the second hour; 121,176 in the third hour; 121,176 in the fourth hour; 125,136 in the fifth hour; 125,136 in the sixth hour; 127,512 in the seventh hour; 127,512 in the eighth hour; 47,520 in twenty minutes, thus making a total of 1,030,392 notes in a little over eight hours, which, with the periods of rest which he allowed himself, amounted to a few minutes short of the twelve hours agreed upon.

HOW TO IMPROVE THE MIND.—The mind is but a barren soil, a soil which is soon exhausted and will produce no crop, or only one, unless it be continually fertilised and enriched with foreign matter.

MARRIED LIFE.—Love in marriage should be the accomplishment of a beautiful dream, and not, as it too often proves, the end.—*Karr.*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

EACH, in its turn, a welcome rest we find:
Too much of either will exhaust the mind.

1. My first, enlarg'd, will name an English town,
   Close by the borders of a forest fair,
   Wherein a noble outlaw gain'd renown
   By daring pranks which he enacted there.
2. An often-cherish'd English bird
   Of darkest hue and clearest song;
   When other notes no more are heard,
   He sings the summer evening long.
3. A frontier-fortress and the first that fell
   When Christian sov'reigns rous'd themselves for war
   To banish from their land the infidel
   And drive him to his kindred tribes afar.
4. Loveliest of lakes! thy placid face contrasts
   With anarchy that ravages thy land!
   Here echo answers to the bugle-blasts
   And flow'ring shrubs adorn the em'rald strand.

XIMENA.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (page 671).

R O S S*
ALDEBARAN
I N D I G O
NETHER BOW
Rain. Snow.

* New Ross, Co. Wexford.

EDUCATIONAL.

BURY SIMNEL and FATHER'S TEAZE.—1. Write for the papers and all information, either to Cambridge, Oxford, or to London University College, and having obtained them, make your own choice. For the Cambridge Junior Local Examination, held in December, fee £1, write to the secretary, the Rev. G. F. Browne, St. Catherine's College. For the same at Oxford, held in June, fee £1, secretary G. E. Baker, Esq., Magdalen College, Clarendon Buildings. For London University, address the Registrar, University of London, Burlington Gardens, W. Should you prefer Durham University, the junior examination is held in June, fee £1. Secretary, A. Beanlands, Esq., University of Durham. 2. Evening classes are held at the "College for Men and Women," 29, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, W.C. The College for Working Women, 5, Fitzroy-street, Fitzroy-square, W.C. The Brompton Evening College for Women, 1, Queen-street, Brompton, S.W., at from one shilling per class per term, to a compound fee for all the classes, of nine shillings per term. And the Birkbeck Library and Scientific Institute, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane. Women are admitted here to classes, lectures, and library, the subscription being four shillings quarterly.

MURIEL COMPTOES.—We do not recommend you to adopt a line of life so full of temptation—all the more dangerous for you, if, as you say, you have no friends to advise, or act as guardians. Try to select some honourable calling in which you will be less exposed to injurious influences; asking guidance in prayer, to choose aright.

DELTA.—We suppose that the examination to which you refer would be the ordinary entrance examination, held in March and in June. Address the Principal, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, for full information.

ELAINE.—You are at present too young to think of earning a living, as you have evidently not yet been trained for anything, nor do you tell us of any special taste or talent to suit you for any department of work or business. Nursing, civil service, and teaching are openings that may be suggested.

VICTORIA CASSALS.—The addresses of such schools would be obtained by looking for advertisements in the *Times* or *Guardian*. We do not give addresses nor undertake any such responsibility.

GWENDOLINE GRANDCOURT.—We believe that the two exams. you name are about equal in severity. A leather card case is very inexpensive, but there is a pretty worked one at page 621, vol. i., under the heading, "My Work Basket."

WORK.

MARY ADELAIDE.—1. Many wear a strip of hemmed book-muslin sewn along that part that touches the neck. 2. Try the use of white or red tracing-linen, or add a little gum to the Chinese white.

E. SHELSWELL.—For directions how to re-heel stockings, see pages 287 and 486, vol. i.

JENNIE DEANS.—If the shine on your black cloth jacket be produced by grease, sponge it with benzoline or draw it out with a hot iron and blotting-paper. If it be worn and becoming threadbare, nothing can be done for its restoration, save using the "black reviver" mentioned in "Useful Hints," page 238, vol. ii., to sponge the entire jacket, after which press with an iron on the wrong side.

LILY OF THE VALLEY. — With reference to your sofa-blanket, shades of violet would look well next the shaded green stripe, and shades of blue next the red. Your quotation is from a speech by Polonius, in "Hamlet," but not quite correctly rendered.

ADELA.—The stitch you require for knitting a shawl will be found at page 160, vol. ii., under the name "Point de Neige," and in answer to "L. A."

MOON DAISY.—Pink is a colour that with ordinary care will bear washing well. However, you may put a little ox-gall into the water, and that will probably preserve the colour. Try this on a small piece, and be guided by the result. If a failure, send the dress to a cleaner, and if he undertake to wash it let him do so.

SYB.—We can only recommend a hot iron and blotting-paper to be applied to either flannel or cloth, for the extraction of any kind of oil or grease.

MADAME MERE.—We shall not forget your gratefully worded request, but have you not heard, like ourselves, that there are no *old* ladies now, mamma's, aunt's, and daughter's dress being so much alike in shape and material?

DOT.—Many thanks for your kind letter. "How much to spend on dress" is a question which depends on many things, but more especially on your own individual duties and responsibilities. We think from £25 to £30 is a good allowance for any girl; and if she takes care of her things, and can make them herself, either partially or wholly, she will not be likely to need so much.

MAUD.—To make wool-flowers, or "arrasene," see the article on the subject, fully illustrated, page 21, vol. iii.

HOPEFUL and EARNEST.—We could not offer an opinion on the subject, as you do not tell us what you can do to earn the money you want.

BLUE CASHMERE.—Send the dress to a cleaner, or have the bodice washed. We think the stain on the back will probably be immovable, and you may require a new bodice.

PRIMROSE. Fruit stains may be removed by the fumes of sulphur. Holding a lucifer match over them would answer. When washed they will all come out.

RESCUED.—We are very thankful to hear that you have profited so much by our paper, especially in the way of making your own dresses.

COOKERY.

LADY MAY.—It is pleasant to think that your father enjoys our paper as much as, you kindly say, you do yourself. You lean too heavily on your pen, and the nib is too thick. Slope the letters more. To pickle beetroot, wash well, peel, and cut in circular slices, not very thin. Place in jars, adding a little mace, peppercorns, cloves, horseradish, table salt, and sliced ginger. Then fill up the jars with the best vinegar, and tie down closely with bladders.

FLOY.—To make almond rock, see page 575, vol. ii. A "recipe" is a prescription, or a statement of how to make anything; a "receipt" is an acknowledgment of having received money, or any other article.

NELLY C.—1. For making lemon cheese-cakes, see page 95, vol. i. 2. There is a training school in connection with the Northern Union of Training Schools in Cookery at Liverpool. Address Miss F. L. Calder, 49, Canning-street. The training occupies about six months, and the fees are seven guineas for artisan cookery and ten guineas for the full course, including all branches.

COUNTRY GIRL.—See "How to Make Jelly," page 234, vol. iii.

LIZZIE.—For a recipe for crystallising fruit see page 92, vol. iii. You have over-boiled the toffee, which always results in its becoming sugary.

IVY LEAF.—To make jam-sandwiches, make some light puff-paste; roll out very thin, and make small strips about the size of a spectacle-case. Lay a little jam smoothly and sparingly on one side, and lay the other upon it; then brush the outside over with white of egg, using a feather, and sprinkle a very little powdered sugar on the top before baking. Watch them, that they may not be over-baked. They should come out a light brown colour.

E. B. (Rhenish Prussia).—To make a "compote of rhubarb," cut a pound of stalks into short lengths; place six ounces of sugar in one pint of water, and boil it for ten minutes; then put the rhubarb into it, and leave all to simmer gently for a quarter of an hour. We do not know of any "famous American fruit pie." Do you mean one made of pumpkins?

EMERALD.—See pages 92, 158, vol. iii., for ginger wine.

HOUSEKEEPER (Brazil).—For a good pudding to be eaten cold, as well as hot, see "Queen Pudding," at page 62, vol. iii. (answer to "Fidelis"). The Latin motto, *Carpe diem*, means both "Seize the opportunity," and "Enjoy the present day."

ART.

LITTLE DOT. — We think that the fullest possible information as to colours and working is given in the article on "Barbotine Painting;" even the address where the proper colours are to be procured. Use either feathers or flock for your cushion.

A READER OF THE "G. O. P."—Inquire of any artist's colourman. The parents of the bride pay for the breakfast.

ANXIOUS B.—We do not quite understand what you want in addition if you possess all the drawing-books on the list you enclose, as they are considered excellent. However, there are others, to be obtained at most stationers', and you need nothing else but some cheap paper, pencils, and rubber.

C. F. W.—Please write again.

CURIOUS LILLIE.—We do not understand your query, "How to apply ink on white jean for forming designs." Use a pen for etching, and for "spatter-work," see page 623, vol. i.

LILLIE. — Instructions for crystoleum painting were given in *Silver Sails*. See pages 38 and 39.

DAME TROT.—Use very fine jean to etch upon, or fine thin linen. The d'oyleys would be fringed at the edges.

EULALIE DE VERE.—We fear you would not find such sketches saleable, and you will have to study much more before your work would be worth drawing on wood.

NELLIE has our warm acknowledgments for her kind letter. We are very happy to hear that our terra-cotta instructions have been of such good service.

A. B.—There are so many good manuals on the subject that it would not be worth while to have a special article in our magazine at this late period.

PAINTBRUSH.—Where there is the least fear that the painting may be injured by gas, *it is best to have* glass. It is very generally used in any case. Paintings should always be varnished.

MARIE.—We could not say. The sale of such things would entirely depend on yourself and your own exertions in finding a place where they would take them on sale.

ALLEGRO.—There is no means of taking out the marks and spots which you describe. You had better have the photograph copied, if valuable to yourself. The "gum tree" of the Southern States of America is the "Uyssa multiflora." The "gum tree" of Australia is of the genus "Eucalyptus," and has a straight branchless stem from one to two hundred feet high. In the Southern American States a gum tree means sometimes a hollow tree.

MISCELLANEOUS.

STINGING NETTLE.—St. John was banished to Patmos by Domitian, and recalled by Nero. He died in the reign of Trajan at Ephesus, A.D. 70. We are glad to hear that our magazine is of so much use to you.

TOURIST.—We recommend you to procure "Bradbury's Guide to the English Lakes," price one shilling, with a map. Write to John Heywood, the publisher, at Manchester.

"LIETH SICK." — We sympathise greatly with you, and all around the sick bed, and heartily desire that the young sufferer may be spared pain, and may enjoy that peace which is the heritage of those who trust only in the merits of their Saviour. The verses are not correct in composition, and we regret we cannot publish them.

GREEN EYES.—You write too vaguely. Is the stain that of ink, tea, or coffee, wine, paint, grease or fruit? For that of tea or coffee see page 126, vol. ii.; grease, see page 14, vol. ii.; ink, page 439, vol. ii. Then take vol. i., and see all that is said about removing grease spots, pages 64, 80, 127, and 319. Also in the same vol. "Inkmarks," pages 511, 319, 64, 95, and 222. Also in the same vol. "To take Stains of Wine out of Linen," page 80; and "Stains from Black Silk," page 96. We cannot spare time for directing you further, merely at random.

GEE.—To remove ink-stains out of wood you would have to apply what would leave white spots. Better to get it scraped and re-polished.

CASSANDRA.—The reason why men leave two cards where women leave but one is because women only leave them on each other, while men are bound to leave them on the lady of the house and likewise on her husband (or brother, if the master). Were there two ladies to be called upon, a lady should leave a card for each; but if one were a daughter of the house, the card for her mother would suffice if folded over at one end.

KINGFISHER.—Those who suffer from sick headaches should pay great attention to their diet, and avoid rich and greasy things, beer, and porter, and too many sweets. A sandwich made of bread, or biscuit and butter, thickly covered with cayenne pepper, or a cayenne pepper pill or two, will alleviate the headache when it has begun.

HEATHER LINTIE.—We think you must have forgotten Milton's beautiful lines, "They also serve who only stand and wait." Amongst the most lovely of the Christian virtues are Faith, Patience, and Resignation, and God in His mercy has made it possible to you to exercise all three. Turn your mind resolutely from your own troubles, and try to discover objects outside yourself to interest and divert your mind. Check the disposition to talk of yourself and your ailments, and throw yourself into the troubles and the cares of other people. Perhaps you are leaving your work undone while you are mourning and lamenting over your troubles. It is surprising how long threatened people do live, and we hope you will prove no exception to the rule.

LENA T. O. M.—The use of abbreviations in letter-writing is unladylike and incorrect, being too familiar in style for good-breeding. Your writing is careless, and might be improved.

EDITH LLOYD and J. T. R.—We regret to say your poems are not suitable for insertion in our paper.

LILIAS REDGAUNTLET.—Many thanks for the enigma, which we regret to decline.

RUTH.—Works of fiction of any kind should always be read as a relaxation, and to rest the mind when fatigued by difficult studies, or by troubled thought. But care should be taken to keep them for such times, and to avoid that indiscriminate over-indulgence in them which is so dangerous and enervating to the young and imaginative.

OLIVE.—If the object of the concert be a charitable one, and you have been asked to give your services, we do not think you can hesitate if nothing really prevents your singing. We must thank you for your kindly and warm commendations of our paper. We could not be so ungracious as to find fault with the writing that conveyed them.

A MOTHER.—The parents of the bride pay for the carriages required. The bridegroom usually comes in a carriage of his own, for which he pays, and the same carriage conveys the newly-married couple from the church, and to the railway station, if they go away. The bouquets are generally given by the bridegroom to the bride and her bridesmaids, but at present they buy their own gloves.

MOLLY.—Your face will often become flushed if your feet are cold, but such troubles arise also from a weak digestion, or mental work too soon after eating.

LIMY BOY.—The articles on "The Duties of Servants" will be found at pages 534, 646, vol. ii.

IMPATIENCE.—The 15th October, 1865, was a Sunday.

PANSY.—We do not know of any Institute to which old kid gloves are of value.

GING'ORING AND BLINDBAT.—A cardinal of the Roman Church is addressed as "Your Eminence;" the Pope, as "Your Holiness," and "Holy Father."

EDITH.—You must either advertise or obtain the situation by inquiring amongst your friends. Fancy-work is of little value at present, as nearly everyone does it for themselves.

E. G. B.—Wash the white feathers with curd-soap and warm water, shake dry before a fire, and then curl each filament with a blunt pen-knife, or a paper-knife.

PUSSY S. E. A.—We must refer you to page 751, vol. iii. for the meaning of the use of the letters "M." and "N." in the Catechism. The pronunciation of the name of the French town "Cannes" is like that of the English word "Can." Your writing is so illegible, we can scarcely read it. See "Tortoises," page 367, vol. iii.

QUEEN ESTHER.—The allusion to "Vanda" is from "The Betrothed," by Sir Walter Scott. She was the spirit with the red hand, who appeared in the haunted chamber to the heroine of the story. Egbert was the first king of all England. He ascended the throne A.D. 827, and was the first of the line of Saxon kings which ended with the Norman conquest.

USELESS ONE.—1. Several queries on the same subject were answered at page 496, vol. iv. (the number for May 5, 1883). It is not a text in the Bible. 2. Write to the secretary of the East London Hospital for Children, or to that in Great Ormond-street, and make inquiries direct.

LUCINI MARCELLO.—Cut the bread-and-butter very thinly, take off the crust and roll it. There are several heads under which the various styles of musical compositions are classified, amongst which are the classical, operatic, martial, dance, and sacred music, besides others.

MAYFLOWER.—Change the blotting-paper in which you press the flowers frequently. This question has been often answered.

L. E. S.—A gentleman would take off his glove, not a lady in that case.

BOOKKEEPER.—The tale of Robinson Crusoe, written by De Foe, was founded on the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, but the hero himself and his man Friday were the creations of De Foe. But we do not enjoy the story less because of its not being wholly fact, and you must accept the amusement and instruction of "Robina Crusoe" in the same way.

QUERKSY.—We do not approve of such foolish attempts to alter the appearance, and must decline to answer you.

ROSA BONHEUR.—Ladies as a rule do not fee male servants. When staying at a friend's house, therefore, you would fee the upper housemaid; in a smaller house you would fee the parlourmaid and housemaid. Where there is a butler or a man out of livery, you would fee him if he attended to your errands or letters.

THE ARTLESS THING.—Cards are not now sent out after a wedding, and cake only to relations or *very* intimate friends. When the bride receives her friends, some wedding-cake may be offered with the afternoon tea. We could not say; it would depend on the position of the bridegroom.

ELSIE CAIRD complains, like many other English girls, of having had her digestive organs completely put out of order, and to a very serious extent indeed, by a three years' residence in Germany (probably at school), where the cookery was exceedingly greasy in character. The only safe plan to adopt is to procure the advice of a good doctor, and carefully follow the course of treatment he may recommend. Medicine for the liver will be necessary, and possibly a liver tonic. A diet consisting of little if any meat for a time, and neither butter nor one atom of fat of any kind, nor of fried food. A little boiled fish or roast or boiled fowl, and light puddings, a little dressed vegetables, stewed or roast apples, but no oranges. Avoid study or any employment for an hour after dinner, and half an hour after other meals. Dine early, masticate slowly and thoroughly. If the sickness take place after eating, try a dessertspoonful of chicken broth, hot or cold, at a time, and swallow a small scrap of ice immediately after it, and remain perfectly still. This may stop the sickness and restore strength to the stomach, to enable it to do more very shortly. This is all we dare advise. See a doctor, for your case appears to be serious. One visit would at least suffice to supply you with a suitable prescription for medicine.

OLD DUKE.—"All rights reserved," means that the book or magazine and its contents cannot be translated nor used in any way for re-publication without permission of the publishers or author.

A CONSTANT READER OF THE G. O. P. (Norwich).—You will not, we think, find much difficulty in procuring a house such as you need, but you will be obliged to come to London, and, like anyone else, walk about your favourite localities and search for what you want.

GRISELDA.—We fear our business engagements would not permit of our undertaking any extra work.

IGNORAMUS.—If the lady be at home when you call, and not her husband, leave your husband's card for him.

MAY.—Write and congratulate the bridegroom, and express the hope of making the bride's acquaintance at some future day.

CARINA.—Mustard and cress may be grown in a sponge. Reading aloud slowly and distinctly will probably be of service to you.

NAN, NAN.—Inquire at any chemist's for the prepared charcoal, which is sold in bottles, as well as in biscuit form. Full directions are given with each bottle, and there are, we believe, several sizes and prices.

JO (Bristol).—There is no preventive for mosquitoes that we know of, save the "smudges," or little fires, used in America, and lit in the evening all round the houses in the Bush, so that the smoke may drive the mosquitoes away. Net blinds are also useful in the windows, and net or muslin curtains closely-fitting over the beds.

SUNBEAM.—There is nothing to prevent your adding the "de" before your name, if you consider you are entitled to it, and there is no one to pay for doing so.

THE SUMMER NUMBER.

Mother (restraining her tears).—"We must bear up, my darling, and must try to borrow it from a friend. Oh, why did we neglect to order it in time!"

The "Heralds' College," Queen Victoria-street, London, E.C., would be the place to which you should apply for information on the subject. They have every information relating to English families of any note. What is called an "Heraldic Stationer," we believe, would also tell you; there are many advertising in London papers.

NELLIE BURKE.—We think that the lines lack originality, so much so that we have been trying to remember the hymn from which they are taken, probably unconsciously even to yourself.

"GRANDMOTHER DEAR."—One of the great drawbacks to German schools for English girls is the diet, which seems in many cases to have affected the digestion and the health of those sent to them. Growing girls need careful treatment, and this subject should be well considered.

ALICE EVERTON.—We are gratified by your letter, which is well expressed, and fairly well written. In reference to "washing and starching a black print dress," see pages 18, 107, and 219, vol. ii., under "How to Wash and Iron."

WINIFRED.—We regret to say that your verses are not "poetry." The versification is quite incorrect, and no poetical and original ideas occur in them. Your handwriting promises well, but is not yet quite formed

DIDO, OR KATHLEEN.—You show considerable power of penmanship, great freeness and steadiness of hand. You would write an exceptionally good one if only sloped the right way, like "Mater's," which is a good one. "Maude" writes like her mother, or at least much in the same style. "Lillian" gives good promise, but her letters are upright.

SPERANZA and PATIENZA.—The poems enclosed, "Why?" and "Infelix," we shall have pleasure in inserting in THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER (in "The Girl's Own Page"), if you send us a certificate of their being your own, a matter of rule, not personal to yourself; and at the same time state your age. We admire your poems much. Yes, we number many of your countrywomen amongst our correspondents. Your sister might use some wash for her hair unmixed with any oil or grease. It ought to shine; rough black hair would be frightful.

LILIAN C.—A person with a "white" skin and "blue eyes" could not be termed a "brunette." To be thus described, the skin should either be of a clear olive hue, like a southron, or of a nut-brown complexion, like a gipsy, and the red colour should be like that of a russet-apple. Reduce the size of your writing and slope the letters the right way, and you will write a beautiful hand.

ADA and LIZZIE.—Your quotation—

> "Oh, woman! in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,"

is from Sir Walter Scott's poem, "The Lady of the Lake." The term "blue-stocking" originated in a learned society formed at Venice in the year 1400, the members, men and women, adopting as a distinguishing mark the wearing of blue stockings. On dying out there, it appeared in Paris in 1590, the lady *savantes* taking up the idea warmly. It came to England in 1780, and was patronised by Mrs. Montague, and died out in 1840 in the person of the last member of the society, Miss Monckton, afterwards Countess of Cork.

A. A.—We consider your little poem ("Sowing and Reaping") superior to the majority which we receive for review. May you hereafter realise the full happiness of the glorious "reaping" time to which you refer.

F. C. C. and P.—A full description of Her Majesty's household is to be found at pages 21 and 154, vol. ii. The duties of the various officers are there named in detail.

FLOSS.—To make a decoction of sarsaparilla, digest two and a half ounces for half an hour of the cut Jamaica sarsaparilla in one and a half pints of boiling water; then boil for ten minutes and strain. The dose is from a wine-glassful to half a pint.

CARRIE LEACH.—In reference to the salt mines of Wieliczka, Poland, it is true that there are halls and passages, a chapel containing statues cut out of salt; the mine is perfectly dry and airy, and the miners are a fine race of men, and their labour is healthy. But it is not true that any of them live underground, for they rarely remain below the surface for more than eight hours daily. How well you write for eight years old, and you express yourself very well!

PENHURST writes to tell us that an English girl at Amalfi has suggested that, as the inscription on the monumental slab covering the grave of Queen Katharine of Aragon, in Peterborough Cathedral, is obliterated, all girls spelling their Christian name in the same way should subscribe for putting up a brass there to her memory. She has sent the first donation herself, and others have followed her example. The idea appears to be a popular one, and Mrs. Perowne will receive any further subscriptions sent to the Deanery, Peterborough. 2. "A man of Kent" signified one born east of the Medway. These men went out with green boughs to William the Conqueror, and in return had all their ancient privileges confirmed to them. They call themselves "the *invicti*." A "Kentish man" is only a resident of that county, without reference to his birthplace.

SHAMROCK.—We acknowledge your kind letter with thanks, and regret that the verses you have sent us are not suitable for insertion in our paper. They only consist of prose in rhyme.

ALICE.—We are very glad to hear that you and your friends have succeeded in saving from £9 to £12 a year through the judicious instructions on the subject of dress supplied by a "Lady Dressmaker." The names "Alice" and "Alicia" count for one and the same.

S. E. C.—If you have failed in removing the machine-oil from your carpet by means of heat and blotting-paper, by benzine, and by washing with soap, we think you had better send it to a cleaner; or else, if practicable, you had better have the nearest seam ripped, and turn the outside edges of the carpet to the middle, so placing the stain at the wall, where less noticeable, and where a chair may cover it. The table will require to be repolished.

DAISY.—We should never recommend anything of the kind. We think that plenty of soap and water, daily exercise, and wholesome food are much better.

BERTHA, ANNIE B., and KEE.—We should advise you to leave it alone; nothing is a cure, though when it becomes very bad you can take refuge in a pair of tweezers. We consider all so-called "depilatories" both dangerous and useless.

VOL. IV.—NO. 190] AUGUST 18, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A LONG LANE WITH A TURNING.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XX.

"'HE WILL NOT COME,' SHE SAID."

WITH her thoughts still full of Arthur, and her eyes still wet with tears for him, Mary came to the bottom of the winding path, and stepped down upon the borders of the strawberry field. Something was lying in a heap among the tall wild flowers and grasses that grew profusely by the wayside. What was it? A bundle of old clothes laid down by a passing vagrant? or a tramp, taking a rest before addressing himself to his journey? Whatever it was, it lay strangely still in the summer sunshine.

She hesitated before she drew a step nearer to the heap. But a closer glance at the garments convinced her, first, that they were no tramp's clothes, and secondly, that there was someone inside them. Growing bolder, she stooped, and caught sight of a golden-brown head with a crowd of ox-eyed daisies nodding over it. It was a manly head, covered with crisp curls that reminded her of days long ago.

A sudden instinct prompted her to bend back the weeds; and then she saw the face.

It lay partly upturned to the sky, as

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WHAT CAN HAVE HAPPENED?

still and white as if it had been sculptured in marble; but Mary recognised it at the first glance.

Much of her old dreaminess had passed away with the years that were gone; and her first act, in this case, proved that she could be prompt and practical when a service was suddenly required of her. She loosened collar and neck-cloth, placed the head in an easier position, and then turned and sped up the winding path again as fast as her light feet could carry her.

"What has happened? What have you seen?" cried Bona, who was just coming out of the house door.

"Somebody is ill," Mary answered, running past her into the house.

There is, perhaps, no surer test of a woman's generosity than her bearing towards a man who has been a faithless lover. A smaller soul would have found even its compassion touched with bitterness; but Mary's nature was too noble to bear malice. When James recovered consciousness, the first rambling words that fell from his lips told plainly that he was a ruined man. And Mary, as she listened to the broken sentences, felt only the tenderest pity for the familiar friend of old days; there was not even the faintest thrill of triumph in her heart. Long ago the wrongs had been forgiven.

They had carried him into a chamber, and laid him down on a bed; and Mr. Allen's son had hurried off to bring the doctor. Once, as Mary busied herself about him, his eyes met hers with a look of intelligence; a hopeful sign, she thought, but it passed away as quickly as it came.

"James, do you know me?" she asked.

"Not Cassie," he muttered, "not Cassie."

"Not Cassie; but she will soon be here. We shall send for her."

"No, no," he said, uneasily. "She told me to go away. They are beggars—Cassie and the children. It was my fault. Bank—money, Uncle Jacob's money—all gone! Not Cassie."

There were tears on Mary's face as she stole away from the bedside, leaving Bona to take her place. She went into the little sitting-room downstairs, and wrote a letter to Mrs. Varner.

Before that letter was delivered in Yare, the whole town knew that James Listowe had gone away from his home at dead of night, without saying farewell to wife or children. Clerks and clients came to the grand house to make inquiries, but not one of them would Cassie see. She shut herself up with her misery; hard, bitter, defiant. All the courage and tact that had helped her in her past life were utterly gone, and there was nothing to supply their place. She would answer no questions; seek no counsel. A strange obstinacy, born of hopelessness, had taken possession of her, making her deaf to all entreaties, and regardless even of the interests of the little ones. The servants wondered and whispered, and asked each other secretly if the mistress were going mad?

But on the third day after James Listowe's departure, a lady walked quickly up the carriage-drive, and rang the bell with the air of one who would not be easily turned back. The butler gave her the usual answer—Mrs. Listowe would see no one.

"She will see me," said Mrs. Varner, firmly; "I have news of her husband."

"She is locked up in her room, ma'am," replied the man. "We will ask her, but I am afraid she won't admit you."

"Lead me to the nursery," said the doctor's wife, still keeping her resolute manner.

And to the nursery she went; a sunny, airy room at the top of the great house, where Cassie's two boys were building a leaning tower of Pisa with their wooden bricks. The tower fell with a crash as Mrs. Varner entered, and the younger child, clapping his hands, burst into a shrill cry of ecstasy over its sudden destruction.

"What is your name, my little man?" asked Mrs. Varner, addressing the elder lad, who looked up at her, bravely, with his father's blue eyes.

"Jamie," he answered, promptly.

"Now, will Jamie come with me and see his mother? I knew Jamie's mother when she wasn't so big as Jamie is."

"Mother not want me," he said, after a pause.

"Oh, yes, she will want you if you come. And, do you know, Jamie, I have a letter in my pocket about papa?"

"Is he coming back?" the boy asked, eagerly. "He loved Jamie very much," he added, in a tone that went to Mrs. Varner's heart.

"Jamie will see him again, please God," she said, cheerily. "Now, little man, take my hand, and lead me straight to mother's bedroom."

Somewhat to nurse's surprise, Jami rose from his seat on the floor, and quitted the ruins of the leaning tower without reluctance. As he trotted down stairs with his hand firmly clasped in Mrs. Varner's, she gave him instructions as to what he was to do and say to gain admittance.

What memories swept over her as she held that warm little hand! Thoughts of other tiny hands which had grown very cold in mother's fond grasp, and would never do any of this world's labour; —recollections of loving little fingers that had once clung to mother for help and guidance, but could do their work without her now;—thoughts of sorrows and mercies, of trouble and of rest, all these came to her as she went slowly down the nursery stairs with Jamie by her side.

He came to a full stop before a closed door, and, standing on the mat, began to beat upon the panels with sturdy little fists.

"Let Jamie in!" he cried lustily. "Jamie wants mother. Let Jamie in."

There was a hardened heart on the other side of that door, but it was not proof against the childish voice.

A slight rustle was heard in the room. The door was opened, and Cassie's face, thin and sallow and haggard, suddenly appeared.

"I have news for you, Cassie," said Mrs. Varner, slipping quietly into the chamber with little Jamie, and shutting the door behind her.

"I gave orders that no one was to be admitted," answered Cassie, haughtily. "The servants are to blame for this—"

She had almost said "intrusion," but the word died upon her lips as she met Mrs. Varner's gentle glance.

"Well," she said, sitting down, and drawing her little son towards her, "you are come to see the nakedness of the land, I suppose. It will be bare enough by-and-by; everything will have to go—the carriages and horses, and the furniture—all that was bought with Uncle Jacob's money. I have had my day."

"One day is ended, but another will begin," replied the doctor's wife, quietly. "But I have not come to talk about these things, my child; I bring you tidings of your husband."

"I don't want to hear of him!" cried Cassie, excitedly. "I wish with all my heart that Mary Berrithorne had married him!"

"This letter is from Mary Berrithorne, Cassie. He has——"

"Was that why he stole away like a thief in the night? Did he want to seek comfort from his old love, when his wife had dealt him some home thrusts?"

Cassie's eyes were sparkling fiercely, and a red spot glowed on each thin cheek.

"Cassie," said Mrs. Varner, patiently, "you are not yourself, and you do not remember the position that Miss Berrithorne now holds. She——"

"I had forgotten that she is not the little Mary of long ago. I am a fool," interrupted Cassie, with unwonted frankness. "She was never the woman to sympathise with a runaway husband. And I daresay she has thanked me, many times, for taking him out of her way!"

"Listen to me, Cassie," pleaded the doctor's wife. "This letter from Mary tells me that she is staying with a friend in a little Kentish village. Yesterday morning she found your husband lying insensible in a field near her lodging. She called for help, and had him carried into the house; there he now lies, dangerously ill."

The red spots had faded from Cassie's cheeks; her eyes were softer and quieter. The news was so startling, so unlike anything she had expected to hear, that for a moment it almost stunned her.

Perhaps he had been ill when he stole away from Yare, and had gone off to die in peace, afar from his wife and her reproaches. "Dangerously ill!" and she had thought of him as rejoicing in his freedom from home ties; perhaps enjoying himself in bachelor fashion, and striving to forget the ruin that he had brought upon his family. Cassie had always had small faith in human nature; she had never thoroughly believed even in the few she had loved. Unscrupulous herself, she had refused to recognise the existence of a conscience in another.

"Cassie, dear, you will go to him at once," said Mrs. Varner, earnestly. "Let your children come to my house; there is room now, since so many birds

have flown away from the old nest. Go without delay to your husband."

Jamie's blue eyes turned wonderingly from the speaker to his mother. Cassie sat motionless, her gaze fixed upon the floor; her face still deadly pale. Mrs. Varner watched her with intense anxiety; it seemed an age before she moved or spoke.

"You are good to me," she said, at last. "Much better than I deserve. I don't know why you should have troubled yourself about me and my miserable affairs."

"Mary Berrithorne knows me better than you do, Cassie. She knew that I should fly to my adopted child in her sorrow, and forget everything save the fact that she had once belonged to me."

Cassie looked steadily for a moment into the true face of the doctor's wife. She was trying, just then, in the midst of all her anxiety and perplexity, to understand the nature of the woman before her. We do not always realise how difficult it is for a selfish soul to comprehend a nobler spirit.

"It can't be that you have any love left for me," she said, incredulously.

Mrs. Varner's eyes filled with tears.

"Ah, Cassie," she answered, "we are simple folk, but we have learnt one lesson —how to love. You know how One loved, Cassie; and we, in our poor way, can love a little as He did."

"I wish I were more like you," Mrs. Listowe said, in the saddest, gentlest tone that her friend had ever heard from her lips. "I will go to *him*," she added, rising quickly. "I was very harsh when he went away; I will be kinder, now."

That was all; but it was a great deal from Cassie. As her heart softened, it seemed as if something of her old firmness and shrewdness returned. She went to her desk, unlocked it, and took out a roll of bank-notes, which she put into Mrs. Varner's hands.

"The servants must be paid, and quietly dismissed," she said. "We shall never live in this house again, and there will be a sale by-and-by. After that, I don't know what will become of us."

"'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,'" Mrs. Varner replied. And there were not many more words spoken between them until they were about to part.

Cassie had given directions to the nurse, and kissed her children. The fly that had been sent for was waiting at the door, and the travelling bags were already put into it.

"Good-bye," she said, clasping Mrs. Varner's hand; and then, after one look at her face, she suddenly threw her arms round the good woman's neck, and held her fast.

"Mamma," she said, in a whisper, if ever I should grow good, it will be because you have never left off loving me!"

She passed through the hall, and out of the door of the great house that would be her home no more. So she turned her back upon all the fine things for which she had fought, and struggled, and lied; and went forth into a new life to learn that lesson which the Varners had tried to teach her long ago;—how to love.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

SET FAIR.—A farmer having bought a barometer was more puzzled than instructed by its movements. When the sky was overcast and the rain falling in torrents, the index-hand pointed to "set fair." Losing all patience he took the instrument into the open air and exclaimed, "Now, will you not believe your own eyes?"

THE VALUE OF SINCERITY.—Sincerity is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves.

WHY WE ADMIRE ROSES.—Perhaps few people have ever asked themselves why they admire a rose so much more than all other flowers. If they consider they will find, first, that red is, in a delicately graduated state, the loveliest of all pure colours; and, secondly, that in the rose there is no shadow, except what is composed of colour. All its shadows are fuller in colour than its lights, owing to the translucency and reflective power of its leaves.—*Ruskin.*

PROPER PRIDE.—If one has a right to be proud of anything, it is of a good action done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.

ENEMIES TO PEACE.—Five great enemies to peace dwell with us, namely, avarice, ambition, envy, anger, and pride, and if those enemies were to be banished we should infallibly enjoy perpetual peace.

A FEW WORDS ON BEAUTY.—It is an old remark that the most beautiful women are not always the most fascinating. It may be added, we fear, that they are seldom so; the reason is obvious. They are apt to rely too much on their beauty, or to give themselves too many airs. Mere beauty ever was, and ever will be, but a secondary thing, except with fools, and fools admire it for as little time as anybody else; perhaps not so long. They have no fancies to adorn it with. If this secondary thing fall into disagreeable ways it becomes but a fifth or sixth-rate thing, or nothing at all, or worse than nothing. We resent the unnatural mixture; we shrink from it as we should from a serpent with a beauty's head. The most fascinating women are those that can most enrich the every-day moments of existence. In a particular and attaching sense, they are those that can partake our pleasures and our pains in the liveliest and most devoted manner. Beauty is little without this.—*Leigh Hunt.*

IN THE HONEYMOON.

Courtship is a fine bowling-green turf, all galloping round and sweethearting, a sunshine holiday in summer-time; but when once through matrimony's turnpike, the weather becomes wintry, and some husbands are seized with a cold aguish fit, to which the faculty give the name of indifference. There is also another distemper very mortal to the honeymoon; it is what the ladies are sometimes seized with, and the college of physicians call it sullenness. The distemper generally arises from some ill-conditioned speech with which the lady has been hurt; who then leans on her elbow on the breakfast-table, her cheek resting upon the palm of her hand, her eyes fixed earnestly upon the fire, her feet beating tat-too time; the husband in the meanwhile biting his lips, pulling down his cuffs, and looking at his lady like a fury. At last he abruptly demands of her—

"What is the matter with you, madam?"

The lady mildly replies, "Nothing."

"What is it you do mean, madam?"

"Nothing."

"What would you make me, madam?"

"Nothing."

"What is it I have done to you, madam?"

"O—h—nothing."

And this quarrel arose as they sat at breakfast. The lady very innocently observed, "She believed the tea was made with Thames water." The husband, *in mere contradiction*, insisted upon it that the kettle was filled out of the New River.

THE STUPID NEEDLE AND THE QUARRELSOME PIN.

A Pin and a Needle, being neighbours in a workbasket, and both being idle folks, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do.

"I should like to know," said the Pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?"

"What is the use of your head," replied the Needle, rather sharply, "if you have no eye?"

"What is the use of an eye," said the Pin, "if there is always something in it?"

"I am more active, and can go through more work than you can," said the Needle.

"Yes; but you will not live long, because you have always a stitch in your side," said the Pin.

"You are a poor, crooked creature!" said the Needle.

"And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking your back."

"I'll pull your head off, if you insult me again!"

"I'll pull your eye out, if you touch me; remember your life hangs on a single thread!" said the Pin.

While they were thus conversing, a little girl entered, and undertaking to sew, she very soon broke off the Needle at the eye. She then tied the thread around the neck of the Pin, and, attempting to sew with it, she pulled its head off and threw it into the dirt by the side of the broken Needle.

"Well, here we are," said the Needle.

"We have nothing to fight about now," said the Pin. "It seems misfortune has brought us to our senses."

"A pity we had not come to them sooner," said the Needle. "How much we resemble human beings who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them, and never find out they are brothers till they lie down in the dust together, as we do!"

LIKE THE ROSE.

Live like the rose. So bud, so bloom—
In growing beauty live;
So sweeten life with the perfume
That gentle actions give.

Die like the rose; that when thou'rt gone,
Sweet, happy thoughts of thee,
Like fragrant rose-leaves, may be strewn
Upon thy memory.

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

The husband of Naomi.
A profane king of Judah.
The father of Abram.
Something the Israelites found grievous.
One from whom St. Paul sent greeting to Timothy.
A prophetess mentioned in one of the Books of Kings.

One who died for sacrilege.
A Jew who had seven sons.

The initial letters of these words give the name of one raised to life by St. Paul.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC (p. 718).

WORKSOP
OUZEL (*a*)
ROND A (*b*)
KILLARNEY
Work. Play.

(*a*) The blackbird; his song does not begin till the sun is high, but he sings late into the evening.
(*b*) The first hill-fort captured by the Spaniards when Ferdinand and Isabella undertook the expulsion of the Moors from Spain. See the "Chronicles of the Conquest of Granada," by Washington Irving.

NEW MUSIC.

METZLER AND CO.

The Pilgrims, *Light in Darkness*, *Passing Away*, *The River Shore*, and *Evening Hymn*.—These are the titles of five new songs by Frederic H. Cowen, just issued under the general title of "Album of Sacred Songs." The poems are by Mrs. Hemans, the author of "John Halifax," and Adelaide Proctor. All these are excellent songs, the work of a well-known composer of high standing. They will be found to be of great service for Sunday use, and we specially recommend them as well worthy of purchase and study.

AMOS AND SHUTTLEWORTH.

Sea Flowers. Pour Piano. Par Gustave Lange.—A very melodious and not too easy piece, with pleasing variations. Also *Rustling Leaves*, less difficult, and very characteristic of its title if played well; and a sprightly galop by the same composer called *Vive le Soldat*.

L'Hélianthe. Morceau pour Piano. By Alois Volkmer.—Is not very interesting, but will form a very good study, the variations being rather difficult.

Daphne. By Edward J. Sturges.—An original and bright gavotte.

Concordia. Grand march. By Theo. Bonheur.—A good martial air, in which the different military instruments are well represented. Very spirited and easily acquired.

Windsor Castle. Gavotte. By Alois Volkmer.—In good style. Not elaborate, but well marked in both treble and bass parts. A good little study for expression marks, time, and character.

BOOSEY AND CO.

Children's Prayers. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by J. L. Molloy.—A simple, effective, and beautiful song. We might all echo the sentiment of the last verse, which runs—

"Slumber on, ye happy children!
Oh, that we like you might be!
Full of hope, and trust, and gladness,
Full of love and purity.
Keep them thus, oh, loving Father!
From the world's temptations free,
And make us like little children,
So that we may come to Thee."

My Heart's Message. Words and music by Frank L. Moir.—A fresh, pleasing song, in waltz time. Also a duet called *Love shall never die* (words and music by the same composer), for mezzo-soprano and bass, or may be sung by soprano and contralto.

Only Friends. Words and music by Theo. Marzials.—A song with a flowing melody, in Mr. Marzials's usual style, but without the novelty which generally characterises his compositions.

Daddy. Words by Mary Mark-Lemon. Music by A. H. Behrend.—A ghastly, sentimental song; but we believe that some of our readers like this sort of thing, so mention it on that account.

MORLEY AND CO.

A beautiful new song called *The Artist's Dream*, by Thomas Hutchinson, deserves special notice. It is written for a bass or contralto voice within an easy compass. The pathetic words by M. J. Scott are in every way suited to the plaintive character of the melody.

"Morley's Magazine of Musical Treasures" is well worthy of mention; while containing some choice selections from classical composers, it is issued at a price that brings it within the limit of all.

Granny. By G. J. Rubino.—An easy piece; would make a very lively schottische.

Ocean Echoes. Quick march. By Josy Meissler.—A useful piece for beginners. The melody founded on the popular song, "A Contrary Breeze."

ROBERT COCKS AND CO.

March of the Bedouins. For Piano. By Alfred Stephens.—Is specially recommended as a spirited march of moderate difficulty.

An easy arrangement for the piano of Sir Julius Benedict's *Hunting Song*, by Cotsford Dick. Also *Blanche*, a short piece in march time.

Simple and touching song called *Shelter*. Words and music by G. Clifton Bingham.

Asleep. Written by L. E. L. The music composed by Mrs. Wood.—A melodious song, imbued with pathos and feeling; set to words of a very melancholy character.

FORSYTH BROTHERS.

Gondellied and *Drei Charakterstücke*. Fur das Pianoforte. Heine Mullen.—Pleasant drawing-room pieces of moderate difficulty, containing a wholesome number of accidentals.

NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.

Down on the Shore. Trio for ladies' voices. Words by William Allingham. Music by C. B. Ingham.—The trio is written for first and second soprano and alto, dedicated to the members of the Moira House vocal class. The harmonies are smooth and easy, and the accompaniment good. The type is clear, though the size of the music paper is small—pleasant to hold and read.

To the Pupils of Moira House Ladies' School. *Länder*. For voices in unison and piano. Words and music by C. B. Ingham.—The training for style and voice has been carefully attended to, and C. B. Ingham has done good service in writing such useful and agreeable pieces for united voices.

WILLIAM CZERNY.

Dost thou remember? Words by Oliver Brand. Music by P. von Tugginer.—A tuneful melody, appropriately set. An easy song both for voice and instrument.

The Little Turquoise Ring. Words by Maggie Forman. Music by Ferdinand Nesmüller.—The composer has carried out in a most able manner the story of the little turquoise ring. It is sympathetic and pretty, and presents no difficulties.

Charm me to sleep ("To Music, to becalm his fever"). Song. The poetry by Herrick. Music by Frank L. Moir.—This poetical idea has been set in a most musicianly style by the composer. The melody is extremely pretty and appropriate to the words, and the accompaniment uncommon. We recommend it to the notice of our readers.

We have received two numbers of W. Czerny's collection of two-part songs—

No. 6. *One Tiny Star*. Composed by Th. Bradsky.

No. 7. *Hush'd in Silence*. Music by Queen Marie Antoinette. Transcribed by J. B. Wekerlin.

Both these part songs are euphonious, and may be easily acquired. We give the preference to No. 6.

J. AND W. CHESTER.

One by One. Words by G. D. W. Music by Gertrude E. Whitmarsh.—A well-written song of a quasi-religious character.

Laddie. Ballad. Words by G. D. W. Music by Gertrude E. Whitmarsh.—The simple story is poetically told, and the music is tuneful and suitable to the sentiment.

J. B. CRAMER AND CO.

Comrades. Poetry by H. L. d'Arcy Jaxone. Composed by Sir Julius Benedict.—A joyous and well-written song, quite worthy of its composer.

Sweet is the Wandering Breeze. Duet for soprano and contralto. Words by Charles J. Rowe. Music by Ciro Pinsuti.—A tuneful and meritorious composition; may be recommended.

Ad Amore (Tyrant Love). Canzonetta. By Herbert S. Oakeley.—An expressive song, written in most musicianly style.

We have received the following dance music from the same publishers:—

My Little Sweetheart. By Josef Meissler.—A pleasing waltz, above the average; the vocal refrain is very effective. The same may be said of the "Queen of Hearts" polka. Composed by Caroline Lowthian.

Psyche. By W. Hamilton Evans.—A waltz of the ordinary kind, but may be recommended for dancing purposes.

LAMBORN COCK.

Stars of the Summer Night. Music by Vincent Morian.—Longfellow's charming poem has been repeatedly set to music, but we have not met with a more graceful and simple rendering than the one before us. We recommend it to our young friends.

The Coming Spring. Duet for two equal voices. Poetry by Bernard Barton. Music by Annie Tait.—We recommend this composition as being bright and tuneful, and easily to be acquired.

Wayside Ministry. Composed by Ciro Pinsuti.—This song thoughtfully illustrates the sentiment of the poem. It is published in aid of the Convalescent Home, Barnet, in connection with the Mildmay Mission for the East-end poor. We heartily wish it success.

The Song of the Sunbeam. A short cantata for female voices. Poetry by John Stewart. Music by Walter Macfarren.—A charming composition, showing great taste and feeling. The characteristic accompaniment displays the qualities of a skilled musician.

A. COX.

Tarantelle. In G minor. Composed for the pianoforte by G. J. Rubini.—Lively and spirited; easy and effective.

Olde England. Fantaisie on old English airs. By T. Merton Clark.—The arrangement is good, and the airs well selected.

J. AND W. CHESTER, STANLEY LUCAS, WEBER AND CO., and W. J. WILLCOCKS AND CO.

Four minuets for the pianoforte by John Gledhill.—The writer of the compositions before us is equally successful in instrumental as in vocal music. They present no insurmountable difficulties, and are well worthy of notice.

Romanza for violin, with accompaniment for pianoforte (and harmonium *ad lib.*). By D. R. Munro.—A short and simple, but meritorious composition. The addition of the harmonium accompaniment will greatly add to the effect.

THE MOST DESERVING GIRL.

By DARLEY DALE.

Author of "Spoilt Guy," "Little Bricks," "The Family Failing," "The Jersey Boys," &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.

FIRE! FIRE!!

AGNES'S first thought on picking up her drawing was that she must have put the board carelessly away, and that it had fallen down; but on examining it more closely it was evident it had been rubbed deliberately; the mere fall could not have spoilt it so entirely, and she had very little doubt in her own mind that Julia had done it. While she was looking at it the other girls came in for their lesson, and all professed their sorrow for her misfortune; Julia said less than any, but even she seemed to regret it.

"It is a most extraordinary thing, and if I were you, Agnes, I should take it straight to Mrs. Edgcome, and tell her all about it," said Marie, who secretly also suspected Julia of having had something to do with it.

"Yes, that would be the best plan, but Mrs. Edgcome is not well to-day, she has one of her quinseys coming, she fears," said Annie Scott, and this bad news almost put the thought of the drawing out of all their heads, except the principal sufferer, who, feeling very unhappy, began to make a fresh sketch of the Clytie.

For the next week Mrs. Edgcome was ill in bed, and the accounts of her grew daily more alarming. During her absence from the schoolroom, Mademoiselle reigned supreme, and Agnes had by no means a happy time; indeed, it seemed as if a shadow hung over the whole school; and though, fortunately, the girls were so busy preparing for the examinations that they had very little spare time, still they, and especially the two Scotts, were very unhappy about her. It was very trying to them all that they could get very little reliable news of her; Mademoiselle and the German governess were mysterious, and would give but very curt answers to the many anxious questions with which they were beset; indeed, though generally at daggers drawn with each other, they were particularly intimate just now, and kept what they knew to themselves. But one day they looked so very solemn, and were so reticent that the girls felt certain Mrs. Edgcome was worse, and Marie and the two Scotts, who occupied the room next to Julia and Agnes, lay awake long after the candles

"FIRE! FIRE!"

were put out, talking about her. "If we only knew how she is; but this suspense is so terrible," said Marie.

"Yes; I wish they would tell us. I am sure she is very ill, for Dr. Clifton is sitting up with her to-night, as well as Martha," said Annie.

"Do you know, Annie, I can't bear this any longer. I shall go and listen outside Mrs. Edgcome's door and see if I can make out anything; perhaps I may see Martha, and she would tell me how her mistress is, I am sure. Will you come with me?" said Marie.

"No; and I think you had better not go, Marie; it is against the rules," said Annie.

"I will come, Marie; I don't think Mrs. Edgcome would mind, if she knew," cried pretty Blanche Scott, jumping up and slipping on her dressing-gown.

They opened the door carefully, and closing it behind them, crept hand-in-hand noiselessly along the passage which led to Mrs. Edgcome's rooms. Her sitting-room, the door of which was open, was on their right, and at the end of the passage was her bedroom adjoining the sitting-room.

"What a smell of burning!" whispered Blanche.

"Yes; perhaps it is something in Mrs. Edgcome's sitting-room; let us go and look," returned Marie, leading Blanche into the room, where a little fire was still burning in the grate.

They had just reached the fire-place when the door of Mrs. Edgcome's bedroom opened, and they heard Dr. Clifton's step coming down the passage. Escape was impossible; if they left the room they would run into his arms; if they stayed, and he should come into the sitting-room, they were lost. There was not a moment to lose, and, guilty as thought, the girls without a word rushed behind the window-curtains, and stood with their hearts thumping, holding their breath and clinging to each other.

Meanwhile the footsteps came to the door, and, candle in hand, Dr. Clifton entered the room, and having poked the fire, drew forward a chair and established himself in it, apparently with every intention of remaining. The girls, who could see his movements between the curtains, were appalled at this prospect. He might sit there all the night, and there they would have to stand, shivering with cold and trembling with fear of detection. Their one hope—which they dare not whisper to each other, but which occurred to both—was that he would go to sleep. But, as it happened, deliverance came in another manner, for Dr. Clifton had not been seated five minutes when he jumped up, sniffing and muttering to himself, "Dear me, what a smell of fire!" he took up his candle and went back to Mrs. Edgcome's room. The instant he was gone, the girls darted from their hiding-place and flew along the passage to their own room, but as they passed the room in which Agnes and Julia slept they noticed a light under the door, and the smell of burning was stronger than ever just here.

"It must be in this room," said Marie, opening the door, and on entering the whole of the opposite end of the room appeared to be in flames, for the draught caused by the opening door had fanned the smouldering carpet into a flame, in which the muslin covering of the dressing-table was in a moment enveloped. The truth was, Julia Robinson had been reading in bed, and had fallen asleep with the candle on the bed; her book had caught fire and had fallen on the ground, the noise had roused Julia just sufficiently to blow out the candle, and then, unconscious that the novel was burning away on the carpet, she had fallen comfortably to sleep.

"Julia! Agnes! Madge! Jump up quick! The room is on fire!" exclaimed Marie, rushing to the washing-stand, and, seizing a basin of water, she threw it on the flames.

The three girls started up, and, terrified beyond measure at the sight of the flames, flew out of the room and down the passage screaming, "Fire," at the top of their voices, while Blanche Scott quietly fainted away just on the landing. Marie emptied every jug and basin in the room on to the flames, but without succeeding in putting them out, and tried in vain to empty a huge bath which stood near on to the burning carpet; failing in this, she was trying to get the carpet into the bath, when Dr. Clifton came rushing in—for all this had happened in less time than it takes to tell.

"The bath—can you lift it?" cried Marie, dropping the burning carpet, while Dr. Clifton upset the bath all over it and then threw the wet carpet over the dressing-table, and in a few minutes succeeded in extinguishing the fire.

"Bravo, my child!" said Dr. Clifton, as the flames subsided; "you have saved the house from being burned by your presence of mind. Are you hurt?"

"One of my arms is burned a little. I did not feel it much till just now; it is hurting me a good deal now," said Marie.

"Come with me and I'll dress it for you. And someone go in there and see what damage is done, and wipe up the water," said Dr. Clifton to the group of girls and women who, in various stages of undress, were assembled outside the bedroom-door.

As soon as he had disappeared with Marie, the girls, headed by Mademoiselle, rushed into the room, chattering as hard as they could. Mademoiselle, with a candle in her hand, went round to Julia's bedside, where the scene of the fire had taken place, and the first thing that caught her eye was part of the novel which had not been utterly destroyed; this she secured without anyone observing her, and then directing the servants to wipe up the water, she turned angrily round to the three inmates of the room, and demanded to know how the fire broke out.

"I don't know," said Madge Reynolds. "I was asleep, and I heard someone call me, and I awoke and found the room in flames."

"Nonsense! Don't tell me you were all asleep. Some of you must have been reading in bed. It was you, I suppose, Agnes Cromwell?" said Mademoiselle, turning angrily to Agnes, though she knew well enough Agnes was not guilty.

"No, indeed, I never read in bed," sobbed Agnes, who, what with the fright the fire had given her, and fear lest Julia should not confess, was inclined to be hysterical.

"Then it must have been you, Julia? this is your bed, too," said Mademoiselle.

"Yes, it was; but I am very sorry, Mademoiselle. I fell asleep. Please don't report me."

"Report you, indeed, when you have nearly burned the house down, you wicked girl! How dare you do such a thing? What were you reading?"

"I was only learning some French poetry for the examination," said Julia.

"Indeed! You certainly deserve the prize, as you have worked so hard for it. Perhaps when Mrs. Edgcome hears how industrious you are, she will forgive you for setting the house on fire. Now, mademoiselles, go to bed, please; there is no occasion to stay here any longer. Julia, your bed is soaked; you must sleep with Agnes or Madge. You deserve to sit up all night, you wicked girl," said Mademoiselle, driving the rest of the girls off to bed.

"It is very odd there is not a scrap of my book left; it must have been burnt completely up," said Julia, after a long search among the *débris* when Mademoiselle had gone. No answer from Madge, who was already half asleep, and all Agnes said was, "Oh, Julia, how could you tell such a story?"

"Because I should be expelled if they knew. Oh, Agnes! will you promise not to tell of me? The book is burnt; they will never find out; if you will only keep my secret, I will never be unkind to you again. Will you promise?" whispered Julia.

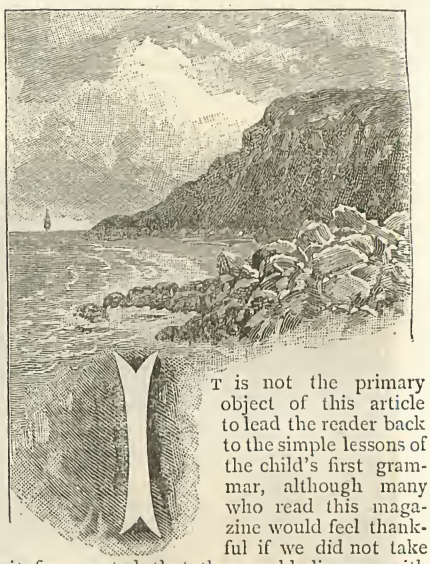
"I won't tell, Julia, unless they ask me what book you were reading, and then I won't say; but I can't tell a story," said Agnes; and soon after both girls were fast asleep.

(*To be concluded.*)

PUNCTUATION.

VIEWED IN A NEW LIGHT.

PART I.



IT is not the primary object of this article to lead the reader back to the simple lessons of the child's first grammar, although many who read this magazine would feel thankful if we did not take it for granted that they could dispense with such leading-strings, because others could run by themselves. But while my chief object at present is to supplement a series of articles dealing with the great principle of good feeling, to which etiquette is but a handmaid, I will not disappoint those who desire to obtain it of a brief lesson in punctuation itself, before I conclude my address.

I have many times endeavoured to point out that this said good feeling should lie at the root of all our habits, great and small; our words and actions, our very dress and general deportment, and the expression of our countenance. In claiming so extensive a field as this for its exercise, I take the opportunity of pointing out that, insignificant as the little stops may be which are employed for the division and subdivision of written thoughts into sentences, parentheses, and paragraphs, or for other purposes, there is no greater error made by young people than to dismiss as beneath their consideration anything, let it be what it may, on the ground of its being "a trifle."

Without further preamble, I may state the fact that a fancy has crept into fashion amongst a certain number of persons, some engaged in literary pursuits, others using their pens in private correspondence only. Within their circles we find those who claim to belong to the upper classes of society, and to be thoroughly

conversant with those polite usages that, with occasional exceptions, obtain among them. This new fashion consists in the almost total disuse of punctuation.

Such an unauthorised departure from a practice so time-honoured, so well supported on the foundation of common sense, one which has descended to us from the great seats of learning of the ancient world, dating back, to our certain knowledge, to a period of nearly four centuries before the advent of Christ—such a departure should not surely be blindly and unreasoningly accepted without a careful investigation of "the why and wherefore." What are the advantages offered? As yet, none have been set forth. Arbitrary fancy alone is urged in its defence.

It is quite true that the Alexandrian MSS. in the British Museum show no punctuation; and it is also true that it did not come into use in our own country in its full perfection for a considerable time after the introduction of the art of printing. The earliest books thus brought out had none of the stops now in use; but the necessity for assisting the reader to arrive at the true sense of the writer's statements was undoubtedly recognised; for perpendicular lines or dashes were employed as substitutes for that system of punctuation which superseded them, and which represented only the more modern comma. In the year 1580 the colon was introduced, and this not proving sufficient, the semicolon was added to the list of stops or points some twenty years afterwards.

I said that punctuation was of very ancient origin. It is more than probable that it was of earlier existence than the several classical authors who have named it have been able to state. Suidas informs us that it was in use as far back as the year 380 B.C.; and Aristotle, Varro, and Seneca that it was practised by the Greeks and Romans. Indeed, it is to the latter that we owe the designation of the system, for the name "punctuation" is derived from the Latin noun which signifies a "point," otherwise called a "stop."

A necessity, therefore, for its use has been acknowledged; not alone by modern writers and critics, but by those of the old world likewise, the fathers of the "world of literature;" and in the absence, so far as I am yet aware, of any newly discovered advantages to be derived from its disuse, I will proceed to draw my young friends' attention to the great principle which that disuse must violate.

In previous articles I have recommended a practice, which I may venture once more to repeat; viz., on all occasions of doubt as to the line of conduct to be pursued, the words to be spoken, or the fashion to be followed, ask yourselves the simple question, "Will this conduce to the comfort and convenience of others? or, at least, will it prove in every respect harmless to them?" An honest answer may at all times be accepted as your guide. That right feeling which I have told you is "the foundation of all good breeding" should ever be the principle on which your intercourse with your fellows is to be based; and how far this consideration may be brought to bear on the question of punctuation we may now demonstrate in a very few words.

To read your own letters and compositions in an intelligent manner, with the suitable inflexions of the voice, and the pauses which are essential to render the true meaning and feeling of the author apparent, is usually, though not always, easy enough. You are thoroughly acquainted with your own ideas, and as you read aloud you change your tone of voice in good time to allow for any parenthesis that may occur; and so forth. In fact, you know all that is coming to complete the entire paragraph, and make your pauses accordingly. But to another person either reading your private letter at first sight, or your published book aloud to others—and who cannot at once ascertain, through intuition or second sight, the drift of your observations, unassisted by certain recognised signs—your undivided sentences (leaving him in doubt until sufficient time have elapsed for reflection) must prove both a trial of patience and of temper, and in case of reading aloud, of annoyance to more persons than one. In fact, it does more mischief still: it inflicts a wrong on the author, for it breaks the thread of the story or discourse, and thus spoils his work. How often the sentences of an ill-stopped letter have to be read a second time, by way of arriving at the writer's meaning, must be known to many who read these pages; and not only so, but it must often have occurred to them to observe that a total omission of punctuation, as well as any misplacement of the same, will completely pervert the meaning designed to be conveyed and lead to serious misunderstandings, to most ridiculous absurdities, or cause the words of the writer to bear a very equivocal meaning.

I now give an example of unstopped writing, making a dash to show where the reader might break the sentences by mistake, in the absence of any punctuation. The writer is supposed to be in a little country town where a fair is being held; she hears a confused noise outside the hotel, and she describes what was going on:—

"There seemed to be a great bustle outside my dress—coming to grief for always full of curiosity—I jumped up suddenly and it tore to ribbons such a herd of cattle looking out of a window—I saw all—a whole drove passed by driving a squealing pig in a yellow wig a blue coat and drab continuations—A little hump-backed man followed behind with a long whip riding my dog — always on the *qui vive* gave tongue to his loud 'Bow wow'—What a horrible din Quack quack—Gobble gobble an old woman—red in the face with hobbling after her ducks and turkeys—grunted and groaned the bag-pipers puffing and blowing discordantly—the motley crowd diversified by the acrobats performing their monkey-tricks to the sound of the 'darkies' minstrelsy never partial to a noise—I cannot tell you how confusing—it was a woman obliged to live —by her pen with an addled headaching before —the din began felt—half demented," &c.

Now this absurd account could be rendered perfectly intelligible without the alteration of a single word, were the proper stops employed in punctuation inserted in their right places to show where suitable breaks and pauses should be made, viz.—

"There seemed to be a great bustle outside. My dress coming to grief; for, always full of curiosity, I jumped up suddenly, and it tore to ribbons! Such a herd of cattle! Looking out of a window I saw them all; a whole drove passed by. Driving a squealing pig, in a yellow wig, a blue coat, and drab continuations, a little hump-backed man followed behind with a long whip, riding. My dog, always on the *qui vive*, gave tongue to his loud 'Bow-wow.' What a horrible din! 'Quack, quack,' 'gobble, gobble!' An old woman, red in the face with hobbling after her ducks and turkeys, grunted and groaned; the bag-pipes puffing and blowing discordantly; and the motley crowd, further diversified by the acrobats performing their monkey-tricks to the sound of the 'darkies' minstrelsy. Never partial to a noise, I cannot tell you how confusing it was. A woman obliged to live by her pen, with an addled head, aching before the din began, felt half demented."

I fancy I hear my reader say what a difference a few stops have made. Yes, truly; and for a mere arbitrary ephemeral fashion's sake do not make "printers' pie" of your letters or MSS. designed for the press. But there are some who delight in opposition, and if they cannot deny that you have proved your case, they will make the best *of a very feeble* mode of attack, and retort, "What a great fuss made about a mere trifle!"

It is my object, however, to maintain the principle that while we may regard all our private grievances, affronts received, pains, worries, losses and crosses as "trifling" by comparison with those of others, or with our own demerits, and scanty gratitude to the Great Benefactor—nothing else should be dismissed as beneath our consideration as too insignificant for the exercise of our sympathy, or the hearty labour of head and hand if in the service of others.

The importance of every subject is, without doubt, comparative; and some things may reasonably be esteemed as unimportant compared to certain others. But no more dangerous mistake is made by our young men and women than that of dismissing any subject in the off-hand style (too common amongst the inexperienced) as "only a trifle." So-called "little things" are not always to be gauged by their comparative dimensions, in whatever sense the term may be applicable, whether to words, actions, time, bulk, or space.

Supposing you had a small fly in your eye, or an almost invisible scrap of steel-filing, and that, half-blinded, you asked the aid of a friendly hand; and your friend dismissed you by saying it was "only a trifle"? Look up at the wide expanse of the starry sky at night, and then down at your own small person—a mere speck, nay less, in the immeasurable universe—and you will realise the feelings of the Psalmist when he exclaimed, "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" The Almighty does not value him in proportion to his dimensions; and if size were to be regarded as essential to importance, would you not think it a grievous wrong?

So much for size as a gauge of importance. In reference to Time, how few appreciate a brief period—a moment, an hour, or a day, at their full value! It has been said—

". . a moment's thought might have saved a life,
Or gained an advantage in mortal strife;
Or won to the goal in the hard-fought race;
Or prest a last kiss on a clay-cold face.
Or breathed a forgiveness or sighed a prayer
That had saved a soul from untold despair;
And proved the bright moment a priceless boon;
Yet, gauged as a 'trifle,' 'twas lost, how soon!"

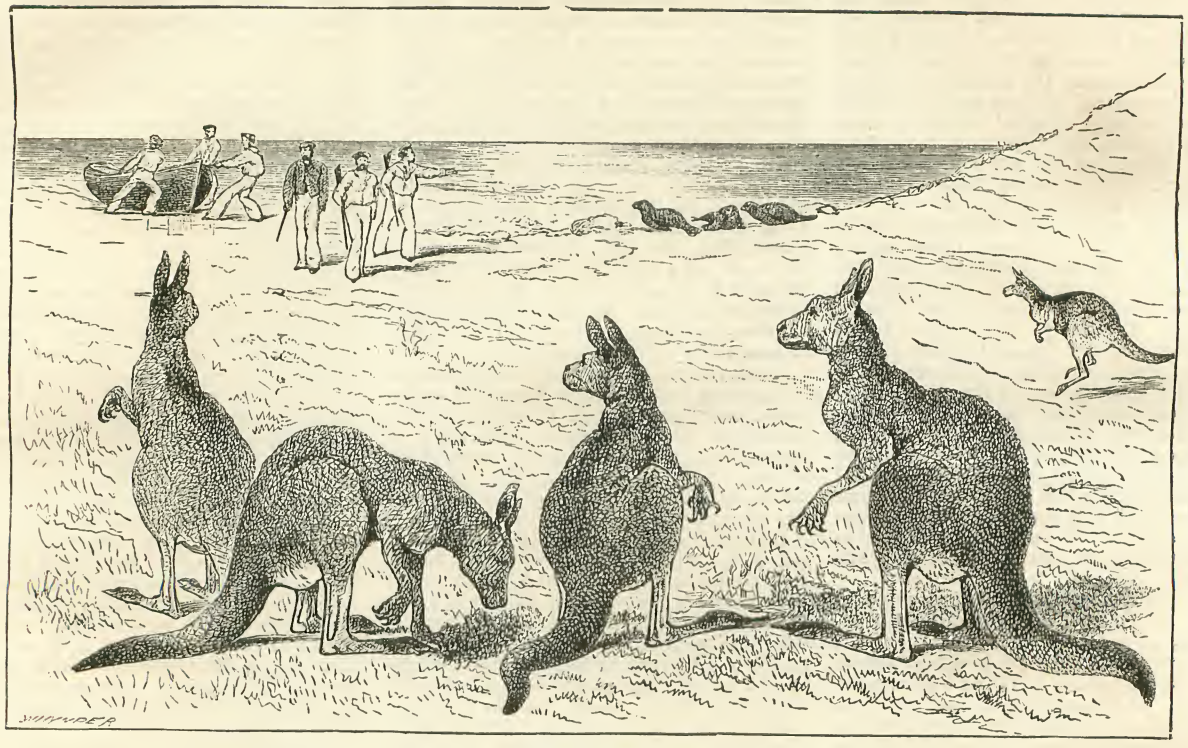
Why should I continue the argument further? Nothing, save your own wrongs and sufferings, may be regarded as too small for your consideration; but, believe me, it does very much matter whether you consult the comfort and convenience of others in every act of your life, whether you study every little thing tending towards that grand and gracious object. In the present case you act likewise in the service of truth and of commonsense a sufficient argument in favour of any course adopted, apart from all consideration of that principle which I have often before told you was "the foundation of all good-breeding."

S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

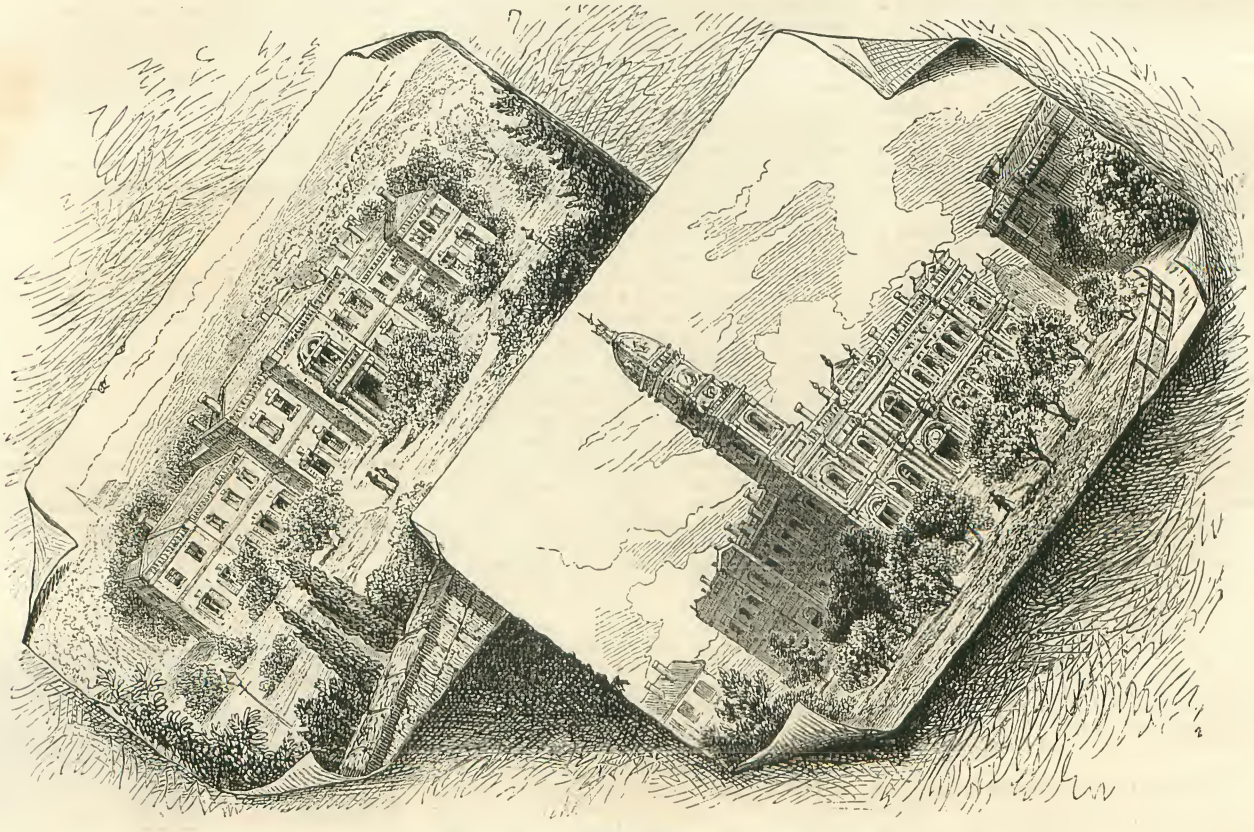
(*To be continued.*)

OUR AUSTRALIAN COLONIES AND NEW ZEALAND.

By Mrs. BREWER.



KANGAROOS.



ADELAIDE.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

It is the privilege of the "Girl's Own" to visit the Colonies in any order she pleases, without regard to age, wealth, or distance; so after a quiet night in the harbour we ask our good captain to steer for Adelaide, the capital of South Australia,* distant from Melbourne 505 miles. This colony has a most interesting history, and, perhaps more than any other, is an example of the colonising character of the British people. An opinion given by Captain Sturt, after strict investigation, that "the soil was rich, that there was abundance of fine pasturage and plenty of water, and that an exile might hope to build for himself and family a peaceful and prosperous retreat," created in England a desire to found a colony there, and the result was that in 1834 this portion of the Australian Continent was declared a British Province and one or two simple rules laid down; 1st. That for two years the minimum price of the land would be 12s. per acre; that subsequently it would be raised to 20s. an acre. 2nd. Collision with the natives was by all means to be avoided, and the wild animals on the land to be regarded as their property. 3rd. That if at the end of ten years the colony should not contain 20,000 inhabitants, the Crown would resume the estate. The Government at home evidently considered that in so large an area as that of the new province it would not be possible to develop the resources of the country without a full tide of immigration, or, in other words, the introduction of labour; it therefore applied the proceeds of the sale of land to emigration.

It is hard to imagine that in 1835 there was not an Englishman in the colony, yet so it was. Not until 1836 did the first vessel of emigrants land at Glenelg, about 15 miles from the present town of Adelaide. The selection of a site for the capital is a matter of great interest to immigrants whose future home it is to be. No sooner was the spot definitely decided upon than the new-comers drew as near to it as possible. Encampments were formed on the banks of the River Torrens, which was soon dotted about with huts made of mud and interlaced branches, or of turf, brushwood, and reeds, with roofs of canvas—and the usual way of cooking was a blazing fire outside the tent with a large pot hanging over it in gipsy fashion. A gentleman who was in Adelaide in 1839 says it looked then like a collection of booths, such as one sees at a country fair at home; he was struck also with a certain air of comfort with which many of the immigrants had surrounded themselves, but he was bound to confess that this was more conspicuous where women were of the party. These tents soon gave way to the neat cottage or two storied house, and when the Colonial Treasurer built himself a cottage and fenced it round with an English iron fence and put a handsome knocker on his door, the colonists thought it a triumphant proof of the progress of civilization among them. We are all interested in the fact that the very first tenement erected in Adelaide, when a few stakes or pegs were all that distinguished it from the surrounding forest, was a printing office which issued a newspaper containing the latest intelligence of the geography and capabilities of the new land. We cannot help thinking that the immigrants began their new life well in bringing with them a clergyman and in having a wooden church over from England as soon after their arrival as possible, with accommodation for 350 people. Neither did they rest content with this, but in 1838 laid the foundation of *Trinity Church*. *It was* a beautiful text they selected to engrave on the plate: "the Lord of Heaven, He will prosper us; therefore we His servants will arise and build." Surely God has blessed and prospered this colony!

We do not require to ask whether South Australia completed its number of 20,000 in the ten years, for we know that in 1850, which was fourteen years after its formation, there were 50,000 inhabitants, 5,000 of whom were Germans, and all happy, prosperous subjects of our good Queen. *In the year 1882* there were 272,375, without reckoning the north territory lately added; so that if it be true that population is the heart and wealth of a country, then South Australia is in a very healthy condition. As we gradually approach our destination, we see, lying about twelve miles from the mainland, Kangaroo Island, and on asking how it came by its name, our captain said it was in consequence of the many kangaroos seen by Mr. Flinders, its discoverer, who, with his party, killed thirty-one in a single day, the smallest of which weighed 69lbs. The curious thing is that the kangaroos made no resistance, mistaking the men for seals, with whom they lived on friendly terms; and in like manner the seals showed no fear, evidently thinking the men were kangaroos. Not very complimentary to the men! When our vessel arrives at Port Adelaide we are still seven and a half miles from the city, which we reach by means of a railway, and then drive to the Prince Alfred, in King William-street, one of several good hotels in the town. We are greatly pleased with Adelaide, which ranks very high among colonial towns; its situation is beautiful with its background of hills; it is divided into two distinct parts, socially as well

* A misnomer now that the northern territory has been added.

AN AUSTRALIAN FARM.

as physically, by the River Torrens; the north being the aristocratic and the south the commercial; they are united, however, by means of three bridges; the last new one we are able to sketch as we are down below on the banks of the river. The whole city is surrounded by a broad belt of parkland, which is laid out with great taste, and affords a pleasant recreation ground for the people.

In no city that we have visited are the public buildings so grand; the colonists seem to have spared no expense in their erection, and we will get one of the girls to sketch the Post Office, which is conspicuous among these buildings for its beauty, so that our friends at home may judge of the elegant taste displayed here. The Government House stands in well kept grounds, and has the appearance of an English country mansion.

It has been a great pleasure to us to go to the Girl Emigrants Home in Flinders-street. We have so often heard of it, and so many whom we have known and cared for have enjoyed its benefits, that it seemed like going to a friend's house. We had a hundred questions to ask of the kind matron as to what had become of Eliza —— or Jane ——. Did they get good situations? "Oh, yes," was the answer, "but they are married now and keep servants of their own." To explain the work of this home, we must for a moment in thought go back to London. When respectable girls desire to emigrate, they must call at 8, Victoria Chambers, Westminster, and express this desire. They must expect to be questioned and have their character inquired into, for Sir Arthur Blythe, the Agent-General, who is most earnest in promoting the emigration of girls, has equally at heart the welfare of his colony, and will not send out at his Government's expense those who would dishonour it. Let him see that all is right, and he leaves nothing undone that can protect and help the girls till they get to Adelaide. We called at his office before we left London, and he expressed a wish that we should see the home provided at Plymouth for the emigrants, and also the arrangements on board ship for the single girls, who are shielded from harm in every way and placed under a good matron. Much as we desired to accept this invitation, we felt obliged to postpone the pleasure, as it would have delayed our voyage hither.

On the arrival of the girls at Adelaide, there is always a responsible person ready to receive them and conduct them to Flinders-street Home; here they may rest and mend or make their clothes and prepare themselves to accept a situation; it rarely occurs that a girl has long to wait, for in consequence of the care exercised as to the character of those sent over, the home has gained the confidence and respect of the colonists. Many ladies of high position in Adelaide take a deep interest in the girls and the home; and should they be in any difficulty or in sickness, they may come to the matron, and through her to these ladies, whose help and sympathy are always ready for them. Many of these girls marry well, and in their turn require servants from the home. The immigrants are allowed to have their letters addressed here, so that they get news from home much quicker. It has been established twenty years, and has received and placed out many thousand girls. On our inquiry of the matron if they ever had too many sent out, she answered that that would be impossible in a country as large as South Australia, which has an almost unlimited power of absorbing labour. Good girls may, if they desire it, get an assisted pass for friend or relative by paying a small fee. An emigrant, even when her passage is free, must provide her own outfit; the very least which she may take is stated on the form which she obtains from 8, Victoria Chambers, in London. It is for this outfit in the case of the deserving poor that we should be glad to apply any money we may make by our work. This colony spent last year on immigration £17,837, and we should like to express our opinion that if the work in the various Government offices here is as well done as in that of the office for emigration, it quite accounts for its prosperity and success. We have ascertained the average rate of wages, thinking it would be useful to those at home:—General servants, with board and lodging, £26 per annum; housemaids and kitchenmaids, 10s. a week with board and lodging; laundresses, 14s. a week with board and lodging; cooks, 16s. a week with board and lodging; collarmakers, 10s. per day; cigar makers, 8s. a day; dairy workers, man and wife together, £1 7s. per week with board and lodging; dairymaids, 12s. per week.

Having, we think, done a very good day's work, we come home to dress, intending to dine at table d'hôte; some of the young ones among us who do so for the first time are rather excited, declaring that it is exactly like going to a party. We have enjoyed it, however, exceedingly, and by listening to the conversation at table, have gleaned a good deal of information on points of interest; some of the guests were discussing politics, from which we learned that no matter how many houses or properties a man may have in South Australia, he can have but *one vote*. Others were speaking with great pride of their wonderful line of telegraph which from Adelaide goes overland northward a distance of 2,200 miles, to Point Darwin, and sends a branch out to Western Australia. Seeing that we were listening very attentively, they kindly explained to us many of the advantages of this great work; and, on our venturing a question about Point Darwin, one gentleman said he had a very good picture of it in the "Australian Sketcher," which he would send to our rooms, and that on the morrow, if agreeable to us, he would take us to the Central Telegraph Office, where we should be able to see practically some of the advantages they had been speaking of.

A German, sitting at table, asked if we had tasted the Australian wine, and, on our answering in the negative, begged that we would do so, as he had large vineyards and was specially interested in our opinion. We thought it very nice, and expressed surprise that we had not seen it in England, to which he answered that in consequence of the duties being so heavy it had not paid to send it over, but he hoped that would be different by-and-by. He spoke to us in German, and we were very thankful to have been able to understand him.

The morning has arrived, and after breakfast we go out shopping, finding that our dress, which has looked very well for country places, is somewhat shabby for this clear, bright, cheery capital; and while we are inside the shops spending our money, one of our girls is outside with her pencil and paper in order to give friends at home an idea of the grandeur of the places of business here. We next go to the Central Telegraph Office, where the officials take the utmost pains to explain to us how by means of the Great Overland Line it is possible to determine the southerly march of the north-west monsoon which prevails on the north coast from the middle of November to March, and how since the completion of the telegraph to Western Australia it is possible to ascertain the prevailing state of the weather every day all round the Australian coast. We should liked to have sent a telegram to Port Darwin, but the price was a little above our means, being 14s. for ten words. We take our leave of this interesting office with many thanks to the kind officials, and start off for a long walk in the country.

We find ourselves at the tunnel and viaduct on the Nairne Railway, seven and a-half miles from Adelaide; the view is very beautiful from here. We can see Adelaide in the distance, the cultivated plains between us and it together with a view of the ocean westward. We ought, after this long walk, to be very tired, but the air is so invigorating that we scarcely feel any fatigue; on mentioning this to friends they are not at all surprised, as the climate they say is very healthy, and proves beneficial to those suffering from diseases peculiar to the mother country. A lady friend, who has lived here many years, says that in the hot season the heat is so intense that the brass door handles cannot be touched with the bare hands. Of course, in so large a territory, the soil varies greatly, but a celebrated analyst has given it as his opinion that the soil in and around Adelaide contains all the elements necessary for the production of plants. We have visited several of the farms and vineyards around the city, and they are certainly very productive. In some of the gardens, we saw with surprise the banana and the gooseberry growing and thriving side by side. We have met in our wanderings some of the Aborigines, who, as a rule, are occupied on stock stations on the banks of the Murray, or on the river itself in their peculiar raft canoes spearing fish; they bear every mark of being well cared for; missions are formed among the elder ones, and schools are provided for the children; this colony seems to do all its work well. While resting in our hotel this evening after a long day of walking and driving, we were drawn to the windows by a peculiar sound, and on looking out crowds were pouring into the city from the suburbs; they were very well dressed, and bent either on business or pleasure; the streets and shops were brilliantly lighted with gas, with here and there a pretty coloured lamp, making altogether a peculiarly bright and pleasant picture. On questioning the landlord, he says it is always like this on Saturday evenings from 7 to 9. We congratulate ourselves upon having seen it, as it is considered one of the sights of Adelaide.

Railway communication is being extended; indeed, a Bill has just been introduced for the construction of one between Adelaide and the Victorian border, which will place the two capitals in direct communication. We have been partly by train and partly by coach to see the Granite Island at Port Victor, near the mouth of the Murray. We saw here large ships receiving their cargoes of wool which are to be despatched direct for London. A breakwater is being constructed on this island to protect shipping from the Southern Ocean.

Just as gold was the basis of success in Victoria, so copper and corn are the chief means of wealth here. For many years after the formation of the colony, no idea existed in the minds of the Government that it contained mineral wealth, and therefore when they sold land they sold it and all beneath it. We have just been to the thriving town of Kapunda by rail, a distance of about fifty miles, and have heard on the spot some curious facts about it, and how only a few years ago it was a wilderness. It appears that, in 1842, a boy gathering wild flowers on the plain found a piece of green carbonate of copper and took it home to his father, Captain Bagot. A short time subsequently a very intelligent settler named Dutton, a friend of Captain Bagot, while looking for sheep after a thunderstorm, came upon a rock which he supposed to be covered with green moss; fortunately he had some knowledge of mineralogy, and he and Captain Bagot, keeping their secret, joined in buying the 80-acre plot on which this occurred at £1 per acre—(they refused subsequently in the London market £27,000 for this very plot). Some Cornish miners who were occupied in

Foreign Birds

See "Girls' Own Pets," p. 731.

agricultural pursuits in the colony were brought to work the land, and this town of Kapunda is the result, with all its employment to the mining immigrants. In like manner mine after mine was discovered rich in mineral, affording wealth and employment to so many who were seeking both the one and the other. These discoveries developed other industries, and quickly arose furnaces for smelting the copper and lead, and refineries for separating the silver from the ores. In the meantime agricultural and pastoral pursuits have not been neglected; the corn is of the very best quality, and the quantity of wool for exportation is yearly increasing: the quantity of fruit grown is enormous, and of the superabundance the colonists make jam to such an amount that last year they exported it to the value of £5,459. Think how many 9d. pots that means.

Religion and education generally go hand in hand, and therefore we are not surprised at the number of schools in the colony, which are well attended by 40,578 scholars. We have this morning paid a visit to the Training College, of which the Adelaideans are justly proud. 20,000 acres of land are set apart for its endowment and provision of scholarships; the most valuable prize being the South Australian, which is worth £200 a-year, tenable for four years; the owner must become a student at a European University, and we are pleased to hear that four such students are now in the English Universities. Many other institutions of like character there are in this beautiful city, but the last day of our stay has arrived, and we must not delay. On taking our leave of this pleasant and hospitable colony, we cannot help confessing one to the other how fragmentary is the knowledge we collect on our way; there is so much to see, to hear, to learn, that we leave much unseen that we would gladly carry away in our minds. One great advantage, however, is that the colonies and colonists will never be strangers to us, but always our friends. To South Australia specially are our thanks due for its large contribution to the prosperity and happiness of the girls who have sought her for home and protection. We have just seen part of a letter written to our Government at home, which expresses in so few words the state of the colony that we dot it down:—"Fifty thousand men, supporting thrice their number of women and children, occupy 200,000 square miles of pastoral country, and possess 6,000,000 of sheep; own 6,000,000 acres of land, and grow 12,000,000 bushels of wheat; conduct an external commerce of £9,000,000, and raise £1,000,000."

(*To be concluded.*)

GIRLS' OWN PETS.

By Gordon Stables, M.D., R.N.

Part IV.—Foreign Birds (*concluded*).

No one can pay a visit to any of the larger bird emporiums of our commercial naturalists, in the metropolis or other great cities and towns, without being struck with surprise at the number and beauty of the various members therein displayed of the parrot family. They are of all sizes, from the tiny parrakeets, no larger than robins, to the gigantic macaws, almost rivalling in size the eagle itself.

If we would trace the history of the parrot as a cage bird or domestic pet, we should have to go a long way back indeed. In India, for example, they have been known and treated with reverence, not unmixed with superstitious awe, from time immemorial.

From India parrots must have been imported into Egypt, and thence probably into Greece and Rome. They were held in great esteem in Rome in very early times; not so much as pets, however, but as articles of luxurious diet. We in this country would look rather askance at a curry or stew of parrot. Polly as a cold side dish would not find many admirers; but, nevertheless, in many parts of Australia and in the West Indies parrots are regarded as wholesome additions to the cuisine, quite as much so as pigeons are here at home.

My object, however, in writing this paper is not to recommend poor Polly for the pot, but Polly as a pet; and I feel quite sure that my readers will learn something from what I have to say, for neither the feeding nor the general treatment of parrots is sufficiently understood by many who keep them.

Macaws are very beautiful in plumage, but I cannot recommend them as pets. They are exceedingly destructive in their habits, breaking and chewing up everything within their reach, including the perches on which they rest, unless these are well guarded by means of a coating of zinc or tin. The noise they make and seem to delight in is most earsplitting; so, taking them all and all, perhaps they are best left alone.

Talking of noise reminds me that I have been asked more than once if there be any good plan of breaking a parrot or cockatoo from the tiresome habit of screaming. I only know of one, and that is kindness and gentle treatment, with occasional reprimands. But they should not be fed for some time after giving vent to those unearthly yells, which they do at times to cause annoyance. Some parrots and cockatoos are as fond of mischief for mischief's sake as monkeys are.

The Indian parrot proper is the rose-ringed, or ring-necked parrakeet. One of the selfsame kind is also indigenous to Africa, the Indian being known by its red and the African by its black beak. It is a very affectionate and tame little pet, and when once fairly acclimatised it will live for quite a long time, and if well tended and treated, keep perfectly healthy and in good plumage. It can be taught to speak, and is rather celebrated for the distinctness of its intonation. It is not in a very great hurry to learn, however. With the exception of the ring around the neck, the beak and eye, and a feather or two of the wings, this bird is entirely green. It eats the ordinary seeds.

From India we got also the plum-headed parrakeet. It is also a long-tailed, green bird, with a purple-red or plum coloured head. Though somewhat delicate at first, it in time gets used to the country. It is fed on canary-seed, maize, millet, and, as a change, a little biscuit and milk sop. It makes a quiet and affectionate pet, but is not very famous as a linguist. Perhaps it can speak, but won't. Well, there is only one way of making it, and that is, keeping it well fed and loving it.

The Malabar parrakeet is a bird of very great beauty of plumage, but it is years before it assumes it gay colours, when it stands by grey, green, and blue, and has a splendid tail of the two last-named colours. Its beauty is its principal recommendation; but it is docile and affectionate, and is said to be very jealous in its disposition. I have never had one. There is a charming wee parrot that rejoices in the name of white-eared conure. It is prettily shaped and splendidly coloured, without being over gaudy. They are said to be hardy, lively, and gentle, and without any propensity to make disagreeable noises. But, indeed, all the conures or wedge-tailed parrakeets get the name of bold, fearless birds, often fighting with each other, but more especially with other species of parrakeets, but on the whole gentle and affectionate to their owners.

I have come to the conclusion myself that it is best not to believe all you hear or read about the character of any kind of bird or beast as a species, but to speak of an animal as you find it, for there are as great differences in individuals as in families.

The blue-capped mountain lory is one of the most beautiful of all parrots, and it is at the same time amusing, tricky, and affectionate. But this is not all I have to say in this pretty bird's favour; for the lory talks—although some doubt this—and that, too, very distinctly, and also mimics the voices of animals it happens to live within hearing of. There has been a good deal of dispute and argument about the proper food of the mountain lory. It is undoubtedly a seed bird, but soft food in the shape of figs, oranges, ripe apples, and grapes, as well as sop, should be given now and then; only care must be taken that it does not relax the system, else the bird may die off very soon in a fit. It must be confessed that the lories are given to screaming at times, but the greatest drawback to having these red mountain pets is the fact that they are very expensive. Green food, by the way, should be given but sparingly to lories; but a morsel of dandelion or lettuce will not hurt if they care for it, and a little honey and water or milk and honey is much relished by them.

From Southern Australia we get many very lovely parrakeets and lorikeets, none more beautiful probably than the beautiful parrakeet and the swift-lorry.

There are many kinds of cockatoos; and although most of them are extremely affectionate and docile, and some pretty in crest and plumage, none of them, with one exception, make such nice pets as the red-tailed African grey parrot. The one exception is the South Australian white cockatoo. Not a very pretty bird by any means, but highly amusing, albeit somewhat mischievous; and I really know nothing which a bird is capable of that this species of cockatoo will not learn, whether dancing, singing, laughing, whistling, or playing all kinds of mischievous tricks. These latter if required, cockatoos will perform to order, and thus many a hearty laugh may be had at their expense; and if there be anything in this world better for one's health than laughable amusement, I have yet to learn what it is.

I may here remark that there is a great art in teaching animals to perform little amusing tricks, or in teaching them to speak. First, as to tricks. You must never expect any creature to do anything which is unnatural to it. The body of a poodle, for example, is far better formed for standing on the hind legs than that of the St. Bernard. You may expect the former, therefore, to beg or to walk, to balance itself on the edge of a chair, holding a pipe in its mouth, wearing hat or cap, etc.; but not the great St. Bernard. But the St. Bernard or Newfoundland are in the habit, when pleased, and when they want to ask a favour, of stretching out the four paws and lowering the body between them. I take advantage of this, and when any of my dogs put themselves in this attitude I say, "Good dog; he is making a bow," and probably I throw him a tit-bit.

In a very short time he comes to know what "making a bow" means, and does so whenever told. Taking advantage of the resemblance in sound to the word "yes" in a Newfoundland's voice when he barked low, I taught him after much trouble to articulate that word very distinctly, more so than a learned elephant could. Another dog I had, whose history I wrote for Webb's book on dogs, could articulate five or six words so distinctly as to be

easily intelligible to even those who had never heard him speak before. It was only sometimes he would bring them out, however; as for instance, when he wanted food, or wished to get loose, or to go out. In Misnia in Saxony there lived a dog that could articulate about thirty words. This has been well authenticated.

If space permitted, I could give scores of instances in which some natural movement or position of an animal or bird has been turned to account and educated as it were up to a trick. Take my old bird o' freedom, the Indian crow, for example. I do not know why he should lie still when placed on his back; but he did so, and when I called this "going dead," as soon as he knew he pleased me, he would go dead at any time I told him, even on the table at breakfast time. I never changed the tone of my voice when talking to him. It is not difficult to teach canaries or cats, or cats and canaries together, anything in reason on the same plan.

Just another example. If I were told to teach a big dog to roll over on the grass to the word of command, or to shake himself whenever told, I would do it in this way. When I found him tumbling on the lawn I would say, "Good dog for tumbling," or "Good dog for rolling," and after he was washed and shaking himself naturally, I would always say, "Good dog for shaking himself;" and it is surprising how soon an animal thus comes to associate the words with the action, and performs his trick when told. Teaching a dog or cat to open a door is no trouble; teaching a dog to shut the door is more difficult, because he does not do it naturally. You must teach the trick. Thus, teach him first to jump up with his paws on you when told, then to "jump" a door open, and next to "jump" it shut, the door being already partly closed.

There is a little Pomeranian called Peter, the same, by the way, who tells a story in this year's "Peter Parley's Annual." This dear old fellow is very fond of me, and often runs away from home and resides with me for days at a time. He shuts the door after he comes in, he "begs," of course, and does all the ordinary tricks, including "lying dead," and saying "yes." The other day he was lying dead at my feet when I asked him the question, "Are you dead, Peter?"

Now Peter must have thought it would entirely spoil the play if he replied, because no dead dog could be expected to speak. I put the question a second time very solemnly: "Are you dead, Peter?"

No answer; never a movement. Then the third time I put my question, "Peter, are you dead?" "Yes," cried Peter, without moving a muscle, but in such a snappish tone of voice that everybody laughed who heard it.

Cats are extremely tricky, and so are all the more lively kinds of birds, and the more mischievous they are naturally, the easier it is to teach them tricks; but one thing is essential, whatever your pupil may be, whether bird, or beast, or *fish*, it must not only love you, but it must feel perfectly certain that you love it as well.

In teaching animals tricks, do not forget the motto, *amor vincit omnia*.

As to talking birds, some ignorant people will tell you the tongue ought to be cut or split, and away up in the far North of Scotland they even go a little farther than this, and aver that the operation must be performed, not with knife or scissors, but with a crooked sixpence. I need hardly tell you that any interference with a bird's tongue in the shape of cutting or snipping is both unjustifiable and cruel.

If you wish your parrot to become a good talker you must first and foremost study to keep him in good health and condition, for believe me, unless he is perfectly happy and contented, he will not attempt to learn anything. The words you wish him to learn you must keep repeating over and over again at the correct time. Such words as "pretty Polly," "pretty darling," "how is Polly?" "is Polly quite well," &c., you can say at any time. But only say "good morning," or "good night," when the expressions ought to be made use of. So with the words "breakfast," "bit of biscuit," "nut," "seed," or "drop of water." There must be a truthful connection between words and acts. Remember that parrots, when really good talkers, know well the meaning of the words and sentences they utter; but just watch, for example, how one will call the dog, or mimic the cat, or order either of these animals out of the room.

I used to put my cockatoo out in the garden, and when a dog-cart, notably the butcher, baker, or veterinary surgeon's came along, it would whistle shrilly, and until they got used to Polly's tricks, they used to stop. "Come on, come on," Polly would cry, "come and put the kettle," "What are you doing? what are you doing?" and a whole string of nonsense besides, ending in a loud derisive laugh.

If a lady paused for a moment to look wonderingly at the cage, and its wild, weird-like inmate. "Well, duckie?" Polly would shriek. Now, if the bird had merely spoken in an ordinary tone of voice, it would not have been so bad; but those words, "well duckie," were yelled out with steam-whistle power, and could be heard at least a mile off. I used to be utterly ashamed of the bird, and in justice to myself I must add that I did not have the arrangement of Polly's vocabulary. She knew her p's and q's long before I ever saw her.

Now, to those girls who may be wishful to get a good parrot or cockatoo, I must say, do not, if possible, buy a newly imported one. I could tell you where to get a good one cheap, but it seems unfair to mention the name of any one firm in preference to another; only our paper is now so well known that I feel sure any respectable naturalist would be pleased to serve our readers well. If it be a young parrot, be extra careful of it for many months after you have it, until it becomes acclimatised, or its death may cause you grief. You ought to get a male bird in preference to a female, because the males are hardier and are also more easily taught to talk. The eye of the male is darker than the female, and the former carries himself more boldly, and looks more saucy. It is difficult on the whole for a amateur to distinguish sex in parrots, but my last sentence may guide in some measure.

Polly's cage ought to be as large as possible, and placed in a warm but not hot corner of the room, and great care ought to be taken not to stand the cage in a draught. Cover it up at night, but not entirely; the bird must have plenty of fresh air, else it will not, cannot be healthy.

Give a bath once a day if the bird will take it, but not *in* the cage; if Polly objects to a bath a good syringing now and then will do good. Let your parrot or cockatoo have all the freedom possible. I think it is as cruel to keep a bird constantly in a cage as it is to keep a dog always on chain. Let the bird have plenty of exercise therefore; it will thrive all the better for it and talk sooner.

Keep the cage very clean and very dry. It ought to be seen to every morning. Even the perches and Polly's own feet want seeing to occasionally. If there be the slightest bad smell about the drawer in the cage, scour it well with carbolic acid soap, then dry it, and sprinkle a little Condy's fluid on it. Keep all the dishes very clean as well as the cage, and scour the cage periodically, whether it smells or not. Do not let anyone persuade you that water is not good for parrots. All birds require it at times, and it should be always within their reach, and be invariably clean, and soft, and wholesome.

Food.—If you wish your bird to be well and live to a green old age, say a hundred years or thereabouts, you must be sparing in the amount of sop food you give it. Bread and milk, bread and milk, day after day, is the only notion some people have of parrot feeding, with occasionally a bone to pick, or a morsel of anything that happens to be going at table.

Do not give sop oftener than twice or at most thrice a week, but give an abundance of good canary seed and little hemp, dry biscuits, crusts of bread, ripe fruit now and then, and now and then a chillie. Nuts are greatly relished, but many of them are too fattening, and the same objection applies to hemp seed, of which some cockatoos are passionately fond.

Soak the bread you give in cold water first, then squeeze out all the water and add a little good new milk, but do not make it too sloppy. Throw away what is left in the evening before you cover Polly up for the night.

Boiled Indian corn is good as a change. It should be given cold, of course.

Give no meat or bones on any account.

When a parrot is well taken care of and properly fed, when it is used to plenty of exercise, is kept cleanly, has any amount of fresh air, and an occasional bath of water and sunshine, it is one of the hardiest, healthiest, happiest birds we have.

Scurfy skin comes from uncleanliness and too stimulating food, sometimes the feathers come all out. Sponge the tender parts with a lotion of alum or zinc, four grains to the ounce of water, and anoint the sorest parts with benzoated oxide of zinc ointment.

A few drops of castor-oil sometimes does good if the system seems to want cooling.

Whenever you see your bird ailing put it into a very warm, comfortable corner, and feed extra well for a time. Heat has a wonderful effect in restoring the vital energy of any bird whose importation into this country has been a transition

"From sunlight to a sunless land."

THE END.

USEFUL HINTS.

If you have a garden, do not throw away suds. Both ashes and suds are good manure for bushes and young plants.

Carpets.—The oftener carpets are shaken the longer they wear; the dirt that collects under them grinds out the threads. Do not sweep carpets oftener than is necessary; a broom wears it very much. When a carpet is faded, strong salt and water will often restore the brightness of the colours.

To clean gold jewellery with stones in, wash in warm suds made of fine soap with ten or fifteen drops of sal-volatile in it. This makes jewels very brilliant.

Egyptian Pudding.—One pound of suet, one pound of raisins, three-quarters of a pound of fine bread, half an ounce of allspice, four figs chopped fine, four tablespoonfuls of sugar, two eggs, two glasses of brandy, the peel of half a lemon chopped fine; mix all well together and put into a mould, steam it for four hours.

An infusion of elder leaves poured over plants will preserve them from caterpillars.

SNATCHED FROM PRISON DOORS.

By EMMA LESLIE, Author of "Out of the Mouth of the Lion."

CHAPTER IV.

THE READING CLASS.

DURING the dinner-hour that day Lina contrived to tell Mary Adams she had spoken to Amy about laughing and talking during work hours, and the promise she had given, and she then asked Mary to come home with them to tea. But Mary had brought an invitation from her mother to take Lina and Amy back with her; and Amy, joining them when this was proposed, and at once agreeing to it, it was settled that they should spend the evening with Mary, and they should form some plan of studying together.

"What are you going to study?" asked Amy, in some surprise.

"Well, I don't know yet, but there has been such a talk about Rome lately, I thought I should like to know something about it—something of its history, you know. My brother belongs to a very good library, and I daresay we could get a book from there if we made up our minds to study Rome."

"But what are you going to do it for?" asked Amy.

"Well, I want to keep up with my brother, who is learning just everything—things that I never heard of when I went to school, and I hate to feel that I know nothing about the world I live in, or the great nations that have passed away. The minister at church last Sunday was speaking about Providence, and seeing God's dealings with nations in their history, and I felt ashamed as I thought how little I knew about the history even of my own country. I learned that William the Conqueror came over here, when I went to school, but whether we are better or worse for his coming, I'm sure I don't know now."

"And I can't tell you," said Lina, laughing. "I used to learn English history, of course, when I went to school, but I forget all about it now, so I think it would be as well if we began with that. What do you say, Amy?"

"You don't expect *me* to join your learned society, I hope," said Amy.

"Indeed, we do. As to its being a learned society, you hear how ignorant we are. You, probably, know more about the matter than we do."

"Oh, I know about William the Conqueror, of course; every baby has heard about him, and about his wife, Matilda, and Earl Harold, who was killed at the battle of Hastings. Oh, I do love Harold," exclaimed Amy. "I always thought it was a shame he could not be king of England—he would have made such a splendid king, I think."

"Well, I think you'll have to teach us—you certainly can help us a great deal, Amy, if you know so much English history," said Lina, eagerly.

Amy's vanity was flattered a little by this, and after more talk she promised to think about it, but would not commit herself to a definite promise at once.

The three girls walked home together, and before the end of it they had agreed that English history should be the first subject of study, and that they would keep to this entirely for the first two or three months, until they had at least mastered all the general outlines, and then Mary proposed that they should ask her brother's help in drawing up a plan of study.

It was a little out of their way, but Lina insisted upon knocking at their own door to tell Mrs. Mead they would not be in for an hour or two. "I must, Amy, after last night," she whispered, when Amy protested it was no business of Mrs. Mead's how they spent their time. Mrs. Adams received them very cordially, and entered heartily into their plan of forming themselves into a class for study and mutual help. "I think it is a capital idea," she said; "it will give you something worth talking about on your way backwards and forwards to the city, for it is not good for you to be thinking and talking of your work when you are away from it, and idle chatter often leads to a good deal of mischief."

When they were seated at the tea-table, Tom came in and was introduced to his sister's friends, and then the plan of study was elaborated to the musical jingle of cups and saucers. Of course Tom had hints to give, some useful and some absurd, and he was a little bumptious, as all schoolboys are; but still, before the evening was over, they had settled how it would be best to begin, and what books they would read. In deference to Amy, historical works of fiction were to be added to the more solid reading, but these were by no means to take the place of what that young lady chose to consider school-books. These were to be read, and notes taken of dates and remarkable events or men, which were to be copied and learnt by them, and once a week a paper was to be written by each in turn on the subject of study, and read at their weekly meeting; for it had also been arranged that they should meet once a week at each other's house.

"Now there'll be no more dull evenings for us," said Lina, as they walked home together about half-past nine. "There will always be plenty for us to do."

"I like Tom Adams," said Amy, who had monopolised his attention as far as she could all the evening.

"Yes, he seems a nice sensible boy."

"Boy you call him," exclaimed Amy. "Well, he is, and a schoolboy too. He certainly is grave and steady, but that don't alter the fact of his being a schoolboy. Now I've been thinking, dear, we ought to try and join a good library, for we cannot always depend upon Mary for books."

"Of course not; I shouldn't have brought all those books away to-night," said Amy. "I'm not going to keep them long, but I have one or two old histories, and I want to compare them with these.

"Oh, we shall get on now, dear—now we have something to think of besides our work. I shall like your hero Harold, I'm sure, from what Tom said about him to-night, only then comes the question, if he would have made such a good king for England, why did God let that cruel William win the battle of Hastings?"

"La, Lina, we're not expected to trouble our heads about such things as that, I hope," said Amy, petulantly.

"But we're going to think about them, and find out if we can. Don't you remember what Mary said had roused her to think about studying history—to find out God's Providence with nations. Now this, at the very beginning, seems as though there must have been some mistake; and don't you see, we've got to read it all carefully, and think it over by what we know now as the actual results of the Norman invasion, and what the probable result would have been if we had been left to ourselves."

"Oh, I never can bother my brain about all that. I'll read the history over just to please you; but I shall like the stories best, I know," said Amy.

"Oh, yes, the stories will be delightful; we will take it in turns to read aloud, and then, as we shall be reading the solid history in between, and always have the books at hand, we shall understand everything so much better."

"Oh, I hate reading aloud," yawned Amy, who was by no means enraptured with the new scheme, and, moreover, began to feel tired and sleepy, from having been up so late the night before.

"Well, we don't want to begin anything to-night, dear; we'll go to bed as soon as we get home," said Lina, for she saw it would do no good to argue with Amy just now, and she would possibly wake up in a very different mood the next morning, as in truth she did, for as soon as her eyes were open she said, "Lina, why shouldn't we ask some of the others to join our class? The more the merrier, you know."

"Well, dear, I don't know that anybody would care to join, and——"

"But we could ask them," interrupted Amy.

"Yes, we might, when we see how our plan works," answered Lina.

"But why need we wait for that; of course, it will work all right, and it would be better to begin together. There's Tilly Robinson and her cousin—I know they'd join; I'll speak to them in the dinner hour; then there's Jane Wood and Ellen Lighfoot; I'm not so sure about them, but I'll see what they say."

"Don't you think we'd better wait for a week, dear, and see how we get on, and talk to Mary about it."

"We can talk to Mary afterwards. I tell you it will be jolly to have a big class, and meet once a week at each other's homes. I daresay some of their mothers will join, too, and that will be better still," said Amy, springing out of bed, and beginning to dress with unusual energy. "Oh, we'll have a splendid class; or better still, Lina, why shouldn't we call it a 'literary society,'" she added.

Lina laughed. "Well, wait until we get to work," she said, "before we call it anything, and I do think you had better wait a little while before mentioning it to the others."

But Amy would not promise to postpone her invitation to the other girls. "The more the merrier," she declared, and she wanted to have some fun, as well as read. So the invitations were given at dinner-time, and one or two promised at once to join in the scheme; but the more thoughtful girls said they must take time to consider it, and would speak to Lina or Mary, for they looked upon Amy as a flighty, thoughtless girl, who would eventually be dismissed in disgrace, and therefore one to be avoided, if not actually shunned.

Amy tossed her head when she received their cool answers to her eager canvas. "Nasty things, they shan't join now, if I can help it," she muttered. She was rather mortified that she had only three names to propose to Lina and Mary as they walked home, but Lina was very glad there were no more, especially as Amy told her she had asked them to come home with them to tea and spend the next evening to learn all about the affair.

Mary, too, looked grave. "I am afraid she has spoiled the whole thing for us," she whispered.

"I am afraid so too, but we must make the best of it," said Lina, and then aloud she added, "Did you tell the girls we were just going to study quietly at home of an evening, and meet once a week to talk over what we learned?"

"Of course I did. I told them all about it, and I think you're very selfish not to want them to join us. If it's good for us to study history, it's good for them, I should think," said Amy, in a great huff, and having said this she walked on, leaving Lina and Mary to discuss the question by themselves.

"I suppose she is right after all," said Lina, and we are rather selfish in wanting to have a snug little class all to ourselves"

"As if she thought about that. I'm afraid she's just spoilt it, for all she thinks of is fun and frolic, and the three girls she has asked to tea to-morrow

are not much better than nerself," said Mary, with a sigh.

"Well, dear, this may help to steady them, and so we may be able to do some good in the world. I've often wished I could—wished I was a man, that I might go as a missionary to the heathens; but as I can't, I must just do the work that lies nearest."

"But, Lina, these girls are not heathens," exclaimed Mary.

"Of course not, dear; but I think many of them want a steady friend. You see how it is, the giddy, thoughtless ones are avoided by the steady and careful, and——"

"Well, of course," interrupted Mary; "how can it be otherwise?"

"It's bad for them," said Lina; "they must notice they are avoided, and it compels them to make friends with each other, and one leads another into mischief, never thinking of the harm that may follow, but out of mere thoughtlessness; whereas if there were a few steady friends among them, they would be warned in time."

"Yes, but you don't consider the effect it would have upon the steady ones," said Mary, quickly.

"In what way?" asked Lina.

"Well now, take yourself, for instance. I can tell you this, that everybody was astonished to see you take up with that giddy little Amy, and we said you ought not to do it for your own sake—you ought to take care of yourself."

Lina smiled. "We're not sent into the world merely to take care of ourselves," she said. "Don't you remember last Sunday's text—'Am I my brother's keeper?' and what the minister said about doing all we can for those who come nearest to us, either as relatives, friends, or companions—that, if we took hold of this work in faith and prayer, doing all we could to lessen the evil that came nearest to us, we could then rest in God, and never let the evil that lay beyond our reach trouble us. It has helped me," added Lina, "for I did so want to be a missionary."

"But what about our own characters, if we mix up with a lot of flighty girls?" said Mary.

"Of course we must ourselves bear in mind why we mix up with them; but we must also keep it to ourselves," said Lina. "It is not easy to do this always, I know, for if I let Amy once fancy I was trying to do this for her, things would soon come to an end between us. As it is, I think I may be able to do a little good by quietly influencing her, and who knows but what we may be able to do the same for these others she has invited to join our class."

"And so that was why you chose to live with Amy Carrington?" said Mary.

"Oh, no, I don't think it was," said Lina. "She spoke to me about finding a lodging because her brother was going away from London, and I was looking for one too and so we agreed to live together and share expenses; but I soon found out that Amy was a giddy little goose—not the sort of companion I should have chosen; but I think she is the one God has chosen for me—He has given her to me to take care of."

"I don't believe Amy ever thinks of God taking care of her," said Mary.

"Perhaps not. A baby never thinks of its mother, but the mother takes care of it all the same, and God does the same for us. By-and-by I hope Amy will come to believe in God's love for her; but until——"

"But I don't see things like that. Christians are to help each other, of course," said Mary, quickly; "but giddy, worldly people like Amy—why, Lina, you know we are told not to love the world," protested Mary.

"And you are afraid Amy will become my world as well as my work. But you know, Mary, we are to follow the example of our Lord Jesus Christ, and He came to seek and to save those who were lost. He did not shut himself up with His disciples—He even chose them, and taught them that they might go about the world to carry on His work."

"Yes, but we are not like the disciples, we are only working girls, and, as mother says, we ought to be very careful in our behaviour, and more especially as in such a number there are sure to be some giddy, foolish ones," exclaimed Mary.

"I know that," said Lina, "but I say that the steady, reliable Christian girls ought to think less about taking care of themselves and their characters, and more about helping to save the foolish ones. As Christians, they ought to follow the example of their Master. We know He didn't think about taking care of His character, and that He offended some people through it, for they complained that He ate and drank with publicans and sinners; but He wouldn't mind that if He could do good to the publicans and sinners, and so we need not mind if some people say we mix up with the giddy ones, so long as we can do them good."

(*To be continued.*)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

SUSIE.—You do not tell us whether you mean "a clerk" in the Civil Service, or a private one in a house of business. We advise you to beware how you give up a salary of £40 per annum as a teacher, which will probably be raised when you are older, on the chance of obtaining a situation of the kind you desire. To get an appointment in the Civil Service, you would have to pass one or more examinations. Write for the papers to the Civil Service Commissioners, in Cannon-row, Westminster.

ŒNONE.—We sympathise in your distress at an unreal grievance. We, of the mother country, by no means imagine that our friends of the colonies (those of New Zealand included) "parade the bush in blankets and are half savage." We know all about you very well. The Royal Conservatoire of Music, at Leipsic, holds half-yearly examinations and receptions of new pupils—men and women—and a knowledge of German would be requisite. A new course began on the 13th of April, 1883. The qualifications for admission are:—knowledge exceeding the rudiments of music, and the possession of musical talent. The fee for the whole instruction given is 300 marks per annum, paid in advance—*i.e.*, 100 at Easter, 100 at Michaelmas, and 100 at Christmas. Also, an entrance-fee of nine marks, and three marks per annum for the servant of the institute. Full particulars will be sent on application to Dr. Otto Gunther, Royal Conservatoire of Music, Leipsic.

WORK.

A READER OF THE G. O. P. (Paisley).—You will find a pattern for a cap or hood at page 92, vol. ii.

LITTLE DIMPLE.—To knit a pair of gentleman's stockings, for bicycling, use four-ply fingering worsted, No. 16 needles, and cast on 156 stitches. For instructions in knitting stockings, see page 157, vol. ii. "Hebe," pronounced "He-be," was the goddess of youth and cupbearer to the celestial gods. She was fabled to possess the power of restoring the aged to youth and beauty.

B. C.—You will find "The Home Naturalist," by Harland Coultas, published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., a most useful work.

MARY P.—The "rose-leaf pattern" will be found at page 596, vol. iii.; the "leaf edging" at page 461, vol. ii.

FARNINGHAM.—Consult "My Work Basket," for patterns. Several pretty ones for knitting will be found at page 157, vol. ii.

AN IVY LEAF and JENNIE K. will find a description of shoulder braces that can be made at home, on page 351, vol. iii. Both questioners should find time in the day to rest the back by lying down flat upon it, for half-an-hour each time. The translation of your Latin sentence is, "Virtue alone (or of itself) ennobles us."

MISS CHIPLE.—The make and cut of the suit for evening wear should be exactly the same as that for the morning, the only difference consisting in the material of which it is made, which should be of fine "broad cloth."

W. E. M.—Before having recourse to a black dye, why not procure Judson's brown dye, for restoring your faded straw hat? We could not promise you success, but it might be worth the trouble of making the experiment.

MOTHER M.—You can make a tennis-apron, without crewel-work, out of a towel with coloured border. Use one border for the bib, and the other for the lower end of the apron. Your hand is unformed, but promises well.

HETTY.—Either a jacket or dolman would be quite suitable for wear this summer, and for a dress, brown or dark red would be fashionable. You should have told us whether your complexion was light or dark.

GOLDFINCH and NANTIE H.—For making a "Tam o' Shanter" cap in crochet-work, see our directions to "Bessie," and "Arabella," page 591, vol. i. Your quotation is from Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

ANXIOUS ONE.—We can only suggest your taking a specimen article to a fancy-work or ready-made linen shop, and trying to obtain orders.

WINNIE LEACH.—We regret that we cannot accede to your wishes.

ALICE.—You must inquire at the various shops where they are likely to sell such things. But selling fancy work is comparatively hopeless now, when so many work for themselves.

RUBY CRAY.—You do not describe the mantle very carefully, but we should think the sleeves must be cut shorter, and the back made a little fuller. You could, perhaps, put the fulness in at the back seam, and add a bow and sash there.

DR. TONY.—We wonder whether you knew when you wrote it that your letter was flippant and rude? We do not give patterns, nor sell them.

MILDRED.—We sympathise much with you in your various troubles, and are glad to find you so self-reliant and brave. With regard to the knitting-machine, we think you would find it answer if you could always be sure of getting work for it. This you should inquire about before expending the money.

KITTY MAUDE.—You can procure paper patterns from many places in London, and elsewhere, and must choose those most like our pictures. We do not make them.

MARTHA.—The thread for making Macramé lace may be purchased at most good fancy-work shops by the skein, or by the pound.

ART.

M. F. B.—For painting in oils on silk, satin, or cotton fans, you should begin by squeezing the tube colours out on blotting-paper, which will absorb the oil and prevent a stain on the material. Use prepared ox-gall to the traced portion of the design before laying on the paint. Magnesia rubbed at the back of the material is also said to absorb the oil.

SALLY.—Read the article on crystoleum painting.

JESSIE.—To colour photographs, see page 183, vol. iii.

MISS RANDALL.—We regret that we cannot give any information on the subject, but a letter addressed to the secretary of the exhibition would probably be delivered safely.

EDIAEEDA and INDUSTRY will find an excellent article on painting on silk and satin, at page 66, vol. iv.

MONA.—Water-colour paintings do not need varnishing. We think oil painting is far easier than water-colour painting. The former must be varnished when thoroughly dry.

ENILA.—We do not think layer after layer of paint could possibly have a good effect. Three paintings are the rule. Mastic varnish is the best to use for oil paintings, but its use requires experience and judgment.

PAINTER.—The subject and list are questions are too long for our columns. We think you had better obtain a small dictionary of Italian painters, which will not cost much, and will be always useful.

ALINE-VERA W.—We do not quite understand your difficulties, but we believe if you procure vol. ii., and study carefully the series of excellent articles on

"Sketching from Nature," by Mr. Staples, you will have no difficulty in learning.

A. H. N., Glen, and Primrose.—Read "Terra-cotta Painting," page 225, vol. ii. You will find all questions answered.

Primrose II.—Read "Tile Painting," pages 728 and 793, vol. ii.; "China Painting," pages 74 and 340, vol. i.

Sweet Kathleen.—We think copal varnish would be the best. Many thanks for the mayflower from Nova Scotia.

Isabel.—For directions respecting decorative door-painting, read "How I Taught Myself Painting," page 686, vol. iii.

Dum Spiro Spero.—We have given an article on terra-cotta painting, at page 225, vol. ii. Fasten the pressed ferns into your album by means of little strips of paper, acting as straps across the principal stem. The ends of these bands should be passed through the leaf of the book on each side to the back, and there gummed with strong gum arabic.

Chrystabel.—If the other methods have failed, you might try scraping some French chalk on the back of the drawing-paper, and rubbing it in with your finger. Write to Mr. Tarn for the index.

Eileen.—You will find the article on crystoleum painting in *Silver Sails*, page 38 (our extra Summer Number for 1882). Write for it to Mr. Tarn.

Nancy Aberdare is thanked for her sketch of the *pauvre enfant*.

Sweetbriar's design and water-colour sketch do her credit, and shall be put into an album for poor incurable children.

Country Girl.—Read our article on terra-cotta painting, page 253, vol. ii. To teach yourself to draw, you should procure a small manual of directions and a beginner's collection of sketches to copy, which may be had in different degrees of finish. Then, when you have studied and accomplished the touches required, and mastered the rules of perspective, you may procure coloured sketches in the same style of little books, which are sold at all artists' colourmen's. But to begin to paint before you have learnt to draw is like "putting the cart before the horse." We are sorry to hear that your former letters were not answered.

Blowette.—Consult the index of each of our volumes before writing to us, for in this case, as in so many others, the same questions are asked over and over again. See page 132, vol. ii.

F. W. S.—To frost glass, mix the Epsom salts in the beer as thickly as possible, so as to be sufficiently liquid for application.

Girl of Sixteen.—1. The nearest school of art to you is that of Islington, at 21, Cross-street, N. The National Art Training School, at South Kensington, is under the superintendence of Miss Trulock. Apply personally at the school, or by letter, addressed to the secretary of the Science and Art Department. 2. Employ strong gum to secure your drawings to the cardboard, only touching the corners and a spot at each side.

The Land's End.—The only pigments available for painting the slides of magic lanterns are the transparent, and a few of the semi-transparent—*i.e.*, Prussian blue, gamboge, carmine, verdigris, madder brown, indigo, crimson lake, and ivory black. The semi-transparent are raw sienna, burnt sienna, cappah-brown, and vandyke brown. Ordinary oil or water-colours will do, ground exceedingly fine. Thin the colours with ordinary megilp, but beware of thinning too much, or the colours will run into one another. Should you paint in water-colours, the first wash of colour should be a hot solution of transparent gelatine. When dry and cold, use the camel's-hair brush gently, and cold water as a medium. When painting in oils, remember to temper the colours with strong white varnish. Brunswick black is employed for unpainted spaces.

Silvery Moonlight.—If you desire to sell a copy of another person's painting, and you know who the original painter was, you ought to write and ask leave so to do. In any case, you must write on the back of your reproduction that it was a copy of a picture by So-and-So.

Estelle.—See "Sketching from Nature," pages 36, 124, 179, 279, 283, 405, 521, 567, and 737, vol. ii.

E. M.—Yes, you may paint on wood in water-colours, if you prefer it. Take care to clean the wood thoroughly first with crumbs of bread. Then mix the colours you mean to use with Chinese white to render them opaque. Begin with the darkest colours, gradually ascending to the brightest lights; and when you have finished the design give it a coat of the patent white size. When dry, add another, and when the second coat is dry give the whole one of white spirit varnish, using a broad, flat, soft brush. This varnishing must be repeated when the first coat is dry, the process being performed by first brushing vertically, and horizontally in laying on the second coat, repeating the process until a sufficiently high degree of glaze has been attained.

Elizabeth D.—The art of engraving is of Florentine origin, and dates to the early part of the fifteenth century. One Maso Finiguerra was an artist who engraved on silver plate, and, desiring to preserve impressions of his work, took casts of them in clay, and produced the facsimiles by means of a roller in liquid sulphur, and sometimes on damp paper. He then procured impressions on paper, the right way of the original, by engraving in reverse, in the manner of broad-seals.

Hannah.—See page 115, vol. i., in reply to "Frinnie Uleuch."

Quid pro quo.—In former times English pottery was composed either of plain queen's ware, sometimes with a coloured edge, or a hand-painted border. Subsequently, engraved copper-plates, filled up with the pigments required, have been applied to the biscuit. In some cases, where the design has been smaller in size than the paste, the impressions are taken upon an elastic substance (such as india-rubber, or a composition of glue and treacle), which is stretched to the right dimensions and applied to it. Thus painted, when the pottery has stood long enough to dry, it is placed in a gentle heat, to evaporate the oil used in the colours, and so to prepare it for glazing. This mode of "transferring prints" to earthenware has completely changed the appearance of our English manufactures, and has much increased our trade with Continental countries. Our blue printed ware cannot yet be similarly produced in France, for the abundance of fuel which we possess, and the extensive character of our Staffordshire potteries render it impossible to compete with us, as we can prepare calcined flints at a cheaper rate than they can, and the delicate blue printing which we produce rivals the colouring of the Chinese. Your sketch is clever, but your hand is not sufficiently flowing in character to be called a "running hand." You remove your pen too often from the paper, which gives a disjointed appearance.

Blanche.—All directions for terra-cotta painting will be found in vol. ii., page 225.

Virginia.—We cannot recommend any particular shops or firms for the sale of paintings. You must do as all girls who want to make money by their work, go and show specimens of what you can produce, and endeavour to obtain orders.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Zenobia.—The chilblains may be checked in the first stage by rubbing them lightly with mustard flour dry, so as to cause a slight irritation to the skin.

Interested Reader and Anxious.—Enlargements on the first joint of the big toe are produced by wearing boots and shoes with pointed toes, also by gout and rheumatism, and likewise by a complaint, to which you may never allude in polite society, "bunions." Of course, we are unable to tell you to which of these causes yours should be attributed.

M. S. J.—We regret that we cannot give addresses of tradesmen. You may obtain the one you require by inquiring at any bookbinder's.

Doran.—Certainly, you should bow to the gentleman with whom you are already acquainted, meeting and conversing with him twice a week. Your writing is too irregular.

Marie C.—We advise your giving up the idea of writing poetry, with regret, because you write so modestly about the attempt you have made. Were there new and beautiful thoughts in the specimen you have sent us, we should think little of the irregularity and incorrectness of the composition as such, and should direct you to count the syllables in each line and correct the fall of the beat; but we can only advise you to perfect your style in prose.

Doner.—Try dipping the tea-stains in glycerine and water.

Sixteen.—The Italian work, *Boccherini*, is pronounced as "Bok-er-e-nee," and that of the French word *voilà* should be demonstrated orally, as our letters in the English alphabet do not always combine to represent the proper sound. We thank you for the flowers.

Habrothamnus.—The French word *dos-à-dos* (back to back), is pronounced as "doze-a-doe"; *vis-à-vis* (face to face, or opposite), as "vees-a-vee"; and *dot* (dowry), as "do," without the terminal letter "t."

Looking-Glass.—If not of a character to be cleaned like ordinary plate, you should take your silver bracelet to a jeweller. Try to spell better. Notice how we spell the word "discoloured." We have recently given notice of new prize competitions.

Mechante Petite.—We are glad to see so much religious feeling expressed in the lines you enclose, but regret to say that they are utterly lacking in the true elements of poetry, and incorrect in composition in all respects.

R. B.—We had pleasure in reading your very kind letter, and are much obliged to you for telling us how much all your family like our paper. Charcoal is a good thing for indigestion and other complaints; but while your daughter has evidently got a weak one, the pain she suffers "before" her meals cannot arise from that. She has some weakness, and when in need of food a slight cramp may come in the muscles, which would occasion the pain. She needs a tonic, and the quinine wine would probably do her much good. It can be bought at any chemist's.

A Bookseller's Daughter.—"Mona" is from the Saxon word *monan*, "a remote isle."

A Maid of Battersea.—We regret that the verses would take up too much space, and would not be interesting to our other readers. You can obtain "popular reciters" at any price, from a penny upwards.

Dolce far Niente.—The word "éperne" is derived from the French word *épargne*, economy, or saving, from the verb *épargner*, to economise. We are sorry that you are beyond the age.

Water Lover.—Apply the *eau de Cologne* to the comedones only. A pure soap, as nearly without alkalies as possible, should be used.

E. M. S. (Doctors' Commons).—*Dum spiro spero* means "While I breathe I hope." We are very sorry to hear you say that you find so much difficulty in collecting for the "Home." We had hoped that the desire to help other girls would have made the cause interesting to all our readers.

Antony and Cleopatra.—The 22nd of September, 1863, was a Tuesday, and the 28th of April, 1865, was a Friday. Your hand is not quite formed.

Nydia.—Read "Health and Beauty for the Hair," page 259, vol. i. The 8th of September, 1864, was a Thursday.

Toodie Clissold.—Your writing is beautiful, and your hand for engrossing very good, but the kind and grateful spirit in which you write to encourage us deserves still greater praise and our best thanks.

Niobe.—Do not make yourself miserable about a question of circumstances over which you had no control, and for which you are not responsible. God permitted your birth, and made you, body and soul, for His service, and for the merit's sake of your Saviour, and your acceptance and faith in the same, an inheritor of everlasting life. We should recommend you to make no inquiries whatever, unless the right of succession to property be involved, and the law should demand your production of such certificates. Your own baptismal register will probably be all that will be asked of you, of which you can procure a copy for half-a-crown. If, however, you must seek for the register recording your parents' marriage, you should inquire at Somerset House, in the Strand, W.C.

Naughty Flo.—Perhaps to scour the grease spots on your carpet with oxgall might prove efficient. Otherwise, you should either send it to a professional cleaner, or else rip the seams, and place the disfigured part to the side of the room under some article of furniture, or in the shade, where it will be less observable than where it now is. Why do you write backwards?

Blush Rose.—"Me" is the accusative of "I," the nominative; "thinks" is from the present tense of the verb "to think"; "methinks" is an old-fashioned compound word of the two, and is an "impersonal verb." In old English the verb is "methinketh." Your writing is very irregular; try to slope all the letters one way, and take some pretty, well-formed "running hand" as a model.

Oonagh.—You should inquire for Ruskin's works, and the price of each volume, at his publisher's, George Allen, Sunnyside, Orpington, Kent. Perhaps you may obtain them secondhand cheaply. You seem to have attempted to write in "blank verse," but it is only prose, because the length of each line should be ten feet, and where breaks occur the new line should complete the number omitted in the last. These breaks also should be varied both in length and position, each respectively. "Over the obstinate pen and paper," is not a line of blank-verse, nor of any form of poetry; nor is "Forth, and stand on the up-smiling page;" and you use the word "meseems" for "methinks." Your letter is a nice one, and does you credit, and we feel obliged to you for expressing yourself so kindly of us and our paper.

Soney-huckle.—We must confess it has been a difficult matter to find an answer to your question, and if we had not remembered that "Eligugs" might require a "h," in some people's speech, in order to make it "Heligugs"—the proper name—we should never have found it out. "Helegug" is another name for the bird known as the puffin. Your description of the eggs, however, resembles more those of the common guillemot. Both it and the puffin are essentially sea birds, their home being the sea, and they never resort to land, save at the breeding season. When the young are fully fledged in August, they withdraw to southern seas, where they pass the winter, not approaching land again till April or May. Many thanks for your kind and gratifying letter and its grateful contents.

Perplexity.—Do not try to take your future into your own hands, but, doing your duties faithfully from day to day, await the leading of God's good Providence, committing yourself and your way to Him, in faith and hope. Doubtless, in those terrible times of persecution, the fewer earthly ties and encumbrances the better. Thus our Lord spoke in reference to a special occasion, St. Matt. xxiv. 19, and thus St. Paul in the 1st Cor. vii. 26 and 29. One thing we know with certainty, that we should emulate the apostle's feelings, so as to say as he did, that we have learned "In whatever state I am, therewith to be content." "My times are in Thy hand," "Lead Thou me on."

Maid of Ten Summers.—High mountains pierce the level of the ordinary cloud-line, and when the clouds are dispersed by the combined influence of wind and sun some fragments are caught, and cling to either the elevated sides or the top of the mountain. Besides this, the temperature is colder on the summit than lower down, and if the vapours do not freeze and lie there in snow, at least the sun has no power to draw them up, and so disperse them.

Maidenhair-fern.—1. Tobacco juice destroys insects on plants. If small ones in pots, wash them off with a small soft piece of sponge. 2. Look for all advice respecting the hair by means of the index to each volume of this paper. We cannot perpetually repeat all we have written on the subject.

VOL. IV.—No. 191. AUGUST 25, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A LONG LANE WITH A TURNING.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XXI.

'LIKE AN OLD TALE STILL."

FOR weeks James Listowe lay between life and death in the little red house in the Kentish village, and those who had never expected to meet again in this world met beside his bed. We part, thinking we have done with each other, and, lo! some unlooked-for event brings us from the uttermost parts of the earth, and forces us together once more.

Little Frank Lilly came down from London, and took his turn in the sick chamber; and so anxious were the three watchers, Cassie, Mary, and Frank, that they forgot to think how strange it was that they should all be there.

Between Mary and Cassie there was no formal reconciliation. Mrs. Listowe said not one word about the old wrong, but she showed herself more than grateful for Mary's wordless pardon. It was a new Cassie who watched patiently by her husband's side; no longer the fluent, worldly-wise Cassie Decke, who had always contrived to say the right thing to everybody.

"If he gets well," she said, one day, when the doctor had spoken hopefully of her husband's recovery, "he won't know me for the same woman, Mary; that's all."

But he did know her for the same woman, who, in spite of all her double-mindedness, had married him from passionate love. He knew her one morning when the summer dawn began to shine through the unshuttered window, and

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she was the sole watcher in his room. The house was very still, and out-of-doors there was only the soft moaning wind at play among the leaves, and the clear notes of the early birds.

"Is that you, Cassie?" he asked.

"Yes, James—my James; you are better now."

She bent over him, and he passed his feeble arm round her neck. Outside the window the birds sang louder, and the light broadened and brightened. It was a beautiful beginning of a new day—a type of that new life which was to begin for them both.

"Have you forgiven me, Cassie?" whispered he.

"My darling, have you forgiven me?" she said, softly. "It was I who drove you away by my wicked, odious temper, and made you ill. As if you were not dearer to me than all the money in the world."

The weak arm pressed her gently, but he did not answer at once. Never until that moment had he understood how real a thing her love was. Alas for Cassie! there had been so much that was sham about her, that even her husband had scarcely given her credit for anything true.

"Cassie," he said, at last, "I have been to blame from the very beginning. I did not, in our early married days, give you all the love that you ought to have had. Start wrong, and you go wrong all through. But we must start afresh, Cassie, if God raises me up again."

"If I had let you alone, James, you might have married your true love. But I flattered you, and lured you, as a silly woman does when she has set her heart on a man. And I got my desire, and it disappointed me. If you started wrongly, poor fellow, it was all my doing. But I loved you, James; I loved you!"

And Love was the conqueror at last. The poor selfish nature, thwarted most when prosperity was at its height, tasted the purest happiness it had ever known in its day of sorrow. James Listowe's cheek was wet as he laid it against hers, and he spoke almost with a sob.

"I know what you are thinking about, Cassie; but Arthur Beachley loved Mary better than I did, and she was meant for him. I stole her away from him, and nothing but trouble came of it. Don't fret over it now, my darling; let us be glad that we understand each other at last, and are going to begin again."

Ah, that beginning over again! To some of us it is not granted to do this, and we are compelled to go on in the groove we have made for ourselves till the very end. There are many who would welcome even the loss of wealth and station if they might "begin again" as James and Cassie did—starting afresh, strong in their newer, holier love for each other, and their humble trust in God.

One evening, early in August, when James and his wife sat talking in low tones, Mary wandered away into the shadow of the little copse that overhung the fruit fields. From her station under the trees she could see the pair sitting at the house door, the invalid in a wicker chair stuffed with pillows, and Cassie on a low stool by his side, holding his hand clasped in hers. In another week he would be well enough to move into the London lodging which was now to be his home instead of the mansion at Yare. That mansion was already dismantled. As Cassie had predicted, everything had to go, nor were all claims fairly settled till even her jewels and personal trinkets had been given up. She was literally stripped of all that Uncle Jacob's money had purchased.

Many friends had stepped forward to help the Listowes in their day of need; but they were mostly those who had kept aloof from the young couple in the time of their wealth. And James had gratefully accepted the post of confidential clerk in Mr. Cardew's office, while Cassie avowed her intention of giving singing lessons if there should be any spare time on her hands. People who knew nothing of their inner life were not a little surprised at the readiness with which they adapted themselves to altered circumstances. They knew nothing about the weariness and self-disgust which had made the lives of James and Cassie a burden to themselves in the days when every good thing seemed to fall to their lot. They had never peeped into that closet in the grand house where the skeleton was kept, nor seen Black Care sitting behind pretty Mrs. Listowe when she drove her ponies through the streets of Yare.

As Mary stood there under the shade of the beeches, the voices of Bona Carlisle and Frank Lilly drifted towards her from the garden.

"You will have to marry some day," Bona was saying; "but I am very glad you are not thinking of it at present. If it could only be impressed upon the clerical mind that one hundred a year will not support a wife and any number of children in simple physical comfort, we should get rid of the worst form of genteel pauperism. Now, why are you looking so doleful, Frank? You have confessed that you are not in love with any of the penniless lasses who are always sighing after a poor curate."

"I can say with Sir Dinadan," Frank answered, "'the joy of love is too short, and the sorrow thereof, and what cometh thereof dureth over-long.'"

"Sir Dinadan was the merriest knight of Arthur's court," said Bona. "Why do you quote his sayings with a rueful countenance? I am half disposed to believe that you are suffering from 'what cometh thereof' at this moment."

He laughed as she spoke, and moved away.

"I am glad of your departure," cried Bona, after him. "Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy!"

Mary, too, laughed under the beeches; and Frank, coming in search of her, found her standing among the summer shadows with a smile upon her lips. She looked young again, with the dimples appearing in her cheeks, and the grey eyes shining with mirth. The light wind had loosened a little tress of her hair, and fluttered the ends of a blue ribbon tied round her neck. Frank thought he had never seen her so bright as now.

"I have overheard your conversation with Bona," she said. "I didn't know you were of Sir Dinadan's mind, Frank."

He did not answer immediately. There was something so delightful in standing with her under the whispering beeches, that the very pleasantness kept him silent. His companion mistook the silence for sadness, and spoke again with a touch of concern in her tone.

"Are you really melancholy, Frank? I hope there is no cause."

He looked up suddenly, and met her eyes.

"There is a certain kind of suffering that ennobles us," he said. "I have one cause for sorrow which I would not be without."

"You are talking riddles, Frank."

"Ah, Miss Berrithorne," he went on, so slowly and calmly that she was hardly prepared for that which followed; "a man is none the worse for an honest love, set on an object far above him, and yet I daresay you will think me a fool for loving you."

"Oh, Frank, I am so surprised—so sorry!"

"Do not be sorry. My love for you has made me better and wiser; it has been God's way of humbling and exalting me. I am putting my thoughts into clumsy words, but I think you will understand me."

For just half a moment Mary wondered if she could take Frank, and be all to him that he did not even dare to hope for. But although many a woman can go contentedly through life with a man who leans upon her, Mary Berrithorne could not do it. She had made one terrible mistake in her girlhood, and she would not make a second blunder in her maturity. She liked Frank Lilly as heartily as she had once despised him, but it was a liking that could not go beyond a certain limit.

There was a silence. They stood looking at the pair who were sitting in the doorway under the shade of the clematis. Cassie had lost much of her beauty, but her face had gained a new sweetness of expression; and James, whose features were refined by long illness, was handsomer perhaps than he had ever been before.

"That is a charming picture, Frank," said Mary, at last. "Cassie in her character of devoted wife is a thousand times more attractive than the beautiful Miss Decke."

"Yes," he admitted, readily. "I sometimes wonder at my old infatuation."

"And I at mine," confessed Mary, with a smile. "How glad we ought to be that 'the old order changeth.' We often feel half ashamed to own that we are changed, and yet it is a true sign of development. One doesn't blame the child when it learns to prefer real works of art to the gay daubs on the nursery walls."

Again there was a silence. Both were still watching the couple under the clematis.

"They are very happy," Mary said.

"It does one good to see such happiness."

"'But, oh! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes,'" Frank quoted, half gaily and half sadly, as Mary moved towards the house.

(*To be continued.*)

MARGARET'S NEIGHBOURS.

By Dora Hope.

"I SAY, Win, what do you think that old fellow that wrote the Political Economy book says about women?" asked Jack one day, when, holidays over, everyone was settling down at home again.

"I don't know, I'm sure. Something rude, I daresay."

"No, it wasn't, then; he says no man ought to marry a woman until she can make good bread, and quite right too, I consider," said Jack, with the air of one who has studied his subject.

"Oh, are you looking out for someone who can, then? You are a trifle young yet, are you not?" answered Winnie composedly.

"No fear; I've seen too much of the sex in my sisters!" said Jack. "But I was just thinking, don't you see, you girls had really better learn to bake, in case any fellow ever should be lunatic enough to——"

The rest of the sentence was unfortunately lost to posterity, owing to a sudden rush towards and forcible suppression of the speaker by Lulu in her usual vigorous way. "You rude ridiculous boy," she cried, apparently doing her best to smother him with a crumpled up antimacassar; "it's only because men are so stupid and blind that they don't come in hundreds to marry our Winnie, though certainly she never, never could be spared; and as to the bread, you are thinking of the loaves at the seaside, with those lovely little nobby crusts of which you used to take *every scrap* yourself, just like a boy; and it is not for the sake of our learning the art that you said that, but simply that you may have the enjoyment of nice home-made bread to eat, and you know it, sir!" and Lulu emphasised the closing words with a parting pommel or two before releasing her victim.

"Oh, but I say, you really might as well make some, though," persevered Jack, panting and red in the face from the recent combat. "It is such jolly stuff, so much jollier than what you buy, you know. Do have a try, Win, there's a dear."

"Well, that landlady of ours did give me detailed directions, which Lulu wrote down; and if I can only find them, and if our oven is big enough, I would not mind trying some day when I have time," said Winnie, wavering.

"Oh, just go and look for that recipe now, won't you, and I'll go on with that tatting work for you, and then you can start baking to-morrow, don't you see?" said Jack, insinuatingly, taking up Winnie's crewel work, which was, however, prudently removed from his fingers before much damage was done. Winnie presently found the slip of paper with the directions for bread-making: the wording was a little odd, for Lulu had taken it down literally from the good landlady's lips, and she had not arranged her language as she would have wished for publication.

"You see, m'm," the directions ran, "for to make nice light bread, the three things you've got to mind is have your flour dry and smooth, which it mustn't have no lumps whatever, your yeast fresh and your milk and water loo-warm, not too hot on no account, as would make it heavy, but just a nice loo, as one may say. You take and warm your earthenware crock before the fire, first go off, and then put in your flour, say 12lb. with three tablespoonfuls of salt well mixed in, dry. You make a hollow in the middle then, and pour in your 2 quarts of milk and water, loo-warm, as I were a-saying just now. You must have your yeast ready by now, which you take 1½ ounces of German yeast, and a teaspoonful of moist sugar in a basin and pour a little warm water on them, say a good half pint. You can crush your yeast with a fork for to help it dissolve. When it have dissolved, cover your basin with a plate and leave it 6 or 7 minutes, when you will find it have rose, and now's your time to pour it in on top of your milk and water in the crock. You mix this liquid now with some of the flour round it, but don't mix down to the bottom of the pan, nor yet to the sides, but keep it in a batter like, in the middle. When it's mixed to a smooth thick batter, sprinkle a little flour from the sides over, cover your pan with a warm cloth, and leave it three-quarters of an hour for to rise. Then comes the mixing and kneading, which you mustn't spare your labour but require a light hand. When you have kneaded it to a nice light dough, you take and leave it for an hour say, till it have rose again, and then make it into loaves and put them in your tins, which is all ready warmed and lightly greased. But before you put them in your oven, let them stand where they are for 15 minutes or so. Your oven have got to be well hot, though not to say scorching hot, you can try it with a bit of flour thrown in on the bottom, and if it goes black without burning, that's right for your bread. Put your loaves in the bottom part of the oven, shut your door quick, and that's all about it. You can open the door three or four times to turn your loaves, and after three-quarters of an hour you can move them up on to the shelf, but don't you open your door any more than is obliged, for it lets *out* the steam each time which you want to keep it *in*. They takes from an hour to one and three-quarters, according to the size of your loaves, and when they are done, take them out of the tins at once and stand them on their heads in your cool larder."

"Well, we cannot bake to-day, certainly," remarked Winnie, having read the above production aloud, sentence by sentence, for the benefit of the rest of the family; "for nothing is ready, and there is that china to do."

"How troublesome! I declare there always is something horrid waiting to be done in this house! What is the matter with the china?" asked Lulu, dejectedly, without looking up from a tile which she was engaged in painting.

"Oh, never you mind about it, Lulu dear," said Winnie. "I will not disturb you in your tile-painting, for they are nearly finished, and when Mrs. Smith pays you what she promised when ordering them, the sum for Cronetyki will be made up, will it not?"

"Yes, is it not splendid! If you really can let me work on, I shall finish them to-morrow, and then I shall take them to Mrs. Smith at once, and the next morning rush round to Cronetyki, and put the money into his hand."

"That is capital, and so you shall, Lulu; Evelyn, I must ask you to help me with the china instead. Suppose we go downstairs now and get it done and off our minds."

"It is not an hour since you asked me to make a pocket to hang in the drawing-room to hold a duster, and considering that your last command will take me all day to carry out, I do not see how I can come down with you as well," answered Evelyn in her leisurely tones. She was much annoyed at being asked to perform Lulu's work, and her way of speaking was always the most quiet and unexcited when she was inly ruffled; as oil, when boiling, becomes quite still and smooth on the surface.

"Oh, I did not think of your making such an elaborate affair as that, though. Really, it is very pretty," said Winnie, pacifically, taking up the dainty arrangement of dark brown serge and lace, mounted, in the form of a pocket, on a Japanese-leaf fan, which would be hung to the wall by a large bow of ribbon and lace. In the centre, outside the pocket, amongst the lace and folds of serge, nestled a bunch of artificial bright red berries and autumn leaves, which would keep clean a long time and were easily renewable. The pocket was destined to hold concealed the duster, soft polishing cloth, and small feather brush, with which it was Evelyn's morning task to dust and tidy the drawing-room. "But you might leave that for to-day," Winnie continued. "The china cannot be left any longer."

"What do you desire me to do to the china?" asked Evelyn, folding up her work and addressing Winnie as though she were a slave-driver, thirsting for her blood.

"Oh, it is only to look through the tea and breakfast sets and see what new pieces are really required, for our last maid broke so very much that we have not sufficient even for our own use. Aunt Margaret, you remember, when we bought them, advised our getting a very simple pattern, just the plain white with rosebuds, so that there would be no difficulty in matching it at any time. And now we find the advantage of the plan, for if we had an uncommon, unmatchable design, we should be compelled to go to the expense of a new set altogether, whilst as it is, with our pretty plain pink and white, we shall only have to replace the broken things, at a very small cost."

"How is it, Winifred, that one person breaks so much more than another?" asked Madeline, gravely, always seeking reliable information on every sort of subject.

"Why, to begin with, some are so much more careless than others, little goose! Then our old Anne used so much soda in washing up, which certainly softens the glaze and makes china brittle. It is not required at all save for greasy things, and then a very little is sufficient. Another reason for Anne's many accidents was, that she had an earthenware pan for washing up in, and used to fill it full of china and often broke the things against each other and the sides of the pan. Now we have a wooden bowl, and our present Anne has sense to put in only one or two articles at a time."

"I have sometimes noticed that she has two bowls of water upon the table at once, Winifred," pursued the little student.

"Yes, with the dinner things; I like her after cleansing them well with a cloth in hot water and soda, to plunge them in clean cold water, before putting them in the rack to dry; it makes them look so bright and nice. This Anne has such capital ways of washing the silver and knives, too. Before she came to us, the spoons, forks, knives, and everything were plunged at once in the dirty greasy water, and left to soak whilst the china was put away, and then they were considered clean!"

"Why did you not tell the maid that was not right?" asked Madeline.

"Oh, I did not like to, and I did not know any better myself, though I could see that our things always looked and felt smeary and disagreeable. But this Anne is so perfectly nice and clean in everything. She has a wide jug, just tall enough for the forks and spoons, and she puts a little piece of soda in, and then the silver, and then pours boiling water from the

kettle upon the silver, so that you can see the dirt run down to the bottom of the jug. She leaves them a few moments and then wipes and rubs them very quickly, and they are a bright and shiny as they can be. And the same jug just takes the knives, to the top of the blade, without wetting the cement at the joint. She dips each one in singly several times and——"

"Do you mind telling me when you expect to have finished your conversation with Madeline?" observed Evelyn, in the dulcet tones which, with her, betokened wrath within.

Winnie's small domestic lecture was thus abruptly cut short, and the two girls proceeded to their task in the china pantry.

It was some days before an opportunity occurred for the baking experiment, but presently, when a leisure day came, Winnie set to work very eagerly, with an interested audience of the rest of the family and Anne, all full of suggestions and offers of help. It was found that the quantities mentioned in the recipe were sufficient for 7 or 8 loaves; for a first attempt, it was thought prudent to try a very small batch, and the amounts were proportionately reduced. Lulu was torn asunder between a great longing to assist at the kneading of the dough, and the pleasure which was awaiting her of taking the money, collected at last, after almost superhuman efforts, to Cronetyki. She had almost resolved to leave the latter expedition till the afternoon, so strongly did her vigorous young arms yearn to be exercising themselves on that anticipated dough.

"And yet, Win, it will be so lovely to see how pleased he is, and Audine will so jump for joy, and you see we shall bake again, shall we not, if this attempt turns out anything like success, and then perhaps you can let me do it entirely myself. I really cannot resist going to Cronetyki's with the money, it seems to burn a hole in my pocket until he has it!" And off she ran, singing gleefully, on the glad errand for which she had been working and stinting herself so long.

"I hope the excitement will not be too much for that poor man," observed Winnie, as soon as the banging of the front door told that Lulu was fairly gone. "Aunt Margaret thought him much worse last week, though Lulu cannot see it; in fact aunt thinks his weeks are numbered. It would be dreadful for Lulu if he did not live to reach home after all."

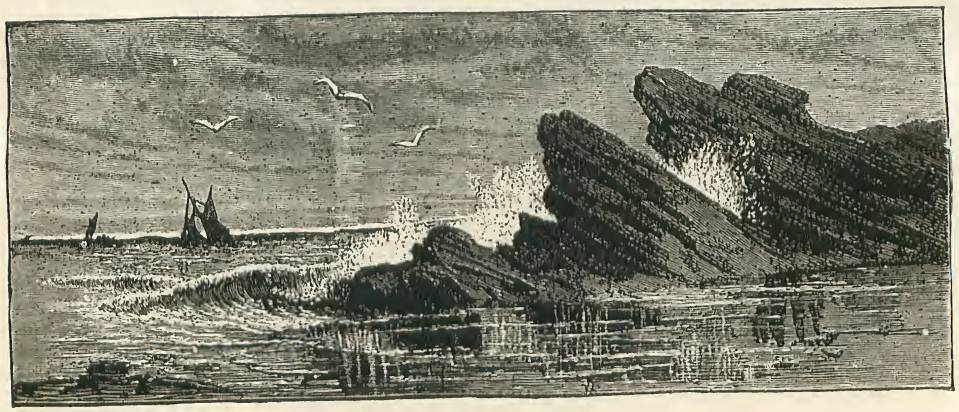
The bread-making progressed satisfactorily, though the result did look decidedly small, as the two minute loaves, which constituted "the batch," were conveyed with much pomp and importance to the oven. The bakers then entered upon three-quarters of an hour of very trying suspense, till the loaves should be baked, and at this juncture, Lulu was seen flying up the road in her most headlong style. She rushed into the house, and, heedless of anyone, threw herself down in a heap in the sofa-corner, a shabby, cosy, motherly sort of corner which was always a refuge to these motherless girls in their troubles. The others stood by aghast and wondering, for her form was shaken with sobs or emotion of some kind. Presently Winnie touched her gently, and said, "Lulu dear, what is it? You must tell us quickly, for you frighten us." At that, Lulu started up, her cheeks burning and her eyes aflame, but there were no tears—

"Don't speak to me!" she cried, vehemently, panting and trembling. "It's hateful—cruel—wicked. He's *dead*, Winnie! died this morning——And I'll never, *never* try to do any good again as long as I live!" And with the last passionate words, she threw her poor little purse of money desperately to the ground, and the coins, so bravely tried for and so hardly earned, were stamped beneath her feet.

(To be concluded.)

WHITE SAILS.

By MARY ROWLES.



OVER a changing sea we go
To shores where change comes never,
And hope and joy are our sails that glow
In the light we would keep for ever.

When skies are bright and the winds are fair,
New sails we open daily,
And spread them forth to the morning air
Until, as they flutter gaily,

We think too much of their breadths outspread,
Each wandering breeze enfolding,
And forget to gaze on the shores ahead,
Their silvery curves beholding.

But out of the west, on pinions dark—
Dark and swift as a raven—
A tempest follows our white-winged barque,
So far away from the haven.

And billows rise, and the storm prevails,
Above the hope and the rapture,
And we hastily furl our shining sails
Which the angry blast would capture.

With masts all bare, and of wings bereft,
We lose the joy we would cherish;
Yet are we therefore forsaken and left
Alone on the deep to perish?

Ah, no! for awhile our hopes may be
Close-reefed under clouds of sorrow,
And our Captain's purpose we may not see,
Or know His plans for the morrow;

Yet we are not lost, for with compass true,
By breeze or by whirlwind driven,
We shall keep the haven desired in view,
And anchor at last in heaven!

"Mary's paper was an excellent one."

"*Snatched from Prison Doors.*" *See p.* 741.

SNATCHED FROM PRISON DOORS.

By EMMA LESLIE, Author of "Out of the Mouth of the Lion."

CHAPTER V.

THE NEW MACHINES.

"H, Lina, have you heard the news? We are going to have some new machines, they say; they're some new invention, and those of us who are quick, and can learn to use them without much trouble, will soon be able to earn more money."

"Nonsense," said Mary. "They have just been hoaxing you, Amy. Who told you this tale?"

"Oh, you need not believe it unless you like, but it's true enough, I can tell you," said Amy; "and as there's more money to be earned by those who can learn quickly, I shall ask if I may try," she added.

"Come, dear, our class meets to-night, and so we must make haste. Mary is to read her paper on Henry VIII., you know," said Lina, quickening her pace as she spoke.

"Oh, I forgot all about that bothering class," exclaimed Amy. "I wonder how many will come—whether we shall have to borrow chairs of Mrs. Mead. What fun if we do," she added.

"I won't if I can help it," said Lina.

"How many do you think will come?" asked Mary, a little nervously, for she was half afraid of the criticisms of her companions, although she had bestowed a good deal of care on the preparation of her paper.

"We shan't have more than ten or a dozen, I should think," said Lina. "Fancy how the class has grown—we have twenty now; and I was told the other day, by one who ought to know, that the giddy ones have certainly been steadier lately."

"Did she mean me, I wonder," said Amy, with a toss of the head. "I know who told you that," she added.

"Well, I should certainly think the steady ones will be chosen to take the new machines, if that means promotion," said Mary.

"If they know the difference between the little tics and tacks, I dare say they'll get it," said Amy, who had been secretly informed that she would certainly be one of the fortunate ones if she only kept up her present good behaviour. "I don't think I shall be at the meeting to-night, so I'll wish you good-bye now, Mary," she said, when they came to the corner where they usually parted.

"But Mary is coming home with us to tea," said Lina; "and, surely, you are not going out to-night, when so many of the girls are coming."

"Oh, you can do without me; I want to go and see somebody about the new machines," said Amy.

But, in reality, she thought more about vexing Mary by being absent when her paper was read than anything else.

Lina half-guessed this, and was vexed about it.

"You really cannot go out to-night, Amy," she said; "it would be so rude to invite all those girls home—it is as much your home as mine, you know—and not be there to receive them. Besides, you are the secretary of the class, and were to propose to-night that as many as could should join Mrs. Lewis's Bible-class next Sunday afternoon.

"Oh, that was your idea, and so you can ask them," said Amy. "I really must go out to-night," she added, and she went in spite of Lina's remonstrances. Perhaps if Mary Adams had not been there she would have yielded the point, for she did not like to vex Lina, but there was a secret antagonism between her and Mary, and though both were outwardly civil to each other, they were perfectly conscious of the feeling that lay underneath. Amy knew that Mary considered her a giddy, frivolous girl, and only tolerated her because she had an idea she was doing her good, and she was determined to show her she was not improving by her condescension, and did not care a fig for her patronage—for friendship it could not be called.

"I am so sorry she is getting unsettled again," said Lina, as she put the tea-things into the cupboard; "she has been so interested in this class that I had very little trouble in persuading her to join Mrs. Lewis's at church, and I really think she has been more steady, don't you?"

"Well no, I don't," said Mary bluntly; "she has been more careful to hide her folly from you, perhaps, but I don't think she's really altered."

Lina looked disappointed, almost alarmed. "Has there been any more complaints about her at the warehouse?" she said; "you see she is right away from me during work hours, and I am not likely to hear of them."

Amy had been upstairs to put her things on while this was being said, but she came in at this moment and prevented Mary giving any reply, for before she went out their visitors began to arrive, and further conversation was impossible.

The girls had a very pleasant evening in spite of Amy's absence, for Mary's paper was an excellent one. She had the gift of portraying circumstances and people just as though she had been there and seen everything herself, and as one of them remarked afterwards, it made history a living story rather than a dead and dry record of things past and done with. Of course, all had been lately reading that period of English history, and when once their tongues were loosened everybody had something to say, some opinion to express, and at last it was decided that a pause in the study of English history should be made here, that they might acquaint themselves more fully with the history of the Reformation, as it affected the different countries in Europe.

Lina had among her collection of books D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation," so she could tell them at once what books they would need for this fresh study. Then one or two had read stories dealing with the same subject, which they recommended to their friends; and how long the talking about these and other matters connected with this history class would have gone on, it is hard to say, if Mrs. Mead's clock had not reminded them that it was time to go home.

It was not always that they had such a good meeting as this. Sometimes the papers prepared for reading were dull and uninteresting—mere transcripts from the books read; but still this weekly meeting at each other's houses, and the consciousness that everybody was expected to take an active part in it, kept up the interest in the quiet home-study and stimulated the girls to exercise their thoughts and judgment upon what they read.

"Oh, Amy, we've had such a splendid meeting," said Lina, when her companion came in a few minutes after the last of their guests had departed.

"Have you? I wouldn't have gone out if it hadn't been Mary Adams's paper to be read," said Amy.

"You lost a treat," said Lina.

"I don't like her, and so I don't want to hear her papers. I know she thinks she's wonderfully good for mixing up with such sinners as me and one or two others, and I daresay she fancies she is doing us a great deal of good; but she isn't, she just rouses all the contrariness in me."

"Oh, nonsense. I cannot think how it is you don't like Mary," said Lina.

"She don't like me; barely tolerates me; that's the reason, I suppose," yawned Amy; "she set her brother against me too, I know."

"Amy, do you know it's your turn to give us a paper next time; you gave the first, you know, about Harold."

"I wanted to give this one, but you wouldn't let me. I know all about Henry and his six wives, and I don't care about the next."

"But it wouldn't have been fair, dear; it was Mary's turn, and we are not going on any further with English history just now, so you won't be obliged to take Edward's reign. I should think if you took Luther——."

"No that I won't," interrupted Amy.

"But we're going to study the Reformation in Europe, dear; it comes just at this period, you know."

"No I don't know, nor I don't care, but it's Mary's plan, and I'll have nothing to do with it," said Amy, hotly.

"Don't be a goose, Amy. What has Mary done, that you should fly out like this?" said Lina.

"She's been talking about me again; she is always talking to somebody; she'll try to set you against me next."

"Do be reasonable, Amy," said Lina. "Everybody knows you are more steady than you used to be, and Mary is not likely to tell stories about you."

"I don't know so much about that," said Amy, pulling at the flowers in her hat. "Your very good people are too fond of telling tales and finding fault to be very particular."

"Well now, come and have some supper, and tell me all you have heard about the new machines," said Lina, by way of turning the conversation. "Who told you about them?"

"Oh, somebody who isn't likely to be mistaken. Won't it be jolly if we can both get one, we shall earn two or three shillings a week more, and we'll have a holiday sometimes and some fun."

Lina smiled. "I think I would rather put it in the bank for a rainy day," she said.

"Oh, Lina, what an old maid you are; I'm just dying for a holiday—for a change of some sort. Now, can't we go somewhere next week, or to-morrow we might get a half-holiday?" said Amy.

"Or better still, we could go straight from the Post Office one evening to South Kensington Museum," said Lina, who saw it would be best to humour her companion in this.

"Lina, you're a darling," said Amy, jumping up and kissing her impulsively. "I've only one thing to add to that—you won't ask Mary to go with us," she said.

"Very well, dear, we'll go by ourselves if you like it best," said Lina, and then as they ate their supper they discussed the question more fully, and it was decided that Amy should find out which evenings in the week the museum was open free; but before going to bed she reiterated her wish that Mary Adams should not be asked to go with them.

The next day Lina heard that what Amy had told them about the introduction of new machines was quite true, and that quick apt workers would be required for these, and for the work done by these more money would be paid in future. Mary spoke of it as they went home in the evening. "Next week some of us are to try working them," she said. "I should think they would choose the steady ones for this promotion," she added. Poor Mary persisted in looking upon it as promotion, although she had been distinctly told that the first consideration would be the quickness with which the movements of the machine could be mastered, and so when the trial came and she was rejected, she felt it very bitterly. Lina, too, failed, for both girls were rather slow but careful plodding girls. Amy was at once chosen, for she showed remarkable quickness in learning the details. Of course she was highly elated over this, for, to say nothing of the increase of her salary, Mary had so insisted upon looking at it as a promotion, that it was not strange Amy should do so now.

"I'm sorry enough about you, Lina dear," she said, when they got home; "but you see steadiness don't go for everything, as you and Mary seem to think. Now you see it's my quickness; I heard them say that very few could detect the difference in the movements so quickly as I could," said Amy, with a little triumph in her tone.

"It is a natural gift, of course," said Lina, "and you ought to thank God for it, as it is likely to prove so useful."

Amy tossed her head, "Oh, yes, of course," she said; "but now, Lina, about going to South Kensington, this has just put everything else out of our heads; but now it's settled, I want some fun."

"We've done scarcely any reading this week," said Lina.

"Oh, bother the reading. Say you'll go out to-morrow evening," said Amy. "I suppose you won't go to the theatre," she added.

"No, no, we'll go to South Kensington; there's lots of things to see there, I'm told," said Lina, quickly, and it was settled that they should go straight from work the following evening.

No one had been asked to go with them, by Amy's express desire, but when they reached the museum, Lina saw, to her surprise, that young Haynes was standing near the door.

He bowed to Lina and shook hands with Amy. "You see I am here first," he said, in a tone of easy familiarity.

"Did you know he was coming?" whispered Lina, in a tone of vexation.

"Oh, I happened to say we were coming," said Amy, lightly; but it was evident to Lina that a regular appointment had been made to meet here, and, from what she had heard from one and another lately about the young man, she knew him to be an undesirable companion for any girl.

The first opportunity she had of speaking to Amy again she said, "Tell him we wish to be left to ourselves, if you have not asked him to come here."

"La! Lina, how disagreeable you are; I suppose if it was Mary Adams, she would be welcome enough," said Amy, and, instead of doing as Lina wished, she walked away and left her, to join Haynes, who was standing at a little distance. Lina waited hoping to see the young man walk away when they reached the door, but instead of this, Amy took his arm and they passed through together.

Lina was too vexed to take much interest in what she saw now, but she would not follow them at once. She walked slowly round the room glancing from one object to another until the door was reached, and then she looked furtively round for Amy, but resolving not to join them. There were a few people in the room, but Amy was not among them, and Lina hurried on and went upstairs, as that seemed the next in order, and she fancied she saw them near the top But when the top was gained, she could see nothing of Amy or her companion. There were more people here, and Lina passed from group to group feeling vexed and hurt, for she began to think that Amy was purposely avoiding her; perhaps they were even watching her from some sheltered nook, or slowly following and enjoying her perplexity. With this thought in her mind, she turned and marched back again to the staircase, looking narrowly on each side as she walked near the middle of the room, but there was no glimpse of Amy anywhere, and as she turned to retrace her steps again she wished she could hear her provoking little laugh, for her continued absence was changing Lina's vexation into anxiety. She walked on and on through one room after another until she was thoroughly tired, then seated herself near the staircase where she could see everyone who went down. People were going down frequently now, but very few came up, for it was getting late and Lina was growing alarmed.

"What shall I do, if I don't find her soon?" she exclaimed, half aloud, when she had been waiting some little time, and noticed that they were beginning to extinguish the lights in various parts of the building. Once more she walked through the now deserted rooms just to make sure that Amy was not there, and then hurried outside, suddenly thinking that as they had missed each other Amy would certainly wait here for her. But although there were a few people standing about, Amy was not among them, and so Lina decided that she must still be in the museum, but she would not risk the chance of missing her again by going back to wander about the rooms, she would wait outside where she would be sure to see her leaving.

But, to her consternation, the gates were closed in a few minutes and the whole building darkened. "She has gone home without me," she said. "It is too bad of her. She is offended, I suppose, because I spoke of young Haynes being here."

Lina went home as quickly as she could, but it was late before she got there—later than she intended to be out.

"What time did Amy come home, Mrs. Mead?" she asked, as soon as the door was opened.

"Amy? I haven't seen her; hasn't she been with you, Miss Lina?" asked Mrs. Mead.

"Yes, yes, but we missed each other in the museum, and I thought she must have come home. Wherever can she be?"

"Oh, she'll come on in the next bus, never fear, Miss Lina; people often do miss each other at them places."

"Yes, I suppose so," said Lina, but she began to fear now that Amy had purposely left her, but she did not tell Mrs. Mead so.

(To be continued.)

CHATS ABOUT THE CALENDAR.

SEPTEMBER is, literally, the seventh month of the year according to the ancient Roman calendar, as established by Romulus, but the ninth of Numa's year. It derives its name from the Latin words *Septem*, seven, and *imber*, a shower of rain, as this is generally the commencement of the rainy season. Our Saxon ancestors called this month *Gerst Monath*. It was thus called, says Verstegan, because "barley, which that monath commonly yielded, was antiently called *gerst*, the name of barley being given unto it by reason of the drink therewith made, called beere, and from beerlegh it came to be berlegh, and from berlegh to barley. This excellent and healthsome liquor, beere, antiently also called *ael*, as of the Danes it yet is (beere and ael being, in effect, all one), was first of the Germans invented and brought into use."

September is the month for the sports of the field. With the first day commences partridge shooting, and the eager sportsman, who has watched where the birds alight and feed, hastens to the stubbles with dogs and gun. The autumnal season sets in about Michaelmas with a cooler air, often cold nights, but generally fine weather. As it advances, and the temperature continues to decline, it frequently produces showers and wet weather, accompanied with high gales of wind, which prevail mostly during the night, and are often succeeded by dead calms in the daytime. Towards the end of the month the fogs become dense, and sometimes last during the day.

The first is St. Giles's Day. This saint was born at Athens, became Abbot of Nismes, in France, in 715, and died in 750. He is the patron saint of beggars and cripples. St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, London, and the High Church, Edinburgh, are dedicated to him. On the 2nd September, 1666, broke out the terrible fire of London, which consumed eighty-nine churches, Guildhall, the City gates, many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, 13,000 dwelling-houses, and 400 streets. The ruins of the city after the conflagration were 436 acres, from the Tower by the Thames side to the Temple Church, and from the north-east along the City wall to Holborn Bridge.

The fourteenth day is called Holy Cross, or sometimes Holyrood Day. It is a festival of the Roman Catholic Church, and celebrates the miraculous appearance of a cross in the sky to the Emperor Constantine. It is only noticed in our almanacs as a guide to the autumnal ember days which are governed by this holiday.

The 29th is Michaelmas Day, a festival instituted in the year 487, in honour of St. Michael and All the Angels. It is a great festival in the Church of Rome, and is still retained in the calendar of the Church of England. Wheatley, in his "Exposition of the Book of Common Prayer," remarks that the Feast of St. Michael and All Angels is observed that the people may know what benefits we derive from the Ministry of Angels. Many very curious customs are observed in different parts of the country upon Michaelmas Day. In Kidderminster the inhabitants, till within the last thirty years, assembled at a particular hour of the day, which was announced by the ringing of the town-house bell, and during one hour, termed lawless hour, the poorer class of people amused themselves by throwing cabbage stalks at each other, while the higher class threw apples from the Town Hall amongst the crowd. In some parts of Scotland the people bake a cake upon this day, which is called "St. Michael's bannock." In England geese are killed and eaten, which custom is erroneously assigned to Queen Elizabeth in the following story: That, being on her way to Tilbury Fort, on the 29th September, 1583, she is alleged to have dined with Sir Neville Umfreville, at his seat near that place, and to have partaken of a goose, which the knight, knowing her taste for highly-seasoned and substantial dishes, had provided; that after dinner she drank a half-pint bumper of Burgundy to the destruction of the Spanish Armada, soon after which she received the joyful tidings that her wishes had been fulfilled; that, being delighted with the event, she commemorated the day annually by having a goose for dinner, in imitation of Sir Neville's entertainment, and that consequently the Court adopted the like custom, which soon became general throughout the kingdom. That Queen Elizabeth did dine with this gallant knight is not to be disputed, and the currency of the story renders it more than probable that a goose formed part of the banquet. But the custom is of much older date, and equally observed on the Continent as in England. Among other testimonies of its having been a long established luxury may be adduced a well-known and feeling wish expressed by Christiern, king of Denmark, who reigned from 1455 to 1493, "that he hoped to see the time when not only nobles, but good burghers through his land, should feed on a fat goose every St. Michael's Day."

"The decline of the year has now commenced. The leaves of the trees are donning their golden and tawny tints. The orchard trees are laden with pears, plums, and apples. The hedgerows are brightened with the scarlet berries of hips, haws, and honeysuckles, as well as with the bright fruit of the privet, the thorn, the elder, and the blackberry. The harvest is over, and we cannot but feel thankful to the Giver of all good things for it, and the many bounties which we now so freely enjoy."

September is allegorically represented as a young man, dressed in a garment of carnation and yellow, indicative of the hue of the trees at this season; his head is decorated with a garland of acorns and oak leaves, and his face is "full of merry glee." In his right hand he holds a basket of medlars, chestnuts, mushrooms, and other fruits, "ripe and rare;" while in his left hand he grasps the sign *Scorpio*, the scorpion, symbolical of the sun entering that constellation on the 23rd day of the month.

CRAYONIUM.

THE present age is one of surprises, which follow each other in such quick succession that no sooner do we understand the workings of one invention, than another springs up, attracts our attention, is tried, and supersedes the first either for its novelty or utility.

The new aid to drawing known as Crayonium can fairly be said to have a claim to both the above terms, it being decidedly a novelty, and it also enables any person to obtain a perfect outline of any design, and to enlarge or decrease the same, without having to learn to draw.

For mechanical drawing, for enlarging plans, copying architectural pictures, the instrument used is invaluable, while it will give a perfect sketch of a head, full-length figure, or of any landscape, and will leave nothing for the artist to do in the way of outline, and only requires to be finished by shading to become a perfect picture. An invention that thus confers the power of drawing upon anyone will be a great boon to people who are fond of the art and have a decided taste for colouring, and who at the same time have not the power of sketching correctly or of copying a likeness. When from a small picture of a friend or some celebrated person a life-like enlargement is thus obtainable, half the trouble of the work is over, and what is more important the likeness is not lost, as is so often the case in enlargements, where one line too short or too broad will alter the whole effect.

The manner of working is as follows: The instrument used can only be obtained of Miss Gaspard, 200, Regent-street, who is the sole registree of the same, and this is screwed down upon a flat table. It is fitted with movable arms, to the shortest of which is fixed a fine-pointed tracer, under which the design to be enlarged is secured. The second and longer arm stretches to the right of the tracer, and is so made that its length can be regulated so as to enable the worker to produce an exact copy of the picture, a slight enlargement, or a life-size enlargement. To the end of this long arm a pencil or sharp-pointed black crayon is secured, and under it the drawing-paper, canvas, or whatever is to be used for the background of the enlargement is placed.

The worker holds the pencil lightly in the right hand, and moves it with her eyes fixed upon the tracer, so that she makes the tracer which moves with the pencil accurately pass over every line of the design, lifting it away from the design when any break in a line occurs, and going over every part—such as all the curls in the hair, every part of the features, every fold in the drapery, any ornaments either upon the figure or in the background, and in fact everywhere where a line of any size or of the slightest importance occurs. While the attention is thus fixed upon the tracer, the pencil held in the right-hand is repeating all the lines made by the tracer, and from its position making a long line to correspond with a short line made by the former, and thus the enlargement is mechanically obtained, the worker having nothing to do with it except keep the point of the pencil upon the paper, and so regulate the action of the tracer that it perfectly goes over the lines of the design.

A perfect facsimile of the picture obtained, the finishing has to be considered. For a plan or outline, simply deepening the lines with Indian ink is enough. For a chalk drawing or real "Crayonium," stumps and black chalk are required. The hair and features are worked up like an ordinary chalk drawing, with lights and shades and clearly defined strokes, while all the shadows upon the face, neck, arms, or drapery are made by stumping in powdered chalk in those parts, or rubbing the same on with the first finger. Depth of shade is given by rubbing in a good deal of chalk where this occurs, lighter shadows by using but little chalk, and soft tones melting into the lights, by softening the chalk upon the picture with bread crumbs. White chalk should be rubbed in for the very highest lights. Coloured Crayoniums are either worked up like French pastilles with coloured chalks, or are painted with water-colours, while for oil paintings the same finish is required as for ordinary pictures, the Crayonium in them only giving the correct outlines.

Pictures instead of being enlarged by this process can be decreased. This is done by reversing the positions of the pencil and tracer and putting the latter and the picture to be decreased under the long arm of the instrument. Lessons and instrument can be obtained at 200, Regent-street.

We need hardly point out to our readers that Crayonium is an art that anyone with a little patience can excel in, and that being such, it is sure to become a fashionable accomplishment.

B. C. SEWARD.

CORRECT CLOTHING, AND HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

JULY and August both ended means, alas! that we are so far advanced through the season of sunshine, and that we are beginning to think of darker and colder days to come, all too soon.

This year we have been more than usually fortunate in the summer weather that we have had, and in consequence lighter dress, both in colour and in texture, has been worn. White, indeed, has been more affected than anything else amongst those who could afford it, for, apart from the serious question of washing, the white dresses themselves have been much decorated and trimmed with both embroidery and lace. These dresses were really pure white, and cream has been but little seen in any washing materials, though in Indian silks and *voile de nonne* it still reigns supreme. Nearly all thin materials were made with belted bodices, with a shoulder-bow of ribbon, and a knot of ribbons flowing from the left side of the belt at the waist. The ribbons used are narrow, and the ends of the shoulder-bows are long enough to reach to the waist. Some of these muslin dresses have been made-up quite in the old-fashioned manner, with low linings, and sleeves which show the arms completely.

There is a novel method of making up white cambrics, jaconets, or muslinettes; with coloured satin waistcoats, black satin is the only dark hue allowed, the most fashionable being mauve, primrose, or pale pink. A large bunch of narrow ribbons of the same hue is placed below the basque on the left hip. When this shape of bodice is used, the skirt is much trimmed with lace, to redeem it slightly from its severity of outline. Nainsook and Indian muslin are both being much used for bridesmaids' dresses; and that old-fashioned favourite, brown-holland, is being much worn at the seaside, trimmed with wide braids, that are embroidered with small running cross-stitch designs in ingrain cottons, and also with brownish lace, to match

SUMMER COSTUMES.

the holland in colour. I have been thus particular in this record, as it may be the more useful to many of my readers, who wish to have evening dresses made-up while the summer lasts, to be used in the winter.

Spun silk, woven in very small plaids, has formed a delightful dress for everyday wear. It is both warm and cool, and does not soil easily; and it is trimmed inexpensively with rows of velvet ribbon of narrow width to match the silk in colour. This velvet ribbon, or gold braid, is also used in rows on sateens, zephyrs, and all kinds of cottons; and black velvet is generally preferred for the paler shade of grey and "electric blue."

When velvet ribbon, placed in rows, is not liked, we have the choice of another style, for we have now returned to the old fashion of tucking materials; and this can be substituted at the edge of the kilt-pleating in the place of the bands of ribbon. The tucks are small, and the hem at the edge is wide, five tucks being a very usual number. The box-pleating on skirts is far narrower, and is not often double, but in single pleats. The scarf and the draperies at the back are very simple and severe in outline, and all the lines of dress skirts are long, and not "bunchy." So far as "dress-improvers" are concerned they are extremely moderate in size, and generally consist of a few steels run into the back of the dress, which is then tied back with strings. The ugly swinging movement of the tail of the skirt is particularly to be avoided in making-up dresses. It generally arises from too much fulness and an improper sloping of the back breadth. In fact, in the present style of dress there seems nothing either exaggerated nor immoderate; and both faults, if any such appear, arise from the bad taste of the wearer, not from the fashion.

With reference to colours, the much admired "electric blue" bids fair to surpass the too much worn "strawberry" in all its varieties of ripe, unripe, and mashed. Grey, however, is the most popular colour for quiet people; and the newest and prettiest varieties of grey are all of mauve, or lavender shadings. Brown also is much used, and particularly for travelling dresses. It is always lady-like and unobtrusive. This year, both for the summer and the coming autumn, chestnut-brown will be worn; though the new and lovely shade of brown, called "wall-flower," is likely to be adopted later on, when warmer hues are desirable under leaden skies. Red has not been very much worn this summer, and when worn it was of a dull hue, like that of a tomato. It seems likely that these shades may be used much more largely during the coming winter, especially for trimming and linings.

The hat or bonnet worn in the morning should match the dress; and the bonnets continue very small, though the hats seem to have slightly increased in size. In shape, however, they all resemble those shown in this month's number, being mostly high and square in the crown, nearly straight at the sides, and having a flat, narrow brim, nearly always lined with velvet, put in plain and flat. Round the crown two or three narrow bands of velvet are placed at equal distances apart, and the bunch of flowers, or cluster of feathers, may be arranged at the side, as in the illustration, or else in front. It is most generally worn in white straw, with coloured trimmings, and is placed quite straight on the head. For girls of from seven to twelve the shape most worn is the "sailor," the brim of which is lined with velvet; and at the extreme edge of the hat, where the lining is turned in, a fine gold cord is laid. The brim is trimmed with loops of satin ribbon, laid one over the other; or with two bands of contrasting satin ribbon, laid side by side. These two shapes will undoubtedly prevail during the autumn. Beaded bonnets of all kinds are still in great favour, especially those with large beads on cords, openly woven.

Cashmere is for the present mixed with velvet, velvet broché, and with "ottoman" of all kinds, and a new description of the latter has been introduced, called "satin cashmere," which has the glossy surface of sateen, and is extremely light and soft in its appearance. It looks more suitable to warm weather than the ordinary make of cashmeres. "Nun's

cloth" is much worn, and has appeared in several new varieties, the chief of them being figured with fruit, such as strawberries, apples, and plums of large size, in their natural colours, and close together, the ground being cream-coloured or something quite as light. There is also nun's cloth with *chiné* designs, and the same with patterns darned in. The second figure in our illustration wears one of these with wafer spots, made with one of the simple and pretty polonaises which our good luck has brought back to fashion again, after having been forsaken for a time. This is a very favourite way of making the flowered sateens also, and very elegant they look.

All the newest bodices are cut with much shorter basques than they were in the spring, and all have a waistcoat as a general rule, or else a full chemisette which bags over below. The soft gathered plastrons, often added to cotton morning-gowns, are called *Molière*, and the first figure of our illustration, dressed in a sateen of the deepest "crushed strawberry" hue, wears a basque-bodice, with a *Molière* front. The lace at neck and sleeves matches the dress. This figure represents the probable style of making-up thicker dresses for young girls, for the autumn, with six or seven narrow flounces, and no extra trimming. Sleeves do not appear to be worn quite so much puffed into the armhole as they were, nor so high at the top of the shoulder, but it is impossible to say whether this change will last.

No mention of the styles of dress worn would be complete without noticing the dust-cloaks and light waterproofs of the season. These have been more than usually numerous, as well as good of their kind. There is a new kind of cashmere-twill, very thin and light, which has been waterproofed for travelling cloaks, and is fairly inexpensive. The colours of these cloaks are generally green or chocolate-brown. Nearly any full shape is fashionable, either for the dust-cloaks, or those used in place of the ulster for travelling. The backs, in particular, are very full, and are tied into the figure at the back, with a very full puffing at the *tournure*. The sleeves are full and large, and many of them are of the "bag" shape, and are gathered into a band of velvet at the wrists. In comparison to the tight ulster, they are a great improvement, as any dress can be worn beneath them, and they can be put on in an instant with comfort. The polonaise-like cloak shown on the single figure illustration is very pretty and girlish in style, simple, yet elegant. It can be loosened so as to meet in front, if required, by untying the strings at the back. This will be found a most useful pattern for a cloak to substitute the tight ulster so long worn. Very neat plaids have taken the place of the huge ugly ones employed for cloaks, which came out in the spring; and there are some extremely pretty smooth cloths with threads of bright colour, which are equally fashionable and more suitable for young people than the others.

Very few changes, so far as one can hear of at present, are in preparation for the autumn; and we judge this to be true from the great attention which the best shops have this year paid to the sales in July. The majority of sensible women at present make considerable purchases at them, especially if they have large families; and the idea of making the year's purchases twice only in the year seems gaining ground. To tell the truth, the weather of late has required little variety in dress, and spring, summer, and autumn apparel are thrown into one.

Some very elegant costumes of blue serge have been brought out, suitable for the autumn and seaside wear. They have a pointed shawl-like tunic raised high, with a buckle on one side of the blue serge, while the under-skirt is of wide blue and gold striped skirting, the gold stripe pleated in, and only showing when the pleats are opened by the action of walking. The bodice is of blue serge, with a gathered front of the yellow and blue stripe, or else of yellow silk. The bodice is pointed in front and puffed at the back. A small blue bonnet is worn with this costume, with *gold flowers* to match the golden hue of the stripes in the skirt.

Tan gloves have ceased to be fashionable for evening wear, and light-coloured ones seem

to have taken their place. The use of black lace at the neck and wrists seems increasing, and if not black, a lace to match the dress, or else cashmere lace of every hue is worn.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By Anne Beale.

As the readers of The Girl's Own Paper continue to take a kindly interest in the inmates of the Princess Louise Home, they will like to hear a few more "results" of their labours in its behalf, and of what is being done by its secretaries for the benefit of friendless girls, both at home and abroad.

Quite lately Mr. Gillham and Miss Tidd have offered to meet young unprotected girls arriving in London from any part of the world, and to do their best to see that they reach their destination safely. Already they have aided a girl from Holland, whose only idea of London appeared to be the Thames Wharf, and who was in danger of being entrapped by unscrupulous people. But Miss Tidd found her with much difficulty, and sent her safely to a situation that was awaiting her, but concerning the locality of which, in the country, she had no idea. A member of the Girls' Friendly Society, residing in Yorkshire, also asked assistance in procuring lodgings for an invalid girl near a hospital, which request was readily granted. The need of such supervision has long been felt, and we hope the Princess Louise Home and its friends may be the means of usefulness in all quarters of the globe, just as the Girls' Friendly Society proves to be, by securing a friend to its numerous members wherever they may be placed. "Helpful and helping one another" is just what each individual may be in his or her particular sphere.

When last we wrote we had two "bazaar children" in the Home; we have now four. We call them so because their admission was the result of the appeals in The Girl's Own Paper and the funds contributed by its readers, either in coin or articles for the bazaar, and subsequent sales of work. The two last admitted were children, one of an invalid father, the other of a poor insane mother, and both are, we hope, preserved from much danger and likely to be trained for respectable service. All our four protégées are doing well.

And we have not done with bazaars yet. The one contemplated at Easter did not take place, owing to adverse circumstances; but we still hope to hold it in October next, when the surplus work of our girls, together with such articles as they have since kindly contributed, will be again offered for sale to "the benevolent public." If it comes off they shall be duly apprised of its result. It is truly gratifying to all connected with The Girl's Own Paper to find, by the many letters addressed to Miss Tidd concerning the Home, how much that periodical is appreciated. A small mass of correspondence now before us testifies to this fact; and also to the desire of the writers to aid in such good works as it advocates. Old and young equally contribute. Some months back, a lady who is at the head of an educational establishment took twenty of her pupils to see the Home—all readers of The Girl's Own Paper; and they gave the inmates a musical entertainment, which delighted them greatly. But it would be difficult to say whether entertainers or entertained had the most pleasure; for all were regaled with a fine feast of tea, buns, cake, and the like, and were heard to exclaim, "I never enjoyed anything like this in all my life!" This is another proof, if one were wanted, of the enjoyment always derived from pleasure given to others. It would be impossible to estimate the good that has ensued from our bazaar, not only to the Home, but to those who have helped it by individual effort. One of our benevolent young readers has been the means of inducing all the Woodhouse girls to join the Children's Humane Society, and has thus aided in inculcating the law of kindness to animals. If each of these new members can manage to gain another, the good cause will spread imperceptibly, but surely, through the instrumentality of her who first stirred up the sympathies of the inmates of the Princess Louise Home. No one can tell the consequences of one action, whether good or bad; therefore it behoves all to be careful in their conduct, so that they may, by example as well as action, preach their little daily sermon in their home pulpit.

While we write much excitement prevails at Woodhouse, and is felt from matron to the youngest pupil. This is caused by preparations in the shape of best clothes, and laying in of provisions, preparatory to the summer excursion to Harwich. Since the last "outing," the governess, Miss Corbett, has married, and her place has been filled by another, so changes are perpetually occurring everywhere. She was a great favourite, and herself a Woodhouse girl, as was mentioned in some former paper. Her history is encouraging to all who desire, as the Church Catechism says, "to do their duty in that state of life to which it hath pleased God to call them."

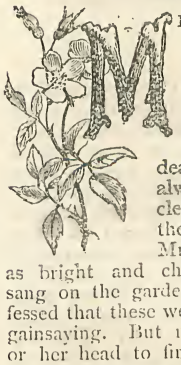
Now we must thank all those who have helped us, both in the names of the Woodhouse girls, and of all connected with the institution. The following list of donations is up to July 21st, and Miss Tidd has also received, at 54, New Broad-street, several parcels of small articles for the forthcoming bazaar.

N.B.—It is New *Broad*-street, E.C.; not New *Bond*-street, W.

Nettie, 1s. 6d.; Reader of G. O. P., 10s.; Marshall, 5s.; Pupils of Miss Mary F. Stewart, 10s.; Collected by Miss K. Poole, 3s. 1d.; Two Well-wishers, 10s.; E. B. E., 1s.; Per Miss Anne Beale, 4s.; Jersey Girl, 1s.; Highland Lassie, 6d.; Ted Forfay, 2s.; Whiptop, 1s.; H. J. N., 1s. 2d.; Three Friends, 2s. 6d.; Willie, 1s.; Mrs. Hume, 12s.; Mrs. Holland, £1 and two oil-paintings.

THE SECRET OF HOME HAPPINESS AND WEALTH.

By Medicus.



Mr. Jones had been married about six months, and he was just as happy as the summer day was long—and the month being the rosy month of June, that, I think, is saying a good deal. Mr. Jones's home was always the very acme of cleanliness and tidiness, and the quintessence of comfort. Mrs. Jones was always as bright and cheerful as the birds that sang on the garden trees. Everybody confessed that these were facts which brooked no gainsaying. But nobody troubled his head or her head to find out why Jones was so happy and comfortable. Good-hearted people looked at the pair of them, as they went or returned arm in arm or hand in hand to church, and felt that the sight did them good; ill-natured people—and I am right sorry to say that there are still a few of these left alive in this beautiful world—ill-natured people tossed their heads and probably smiled and said, "Ha! wait a little, their troubles are all to come yet."

Well, I think I know one of the secrets of Mr. Jones's happiness, and it was this: Mr. Jones never had to hunt about for anything he wanted; he never missed a slipper nor a wrist-band button. Oh! I can assure you that had Mr. Jones's wrist-band buttons come both off, he could have sewed them both on again himself, without any other aid whatever. He had a wonderful little pocket-book sort of a thing, or rather I should say he *had* had it; it was something like a doctor's pocket-case and something like a fisherman's fly-book, but it wasn't either, for when you opened it and spread it out on the table in front of you, behold, it was filled with nicely-arranged skeins of different kinds of thread—I think skeins is the right word to use; there were also scissors there, and a lot of needles, and a bodkin—I believe you call it a bodkin, I mean a long steel thing, with a bigger eye than a darning needle, and a blunt point. The needles were all nice large-eyed ones, so that you could thread one quickly, without having to bite the thread, and twirl it, and wet the end of it, and shut one eye, and deform the whole of one side of your face, as you make frantic attempts to induce the thread to submit to the inevitable. There was also a thimble in this case, but Jones had never used that in the way ladies do, his plan was a more simple though probably less elegant one, for when he was about to mend a rent, he stood the thimble on the table in front of him, and at every stitch pressed the blunt head against the thimble, and the business end of it into the cloth, and through it went, far enough for Jones to lay hold of it on the other side, and draw the thread up

I should have called the case a *multum in parvo*, or a "hold-all," or a "bachelor's guide to independence." Jones didn't. He called it a "housewife," which he pronounced "housif." He had not been married more than a week when one day he caught the sleeve of his coat on a nail and tore it.

"It doesn't matter much," Jones said to himself, or to the sparrows, there was no one else to hear. "It doesn't matter very much, I can soon put matters right."

So, lo and behold! when his wife, wondering why he was so quiet, went about half an hour after on tiptoe into the study, there was her husband seated before the table, with his "bachelor's guide to independence" in front of him, and the thimble in position, labouring away at the rent, and looking all over as serious as if he were making his will and had nothing to leave.

"What are you doing, dear?" she asked, "and what is this?"

"I'm mending an ugly rent, my love," replied Jones, looking up in her face, as she stood behind the chair. "And that is my 'housif.'"

Mrs. Jones laughed so merrily, that the birds on the lawn cocked their heads and listened, and then began to sing in chorus.

"It is my 'housif,'" added Jones; "my 'indispensable.'"

Then Mrs. Jones put her hand upon it, and took it softly away.

"I'm your little 'housif,'" she said, "and I mean to be your 'indispensable.'"

Reader, do you begin to perceive the reason why Jones was so happy? You do, but wait a moment.

Jones was something in the City, but his house was a pretty little suburban, or almost country, villa. One servant was all that was kept, and, indeed, one was all that was needed, for Mrs. Jones could do everything, and her husband was away most of the day. Now, there are many little cares and worries quite inseparable from even a suburban villa

with one servant. Being only a man, and a medical man, I am not supposed to know what these are. If I were asked, I might say that probably the firewood was damp of a morning; that the kitchen-range smoked, and the kettle obstinately refused to boil; that the milk was unnaturally blue and ghastly-looking; that the gas-pipes leaked, and the water wouldn't flow; that the joint was tough, or the fowl done to a cinder; that the potatoes got all through the water, and coffee got spilt over the clean tablecloth. I daresay there are more than these, but I can't guess them, and, no doubt, Mrs. Jones had her share of them. But—and here is another of the secrets of Jones's happiness—she never complained to her husband. He had cares of another kind, and she was wise enough to know that, and always to meet him with a pleasant, contented smile.

One of Mrs. Jones's worries might have been that the servant was not perfection; that she was not clever enough or tidy enough, or had not enough memory; or was pert and saucy, or sleepy and stupid; or let the crockery slip through her fingers, and the tray with the tea-things fall downstairs. Perhaps—but, as a girl, Mrs. Jones had been well brought up—she had been taught that servants are only human beings after all, imbued with the same kind of minds, the same kind of feelings, with the same hopes of a happy here and a happier hereafter, and with probably every wish to do well and to please; beings, too, that a kind word will soften, that a harsh one will help to harden, and the want of appreciation render careless. She did not expect perfection in a servant; she did not expect her to be as clever in household matters as she herself was. She even felt it to be her duty to try to teach her, not naggingly and discontentedly, but kindly, patiently, forbearingly, and, above all, encouragingly.

By acting thus towards her servant, Mrs. Jones was no loser, but quite the reverse, and the gain to her own health and happiness, and to her husband's comfort, was immense, for she never lost her temper—if she did, she had the good breeding not to show it; things were done cheerfully and well, and a world of worry saved.

A world of worry saved! This paper shall not have been written in vain, if even half-a-dozen of my girl readers will but bear these words in mind—a world of worry saved. Most of you are too young to fully understand how extremely detrimental to the health is worry. Little worries—sometimes the smaller they are the worse—undermine the health, unfit the mind for business or study, destroy the complexion, wrinkle the visage, silver the hair, and induce premature old age itself. I would not tell you so, I would not speak thus strongly, if, while pointing out the destructive power of little cares and worries on the health of both body and mind, I could not also tell you how to avoid them, and by so doing to secure a chance of a longer, and brighter, and happier, because healthier life. It is for you, girls, then, in the heyday of youth and strength, to cultivate command of yourselves, command of your tempers, command of your actions, command of your tongues, and to learn to subdue all signs of emotion while talking, never to show either anger or ill-feeling. Believe me, that to do so is to learn to be ladies and acquire good-breeding, and to retain youthfulness of appearance as well as beauty.

I must not come out of my sphere and assume the *rôle* of preacher to you, but I tell you that, for your own health's sake, you ought to follow the dictates of Scripture, and endeavour to "love one another."

I am telling you a kind of story about Mrs. and Mr. Jones, so let me return to them.

There were times, then, when Mrs. Jones had occasion to chide or admonish her servant, but it was never in the presence or even within hearing of her husband.

Just think for a moment of what the effect of doing so would have been. Jones loved his wife; we are bound to take that for granted. Had he seen her annoyed with the servant, had he heard her scolding her, it would assuredly have broken in upon the peace of his mind. It would have rendered him unhappy to have thought that his wife was unhappy. The thought would have lain like lead upon his heart, even in his hours of business; it would have met him every night at his own door like a dark and threatening incubus. It would in some measure at least have tended to make his home life less of a dream of bliss and contentment.

They tell me, girls, that there is a skeleton closet in every home. Perhaps; but I think the mistress of the house ought to have the key of that closet as well as every other key, and she should keep it locked; she has generally the power of doing so.

Now I'll tell you something else about Mrs. Jones. Probably you may think that her education was in one particular cruelly neglected, and I am not going to say whether I think it was or not. But, though Mrs. Jones had plenty of music in her soul and loved melody and harmony well, she could not play on that much-abused musical instrument called a piano.

But she could listen in a well-bred manner while others played or imagined they were playing.

I just remember Jones and his wife being out one evening at a house where I myself was visiting. And I remember that one of Jones's neighbours, a lady—to appearance—but not one of the good-natured ones, made the following remark, and mind you, I think she did so mischievously.

"Mr. Jones," she said, loud enough for everyone in the room to hear her; "your wife does not play, I think?"

I must call your attention to the character of the remark.

The lady did not say, "Your wife *cannot* play, I believe, Mr. Jones?" It would have been more candid, though perhaps less polite, if she had spoken thus, but by using the words "*does not*," she evidently wanted Jones to infer that she believed his wife could play if she only chose.

Poor Jones! His face fell for just a moment, as he said, bluntly—

"My wife can't play, madam; but," he added, brightening up, and making everybody in the room smile, "what a nice little dinner she can place on the table. Won't you run out to Rose Villa some evening, and give me a chance of proving my words, Mrs. D——?"

Yes, reader, Mrs. Jones could cook, and that was still another secret of Jones's happiness. She could cook, and was not ashamed to do so either. I do not say that her abilities as a cook were equal to those of a French *chef*, but she could, as Jones said, place a nice little dinner on the table for her husband every evening, all the year round. And had you sat there, I do not know which you would have admired the most, the well-laid, spotless cloth, with its bright silver and glass, and its flower-gemmed epergne, the flavour of the viands, the cool and pleasant looks of the wife, or the quiet content that dwelt on Jones's face.

You will observe I have used the adjective, "cool," in the last sentence. I did so on purpose, for, mark me, Mrs. Jones did not come in to dinner all of a fluster, and heated and anxious-like, and seat herself at the table. Jones would have been very much troubled indeed if she had done so; it would have quite taken away his appetite and spoiled his dinner. He would have felt as if a pint of cold water had been flung down his back, and would not have had the heart to tell his wife all the news of the town *in the cheerful and* happy tones of voice she so dearly loved to hear. So the whole effect of the good cookery and the good dinner would have been lost or thrown away.

A dinner without pleasant conversation is no dinner at all, and a daily succession of such dinners is as sure to induce dyspepsia, and all its attendant evils, as intemperance in eating or drinking is.

Well, then, I think, for every reason in the world, all girls should *learn to cook* a wholesome dinner. I'm not going to give lessons in cookery, I do assure you, although I am vain enough to think I could give good advice even in that art; but I wish to record my impression that good cookery has a great deal more to do with the comfort, health, and happiness of a household *than most* people are aware of.

Variety and change of diet is to be studied; every month has its things in season; these should be used when in their prime; but, on the other hand, everything that happens to be in season should not be crammed on the table all at once. For health's sake, one joint for dinner, or two at most, are enough, with vegetables and pudding and sweets and fruit to follow. In small households, where only one servant or two are kept, soup may be healthfully dispensed with; and when there is fish it should be a fish dinner.

They say that there is a little cherub that sits up aloft to look after the life of poor Jack. In these days of almost mastless ships, I do not know where the cherub sits, unless on the top of the funnel, so he must be a terribly black cherub. But there is a terribly black cherub on shore in every family, who sits, not aloft, but down below, to look after the life of poor John, and that cherub is the kitchen range, and it cannot be too much studied nor too much thought of, if we would banish sickness and keep unhappiness away from the door.

I do pity from my very heart the girl who gets married before she has acquired the arts of plain cookery and housekeeping, and my heart bleeds for the young wife who has prepared and placed before her husband a dinner that is spoiled, and that she knows is spoiled. It must almost break her heart to see that husband trying to make the best of a bad job, and to laugh pleasantly at her attempts at cooking. Love is all-powerful I grant you. Love may prompt a man's teeth to get through a steak so tough that it might be used for gate hinges; but teeth may tire at last, and even love take flight.

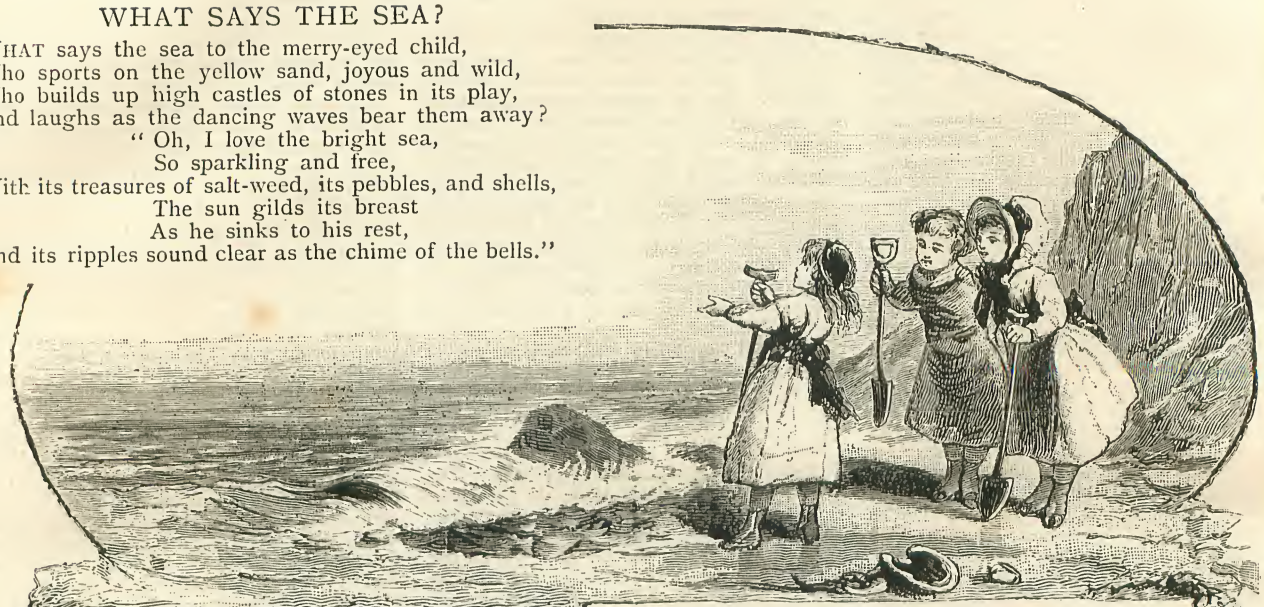
"When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window." So runs the old saying. I do not believe a word of it.

"Poor and content is rich and rich enough,"

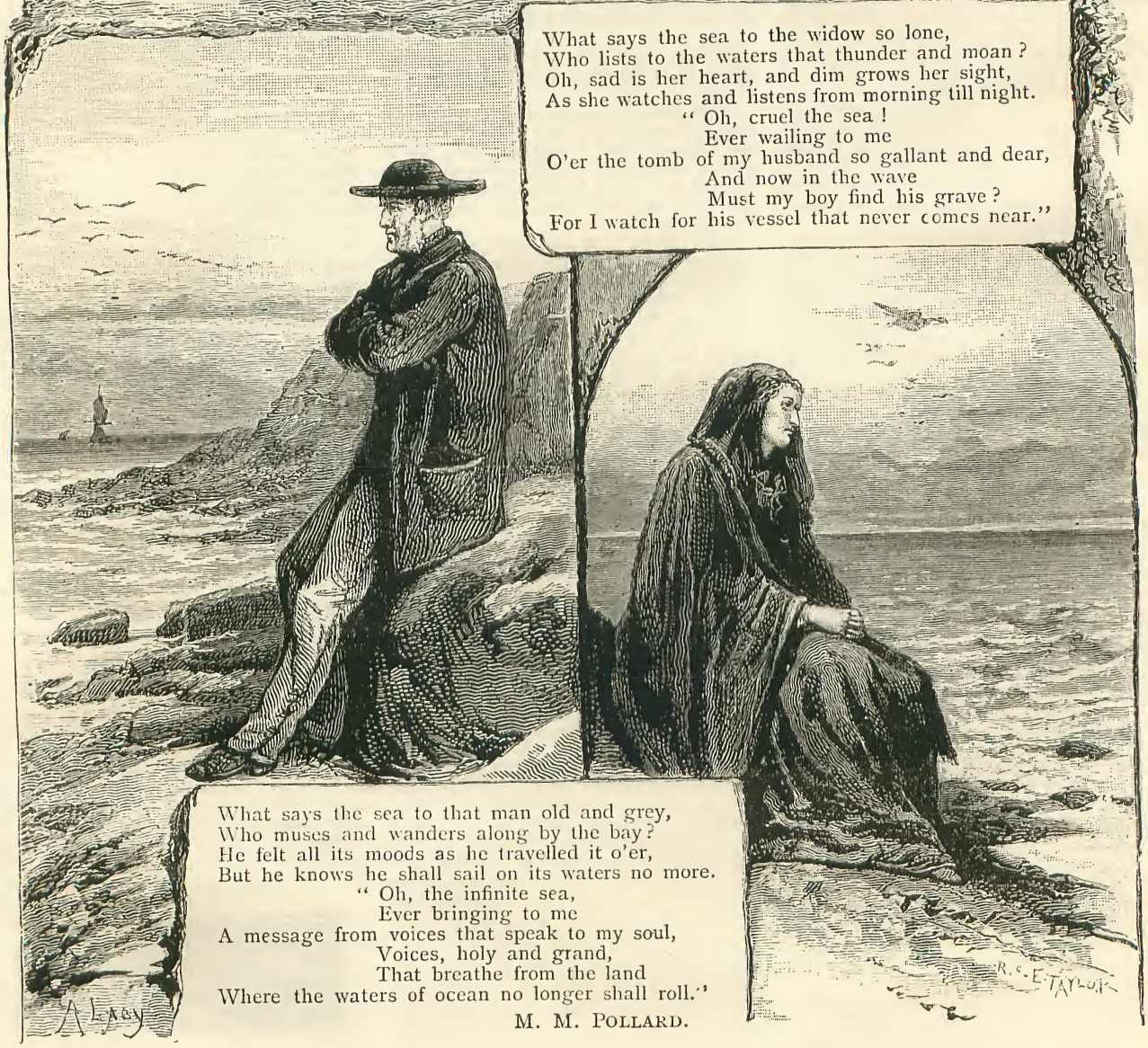
says William Shakespeare, and love can snap its fingers at poverty. But there are one or two things that love does not get fat upon, and tough meat is one of them; a badly boiled potato is another; so is mashy, olive-brown vegetables, half-raw fish, potted meats of any kind, smoked tea, or—— But there, why should I bother my brain by raking up recollections of nasty-nasties? So just a word in conclusion. "Learn to cook," and if it ever be your lot to get married, may you be just as healthy and as happy as Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

WHAT SAYS THE SEA?

WHAT says the sea to the merry-eyed child,
Who sports on the yellow sand, joyous and wild,
Who builds up high castles of stones in its play,
And laughs as the dancing waves bear them away?
"Oh, I love the bright sea,
So sparkling and free,
With its treasures of salt-weed, its pebbles, and shells,
The sun gilds its breast
As he sinks to his rest,
And its ripples sound clear as the chime of the bells."



What says the sea to the widow so lone,
Who lists to the waters that thunder and moan?
Oh, sad is her heart, and dim grows her sight,
As she watches and listens from morning till night.
"Oh, cruel the sea!
Ever wailing to me
O'er the tomb of my husband so gallant and dear,
And now in the wave
Must my boy find his grave?
For I watch for his vessel that never comes near."



What says the sea to that man old and grey,
Who muses and wanders along by the bay?
He felt all its moods as he travelled it o'er,
But he knows he shall sail on its waters no more.
"Oh, the infinite sea,
Ever bringing to me
A message from voices that speak to my soul,
Voices, holy and grand,
That breathe from the land
Where the waters of ocean no longer shall roll."

M. M. POLLARD.

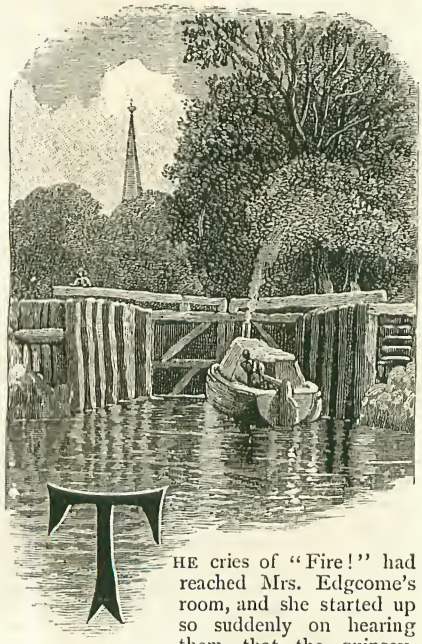
THE MOST DESERVING GIRL.

By DARLEY DALE.

Author of "Spoilt Guy." "Little Bricks," "The Family Failing," "The Jersey Boys," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.

AGNES INTERCEDES FOR HER ENEMY.



THE cries of "Fire!" had reached Mrs. Edgcome's room, and she started up so suddenly on hearing them, that the quinsey, from which she was suffering, broke; and when Dr. Clifton went to her after dressing Marie's little arm, he found all danger was over. All his patient now had to do was to take as much nourishment as she could, and get well as quickly as possible. It was a week after the fire, though, before she was well enough to see any of the girls; and then she could not go to the schoolroom, but received them in her sitting-room, where she sat in an easy chair counting up the marks, and deciding on the prizes, as the examination papers were brought in to her. The first girl allowed to visit her was Marie, to whom her words of praise for her courage amply compensated for the pain she had had to suffer in her arm. Indeed, Marie was quite a heroine now, and it was the general opinion in the school that she would win the picture, an opinion, we suspect, Marie herself shared. It was considered a settled thing that it lay between Marie and Annie Scott, who had more claim than any of the others, since she had never lost a mark the whole term. Julia Robinson had put herself out of the question by her disobedience, though she came out first in nearly all the examinations; and, indeed, she had given up all hope of winning the picture from the night of the fire, and she lived in fear and trembling as to what her fate would be when Mrs. Edgcome was well enough to deal with the case. Had she known that Mademoiselle had found the remains of her novel, her fear would have been still greater; but she did not learn this till about ten days after the fire, when Mrs. Edgcome sent for her. It was a long interview, and Julia came out in tears, and was very much subdued, and in very low spirits for the rest of the day. That night Agnes was awakened soon after the candles had been put out, by passionate sobs from Julia's bed, and, after a few minutes' hesitation, she got up, and going across the room, put her arms round Julia's neck, and begged to be told what was the matter.

"I am expelled," sobbed Julia; "not so much for breaking the rules, but for telling that story. Mademoiselle found a piece of the novel I was reading."

"Expelled! oh, Julia, I am so sorry for you," said Agnes, beginning to cry as well.

"Sorry! You ought to be glad. I have been a wretch to you, Agnes. I got you into that scrape with Mademoiselle on purpose, and then I spoilt your drawing because I was determined you should not win that picture. You ought to hate me, and rejoice to know I am going," cried Julia, between her sobs.

"But I don't hate you, Julia, to-night; I love you, though I am afraid I didn't before."

"I believe you are an angel, Agnes, sent to comfort me," said Julia.

"A queer little angel I should make; but Julia, won't Mrs. Edgcome forgive you? Must you be expelled?"

"She was so cold and severe, I dare not ask her, I never saw her look so grave before; no, I am not to come back after the holidays. She won't expel me publicly, but it is as bad," replied Julia.

Agnes could not contradict this, for she felt it was almost as bad, and having done her best to comfort her late enemy, she crept back to bed, resolving before she went to sleep that she would try and summon up courage to intercede for Julia with Mrs. Edgcome the next day; and she lay awake till nearly midnight planning what she should say. It was an ordeal for her to go through, for she was such a shy child, but she thought if she were only successful, she would be more than repaid for the pain it would cost her. The next morning was the drawing examination, and all the girls were told to take their drawings into Mrs. Edgcome's room, where she would award the marks.

"Come along, Julia, aren't you ready?" said Blanche Scott to her friend, as they started.

"I am not coming; Mrs. Edgcome knows why," said Julia, on the very verge of tears; for Mrs. Edgcome had told her she did not wish to see her again, unless she sent for her.

Wondering what Julia's reason could be, the girls, except Agnes, who knew, went upstairs speculating on the matter, and extremely curious to know why Julia did not come.

"But, Agnes," said Mrs. Edgcome, as she took up a half-finished drawing of Clytie, "how is this? Where is your Clytie? You had nearly finished it before I was ill. This is not it."

"No; I was obliged to begin another. My drawing was knocked down and spoilt," said Agnes, growing very red, as she spoke.

"What a pity! You must have put it away carelessly, I am afraid. I am very sorry, for you would certainly have had the first prize—now it will fall to Blanche," said Mrs. Edgcome, and Agnes looked very downcast, for this was the only prize she had any chance of winning.

When all the drawings had been examined, the girls were told they might go, but Agnes dawdled about, collecting her drawings, till she was left alone with Mrs. Edgcome, and then asked if she might speak to her for a minute. Mrs. Edgcome, thinking it was about the drawing prize, assented, and was very much taken aback when she found the shy little Agnes had stayed behind to intercede for Julia, who, she knew very well, had never been very kind to the child. Agnes was painfully nervous and trembled as she pleaded Julia's cause, assuring Mrs. Edgcome that she was really very penitent, and begging her not to send her away from the school.

"Well, I won't promise that I can grant your request, Agnes, but I will think it over, and you may tell Julia to come to me this afternoon, at three o'clock; I am too tired to see her now," and with this Agnes was obliged to be content.

She did not tell Julia of her interview with Mrs. Edgcome, but took care to tell her while some of the other girls were present that she was to go to Mrs. Edgcome at three; thus she avoided being questioned, and it was well for Julia that she did this, for on hearing that Agnes had been interceding for her, Julia burst into tears, and confessed she had spoilt the child's drawing, and had purposely deceived her about Madame Desfeux. This confession convinced Mrs. Edgcome of her repentance, and after a long talk with her, she revoked her former sentence and forgave her, but told her she should keep back the prizes she had won till the next term, and then if she turned over a new leaf she might have them; an arrangement Julia quite agreed to, as under the circumstances the prizes would have been rather a reproach than otherwise.

A few days later the school broke up, and the prizes were distributed in the morning in the schoolroom before all the girls and a few of their friends. It was pretty well known among the girls by whom the prizes were won, but the chief interest centred in the picture which stood on the chimney-piece, and was looked at from time to time by many a pair of longing eyes. At last all the other prizes were distributed, and only the picture remained, and there was a little buzz of excitement in the room as Mrs. Edgcome asked Mademoiselle to reach it to her.

"I wonder who has won it. It is Marie, I believe, because she was so brave the night of the fire," exclaimed Blanche Scott.

"No, it is you, *I think, Blanche,* because you won the drawing-prize," said Marie.

"I believe it is for Annie Scott, because she is so good, and Mrs. Edgcome said it was for the most deserving girl," said Agnes.

"It would have been Julia's, if she had not got into that scrape about the fire," said another girl.

"You will all be wrong," said Julia. "I know who has won it, and why."

Here the whispers had to cease, for Mrs. Edgcome began to speak.

"Now, girls, I am going to ask you all a question. Do you think I am right in awarding this picture, not to the cleverest girl in the school, nor the bravest, nor the most industrious, but to the girl who, having submitted patiently to two most unkind actions, generously forgave her enemy, and interceded for her? I think that girl deserves the picture the most, because she has acted in a Christ-like manner, and has done as He who taught us to forgive injuries would have wished her to do. Do you all agree with me?"

"Yes," was the distinct but surprised answer which rang through the schoolroom.

"Then, Agnes Cornwall, come here. The picture is yours, and I know you will appreciate it," said Mrs. Edgcome, as she handed the picture to Agnes, who was too *much moved* to be able to more than stammer her thanks. There was a great deal of surprise when the decision was made known, but the most astonished of all was the happy little girl who won the prize.

[THE END.]

THE GIRL'S OWN:

AN OCCASIONAL PAGE OF AMATEUR CONTRIBUTIONS.

A TREMENDOUS JOURNEY.

Gregory River, Queensland.
September, 1881.

We have just reached our new home here, after a journey of two thousand five hundred miles. It has taken us eighteen months to come, and I think perhaps some of the English girls may like to hear a few of our experiences.

We left our old home in Victoria in March, 1880. Our party consisted of my father and mother, six brothers and sisters, and myself, with a number of native servants. We children range in age from Tudor, who is 19, and myself, Isabel, 16, down to baby Maude, who is now only six months old. Papa was taking a herd of 2,000 cattle, so that a number of men were required to look after them, and we were considered very fortunate to lose only a few on the way.

My father, brothers, and I rode on horseback the whole way; the rest were in a waggonette, and all our food, implements, and other luggage were in bullock waggons. When we were staying any length of time in one spot, we used to pitch our tents and camp out very comfortably, but we always slept in the waggons.

To begin at the beginning, then, we started in the best of spirits, thinking and talking of the picnics we should have, the camping out, and all sorts of fun. And certainly for a time it was delightful; we had always been very fond of going out for the whole day, to some creek or part way up a mountain near our home in Victoria, taking our dinners, and returning in the evening; so now we had plenty of that sort of entertainment. The novelty soon wore off, however, and before many weeks were gone we were heartily tired of "roughing it," and a picnic had become a thing to be detested.

We were very much struck by the number of different trees and flowers we saw on our way; passing through New South Wales the road would be bordered by splendid tall pines and wild cherries one side, and on the other the grand old lurryjongs with their dark glossy leaves, casting the most tempting shade over the hot dusty track, and we used to travel under their shadow for miles together. Then there was the collaine, a small bushy tree, bearing fruit looking like pretty green apples, but unfortunately not good to eat. After a stretch of this beautiful green shady country, it always seemed as if we had to pay for the pleasure we had had, for we were sure to come to an expanse of scorching bare plains which we had to cross; and for days together we should be toiling on, under a burning sun, with no shade, nothing to be seen for miles round, except the mimosa, which is a low bush with very long sharp thorns. Occasionally, in the midst of these dry, arid plains, we came upon a clump of exquisite lilies, of the most lovely pale colours, mauve, pink and white, and the sight and scent of them was most refreshing, though it is a great wonder how they can live so far from any water.

When crossing flooded country we had to beware of the gutta-percha tree (which grows plentifully in wet marshy soil), for if a branch breaks off and the milky sap happens to get near the eyes, the sight is quite destroyed, and the agony of the sufferer is intense. On the water in these districts there were beautiful lilies growing, the leaves an immense size and the flowers as large as dinner plates, of every shade and colour one can imagine.

Sometimes we used to pass stations at which old friends were living, but indeed strangers made us just as welcome as friends, for the hospitality of the up-country people is very great. We used to be glad to pitch our tents and stay a few days at these stations to rest the horses, which used to be quite worn out sometimes. At one station we found five gentlemen, and not a woman on the place. Here they had twenty-seven white cats, but they were generous enough to spare us two when we left.

Three months after our start, we reached Fort Burke, on the Darling River, and this was the first place at which letters could reach us, so there was a rush to the post office first thing. The river is very wide here, and we had to cross in a punt. It was a long business getting all the party across, and the horses were very restive indeed, racing up the hill directly they were landed, scattering their burdens of oven, tubs, buckets, etc., in all directions.

At this time the weather was very cold, though in England the summer warmth would be beginning to be felt. The district was boggy, our horses continually straying away, so that altogether our progress seemed very slow. We had plenty of wild fowl, ducks, turkeys, and so on, and the rivers afforded good fish, which we used to catch by night, making a fire on the bank. We dried a large quantity, which were kept for after use.

Our next disaster was the coming of a drought with the warm weather. For four long months we could not get on a step, but had to camp, and a terrible time it was. All the water holes and streams were quite dry, and the horses and cattle lying dead in dozens all around. It was a hard matter to preserve water enough for our own drinking, and it was so bad that it is a wonder we were not poisoned by it. Sometimes three or four beasts would be found lying dead in our little reservoir; and after leaving a pannikin full of the thick dreadful-looking liquid to clear, it would be found half mud.

After a time we were able to start on again, and on reaching the Flinders, a very large river, the rain began to come down in torrents, and we soon knew we were caught in the wet season. This was a very dangerous place to be in, so near the river. Those who have never seen a flood can have no idea how terrible a sight it is. The torrent of water comes rushing along, spreading out for miles on either side, and sweeping all before it. We had not time to move our waggonette or the provision cart, so we made all haste to mount our horses and ride out to a high sandy ridge, about a mile away. There we were safe, but our way there was through water three or four feet deep, swarming with centipedes, which were clinging in dozens to every twig and bush, and to avoid which we had to put our feet up on our horses' necks.

We lived here in a tent for six weeks, when to our joy the rain ceased and we moved on once more. But after thirty miles' travelling, down came the rain again, and we had to seek refuge on a hill once more for several weeks. Before long we were all suffering severely from sandy blight, a most painful disease, affecting the eyes very much. We all had it, from papa down to the tiny baby Maude. The flies tormented us by day, and at night the mosquitoes were almost unbearable.

The only thing which kept them away was smoke, so we used to light a little fire on each side of the netting. The horses used to come rushing up to the fires, for the smoke kept away their torments, the sandflies, too. One clever little pony one night caught up a long burning brand from the fire in his teeth, ran away with it, and then stood by it enjoying the smoke as long as it lasted.

I need not say how thankful we were to leave a place where we had been so miserable; but our troubles were not quite over, for we heard that Alic's Creek, which we were hoping to reach and cross very soon, was so swollen by the flood as to be quite impassable. On reaching the banks, it did seem almost impossible to cross, but papa thought it would be more unsafe to remain on that low swampy ground than to attempt to cross, so he resolved to risk it.

He and my brothers began by spending a whole day swimming backwards and forwards across the river taking our clothes and other baggage in large tubs which floated on the water. They were all spread out in a mixture on the other bank, just as papa and the boys had thrown them down, so my little sister and I thought we had better go across and pack them up, as we were not to go across permanently till next day. We went some way higher up the stream, jumped in and swam over, the current carrying us down to the spot we wished to reach. We soon packed up the things, and returned to our camp in the same way we had gone. By next day the water had gone down considerably, so the waggons and waggonette were floated across, and Edith and I had another splendid swim.

By this time we were getting very short of rations, the rice was all gone, and only a very little flour was left. We could not get supplies from the stations, few and far between as they are, for all communication had been stopped by the floods. At one place where the rain compelled us to stop a few days, there was absolutely nothing to eat but yams. At length we reached a large station, where we obtained some flour and other necessaries. How much we enjoyed the luxuries there, after being short for so long! The Chinese cook prepared us wonderful dinners, which were a splendid change after the style of cooking we had been having, and we all revelled in the melons and other fruit which abounded in the gardens.

On reaching the River Gregory we were compelled to camp out again for a month or more, whilst papa went in search of some stores which ought to have reached us there. The wind was bitterly cold, coming tearing and blowing across the great plains, so that it was little wonder that everyone soon had fever and ague. I was the only one to escape; our little Maude suffered sadly, for she had another attack of sandy blight as well as the ague. Our black gin (native woman) was exceedingly kind and good to us at this trying time, and I do not know what we could have done without her. We bore it better, however, for we knew we were less than 100 miles from home, and as one by one they recovered, we prepared to start on the last stage of our long journey.

Now that we are on our own station, we still have to camp out for a time till our house

is built; but to feel that our travels are over and we are really at home is a most delightful sensation. We are on a small island in the Gregory River; there is a creek also, and the O'Shannessy river, so we need not fear droughts here. There are thick groves of the Pandanus growing at hand, laden with the heavy fruit resembling pineapples in appearance but *not* in flavour; indeed, it is only the cockatoos who will eat them at all. Further on there is a beautiful clump of the cabbage tree palm. This tree grows sometimes as high as 80 feet, with never a limb till within a foot or two of the top, when it branches out in the long leaves which are so useful for making hats. In case any reader may come out to Queensland, I may describe how these are made. One begins by cutting down the tree; the inner leaves are cut off and hung up to dry for a month or so. They are then dipped in boiling water, which causes them to unfold, and they have by this time become quite tough.

The "splitter" is next used; this is a piece of wood studded over with sharp pieces of tin placed at equal distances, on which the leaf is pressed down and drawn along, being thus split into strips. These are then plaited together, and many yards are required before the sewing together is begun. This last is the most difficult part of the whole, for it seems impossible at first to keep the hat to the shape one intends. But it is worth persevering with, for a hat of this sort lasts almost for ever. The palm leaves are also used for brooms.

The flooring of our new house is to be composed of a substance that would surprise our friends in England. It is to be of ants' nest; it is very hard, and has to be broken up and made into mortar before being put down, and then it soon hardens again into a firm, durable cement. The ants' nests are from fourteen to sixteen feet high, large at the base, and rising up to a peak. In some places they are so numerous and so high that you can fancy you are riding through a grave-yard full of tall white headstones. The white ants are most destructive; they build very quickly, in fact I have known them build from the ground to ten feet high in one night.

We have snakes here, too, in quantities, though but few of them are venomous; there are very venomous black spiders, besides scorpions, centipèdes, and crocodiles. Though these latter are sometimes 12 feet long, they are said to be quite harmless; but I keep a very sharp look out for them when I go to swim.

The natives here are very degraded and barbarous in many of their ways; they live chiefly on snakes, kangaroos, lizards, and wild honey, though they are cannibals also when they have the chance. They are great cowards, and will not kill a man unless he is weak and ill, alone, or asleep. Their weapons are poisoned spears, boomerangs, and nulla-nullas, besides a spear with a jagged wooden point. They are very superstitious; they are terrified at the sight of a rainbow. One of our black boys told me that these bows in the sky come down sometimes and tie them in knots! If a man dies, they will not speak of him nor approach his grave for fear of his spirit, and they have a fire always burning near their huts to keep the "debil debil" away. Though most of them are undoubtedly lazy, *very* dirty and debased, still some of them are bright, willing and good-natured, and if they are taken as quite young children, they may be trained into excellent servants. As a whole, they are very hostile to the whites, and we have always to keep loaded revolvers at hand in case of an attack, and every one of us has learnt how to handle these weapons. But in spite of the drawbacks, this is a very lovely place, and when our house is built, and we are settled down at last, I think we shall not much regret having taken that tremendous journey.

A Young Queenslander (aged 16).
Certified by Dora Hope.

GIRLS' OWN HOME.

Collected by Miss Caroline H. Turner, 4s.; Miss Bruin, 5s.; Ayacanora, 1s.; collected by Miss C. Crerar, £1 1s. 6d.; H. R. H., 10s.; A Servant, 2s.; B. M. J., 10s.; F. O. G., 2s.; Bertha Ruth, 1s.; Ruby, 1s.; Annie, 2s.; Miss A. C. M. Stuart, 2s. 6d.; Wawa, 1s.; collected by Miss Mary Bowes, 8s.; collected by Miss Fanny Berry, £1 1s.; collected by Miss Sedgwick, 15s. 10d.; Nobody, 1s.; True to my Word, 2s.; A Reader of the G.O.P., 7s. 6d.; M. A. M., 2s.; collected by Miss Maggie Dalton, 12s. 2d.; Miss Lilian Butler, £1; C. C., 6d.; collected by Miss Kate Leith, 16s. 3d.; collected by Miss Weston, 15s.; E. and B. T., 4s.; Miss Mary Loudoun, 5s.; Gertrude, 6d.; A Needle, 2s. 6d.; Miss Gertrude Gorton, 1s.; Pencil, 3s.; A Happy Girl, 3s.; collected by Mrs. Keir, £1 5s. Total, £11 8s. 3d. Total amount received to June 30th, 1883, £529 19s. 8d.

The Editor earnestly hopes that more girls will come forward to help in the establishment of "The Girls' Own Home," for the benefit of the working girls of London. The above is a very small sum to have taken so long to collect, and the need of this home is so very great that the Editor is sure that all who have not already done so will apply to the Countess of Aberdeen, Haddo House, Aberdeen; or to John Shrimpton, Esq., Hon. Sec., 38, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, London, for collecting cards. Much may be done by individual means through the medium of a collecting card.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

M. H.—In reference to the free teaching of deaf mutes, write to Miss Hobson, 1, Nottingham-place, W., Secretary of the Training College and School at the Elms, Castlebar Hill, Ealing, W. There are also the London School Board Homes for Deaf and Mute Children, at 6, Victoria Park-square, Bethnal Green; also at 80, Pentonville-road, and at 171, Grange-road. Address the Rev. W. Stainer. In reference to blind, there is an asylum and school for the blind in Magdalen-street, Norwich, also a Home for Blind Children at Goldsmith's-place, Kilburn, N.W. Address, Newbery; and others at Bath, Leicester, Nottingham, Southsea, and in Edinburgh.

Eshcol-Tyra.—Not being acquainted with any of your family circumstances and home duties, nor with your position in society, we could not venture to decide for you as to whether you should accept the offer of a situation as junior governess in the school you have just left, or return to your own home. You write a good hand.

Kathleen.—You should write for information to Miss Leigh, 77, Avenue Wagram, Paris, and read the advertisements in one of the leading moderate Church papers. We do not give names. Beware of going abroad to any school as a teacher without the fullest information respecting the institution and the most satisfactory references. The rector of your own parish may be able to lend you a paper containing the advertisements. Why do you not cross your "t's"?

WORK.

L. E. N.—The stem of the bamboo is rather greenish when young, and becomes a sort of buff or ordinary cane colour when matured.

Wattle Blossom (Tasmania).—We are glad that you find our paper so useful, and are gratified by seeing what has appeared on pillow lace. Probably illustrations and further descriptions will be given, but we can never make promises.

Queen of the May.—The "ladders" for making Venetian blinds are sold ready-made. Your handwriting is scarcely yet formed.

Robina Crusoe.—You can dye lace a darker colour—as for instance, brown lace can be dyed black—but you cannot discharge the black colour so as to produce a lighter one, as brown would be.

Bright Star.—Use black or blue transfer-paper for flannel, and trace the pattern on tracing-paper. You can purchase braiding patterns at any fancy shop, which can be ironed off on to any material with a hot iron.

Maranda.—The ordinary horsehair is used, which can be got at any furnishing warehouse by the pound.

Invincible.—The thread suitable for making macramé lace goes by its name. Ask for it as such, and be sure that it is really linen-thread.

HOUSEKEEPING.

Buttons.—To preserve steel from rust, see page 704, vol. ii. Unslacked lime is also an excellent thing with which to clean steel ornaments.

Another of the Girls.—Use tripoli and linseed oil to clean the brass. Generally speaking, rubbing it with a leather which has been used for plate cleaning is enough. The 2nd September, 1866, was a Sunday; the 29th June, 1869, was a Tuesday.

M. S.—Rub as lightly as possible every day with a clean leather. The new brass work, if so treated, needs nothing else, but much rubbing is injurious to it.

Topsy.—"Starch gloss" is used, which may be obtained at all good grocers'. Also, stirring the starch with a wax candle is recommended for the same purpose.

My Queen.—You may remove the spots of ironmould with a little salts of lemon and water, or a little oxalic acid.

C. Leslie.—Powdered magnesia may be used to clean up tarnished silver. If very bad, use it first wet with water, and lastly as a dry powder.

Recent Settler in Minnesota, First Rose, and Adelaide Reade.—The following is a good recipe for furniture paste: Scrape two ounces of beeswax into a pot, add as much spirits of turpentine as will moisten the whole, and the eighth part of an ounce of powdered resin. Dissolve all to the consistency of paste, and add as much Indian red as will deepen the colour to a dark mahogany. Stir all well together.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Kilspendie is heartily thanked for her great kindness in sending a box of beautiful flowers.

Two Roses are thanked for their kind interest in us, as shown in the box of lovely roses received from them.

X. Y.—At fifteen you should go to bed at nine o'clock. Your hand promises well.

Gipsy Countess.—No wonder that so many of "our girls" write such coarse-looking, vulgar hands, if in many of our schools writing be not made a separate branch of their education. We think you may write well by-and-by. The 9th of May, 1867, was a Thursday. When you leave school you should select a pretty graceful hand and copy it.

H. S. B. (Port Chambers).—"What is friendship but a name," is a line from Goldsmith's "Hermit," stanza 19.

A High-School Girl.—At the Battle of Edgehill, Prince Rupert commanded the Royalists, the Earl of Essex the Parliamentarians; Marston Moor, Prince Rupert, and Cromwell, and the Scotch; Naseby, Charles I. and Lord Astley, against Fairfax and Cromwell. We could not give so many answers as you require.

A Belgian Girl.—Tennyson was born at Somersby, in Lincolnshire. The name of "George Eliot" was Mary Anne Evans.

Violet.—Messrs. Hatchard's, in Piccadilly, would have the kind of books you mention. "Stone walls do not a prison make," is from a poem called "To Althea from Prison," by Richard Lovelace.

Sunshine.—Yes, certainly; send 2s. 6d. to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

Asphodel.—Fasts have been observed by most nations from the remotest antiquity. Annual fasts in the Christian Church were first begun in the second century, 138 A.D. The Fast Day of Scotland was originated in the "Books of Discipline," of John Knox, 1560, and Andrew Melville, 1578.

J. E. L.—Enclose twopence in stamps to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

J. L. T.—A surgeon generally places "Mr. Henry So-and-So" on his card, and is not called "Dr.," but "Mr." A physician calls himself "Dr. So-and-So," and is called "Dr. So-and-So," also, in addressing him personally.

Lily.—Your quotation is from the "Song of Solomon."

Lady Silvia, and Saturday's Child.—In reference to Emigration, see our answer to "Fiz-gig," page 207, vol. iv. Write and consult Miss Blake, secretary of the Women's Emigration Society, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.

Long Shanks.—The first of September, 1866, was a Saturday.

A Young Wife.—You had better leave off the attempt to reduce your home expenses in that manner. Employ a charwoman for the washing, and manage the drying, folding, and ironing yourself.

ALICE. — We sympathise much with you, but cannot suggest any remedy. If you have so little leisure for work of any kind by which you might make money, and it must also be performed unseen by your mother, it is difficult to suggest anything, especially as you cannot draw, paint, nor even sew well. The "pride" of which you speak seems very childish, and the less you speak of it the better for your own credit. Pronounce "Elephantine" as it is spelt—"tine" is not pronounced as "tin." We have answered your last query many times.

OSWESTRIAN.—We have no acquaintance with any societies such as those you want.

AMABEL.—We advise you to obtain from your cousins themselves the instructions you require for your conduct on the occasion named. Perhaps the mother of one of them could assist you, if they could not. There is no legal objection, nor is there any law laid down in Holy Scriptures against the marriage of cousins. See the tables on the subject at the end of the Common Prayer books.

META.—We can only recommend you to wear silk gloves, instead of kid ones, in the summer. You write a very pretty hand.

M. LINGARD.—We feel much gratified by hearing of the very beneficial influence of our paper on the person of whom you write, and we thank you sincerely for giving us so much encouragement at a time when so little equal to the task of writing. We read your letter with great interest, and we heartily wish your early restoration to strength.

LOUIE.—We make no excuse for "an awful temper." It can be tamed, and that at once. You are not obliged to give a sharp answer, nor to make an ugly cross face when provoked by a rude and ill-conditioned companion. Meekness, gentleness, and long-suffering are amongst the Christian graces, and you are told by Christ to learn of Him in the example He has set. Two blessings are specially promised to the meek — they "shall inherit the earth," and they "shall inherit glory," *i.e.*, the "promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come," always supposing that the fear and love of God has been the grand active principle of their self-conquest. Pray for His grace to aid you. We suppose you mean to say "all bosh" for "boss."

EARLY DEWDROP.—There is no chance of your "earning a little" by writing verses such as you have sent us. We can both answer the question and demonstrate the fact we state in your own words—

> "But this is now quite hopeless,
> As anyone may see."

SHEILA.—If you had read the Answers to Correspondents you would have seen your question answered in a note supplied by the Editor.

PRINCE CHARLIE is thanked for her stories about her canaries and the mice, which in some instances afforded a dinner to her cat.

DOTTIE B.—You do not name your age, and much depends on that. While you are a minor much responsibility rests on your parents, to whom you are subject for duty and conscience's sake. If you cannot obtain their consent, be patient until able to carry out your wishes. Your quotations from Holy Scripture are very incorrect. You should look for the passages, and be careful not to make the smallest mistake.

CECILY WOODBURN.—The observation that the Duke of Wellington "never lost a gun," means that the enemy never captured one cannon from him, which are called "guns." You do not write well, though legibly.

AMY MAPLETON.—We were much interested in your nice letter, and thank you for it. Tell "Vio" and "Freda" that we are very sorry to hear that their letters were unanswered, but perhaps they overlooked our replies. We do not remember their letters.

MARY ELLISTON.—We know of no magic spell by means of which "yellow teeth can be made pearly." Perhaps those to which you refer need a thorough cleaning by a dentist. You should brush them with a preparation of chalk in the morning and Castile soap at night, using a small narrow brush, not very hard, and bevelled off at the sides, so as not to inflame the gums, and make them recede from the roots of the teeth. Your hand would be good if sloped the right way.

E. ELLIOT.—In all such questions of secondary importance, upon which Christians equally scrupulous and conscientious, one as the other, differ in opinion, you should be guided by your parents' views and wishes while a minor, and when at liberty to act for yourself, act as your individual conscience may permit you.

HYACINTH.—Accept our best thanks for so kind a letter. We are glad you are engaged in collecting for the Girls' Own Home. If you have any young friends, you can perhaps influence them to strive to please God, and unite with you in making small articles of wear—such as woollen mittens, or scarves for the neck—for poor children. This would perhaps be within your small means to do. You might buy either fleecy or fingering for the purpose, and done for Christ's sake, He will accept the little offering of time, trouble, and pence.

JENNIE PERRY.—We had pleasure in reading your letter from Queensland, and glad that your voyage was so agreeable. We have not been successful in finding your name on the lists of vol. iii., but have little time for the search, and hope you will get your numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER sent out regularly, that you may do so yourself. If you do not get them, write about it to Mr. Tarn, at our office.

A MEMBER OF "G. F. S."—If you have had but "the poorest education," you have certainly profited better by it than hundreds of girls in a higher position of life have by theirs. Your composition and spelling are excellent, and your poem does credit to your head and your heart.

A BAD SPELLER.—We should advise you to make a point of always looking out every word, about which you are doubtful, in the dictionary before writing it. The trouble of doing this will help you to remember the word, and will cure you of the fault of carelessness—a very common source of bad spelling.

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.—We cannot praise the poetry you send us; it is full of faults of expression. You cannot say "Birds are all crowing," because that noise is peculiar to cocks. Thrushes and blackbirds never "crow," and how can "the grass be all spotted with daisies *unseen?*" Inquire for the drawing-book at an artist's colourman's.

BLUE EYES.—We cannot give you any other recipe than constant prayer and watchfulness over yourself. With regard to the dog, he probably wounds himself on the sharp stones, or else the slight lameness may arise from rheumatism, from which they suffer much. Not "tortology," as you write it, but "tautology."

CHERRY RIPE.—You are probably giving the bird improper seed; perhaps too much rape, or the wrong sort.

"ONE OF THE GALLANT R. M. A."—The poem you quote from was written by Charles Kingsley.

GERALDINE.—To skeletonise leaves, see page 64, vol. ii. Your hand promises well, but you should select some pretty running-hand formed rather like your own, and copy that.

AN Invalid writes :—

To the Editor of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

SIR,—I have had the pleasure of reading your admirable paper since its commencement, and now beg to express my warm appreciation of the many useful hints I have gained from it. I am not a *young* lady; but I do rejoice that so useful a magazine has attained such wide circulation.

I am an invalid; and the articles on occupations, etc., for invalids interested me. I think some of your young readers may be glad to know of a work carried on entirely among invalids on behalf of the Edinburgh Medical Mission. I enclose our last report for your perusal.

The Invalids' Auxiliary was proposed nearly six years ago, by those who contributed to the stall of invalids' work at the bazaar held at Edinburgh in 1877 on behalf of the Livingstone Memorial, built for medical mission premises, and erected in the Cowgate of Edinburgh.

The Lord has greatly blessed this work in the increasing interest of invalids all over the United Kingdom; also in larger sums gathered each year. Our first sale realised £80, gradually increasing until last year (as you will see) we had £115. An interesting company of invalids in America ("The Shut Ins"), seeing a notice of our work last year, desired to be associated with us, thus extending our interests across the Atlantic.

Seeing how heartily your girls responded to the appeal on behalf of "The Princess Louise Homes," I am encouraged to request an interest in our invalids' work through the columns of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, as thereby some invalid may be interested and join our little band. If you can spare space at any time to commend our work in your magazine, you will confer a favour. A list of names is given in the report of ladies who will receive work for our annual sale of work in November, and a report will be sent to any who apply. I send with this a general report of the Edinburgh Medical Mission to endorse our position.

AN INVALID.

THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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GRANDFATHER'S LEGACY.

By HENRY FRITH.

"'HERE I BE, MISS LILY.'"

CHAPTER I.

THE COUSINS—A MEETING.

ONE summer day, about sixteen years ago, a young girl was sitting upon a gate, which opened into the high-road, at the end of a shady avenue. She was evidently expecting somebody, though why she had seated herself upon the top rail of the gate, and preferred to kick the heels of her well-fitting boots against the cross-bar, I cannot tell you. But I may introduce her as she sits there, restless and apparently anxious as she is.

Her name was Lily Metcalfe. She had fair hair, a brilliant complexion, and glorious round hazel eyes surrounded by a cornea almost blue. She was in disposition restless and energetic; independent in manner, and very intelligent-looking if not exactly beauti-

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ful. Her age at the time she appears to us was nearly twelve, and a cheerful plump little body as anyone could wish to see.

"I wish grandpapa would come," she said; "I want to have my ride before tea. Oh, make haste, pony; quick, quick, grandpapa, or you will lose me."

It almost appeared to the child as if her outspoken wish had been heard, and some kind fairy had carried it at once to the expected grandpapa, for in a moment the sound of horses' feet was heard upon the road.

"Here he is!" exclaimed the child; "Mrs. Parsons, here's grandpapa!"

Mrs. Parsons, who lived in the gate-lodge, came out wiping her arms and hands, for she had "a bit of washing" that day.

"Here I be, Miss Lily. Ah, sure enough, I hear the horses. Get ye down, dearie, and I'll open the gate."

She proceeded to let down her dress and pull her apron round so as to be ready to receive the old squire. Meanwhile Lily descended from the gate, and ran into the road to welcome the expected arrival.

She waved her hand, and would have called out "hooray," had her enthusiasm not been checked by the appearance of a girl riding with grandpapa—a stranger to her—and seated on her pony! Such a liberty as this rather astonished Lily, who quite forgot to welcome her anxiously expected grandparent, so absorbed was she in contemplating the new arrival—upon *her* pony, too!

"Well, my Lily, how are you, darling? Have you been waiting long for your old granddad?" asked the hale and hearty squire, as he dismounted to kiss his little friend.

"Not very long, grandpapa, dear," she said, as she received his caress, and scarcely returned it, for she could not withdraw her gaze from the young lady on her pony. "Who is that girl?" she whispered. "Why is she riding my pony?"

"Little jealous pate!" replied the old man, fondly. "That is your first cousin, Ida Temple, you know. She has come to see mamma, and she rode Bonny Boy instead of Peter. That's all. Ida, my dear, this is your cousin Lily, your aunt Florrie's little girl."

"How do you do, Lily?" said Ida, putting the pony in motion, and coming to shake hands with her cousin. "I am so glad grandpapa brought me over with him; we had a capital gallop."

"Gallop! Bonny Boy does not gallop with me," said Lily, shyly. "He isn't tired, I hope?"

"Oh, dear no," replied Ida.

She passed through the gate without noticing Mrs. Parsons's greeting, and rode on quickly alone, leaving Lily to accompany her grandpapa, who lifted her in front of him, and trotted up the avenue to the house.

"Are you going to take me for a ride, grandpa?" she asked, in a quavering voice.

"Of course, darling. Why, I have come on purpose."

"And—is—Ida Temple to go too?" inquired Lily, hesitatingly.

The squire smiled behind the curly little head of his pet, but replied, with becoming gravity—

"No, dear; you and I must have our ride together. Besides, Ida has only come to see mamma. She has not seen Ida since she was quite a baby."

"How old is she now?" inquired Lily. "Is she a good girl, like Violet Strangeways?"

"Yes, certainly. You will like her very much when you know her better. She is just twelve—quite a big girl, isn't she?"

"Yes," replied the child, musingly. "And did she gallop poor Bonny Boy very hard, grandpa?"

"No, darling. She rides very well. She was taught to ride in America when quite a tiny thing. Her father was in the great Civil War, and Ida was nearly killed once. I'll tell you about it some day. There's mamma. Hold tight a moment. There we are, safe on our feet again!"

While Lily was hurried upstairs to put on a little riding-skirt, Mrs. Metcalfe welcomed her niece and her father-in-law.

"Well, Florrie," said Mr. Metcalfe, "I've brought you your American niece at last. Sophie was not able to come, and Temple is in London. Now I'll leave you to renew your very early acquaintance, Ida, and see after my Lily-bud."

Ida made no answer, but leaped lightly, unassisted, from the pony's back and kissed her aunt affectionately. At that moment a fine young lad of about Ida's age appeared, and stopped to gaze at the arrivals.

"Come here, Arthur," cried his mother. "Here is your cousin Ida from America, you know."

"How are you, Ida?" said the boy. "I've heard of you often. I say, didn't you go and shoot an Indian, or something?"

"Yes, I shot 'something,' as you call it," replied the girl, coolly. "It was a panther—a young one!"

"A panther! I thought it was a man."

"No," she replied, smiling quietly and rather contemptuously. "Hunters call a panther a 'painter' sometimes, and perhaps you fancied I had killed an artist. Was that it?"

Her quiet and extremely ladylike manner, so much more formed than the boy expected, made her appear "quite a young lady," as he expressed it, and Arthur was rather abashed by the tall, fair, blue-eyed beauty of Northern type, who hailed from Boston, Mass., and, no doubt, said "I guess." But there was scarcely a trace of the nasal intonation which the lad had associated with "Yankee Doodles," as he called his uncle's relatives and Americans generally.

"Isn't she stuck up!" said Arthur to his friend and cousin, Mark Strangeways, afterwards. "You never saw such a girl. Airs and graces, and flounces and laces, and such little feet and hands, you never saw. Doll's feet, I call them; none of your regular John Bull about her, like Violet."

Violet Strangeways was Mark's sister. She was the daughter, and he the only son, of the Reverend Jocelyn Strangeways, Rector of Roddesham, a charming village some ten miles away, and Mark was staying with his school chum Arthur for a week or so.

We shall see something of Violet in a few moments, for Lily had long wished to go over to the rectory, and the opportunity had arrived. As soon as she was mounted upon her beloved Bonny Boy, she said to her grandfather—

"May we ride over to Roddesham, grandpa?"

"By all means, my dear. Now for a trot. Are you ready?"

"Quite ready," she replied.

And having repassed the gate, the friends trotted gaily up the lane towards the rectory.

(*To be continued.*)

USEFUL HINTS.

STEWED FRENCH PLUMS OR PRUNES.—Soak them in cold water over night, and cook them in the water in which they have been soaking; to a pound of prunes put one pint of water and half a pint of claret; sweeten with sugar to taste, and simmer gently for about two hours. This makes a nice dish for dessert.

BAKED APPLES.—Cut out the cores of a dozen good-sized apples, and fill up with sugar and one or two cloves in each; pour a little water in the tin, and bake in a quick oven until tender.

KEEP a bag for odd pieces of tape and string; they will come in useful; also a bag or box for old buttons, so that you may know where to go when you want one.

IF the tops of lettuces are cut off when they are becoming too old for use, they will grow up again fresh and tender, and may thus be kept good through the summer.

HERBS should be gathered while in blossom. If left till they have gone to seed, the strength will be lost.

LEMON AND OTHER CREAMS.—To one pint of cream add four tablespoonfuls of sifted loaf sugar, one ounce of isinglass, previously soaked in a little milk, and the peel of a lemon; simmer gently until the isinglass is dissolved, let it cool a little, and then add the yolks of two eggs well beaten. Strain it into a jug, and place the jug in a saucepan of cold water; then over a slow fire stir the cream until it thickens, but do not let it boil. When nearly cold put in the juice of a lemon, pouring the cream backwards and forwards until the juice is well mixed. Dip your mould in cold water before pouring the cream into it, and then put it in a cool place to set. The colour of your creams may be varied by simmering a little beetroot in some milk for a pink cream, and spinach for green; these are both harmless and tasteless, therefore may be used with safety. Fruits may also be dropped into the moulds, setting it with a little of the cream first.

PANCAKES AND FRITTERS.—Mix eight ounces of the finest flour very smoothly with a pint of milk. In order to keep the batter smooth, mix the flour with the milk into a stiff paste at first, and gradually add the remainder of the liquid, beating thoroughly. Beat up the yolks of three eggs lightly, then add them, with a pinch of salt, to the batter. When ready to fry, stir in the whites of the eggs beaten to a strong froth. Put a dessertspoonful of dissolved butter or lard into an eight-inch frying-pan, and when it is hot pour in quickly four tablespoonfuls of the batter, previously measured into a cup; let it run over the pan, which hold over a brisk fire, and shake gently until the under side is brown and the upper set. Toss it, and let the other side brown. Turn the pancake on to a hot dish, sliding one half out of the pan and turning the other on to it, so as to make it into an oval shape. Plain fritters are made with water, oil, or dissolved butter, instead of milk, and fried like pancakes. Mix smoothly a quarter of a pound of finest flour with a pinch of salt and half a pint of water, stir in one tablespoonful of oil or of dissolved butter, and the yolks of three eggs. When ready to fry, add the whites of the eggs beaten to the strongest froth, and finish like pancakes.

IN all cakes where butter or eggs are used the butter should be well rubbed into the flour, and the eggs whipped to a foam, before the ingredients are mixed.

OUR AUSTRALIAN COLONIES AND NEW ZEALAND.

By Mrs. BREWER.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

WE are leaving the prosperous colony of South Australia for one that has endured many and great sorrows; the remembrance of this, as we draw near to its port, throws a gloom over us which is not lessened by the fact that the first land we make is Rotts-nest, or Rat's-nest, an island whereon is a prison for native convicts. We scarcely know what to expect as we land at Freemantle, behind the little promontory of Arthur's Head, but as our feet touch the earth we recover our spirits and look about us. Our first experience is that the hotels are very good and comfortable, and the second, that the town is not at all tumble-down and neglected—on the contrary, it is dazzling, for all the buildings are of white limestone; churches, chapels, government house, shops and houses are well built and very attractive; in fact everything is bright, comfortable, happy, and the reverse of sleepy; the climate too seems to us delicious. Whaling is actively carried on during the winter season, and we have been to see a very clever work, which shows the energy and activity of the people. It is a tunnel cut from the principal street in the town, through Arthur's Head to the whaling jetty, which jetty is built of Jarrah-wood, the timber of the country, and one of its chief sources of wealth. We shall know something about this wood in a day or two, as we are going to one of the forests. Rat's Island, by the bye, is not at all to be despised on a nearer acquaintance; its soil is mixed with guano, and a large portion of the reef on which it rests is composed of several varieties of coral, one of which is formed in the shape of huge fans spreading out from giant stems. On asking how the convicts were employed on this island, we hear that they extract salt from the lagoons on its eastern side. We should exceedingly like to go and see the mother-of-pearl fishery, which extends from Sharp's Bay to Nickol Bay, giving employment to very many of the natives and to Malays; but our time will not permit us to do this. We had no idea of its value—in 1876 Western Australia exported shells and pearls to the value of £83,292, and in 1878, £22,000. It varies in its yield considerably. We hear that pearls have been found as large as peas, and that the worth of the shells in the market is from £20 to £70 per ton. On some of the islands off this coast guano is found equal to that of Peru. We have been much amused at being told that eight or nine years ago a merchant in Tasmania purchased from the West Australian Government the right to remove guano from two islands called Barker islands, on the coast, and when he went to get the guano, the islands were nowhere to be seen; what had become of them no one knew. When the merchant got home he sued the Government for his expenses and loss of time, but he could get nothing on this score. The principal supply comes now from the Lacepede islands, high up on the north-west coast.

Delighted with Freemantle, we now wish to go on to Perth. How shall we do it? We can go by water, a distance of fifteen miles, but as a railway was opened last year from one town to the other (eleven miles), we propose to go by it. Perth is the capital of the colony, and an extremely pleasing town; it is situated about sixteen miles from the sea coast, and built on the north bank of a sheet of water formed by the Swan River, and called the Perth Waters. This river received its name in consequence of the number of black swans found in its neighbourhood. It takes its rise about eighty miles from the coast, runs north for 100 miles, and then, joining itself to another river, travels with it westward for fifty miles, and empties itself into the Perth Waters—a very sociable swan!

The cliffs of the coast near Swan River are covered with thousands of roots twisted together, which resemble the stumps of a dead shrubbery. Perth seems to us to possess many advantages: it has a sandy soil, it is true, but at the same time an unlimited supply of good water; it is exposed to the healthful sea breezes, and has an abundance of brick-clay, lime, firewood, and timber of the very best quality. On the west of Perth Water, Mount Eliza raises its rugged and precipitous sides, which are studded with pretty cottages, peeping out from foliage. We have been to the top, from which the view is lovely. Between the cliffs and the estuary are gardens, in which we see the banana, peach, nectarine, apple, pear, lemon, orange, fig, mulberry, almond, and melons, all as if they were the fruit of one climate, and then the terraces of vines and olives complete the picture.

We are now starting for the forest of Jarrah-wood, which is about eighteen miles south of Perth by road. What a sight for girls! A forest extending from north to south 140 miles, and from east to west four miles, many of these noble trees rising from among rocky boulders to a height of from fifty-one to sixty feet, perfectly straight and clear of branches; the foliage is evergreen, and, after the hot season, covered with large bunches of white scented flowers. We hear that in this forest alone there is sufficient timber to build 17,920 line of battle ships. We ask what constitutes its excellence, and are told that it defies the sea-worm, and is so durable that piles and beams, sunk twenty years ago, are as sound now as when they were put down. The sandal wood of this colony is also very valuable, and a lucrative article of export. The climate is peculiarly suited to the vine. Very good wine could be made under skilled hands; as it is, the raisins are dried, and thought equal to any in the world. Epidemic diseases are unknown, and the climate is particularly favourable to consumptive people.

We are sitting in our hotel, and asking each other as to the impression West Australia has made upon us, after the few days spent here, and we are of one opinion, viz., that it reminds us of a magnificent mansion, standing in its extensive grounds, filled with goods of value and beauty, but shut up and left in the care of a few servants, who find themselves quite inadequate to the care of the estate, not from want of ability or will, but that they have not hands enough to do the work; they are naturally depressed at their want of success, and all things look so gloomy that no one cares to pay them a visit, nor even to be a servant on such an estate. But send down a host of indoor and outdoor servants; let the sunlight and fresh air penetrate every corner; fill the mansion with a bright and happy family, unlock the treasures, and then send out invitations, and see the result.

This colony abounds in wealth of every description, except population, which is the very life-blood of a country. Only let the tide of immigration flow rapidly in, and we think no colony we have visited would be its superior. Does this colony desire immigration? Is it inclined to welcome new-comers? Yes, indeed, though it has become cautious in offering premiums for it, because it has hitherto been treated so shabbily. It has frequently given free passage to people who, instead of returning this in labour, have speedily made their way to other colonies which they had a favour unto.

Again, an invitation is sent out for healthy agricultural labourers, female servants, shepherds, millers, woodcutters, gardeners, farriers, teamsters, and ploughmen, from eighteen to forty years of age. To these a free passage will be given; but they must each pay £1 for bed and bedding, etc. If these people accept, and remain two years in the colony, the adults have the privilege of selecting fifty acres of land, and those between sixteen and twenty-one years may have a selection of twenty-five acres; and after three years the property becomes theirs, if a few simple conditions are kept; and to a man who has paid his own passage, a grant of £15 worth of land is made. The wages are good, domestic servants getting from £18 to £50 per annum; carpenters, painters, builders, etc., 7s. to 10s. a day. Living is cheap, and the climate very healthy.

QUEENSLAND.

Our good captain will next steer for Brisbane, the capital of the youngest and, just now, most popular of our colonies.

It is in Queensland that the young and active of both sexes of emigrants are inclined to make their homes, probably because it seems to offer a certainty of success to all who will work hard and be content to rough it. There is plenty of work to be done, and an abundance of room to do it in. When we, the voyagers in the "Girl's Own," think of what we are now going to see, and what that same place was fifty years ago, it seems little short of a fairy tale. We will just for a few minutes go back half a century.

It happened that the Surveyor-General of New South Wales desired to know something of the land which lay beyond the habitable parts of his own colony. To ascertain this, he took a long journey; a wonderful journey it was, far more so than he who took it could have dreamed. As he traversed the almost

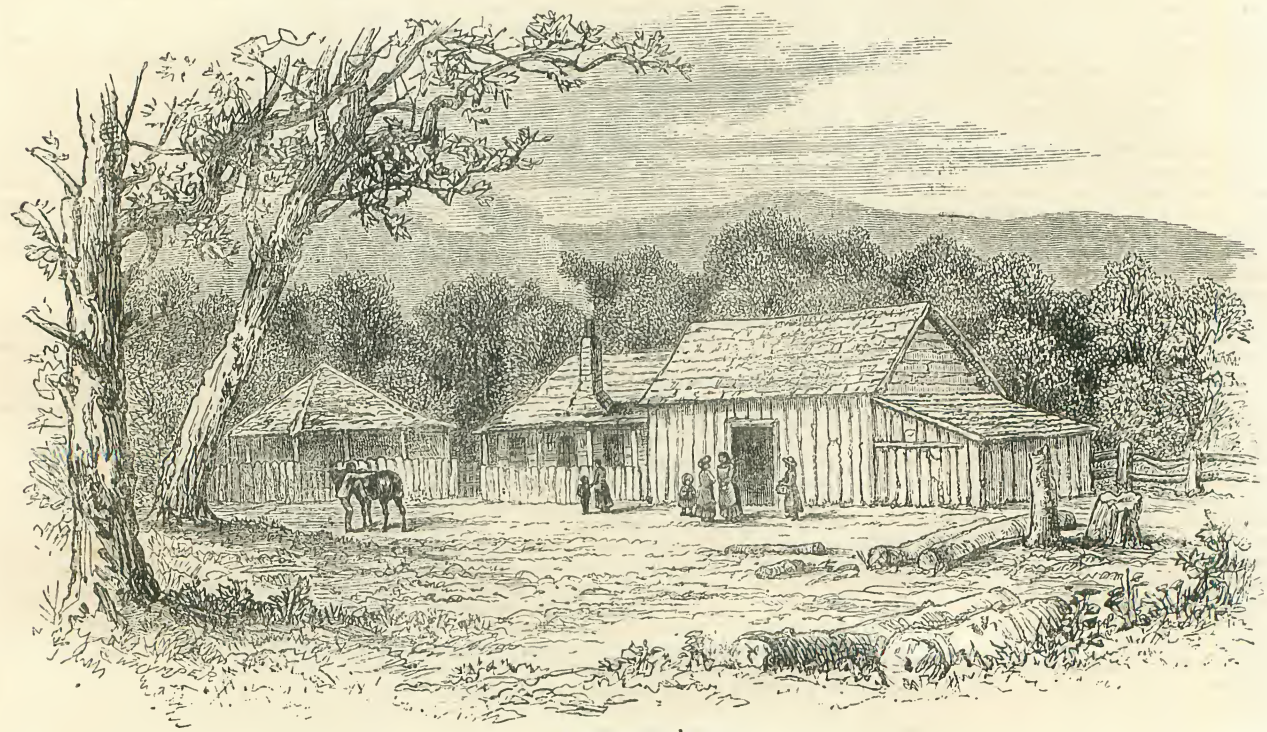
A NEW CLEARING.

endless plains, or came upon scenes of such surpassing beauty that they might have been the gardens of the world, or as he moved with pain and difficulty over the savage wilds, terrified by the yet more savage cries, what would have been the effect upon him if he could have seen beneath his feet the treasures of gold, tin, copper, and coal only waiting for the intelligence and skill of man to bring them to light? Or as the longing for the sound of human voices came over him, to have known that the solitary wilds would in a few years resound with thousands of voices of men, women, and children, made happy by his discovery. At length, after much weary travelling, he came upon two white men who had escaped from one of the convict settlements, and from some information which these gave him he pressed forward until he caught sight of a noble stream, which he named Brisbane.* When the interesting details of this journey were laid before the Government of New South Wales, one would have thought it would have made haste to profit by them. All it did was to quarter some officials and convicts at Brisbane and keep them supplied with provisions from Sydney. It was not until 1846 that people began to talk of a possible future for this little settlement, which went by the name of Moreton Bay district, but, as a clever writer quaintly remarks, "they wondered, but they moved not."

It was Dr. Leechardt's journey from Brisbane to the Gulf of Carpentaria and his relation of it which set practical people thinking and working, till at length this unknown, unloved, and uncared for district was transformed suddenly in 1859 to the lovely Queensland, whose history from that day to this has been one of continual progress.

Our thoughts are drawn from the past to the present by the announcement of the captain that the "Girl's Own" is entering Moreton Bay. As we all rush on deck he points out to us that it is sheltered by two narrow

* In honour of Sir Thomas Brisbane, then Governor of New South Wales.



A SQUATTER'S HUT.

islands, of from fifteen to twenty miles long, called Moreton and Stradbroke; that the extent of the bay is about sixty miles, and that it receives several rivers, the most important being the Brisbane. Having all our little packages ready for landing, we are able to remain on deck while we go up the river, and are surprised at the peculiar beauty of the scenery we pass through, and at the wonderful pine-trees on either bank. The Brisbane takes its rise in the dividing range of mountains about sixty miles in a straight line from Moreton Bay. At length, after a most enjoyable river trip of twenty miles, we are at Brisbane.

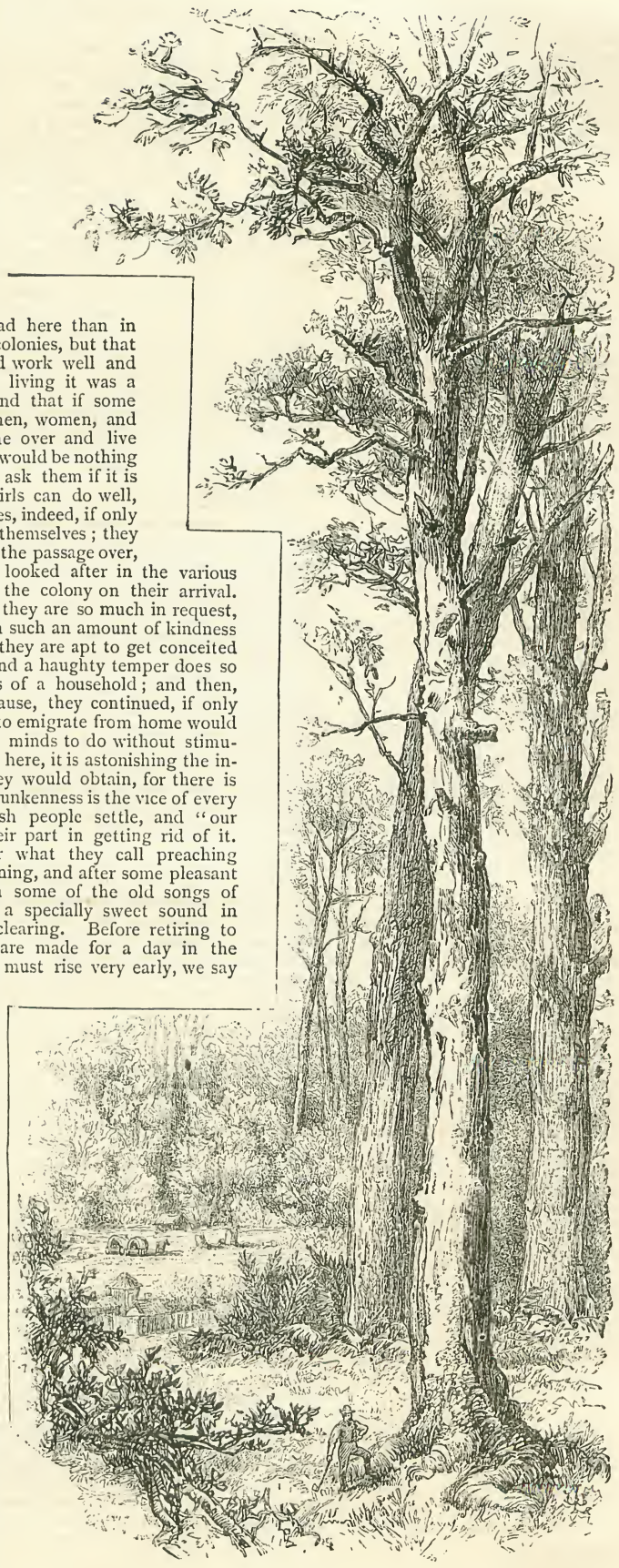
We find the port well lighted and buoyed, and extremely convenient for vessels landing at night. Our visits to the colonies have attracted attention, and it is no unusual thing to see a crowd collected on the landing places, drawn there partly by curiosity and partly in the hope of recognising among us relatives and friends. To-day a large portion of the crowd is of the male sex, who have come from the squatting districts or from homesteads far inland, with a strong hope that we may be induced to remain in the colony. It seems that many of these young men have by their steady, earnest labour succeeded in getting houses and a moderate amount of property, but neither wives nor women servants, for the depôts which receive the girl emigrants wisely, as we think, refuse to allow them to take service in the homes of single men; the consequence is that these men's lives are often lonely and uncomfortable—a state of things which they would gladly improve.

We find at our hotel several letters from friends, who have settled in various parts of the colony, inviting us to visit them, and this we hope to do, as we shall thus get a good view of the country and its people. We must first look about the town, which we see is divided into north and south by the river; the former, we suppose, is the most important, as the wharves, warehouses, shops, banks, and places of amusement are situate in it. Its principal street is Queen-street. We pass over the beautiful iron bridge called by the name of our dear Queen, Victoria, and we are in South Brisbane. It is a very busy place, being the high road to the agricultural districts, and has a line of railway to Ipswich, one of the towns in the coal district. The Botanic Gardens, situate on a bend of the river near Government House, are exquisite with their tropical vegetation, their ferns, orchids, and lilies. It is one of the favourite resorts of the people of Brisbane.

Ever since we first put foot on Australian soil the word "scrub" has resounded in our ears. On asking its meaning, we were told that it was dense forest, with an undergrowth so thick and matted as to be impregnable without an axe. Now we are in the way of beholding it with our eyes, for Queensland is essentially a scrub land, and it so happens that one of our invitations is from friends who have made a clearing in this sort of country. It seems that there is a range of mountains stretching from Victoria to the north of Queensland in an unbroken line, and that between this range and the ocean there is a belt of rich alluvial agricultural soil. The richness of that bordering the rivers which flow through this coast land is entirely concealed under a dense growth of timber. These river forests, or, as they are sometimes called, riverine lands, are scrubs, many thousand acres of which have been cleared and brought into a high state of cultivation. This, then, is the sort of place to which we are now on our way by coast steamer for the first twenty miles; the remainder we shall do by riding.

And here is the home to which we are welcomed. As soon as the first excitement of meeting is over, we have many questions to ask and answer; ours of course specially relate to life in Queensland. Our friends, who left the old home twenty years ago, declare they have never regretted it; they have been very happy, and considering that they began with nothing are in very prosperous circumstances. They acknowledge that there are fewer luxuries and refinements to be had here than in some of the older colonies, but that to people who could work well and not object to plain living it was a splendid country, and that if some few thousands of men, women, and children would come over and live and work in it, there would be nothing left to desire. We ask them if it is a colony in which girls can do well, and the answer is yes, indeed, if only they will be true to themselves; they are well cared for in the passage over, and specially well looked after in the various depôts throughout the colony on their arrival. The danger is, that they are so much in request, and are treated with such an amount of kindness and attention, that they are apt to get conceited and troublesome, and a haughty temper does so spoil the happiness of a household; and then, after a moment's pause, they continued, if only the girls intending to emigrate from home would resolve in their own minds to do without stimulants on their arrival here, it is astonishing the influence for good they would obtain, for there is no disguising it—drunkenness is the vice of every place where English people settle, and "our girls" must do their part in getting rid of it. They apologise for what they call preaching on this our first evening, and after some pleasant chat we sing them some of the old songs of home, which have a specially sweet sound in the silence of this clearing. Before retiring to rest arrangements are made for a day in the scrubs, and, as we must rise very early, we say good-night to our kind friends.

The morrow is here and we are actually in a "scrub." It is not at all like a day's outing in an English wood; the air is damp and hot, the stillness intense, the vegetation rich and green; tall palms raise their graceful heads, the pine, the cedar, and every variety of timber in all the luxuriance characteristic of this soil; bunches of brilliant red berries here and there, and vines twisting in and out with every variety of colour in their leaves, the stems of which are like gigantic cables. Such ferns and passion-flowers; and canes running



AUSTRALIAN TREES.

straight up over the tallest trees and down again. Oh, if our friends at home could but see it all! We helped to search for a white grub, about the size of one of our fingers, in the dead trees, and having collected a good many, we want to know what is to be done with them The answer is, "for our supper." This rather disgusts us; but, indeed, if we did not know what they were, we should think them delicious, as they taste like rich cream. Our attention is called to some beautiful so-called apple-trees, and we are advised to look about and see if any had a swelling on the trunk. On our finding one, our host took a sharp knife and a horn cup out of his pocket, and with the first made a slit in the trunk, and out came about a pint of sweet water which we drank with pleasure. After one of our happiest days we find ourselves again at home on the "scrub clearing." On expressing a desire to know and see something of squatters and their runs, our friends tell us that a schoolfellow of ours is married to one on the Darling Downs, and would be very glad to see us.

On our saying somewhat contemptuously, "Ellen married to a squatter!" our friends laugh, and say it is very evident we do not understand the position they hold in Queensland. They are among the wealthiest in the colony, and occupy, with the permission of Government, thousands of acres. Young men of good families and connections, and even members of the Government, are squatters. Their principal property is sheep, although they have cattle also. Their life is often hard and lonely, yet not an unhappy one. We bid farewell to our kind host and hostess and make our way to Ipswich, where we take the train to Toowoomba, a township on the Darling Downs, where we find horses to convey us to the residence or homestead of our schoolfellow and her husband. We find him in very rough dress, and doing some kind of menial work, but in manner and voice we see at once he is a gentleman, and Ellen, as she comes forward to give us a hearty welcome, looks so neat, so bright and active, that there is no doubt she has found her vocation. Their home, too, is very quaint and simple, and some of us help to prepare dinner; the funny thing is that out here one feels ashamed to be idle. During dinner we learn many an interesting detail of squatter life, of the caution which has to be exercised in the selec- of a *run*, and the advantages and disadvantages of choosing it in settled and unsettled districts, together with the expression of dislike which every squatter has to the free selector.

The air here is so lovely that we believe the most delicate among us would get strong if we could remain a few months with these hospitable squatters; but as this cannot be, we wish them good-bye, and mount our horses for Toowoomba. This town, situated on the table-land, is the capital of the far-famed sheep and wheat district, known as the Darling Downs. There are large populations settled in and about this town, occupied in farming or grazing, and every year sees more and more land taken up. The climate of Toowoomba is cool and bracing, and the Governor honours it by living here two or three months in the year. There are many other towns on the Darling Downs, all of which owe their existence to agriculture. We could, if we desired it, go nearly as far as New South Wales by rail from here, or we could go westward in the same manner to Dalby and Roma, both of them being towns supported by business created by the large grazing properties which extend to the western borders of the colony. We take neither of these routes, but return to Brisbane, and pass up the eastern coast until we come to Rockhampton, on the Fitzroy River. It is the second town of importance in the colony, 450 miles distant from Brisbane. It was originally a cattle station, and has increased from one hut and five inhabitants to a handsome city, with fine streets and public buildings, hospital, grammar school, and a population of 7,431, and this in ten years. If we desired to go westward, we should take the rail from here to Bogunlungen, 253 miles in that direction. It is interesting to us to hear from old residents the origin and history of the various towns through which we pass, and one thing we always notice, viz., that those places which have the advantage of water carriage, good climate, and fertile soil, change in a few years from wild bush into thriving towns. Bundaberg, on the Burnet, is an example of this; it has now a population of 2,000, employed in growing sugar and maize, and in sawing timber for its own wants and those of Rockhampton. We notice that from all busy centres railways are being constructed, and in this the Government is right, for it seems to us that it would be but a poor advantage to have an abundant produce if its conveyance to good markets were not easy and cheap. Travelling still more to the north, we come to Cooktown, on the Endeavour. It is one of the youngest of the northern towns, and has sprung up as if by magic from a wilderness to a settlement of 6,000 people. It is built at the foot of thickly wooded hills, and is extremely picturesque. It owes its existence to the thousands of people flocking thither on their way to the Palmer River Gold Fields; it is also the depôt for all supplies needed for these diggings. We hear that as a port it is one of the safest and most commodious north of Port Jackson. We can hardly believe that its main street seven years ago was a dray track, winding in and out among boulders.

We have been extremely pleased at the result of the visits paid by us both here and at Rockhampton to girls sent out as free emigrants, and who are engaged as domestic servants. They are in good households, well cared for, happy and in good health, and have no desire to return; on the contrary, they are sending for other members of their family to come out to them by means of the assisted passage. It is such a pleasant contrast to service at home; here mistress and maid work together, and the girl, always with the mistress, unconsciously learns her neat ways and gentle manners. We are the bearers of many loving messages to those at home. As we are so far north we should like to see the native huts in Trinity Bay, which are thought superior to those in other parts of the colony. They are made with straw and rushes.

We regret that the time is drawing near for us to leave Queensland, because there is so very much we should like to have seen and have not been able, in the mines, the farms, the sugar plantations, the manufactories, the pearl fisheries, and a hundred other objects of interest. As we make our way back to Brisbane by coast steamer, rail and coach, we yield up one to the other the ideas we have collected on our way. It has struck some of us that although the area of Queensland is so large, all settled parts are becoming accessible by means of the many ports to which coasting steamers trade, thereby affording easy means of conveying produce. To others of us it has occurred that this colony is specially for the courageous, and that even these must be content to begin in a small unambitious manner, not hampering themselves with more land than will employ all the boys and girls of their family; but we are unanimous in thinking that everything throughout the colony is groaning for labour, and that to people who will supply it, the advantages are very great. There are churches, schools, savings banks; good wages for men and women, and almost a certainty of success, and no poor rates, tithes, or direct taxes. We have all heard the Women's Emigration Society spoken highly of; people have told us that they are doing a good work, and that the girls they send out are eagerly sought for. It would be wise of girls desiring information about emigration to go to the home of this society, 13 Dorset-street, Portman-square, London. We should like to impress upon young emigrants the great advantage it would be to them to bring a letter of introduction from the clergyman of their parish to him who will be their pastor here; it secures to them good friends and advisers at a time when most needed. We think some of our thoughtful ones at home might like to know the division of the population according to creed.

Church of England	61,962	35.75 per cent.
Roman Catholic	43,147	24.90 do.
Presbyterian ..	18,947	10.93 do.
Lutheran.. ..	12,174	7.03 do.
Wesleyans and Primitive Methodists	11,065	6.38 do.
Mahommedan and Pagan	10,047	5.80 do.
Religion not stated	5,936	3.43 do.
Baptists	4,344	2.51 do.
Congregationalists and Independent ..	3,560	2.05 do.
Other religions ..	1,674	0.97 do.
Hebrews	427	0.25 do.

Before leaving the colony, we should like to acknowledge her supplies to the Mother Country, which consist of wool, wood, sugar, tallow, cotton, gold, copper, tin, hides, and meats preserved and frozen, and the value of these in one year exceeds £3,000,000.

(*To be concluded.*)

VARIETIES.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

MUSSELS open their mouths to swallow the pearl drops from the stars. Wise people open their mouths only to utter words more precious than pearls.

ROSES are sweetest when they first open, and the spikenard roots when the head dies. Beauty belongs to youth and dies with it; but the odour of piety survives death and perfumes the tomb.

MEN AND WOMEN.—Men have more sympathy with other people's prosperity; women with their adversity.

IN ANGER.—To act upon a determination made in anger is like embarking in a vessel during a storm.

SCANDAL.

Believe not each accusing tongue,
As most weak people do;
But still believe that story wrong
Which ought not to be true.
Sheridan.

THE PERFECT CHARACTER.—Be reserved, says William Penn, but not sour; grave, but not formal; bold, but not rash; humble, but not servile; patient, but not insensible; constant, but not obstinate; cheerful, but not light; rather be sweet-tempered than familiar; familiar, rather than intimate; and intimate with very few, and on good grounds.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC (p. 723).

EUTYCHUS.—Acts xx. 9.
E bimelech.—Ruth i. 2.
U zziah.—2nd Chron. xxvi. 19.
T erah.—Gen. xi. 31.
Y oke.—1st Kings xii. 4.
C laudia.—2nd Tim. iv. 21.
H uldah.—2nd Kings xxii. 14.
U zzah.—2nd Sam. vi. 6-7.
S ceva.—Acts xix. 14.

A. F. C.

A LONG LANE WITH A TURNING.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XXII.

"I FIND MY LOST YOUTH AGAIN.'

THE little red house on the height was once more left to its original tenants. The Listowes had gone to their new home, and Mary and Bona had returned to the Bloomsbury square. But the former was heard to say more than once that she had had but half a holiday.

"I don't know what has come to me, Bona," she said, one day. "I have an irrepressible longing to go and see Yare again. I think I shall accept the Varners' often-repeated invitation."

"Quite right," Bona replied. "There has been a restlessness about you lately that only Yare can cure."

"Perhaps it won't cure me," said Mary; "but I will go."

October had set in before she carried out her intention. And then, on a golden afternoon, she found herself drawing near her old home once more.

The warm reds and browns of the trees were in their richest glow. From low green meadows cattle were being driven back to farmyards; figures of herdsmen and kine moved slowly, under a downfall of yellow leaves, through moist lanes, where berries glistened in the hedges. Mary's heart throbbed fast as the train glided past the quiet rural scenes and drew nearer and nearer to the town.

Mrs. Varner was waiting on the platform, and looking blithe and comely in spite of her sixty years.

"You are changed, and yet not changed, Mary," she said, after the first greetings were over. "Time has been kind to you, my dear."

"But I have grey hairs, Mrs. Varner."

"Never mind them. I'd rather see you in your comfortable maturity than your sad youth. There used to be a young-old look about you that made my heart ache."

"I shan't make anybody's heart ache now," said Mary, smiling.

There were few changes in the pleasant old town, and as the fly rolled on through the streets, Mary saw many familiar faces. They turned into the steep High-street, and then her heart began to throb quickly again with fast-returning memories. There were the tall trees, now shedding their leaves on road and footpath, and behind them stood the house in which she had spent her girlhood under Mrs. Edney's care. How often she had said good-night to James Listowe under those very trees! But Mary had no tears to shed for the times gone by. She was thinking less of the old sorrows than of that "goodness and mercy" that had followed her all the days of her life.

The Varners' home had undergone little alteration, yet Mary detected several new luxuries at the first glance. The married children showed their love to the parents in a substantial fashion, and were not unmindful of the single sister. There was a soft couch for the mother, a pillowy arm-chair for the father, and the prettiest of work tables for Bertha. The family blunderer had marvellously improved, and was more self-restrained, but not less warm of heart.

"I'm not going to stand in awe of you, Mary," said the audacious Bobby, giving her a hearty kiss. "Ain't I grown a fine fellow? You wouldn't believe I was the little chap who went about in a kilt, and always had bruises on his knees. And so you've got on in the world, Mary?"

"Yes, Bobby."

"Well, I'm not surprised. You were the best hand at story-making that I ever knew. I don't know whether these grand books of yours are any better than the tales you told us when we had the measles."

"I remember the measles stories. They weren't bad," said Mary.

The Varners were early risers, but their guest was up before them. It was a soft autumn morning; the dawn broke quietly over the old town, and Mary watched the sunrise from her window.

"What shall you do to-day?" Mrs. Varner asked her, as they sat at breakfast. "Is there anybody that you want particularly to see?"

"Yes, there is Mr. Wenlock. I should like to go to him soon. He doesn't know that I am here."

"Then I will drive you to Rookfield this afternoon," said the doctor, promptly. "I have to see a patient at Beech Farm."

"Beech Farm is three-quarters of a mile from Rookfield," interrupted Mary. "You shall *set me down* at the farm, and I'll walk the rest of the way."

"But the roads are muddy," said Dr. Varner.

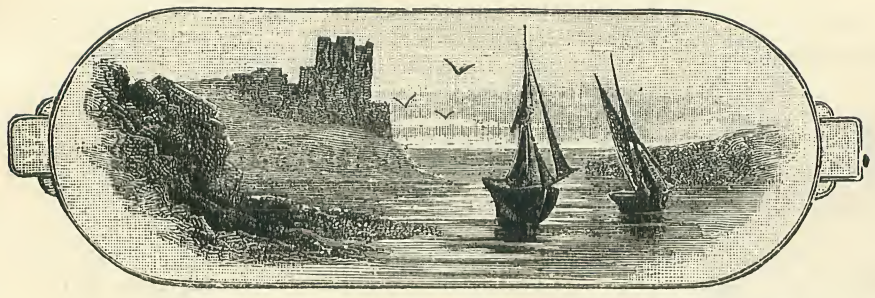
"Do you think I'm to be daunted by muddy roads? I am as good a walker as ever," declared Mary, stoutly.

They looked at her and smiled. But Mrs. Varner detected the deep feeling that was veiled by the gay manner, and wisely let her go her own way

It was in truth a genuine October day, mellow, and hazy, and still. Every commonplace farm and cottage was beautiful with the glamour of autumn, and the few flowers left in the gardens were hardly so rich in colour as the foliage around them. On plodded Mary through the well-known lane, leaving the doctor and his chaise behind, and rejoicing in solitude.

"Everywhere you are at home," said the Renunciants to Wilhelm Meister; but surely the true home is that spot in which life's deepest lessons have been learned. Other homes Mary could make, and had made for herself, but her heart was always turning back to these old scenes, and her restlessness could only be stilled by a return to them.

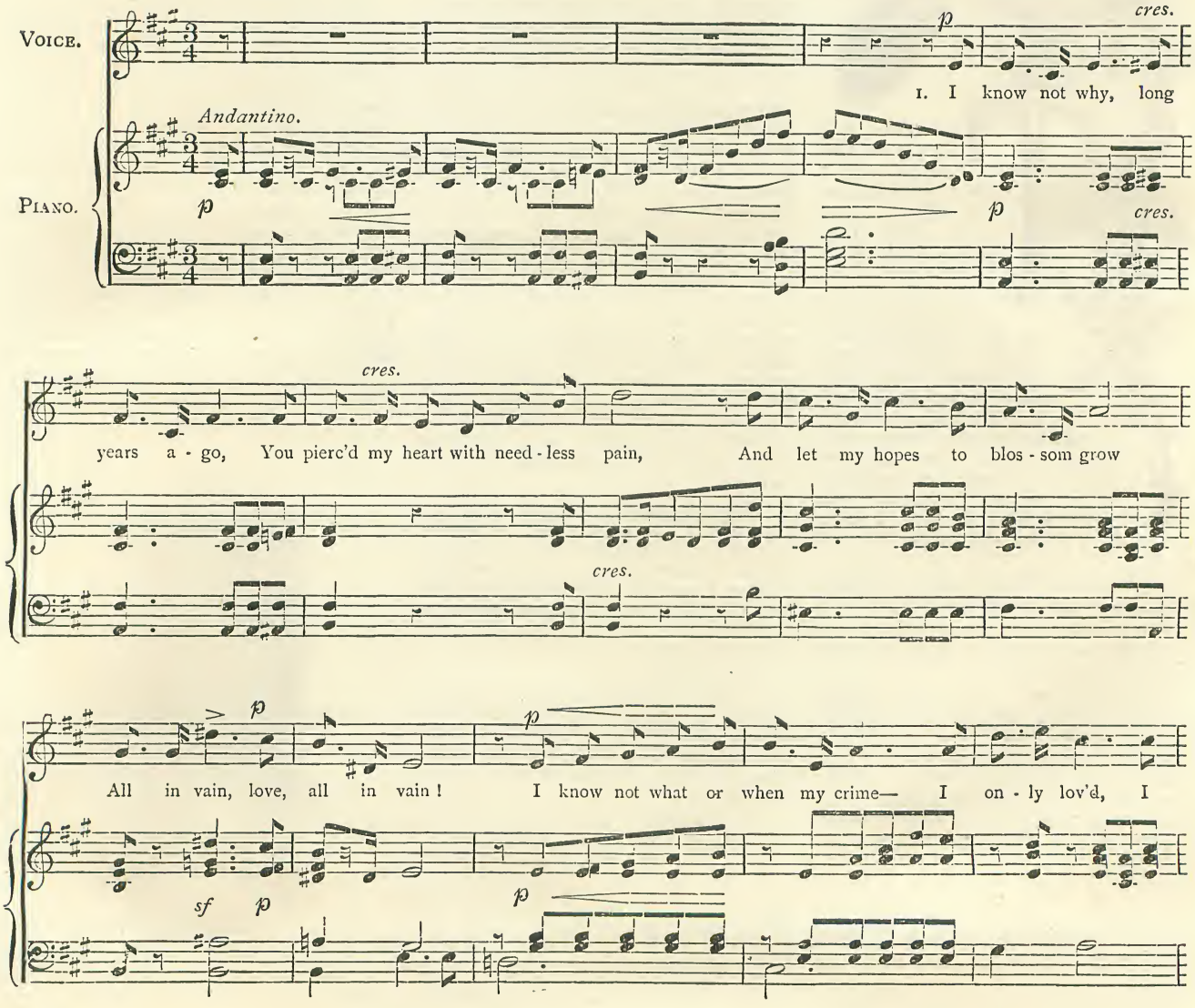
(*To be concluded.*)

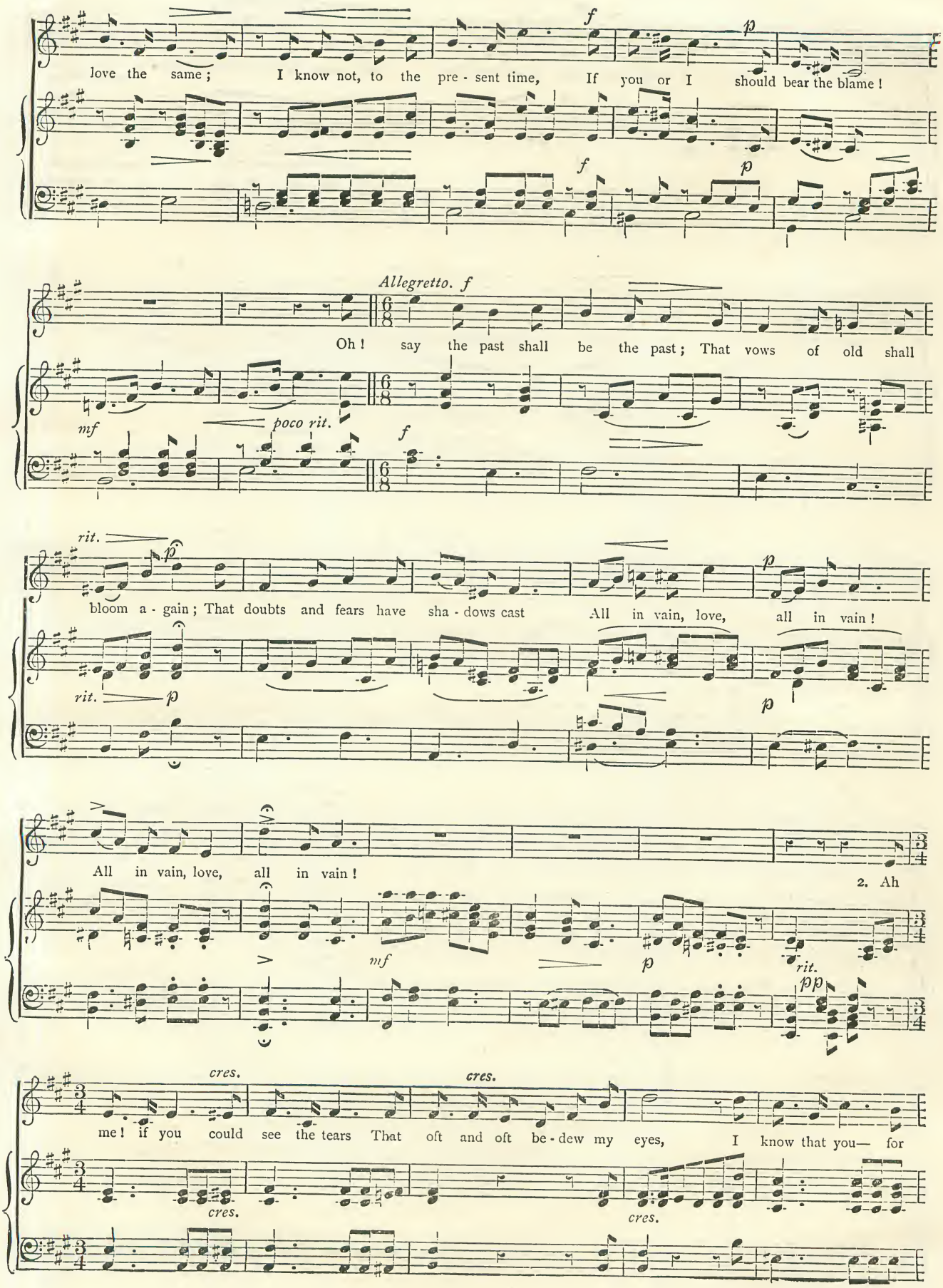


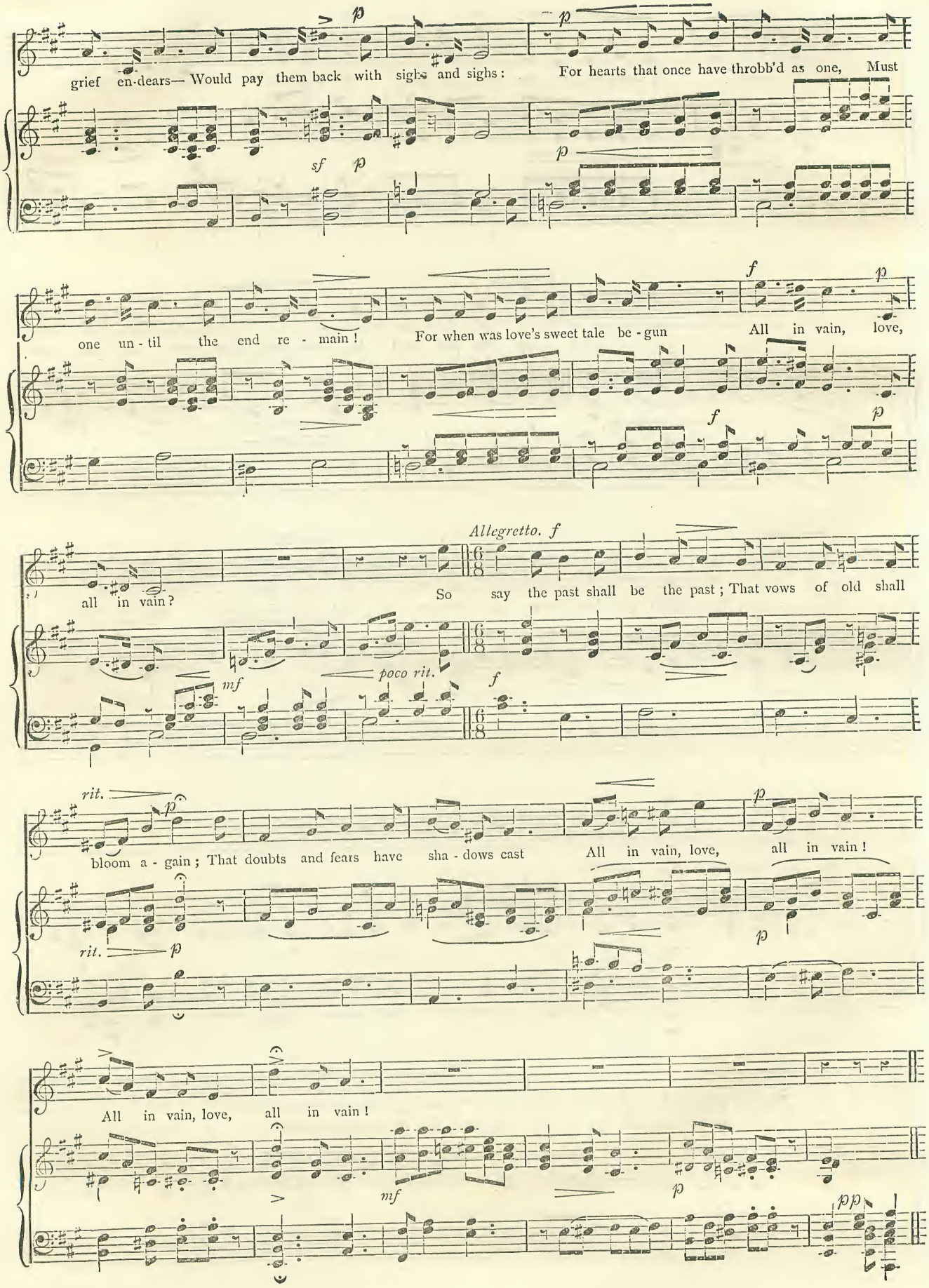
ALL IN VAIN.

(BALLAD.)

Words by EDWARD OXENFORD. *Music by* FRANZ ABT.




love the same; I know not, to the pre - sent time, If you or I should bear the blame!
Allegretto. f
Oh! say the past shall be the past; That vows of old shall
poco rit.
bloom a - gain; That doubts and fears have sha - dows cast All in vain, love, all in vain!
All in vain, love, all in vain!
2. Ah
me! if you could see the tears That oft and oft be - dew my eyes, I know that you— for


grief en-dears— Would pay them back with sighs and sighs: For hearts that once have throbb'd as one, Must
one un - til the end re - main! For when was love's sweet tale be - gun All in vain, love,
all in vain?
Allegretto. f
So say the past shall be the past; That vows of old shall
poco rit.
bloom a - gain; That doubts and fears have sha - dows cast All in vain, love, all in vain!
All in vain, love, all in vain!

SNATCHED FROM PRISON DOORS.

By EMMA LESLIE, Author of "Out of the Mouth of the Lion."

CHAPTER VI.

BAD NEWS FOR LINA.

INA stood watching at the window for above an hour before Amy made her appearance, and then she came with young Haynes walking by her side. She seemed flurried when Lina opened the door, and said hastily, "Oh, you've got home first, then?"

"Amy, wherever have you been?" exclaimed Lina.

"Oh, not far," said Amy; "there, do let us have supper and get to bed," she added crossly.

"You must have left the museum soon after you left me," said Lina, as she put the bread-and-cheese on the table.

"Well, it was so slow-going. What was there to see there?" said Amy.

"A great deal, I think, if you had only looked around. Why didn't you tell me you had asked that man to meet you there?" added Lina, severely.

"Now, don't be cross; I really didn't mean to leave you, only he made me."

"Oh, Amy!"

"Don't look like that, Lina; I'm telling you the truth. I never meant to spend the evening anywhere but at the museum, I can assure you; but he said, 'Let's go to the music hall, it's ever so much better than this slow place.' I said I wouldn't at first; I wouldn't leave you, but we looked round and didn't see you anywhere, and being near the door, we slipped out. I hope you didn't look for us long," added Amy.

"I spent the whole evening looking for you," said Lina.

"Oh, Lina, I am sorry, I am really; and though there was lots of fun at the music hall, I couldn't enjoy it somehow for thinking of you," said Amy, in a penitent tone; "you wouldn't have served me so, I know," she added.

"No, I shouldn't. Oh, Amy, how could you be so easily persuaded to do what you know is wrong?"

"Wrong?" repeated Amy.

"Well, yes, it was wrong in several ways; you were yielding to temptation by going with Haynes to a music-hall. You knew it wasn't right, Amy."

"Oh, well, I won't do it again," said Amy; "I'll settle down and read just to please you."

"But, Amy, it shouldn't be just to please me," said Lina; "I want you to do some things and avoid others because they are right and wrong in themselves."

"Oh, I can't be bothered to think what is right and wrong; besides, we're only working girls," added Amy.

"No, we're not only working girls," said Lina. "God sees us to be a good deal more than part of the warehouse machinery; we are His children if we will only believe it, so precious in His sight that He gave His only Son to die for us, and it grieves Him to see us living as though we were only warehouse girls, and this world and its amusements were all we had to think of or care about. He has given us souls to cultivate."

"What, like gardens?" interrupted Amy, with a light laugh.

"Yes, like gardens," said Lina; "only some of us neglect them so much, they are little better than waste ground overgrown with weeds."

"You mean mine is," said Amy, in a half offended tone.

"Oh, mine is little better, I'm afraid," said Lina; "but I'm waking up to see how it has been neglected, and I want you to do the same."

"But what has that got to do with going to the music hall?" demanded Amy.

"Why, you are deliberately sowing weeds and thorns in the garden of your soul, instead of healthy plants of knowledge and wisdom. It isn't merely the waste of time and money spent in going there, but the weeds sown there will be hard to root out, and the thorns will give you many a nasty scar, before they are got rid of again. Don't you remember what was said about this last Sunday, at the Bible class?" added Lina.

"Oh, well, I won't go again," said Amy, with a yawn; "let's go to bed now and forget all about it."

And by the next morning she had apparently forgotten all about it, and chatted about the work at the new machines and the increase in her salary.

"You ought not to touch that extra money now, Amy, but put it in the bank for a rainy day," said Lina.

"What, to buy a waterproof cloak? That's just what I mean to get," said Amy.

"You know I didn't mean that," said Lina. "Your cloak is good enough, I'm sure; I mean you ought to save it in case of illness. Suppose either of us should be ill?"

Amy shrugged her shoulders. "Why should I think about disagreeable things before they come?" she said.

"To prepare for them as far as you can. You have never heard me speak like this before, I know."

"Why, Lina, if I have had a fit of the blues and talked about being ill, and all alone in London, you have said God would take care of me," interrupted Amy.

"Yes, dear, and I meant it, and I mean it now; but that ought not to hinder us from making what provision we can for the future; we cannot save much out of thirteen shillings a week, and keep ourselves respectable; but this extra money you could put away in the bank, and you ought, I think."

"Oh, well, I'll see about it by-and-by; but I must have a few things first," said Amy, and she went to walk with another friend as Mary joined them.

As the weeks went on and Amy took her increased salary, she spent more and more in neck-ribbons and finery, but could not be persuaded to lay aside one penny; she promised again and again to do so, but each week brought a fresh temptation in the shape of collar, ribbon, or flower, and the extra shillings went. There was an undefinable change in Amy from this time which Lina deeply regretted. Hitherto they had always walked to and from their work together, but now Amy constantly made some excuse for lingering behind when they were about to start in the morning, and when they returned in the evening Amy contrived either to get away first or to slip out afterwards unperceived. Very often she did not get home until nine or ten o'clock, and then came in cross and tired, never disposed to read or to listen to anything Lina had to say. But this was not the worst of the change. Very soon Lina heard whispers from one and another that Amy did not keep her time now; was rarely punctual in the morning, and often did her work so carelessly that complaints were made about it.

"They won't put up with it much longer, Lina," said Mary Adams, one day, when it was whispered through the room that Amy was ten minutes late again.

"I'll speak to her about it, by-and-by," said Lina. But Amy only laughed when Lina did so. "Why shouldn't I be five minutes late? What does it matter?" she said.

"Because you are paid to be here earlier; and another thing, you will lose your situation, if you are not careful."

"They know a trick worth two of dismissing me now," she said, still laughing; "they can't afford to lose me. If it were you, now, Lina, or Mary Adams, you would go, I can tell you; but it isn't everybody who can work these new machines, and so those who can may be more independent than the rest."

"But you ought to keep your time; you are paid for it, and——."

"Oh, don't preach, Lina; we can't all be such old maids as you. Oh, that reminds me of something I forgot to tell you this morning; I shan't be home till late to-night, I'm going to a dancing class," and as she spoke Amy turned away to avoid any further discussion upon the subject.

But Lina went after her instantly. "What time will you be home? Who are you going with?" she asked.

"Oh, you know! Mary has told you, I've no doubt."

"Mary has not mentioned your name, but I heard from someone else that

young Haynes had been dismissed in disgrace, so I hope it is not him," said Lina, seriously.

"It's all a pack of stories about the disgrace. Disgrace, indeed!" added Amy. "He'll soon get a better situation than he had here."

"I hope he may, but still I wish you would not go with him so much," said Lina. "Do you know, Amy, that the girls are talking about it?"

"Let them talk; they're only jealous of me."

"Oh, no, it isn't that; they say Haynes is so unsteady that it will do you harm to be with him so much. Mind, it was not Mary that said this."

"It was some of the reading class though, I know. I never saw such a change in a lot of girls as there has been here. I asked one or two to join this dancing class, but, oh no, they couldn't; they belonged to Lina Wilton's reading class. I tell you this, you've bewitched them."

Lina laughed, but it was rather sadly, for she felt so disappointed about Amy. "I wish I could bewitch you in the same way," she said; "we have got a splendid class now, and the very one it was begun for has slipped away from it."

"Oh, you've got so many, you don't miss me now," said Amy, lightly.

"Indeed I do. Come, dear, let me persuade you to give up this dancing, and we'll have a cosy evening with our books again."

"I can't; I've promised to go to this dance, and besides, I like dancing," she added.

"Well, dear, come home as soon as you can; Mrs. Mead doesn't like us to be late, you know."

"Oh, bother Mrs. Mead; I'm not going to study her; but I'll get home as early as I can for your sake, Lina," and she once more turned away and Lina went on to join Mary and some other friends, for this conversation had taken place when Amy was going to tea, and Lina was leaving the warehouse.

As she walked home she heard from one or two others about Amy joining this dancing class.

"It isn't respectable," said one; "especially if she goes with that young Haynes, for everybody knows how he has disgraced himself, and my brother says he has been seen lately with a set of thieves."

"I wonder you don't persuade Amy to give up speaking to him, Lina," said another.

"I think Lina had better give up speaking to her if she doesn't," said Mary; "in fact, I wonder she hasn't given up living with her before this," she added, tartly.

"Do you consider me disgraced, then," said Lina, with a faint smile.

"No, no, no," came from half-a-dozen together.

"Nobody who knew you, Lina, would think that," said Mary; "but it was for your own sake I spoke. I do think you have tried her long enough now," she whispered.

"Do you forget the publicans and sinners?" whispered Lina, in reply. "Do you think the Lord Jesus would have given up trying to save them?"

"It's no good arguing with you," said Mary, a little stiffly; "you know what I think about her now; the next thing I expect to hear is, that she won't be wanted at the warehouse again, and then what will you do?"

Lina shook her head, "We'll hope it won't come to that," she said, and she recalled Amy's confident words upon this very subject.

(*To be continued.*)

ON COLOURS.

PLEASE, which colour should I use?" How often do beginners ask this question! It is a question I always like to prevent, rather than to answer, by a general preliminary talk about the colour-box before commencing to use it.

To begin with a question to answer a question:

How many colours are there? I do not mean how many paints are there in any particular box. But into how small a number of colours are all these tints reducible? Surely into three.

The three primaries, blue, red, and yellow. Out of these three, in various combinations, we can produce all the others.

Well, then, let us arrange our paints in the colour-box into three sets.

All the blues: cobalt, French ultramarine, Prussian blue, indigo.

All the yellows: gamboge (or Indian yellow), yellow ochre, raw sienna, sepia.

All the reds: burnt sienna, light (or Venetian) red, half-cakes of vermilion and madder lake, madder brown.

This is a twelve-cake box, and includes all the colours that are necessary for general work.

The three primary colours are blue, red, and yellow.

The three secondary colours are composed each of two primaries: Green, blue, and yellow; purple, blue, and red; orange, red, and yellow.

These secondary colours are better produced by mixing than by any bought cakes of green or purple.

The three tertiary colours are obtained by mixing the three primaries, blue, red, and yellow together, but with one or other in excess. Thus, in russet, red is in excess; citrine, yellow in excess; olive, blue in excess.

In black you mix the three, blue, red, and yellow together, so that neither predominates. In grey you do the same thing exactly, only paler, that is, with more water and less paint.

Next comes the question, if there are only three colours, why have so many paints? There are two reasons. One is that there is no ideal blue, red, and yellow. The other reason is that all paints do not work equally well. They have various qualities, which make some more suitable for one kind of work, some more suitable for another. Some will not flow well, such as vermilion; therefore, that can only be used for small, bright points of colour, for which we could not do without it, for we have no other pigment so brilliant. But if we want a broad wash, we must take its less brilliant neighbour, light red.

Yellow ochre is a good, useful colour, but it is apt to be gritty; this is no disadvantage in foregrounds, but it is for distance. Therefore, for distance, or sky, or general washes, we must substitute raw sienna, which is very similar in colour, but very thin and transparent in body.

Cobalt, again, is a beautiful colour; but, if used in any quantity with other colours, goes into muddiness. So that we have, you see, the double difficulty to meet: that the pigments that are right for tint will often not work as we wish them, and those that are amiability itself for working well may not be of the tint required. And this is why we want so many pigments, and have to make a special study of the peculiarities of each.

With regard to the ideal colours, blue, red, and yellow, perhaps it may be as well to run through my list of pigments, and describe the shortcomings of each:—

Blue.—Of the blues, cobalt inclines slightly to green. Prussian blue, decidedly so. French ultramarine inclines to purple. Indigo decidedly so. Therefore, the two first are useful to us, mixed with yellow for green tints, for trees, etc. The two second, mixed with red for purple tints.

Indigo is an invaluable colour. It is transparent, therefore good for shadows. It washes well, therefore is good for dull skies, for backgrounds, for anything where its colour serves, either by itself or in combination.

The best blue that can be obtained for daylight skies is by mixing cobalt blue (which has a thought of yellow in it) with French ultramarine (which has a thought of red in it). They neutralise each other, and the result is a very pure bright tint.

Red.—Of the reds burnt sienna has as much yellow as red in it, and may be classed indifferently with either the reds or the yellows. It is a pure orange, light (or Ven.) red; inclines strongly to orange; vermilion does so also. Madder lake inclines to purple. Madder brown also inclines to purple.

Burnt Sienna is so decided an orange that it is chiefly useful as a foreground tint for earth or for autumn foliage. Vermilion is the most brilliant colour that we possess; but it is so opaque, and works so badly, that it has to be reserved for the small points of bright colour. For these, I do not know what we should do without it, but we can scarcely use it for anything else, as it declines altogether to flow in a wash, or to mix with any other colour. Light red works so well that, though a dull colour, one flies to it as to a useful dependable servant, to be employed either alone or in all combinations. Madder lake, mixed with French ultramarine (the purplish red with the purplish blue), gives pretty bright lilac tints, suitable for evening effects on distant mountains. Madder brown, the dull purplish red, mixed with indigo, the dull purplish blue, gives good shadow tints, useful both for landscape and still-life subjects. This mixture is suitable for the extra dark finishing touches of near objects; and with a preponderance of indigo (and perhaps a touch of raw sienna) will make the richest, deepest black obtainable.

Yellow.—Of the yellows, gamboge is the lightest, and has a tendency to green. It is therefore our mainstay, with one of the two greenish blues, for the lights on sunlit foliage. Indian yellow is rather a fuller yellow, and works rather better, but it has no tendency to green. The two colours are not necessary in a beginner's box; either will do. Yellow ochre and raw sienna both incline slightly to orange; yellow ochre is more opaque, therefore more suitable for foreground. Raw sienna is very transparent, washes well, and mixes well with other colours. They are both useful in foliage, when the greens verge towards the rich autumnal tints.

I will advise any young lady who takes the trouble to read through this catalogue of

A BEGINNER.

paints to take also the trouble to have her colour-box beside her, and to see that her paints are arranged in the order I have described—the blues all together, beginning with the lightest and ending with the darkest; the reds all together, beginning with the lightest and ending with the darkest; and the yellows in a similar way.

I would also advise that she has a stray sheet of drawing-paper beside her, and that she makes a wash of each tint as it is named, in order to impress the quality of each colour on her mind, and, to identify each one with its name, learn them all well by heart, as it were.

Contrasts, Harmonies, and Discords.—There is a good deal of confusion in the use of these words. What is a contrast? The colour which contrasts with any one of the primary colours is that secondary which is formed by the mixture of the other two primaries. Thus, blue contrasts with orange (red and yellow), red contrasts with green (blue and yellow), and yellow contrasts with purple (blue and red). These secondaries, orange, green, and purple, make a further contrast with that of tertiary, in which their contrasting primary predominates—as orange (red and yellow) with the tertiary olive, in which blue predominates; green (blue and yellow) with russet, the tertiary in which red predominates; and purple (blue and red) with citrine, in which yellow predominates.

The effect of contrast is to greatly enhance the brilliancy of each of the opposing colours.

It is one of the resources of art. You think the grass does not look bright enough in your sketch, we will say. You do not necessarily load on more yellow, but you place an old woman in a scarlet cloak resting on a stone. And the green grass (without a touch) immediately gains the required brilliancy.

You fancy your yellow sunset sky does not look luminous enough, and you just let one streak of purple cloud flicker across it. And again, the yellow becomes doubly luminous without a touch having been added; your blue dress (shall we hint it?) is getting a little shabby, and you apply your knowledge of contrast to a practical use by donning an orange or citrine-coloured necktie, and the blue dress is somehow marvellously refreshed thereby.

What is harmony? The principle of harmony is quite different from that of contrast, and even more agreeable. In contrasting colours each of the two has what the other wants. In colours that harmonise, one prevailing hue is carried through all. Thus, for example, the colours that harmonise with blue would be all those tints in which blue entered as the chief component. A bluish green, a bluish purple, olive (the tertiary in which blue predominates), a cold bluish white, a cold blue black, all, or any, together with blue, would harmonise well.

The colours that harmonise with red would be a reddish purple, a reddish orange, russet, pink, reddish brown, and rusty black.

The colours that harmonise with yellow, would be yellowish orange, yellowish green, citrine, yellowish brown, and cream colour.

Grey, if perfectly neutral, would harmonise with any of these scales of colour, having the elements of all in itself.

The Old Masters—those, at least who were great colourists—incline to scales of harmony. Titian's Venus and Adonis, in the National Gallery, is made up of warm flesh colour, crimson, and tints of red-brown. The Madonna, Infant Christ, and St. Catherine, also in the National Gallery, is made up of tints of blues, greens, with the contrasting creamy white dress and golden hair of St. Catherine in the centre. An unusually cold harmony for Titian.

Tintorello is fond of grand harmonies of purple, purplish blue, contrasted with yellow and yellow browns. His "Last Judgment," in the Louvre, is like a grand and solemn sunset, the masses of dark purple-robed figures against the luminous yellow sky having almost that effect.

Different painters have habitually employed different ways of producing agreeable colour effects. Rubens' pictures have been compared to gorgeous bouquets of flowers. At a distance you might compare them to great bunches of roses, damask, cabbage, gloire de Dijon, dahlias, sunflowers, etc., each tint with its contrasting colour near, so as to obtain the utmost possible brilliancy in every part of the picture. Truly, he presents always a gorgeous display, if, perhaps, wanting in simplicity, repose, or grandeur.

Lastly, what is a discord? A discord, as the name implies, is the one unpleasant arrangement of colours. It consists of two of the three primaries, without the third complementary colour. Blue and red, without yellow, or any tint in which yellow predominated, would be a discord. But let the blue incline to green ever so little, and the eye accepts it as a contrast (green and red) instead of a discord; or equally, if the red incline to orange, the eye would accept it as the contrast of blue and orange. Again, blue and yellow are a discord if there is no red or reddish tint present. Again, red and yellow, without any hint of blue beside them, would be a discord. But it is not often that we find two of the primaries so raw and so isolated as to produce that very unpleasant combination, a perfect discord.

THE TEACHING OF THE YOUNG.

EVERY Sunday-school has access to resources which in accuracy, fulness, and applicability the colleges of a past generation could hardly supply; and yet it is doubtful whether the churches, and those persons who take especial charge of the spiritual interests of the young, as yet sufficiently appreciate their value. In many quarters where much earnest work is done there is little or no *teaching*. The constant appeal is to the emotions, and when the feelings are wrought to a high pitch, a work of grace is presumed. Now it is easy to arouse the emotions of the young. Their laughter or their tears may mean but little; and if there is no adequate basis of knowledge and conviction, both will pass away and leave no trace. The feelings are stimulated beyond the range of the intelligence, and by-and-by the appeal itself must lose its force. For mere sensationalism in religion (if I may be allowed the word) cannot abide, either in old or young; and it is only when knowledge, reason, and conscience sustain the quickened emotions that these leave a permanent effect on the character and life. Foremost among the careless and unbelieving now are those, it is to be feared, who wept, trembled, and rejoiced in the days of their youth. Many and various reasons might be assigned for the sad relapse, but this is indubitably one, that there never was any deep appreciation of the truth to be believed, the danger to be escaped, the life to be lived. "These are they," said the Master, "who are sown upon the rock."

Not for a moment, indeed, would we undervalue emotion. How can we feel too strongly when eternal realities are in view, and when the love of Christ is the theme that moves the heart? Only let these *be* realities, rightly conceived that they may be strongly felt, that the emotion may be real, and no mere superficial delusive excitement, according to the grand prayer of the Apostle for his converts, that their "love might abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment."—*Rev. S. G. Green, D.D.* From "Christian Ministry to the Young."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

WILD ROSE.—You might learn French grammatically without a master, but you would require one, certainly, to teach you the pronunciation. The claws of a canary can be cut with the aid of a pair of very fine sharp scissors.

ROBINA CRUSOE.—Any serious defect in vision would probably incapacitate you, but we could not say how far a moderate degree of short-sight would be considered immaterial. There is no other Government school that we know of. Send your queries to the office of the Civil Service Commissioners, Cannon-row, Westminster.

E. R. and ELIZABETH H.—The address of the Royal College of Music is Kensington-gore, London, S.W. Apply to the hon. secretary.

A RED COAT.—The nurses sent out in time of war are generally those trained at the various London hospitals. They volunteer to go. We believe the National Society has undertaken to train a certain number of nursing sisters, under its auspices, for the aid of the sick and wounded in war, and that preference is given to the widows and daughters of the officers in Her Majesty's Services. Application may be made to, and the full particulars obtained from, Mrs. Deeble, superintendent of nurses, Netley, near Southampton.

DAMARIS.—If you refer again to the article entitled "Female Clerks and Book-keepers," page 309, vol. i., you will see that the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women was our authority for the notice we gave respecting the printers of the Post Office Directories. The address of this society is 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W.; the two secretaries, Miss King and Miss Lewin. The office hours are from 11 to 5, and should you desire registration as well as information, you will require a reference from two householders.

BEBE.—Could you not borrow the three educational books, which you need to study for an examination, from some friend who has already passed, or perhaps through a friend who knows one who has passed? Otherwise, apply to the secretary of the Teachers' Education Loan Society, Miss Ewart, 3, Morpeth-terrace, Victoria-street, London, S.W., as this society advances school fees upon certain conditions to girls over sixteen years old, desirous of improving their education for purposes of self-maintenance as teachers. There is no harm in the correspondence under the circumstances.

HIAWATHA.—Read our article on "Nursing as a Profession," page 454, vol. i.

A. E. S.—See what we have told you respecting clerkships under Government, at page 543, vol. i., and observe the address given, where application for the printed circulars and all other information is given.

MARY.—The best work we know on the subject of Biblical Geography and Antiquities is that so-named, by the Rev. E. P. Barrows, D.D., published by the Religious Tract Society, price 6s. 6d. Your writing is unformed, and needs much improvement.

BOOK-KEEPER.—You should apply to the Society for the Employment of Women, at 22, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W. Failing there, apply at the office of the Misses Faithfull, at the Circus end of the Quadrant, second floor. The name is on the windows.

GEO. J.—We sympathise with you if the trouble described be your own, but the metrical composition of the lines enclosed being incorrect, we regret that we cannot accept them for publication, and destroy them as you request.

ALICE HEDLEY.—We could not possibly pronounce on the genuine character of the advertisements to which you refer. With reference to correspondence classes, write to Miss Roberts, Florence Villa, Torquay. See about clerks under Government, page 543, vol. i.

Y. M. A.—We should not advise you to go on with music, except harmony, so that you may be able to give a lesson if need be; but to improve yourself in French, and in all the branches of general education. Read the Standard authors in prose and poetry, so as to enlarge the circle of your information.

AVE MARIA.—Charles Bossut, French geometrician and author, was born 1730, and died in 1814. The 24th May, 1861, was a Friday; the 21st of March, 1859, was a Monday.

AN AMBITIOUS ONE.—It would be quite possible to learn Italian without a master, and the pronunciation is so easy that two lessons or so in it would be enough.

ROSEBUD.—It is more essential to be a good French scholar than to speak any other language than English; but to speak German also is very desirable. The 23rd of October, 1871, was a Monday.

NARCISSUS.—Read our article "On Earning One's Living," page 74, vol. i. If your family knew that you would be dependent on your own exertions, you should have received an education for such special line of life.

HAZEL-NUT.—Milner's History of England, published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., would perhaps suit you.

DOT.—We only answer two questions. Please select two from your number, and write again.

WORK.

ANNIE.—We suppose you mean red baize, not flannel. Send it to a cleaner. Your attempt at verse-making is not a successful effort. The lines do not match their fellows in length or beat, and the rhymes are ridiculous—as for instance, "unexpressed" and "utterance," "wish" and "bliss," "land" and "began," "some" and "song."

MAY.—To slip a stitch means to take it off without knitting it. Perhaps Seaford, near Newhaven, in Sussex, would suit you.

M. C. L. C.—See page 476, vol. iii., for a very pretty shawl border in crochet. You do not mention which you require—knitting or crochet.

A DEAR LITTLE FRIEND.—The page of the Christmas card-table should have been 363, vol. ii., instead of 863, which was a misprint.

M. E. W.—To clean straw bonnets, see page 783, vol. iii.

MARY HAMILTON.—Drawn bodices are still used, and are very becoming to thin figures. The skirts come quite to the ankles for walking.

L. G. I.—Send your query to the work department of the *Queen* newspaper. We do not give such addresses in our correspondence.

M. J. B.—The veil of the bride should be put on over the wreath, unless arranged and fastened on at the back.

LOTTIE M. P.—Many thanks for the pattern of lace, which does you great credit. The "twitching" you speak of is a nervous affection, and calls for rest, change of air, and a tonic.

MIGNONETTE.—See "Occupations for Invalids," for the design for patchwork, page 332, vol. iii.

ARRASENE.—Many thanks for the information. You can hear all about modelling in clay for children at any place where they keep Kindergarten toys, such as Miss Frost, Berners-street, Oxford-street, W.

JO must make inquiries for herself at the stationers', where such cards are sold.

TULIP.—Iron the work on the wrong side, placing a damp towel over it and pressing the iron firmly down on the embroidery.

LILA (St. Helier).—Consult "My Work Basket." Cross-stitch and silk embroidery, or arrasene, seem to be the most fashionable work at present.

V. R.—A pattern for an old lady's cap is given at page 92, vol. ii.

BESSIE.—The pattern for knitted leaf edging, at page 461, vol. ii., would perhaps suit you.

CORINNE.—To make skeleton leaves, see page 64, vol. ii. Op. 60 means opera, or work number 60, by that composer.

PHYLLIS SEEKE.—See "Knitted Designs," page 596, vol. iii. A child's bib will be found on page 268, vol. iii.

A PELDON LASSIE.—We do not know whether the pattern given at page 160, vol. ii., will suit you.

HYACINTHE.—We do not know the work by that name, but every fancy work-shop has names of their own selection. A tiny bit of soap made soft and bound on the corn will generally cure it after a time.

PERRY VALE.—For a description of "ring crochet," see page 591, vol. iii.; for a child's knitted wool petticoat, see page 80, vol. iii.

MOTHERLESS.—You may wear a shepherd's-plaid sateen with a black petticoat, at the seaside or in the country, for the summer.

LITTLE ONE OF ELLERSLIE WOOLSTON.—The specimen of lace enclosed is modern, and hand-made. If you wish to dispose of it, and similar work, you should take it to shops and try to obtain trade orders. If you send us your full address, we will return what you have sent us.

JOLLY LILL.—See "Faded Black Cashmere," page 238, vol. ii. Your handwriting is scarcely formed; reduce the size a little, and it will improve it.

FAIR CANADIAN.—Knit your scraps of wool into small squares or diamonds, and sew them together into cradle-quilts or sofa coverlets. If the ends be too short, crochet them into small floor-rugs, in harlequin style.

VERA.—To renovate black lace, see page 303, vol. ii. Her writing is very good for a child, and a nice well-formed "running hand" might grow out of it when she is older.

MAYFLOWER.—We not only give descriptions, but illustrations of work and articles of wear; but we do not sell paper-patterns. Many of our correspondents apply to us for them, and we therefore request all our readers to take note of this answer. There are shops exclusively devoted to them. "Mayflower" might take the illustrations to some of them and ask for any that most resemble them, and then make any alterations she may desire.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—You can procure the back monthly parts by applying to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row. It is a pity you do not take the several bound volumes of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, and then you could refer back to all questions on which you need instruction. The 10th July, 1862, was a Thursday, and the 5th June, 1867, was a Wednesday.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.—We think that you might crochet a square in *point de neige* for a kettle-holder, and make a fringe round it. See page 505, vol. i. Or you might make a round one (also fringed if you liked), the "Picot wheel." See page 597, vol. i.

HOUSEKEEPING.

MARIE.—You may in some degree restore the polish on the japanned tea-tray by the use of olive oil, rubbed in with the palm of the hand, which is the method adopted in the first instance by the manufacturers. Never wash either japanned ware or *papier maché* with hot water, as they will not bear heat. When milk, or any sticky fluid, such as sugared tea, is dropped upon them, wash it off with cold water; but a simple rubbing with a soft linen tea-cloth should be employed in preference, when sufficient to remove the spots. Should the tray look streaky, as if wiped with a greasy cloth, sprinkle a little flour or whiting over them, and rub it off with a soft cloth. Lacquered brass candlesticks should only be cleaned with wash-leather, and if the lacquer be worn off you should send it to be re-lacquered, which costs but a trifle.

BUSY BEE.—To clean house-paint, first dust it well, and then wash it with a ley of pearlash and water. You may have to give it a coat of weak size; then, when dry, apply varnish. Copal should be used for all light colours, as well as white; but carriage varnish for dark ones. The ebony handles of your knives and forks should be cleaned with "Florence oil," and wiped off. Always beware of wetting the handles, whether of ebony or ivory, when you dip the blades in water before cleaning on the knife-board.

COOKERY.

SALOPIAN FLORENCE.—"Apple pupton" is made thus: Prepare some apple marmalade, and mix with it the yolks of five eggs, a handful of grated bread, and some butter, adding some stewed pears or cherries, if desired. Make the paste into shape, and bake in a slow oven.

AMATEUR NURSE.—To make "chicken panada," take as much of the breast as you require of a boiled chicken, pound it in a mortar, and place in a stew-pan, with milk and salt, and some finely crumbled bread. Let it simmer, stirring it all the time, and reduce it to the consistency of a batter; then remove it from the fire, and stir in one egg to the meat of every quarter of a fowl. Serve with sippets of toast.

PINK TULIP.—A "Sussex pudding" may be served with any joint of roast meat. Make a paste of flour, water, and salt, so as to produce a dough like that for bread. Roll it in the form of a bolster, tie it in a cloth and boil it. When sufficiently cooked, cut it into slices half an inch thick, and place them in the dripping-pan under the meat, so as to be fairly well browned, and serve with the meat as Yorkshire pudding is served with roast beef. The marks produced on polished oak or mahogany tables, by placing cups or jugs of hot water upon them, may sometimes be removed by a good rubbing with oil, and then with spirits of wine.

LILAC B.—Devonshire cream is made by placing the milk in the pan on a hot plate or stove, and allowing it to remain till scalded; a bubble will appear in the centre when done. Remove the pan, and set it away for twelve hours in a cool place, when it will be ready to skim. The composer of the song was Mrs. Hemans. Music by her sister.

A GUELDER (not Giltar) ROSE.—You will find recipes for tea-cakes on pages 35, 352, and 495, vol. i.

"I WILL TRY."—For "Eccles cakes," see page 814, vol. ii. A recipe for making cream cheese has just been given. We are quite indifferent as to the discontinuance to take in this paper by one or two of your friends, as we only write for those who appreciate the time and trouble expended upon it, and the enormous amount of information it contains. As to needlework, both plain and fancy, "My Work Basket," "Dress of the Month," "Seasonable Dress," and separate work articles, are appearing every month, as well as recipes for work, in answer to correspondents. Illustrations of these are given in abundance, and when the trifling price of the magazine is considered, we wonder you are not ashamed of yourself for such ungracious grumbling.

GEORGIE.—To take grease out of leather, you should apply the white of an egg to the spot, and dry it in the sun, repeating the application until it shall disappear.

JACK and JILL.—Select wild button-mushrooms for pickling, clean them immediately after they are gathered with a piece of new flannel slightly moistened and dipped in fine salt, and then immerse in a bowl of spring water, with a large spoonful of salt. Take out, and drain them quickly after, and lay in a soft cloth to dry. For each quart of mushrooms thus prepared, take one of the palest white-wine vinegar, and add a heaped teaspoonful of salt, half an ounce of whole white pepper, one ounce of ginger (slightly bruised), quarter of a saltspoonful of cayenne (tied in a small piece of muslin), and two large blades of mace. When the pickle boils, throw in the mushrooms, and boil them over a clear fire, moderately fast, for from six to nine minutes, or longer, if they be not very small. Should some be large, they should be left boiling about two minutes longer than the rest. When tolerably tender, place them at once into wide-necked bottles, previously warmed, dividing the space equally between them. The next day, when thoroughly cold, cork them down securely, or tie skins and paper over them, and place them in some place where they will be safe from both damp and frost. We gave a recipe for lemon marmalade at page 407, vol. ii.

MUSIC.

A DUBLIN LASSIE.—We do not think fifteen years of age at all too old to begin the violin. You may colour the rubbed places on the case with Judson's artists' black, to be found at every colour shop.

MARSH MALLOW.—The line is from one of Stephen Forster's negro melodies.

GRATEFUL ROSEBUD.—You can procure Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" for about half-a-crown, by applying to Messrs. Novello and Co., 1, Berners-street, London, W., who alone publish the complete edition.

EFFIE MOSELEY.—If your question refer to the etiquette which obtains in the highest circles of society, the lady retains her seat, or but half rises. It may not be usual in the ranks of the middle class. We are much obliged to you for naming the difference in cost of music brought out by two different publishers, but we could not make public such information.

TEBAM.—You must make inquiry at some music shop. The price would probably be regulated by the description of music to be transcribed.

SNOWDROP.—We have often told our correspondents that we cannot give prices with reference to any article they wish to purchase. Write on the subject of "Maelzael's Metronome" to some musical-instrument seller.

TONIC SOL-FA.—There are at least four charitable institutions for the benefit of musicians; the Royal Society of Musicians, incorporated in 1790; the Choir Benevolent Fund, established in 1851; the Royal Society of Female Musicians, 1839; and the Sacred Harmonic Benevolent Fund, 1855.

LIZZIE M. S.—We thank you for the information you give of the Musical Practising Society, to which you belong: the address of which is Dan-y-Bryn House, Newport, Monmouthshire, and the secretary, Miss Jennings. Many of our correspondents are anxious to find such a society.

GREAT READER OF THE "G. O. P."—We are unacquainted with your powers of execution in playing the organ, and advise you to look over some selections of voluntaries, published by Messrs. Novello, of Berners-street, Oxford-street, W., and make a choice from them. You show great freedom in the use of your pen, and your hand is a remarkably formed one for your age, but there are too many flourishes.

WELL-WISHER.—You might begin to take lessons in singing at sixteen; it is not desirable that you should do so at an earlier age. We are gratified by what you tell us of how our paper is appreciated by the poor with whom you are acquainted, and of your father's high approval of our illustrations—being an authority as an artist.

PORTIA.—Read "How to Improve your Pianoforte-playing," page 11, vol. ii.; also, "How to Play the Piano," page 164, vol. i.

WILHELMINA.—Ask for hunting songs at a music shop, and look over them carefully; you may find one you want.

A. A. G.—You should certainly know the theory of music, and we should not advise your attempting to teach at present. Write to the secretary of the Kindergarten College, 21, Stockwell-road, S.W.

IOLANTHE, ÆNEID, and MARCIA.—The major mode or scale is that in which the third from the tonic is major; the minor scale, in which the third note is a minor third from the tonic.

EDMAR (H. L.).—The Women's Emigration Society gives both advice and loans to facilitate the emigration of educated women to the colonies. Write to Miss Blake, the Secretary, 9, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's-gate, S.W. We think that a good musician and pianist, and one who could also speak "conversational French," might succeed in one of the colonies. The Cape is unsettled at present. Ask advice of the society. Your hand is "ladylike."

KEMPS.—You had better make inquiry at the Royal Academy of Music, 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, W., either personally, or by letter addressed to the Secretary. We are glad that our article on playing the guitar proved useful.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A. B. C. writes "May I ask why you did not answer my questions." Yes, certainly you may. 2. The 16th of September 1868, was a Wednesday. We cannot answer more that two questions at a time.

J. W. J.—The bishops of the Church of England are not expected to "find curacies for students when they come out of college;" but when "deacons" apply to them for a license, they give one if they see fit so to do, and there is no legal objection. But the would-be curates must look through the advertisements of rectors, vicars, and incumbents of proprietary chapels, and apply for appointments, first of all, or advertise, briefly stating their qualifications. The salary of a curate depends on the will or the means of the rector. It ought never to be under £100 per annum, although it sometimes is so. From that sum, up to £120, or £150 is often procurable, and a house furnished, or otherwise, may be supplied. Much may depend on the amount of work required—the sermons, services, catechisings, choir supervision, or teaching, and parochial visiting, as well as meetings to be attended.

FIREFLY.—We feel for you sincerely. You do not mention whether you had had your parents' consent to your engagement in the first instance. But in any case, no one could be justified in obliging a woman to marry a man she "neither loved nor respected,' and especially in the case of great disparity of age. We advise you to write to this person, and tell him politely, but firmly, that it would be an act of perjury for you to declare before God that you would love him, and that it would result in misery both to him and yourself. Request him, under these circumstances, as a man of honour and a gentleman, to withdraw from his suit at once. You are of age, and should act with as much decision as politeness, and we trust that your appeal to his manhood alone will deliver you from your annoyance. Let us hear how all has ended.

ADINE.—We regret that through some misadventure you failed to receive a reply. We are sure that from the character of your present letter it was not due to any fault of yours. You have omitted to repeat the question originally asked under the name, "Willing to Learn," or we should have had pleasure in replying. If "self-taught,' we give you much credit for the success accomplished. Use a softer pen, and you will improve your handwriting.

GRATEFUL GIRL. — Sprinkle "insecticide' in the corners and crevices of your cupboards, and wash the shelves with a solution of alum and water, very strong, and you will probably get rid of the plague of ants. We thank you for so grateful a letter, and heartily return all the good wishes expressed on our behalf to you and yours.

GLASGOW (May 5th).—Some little girl, who omits to give her name, tells us that she has "almost grown pale waiting' for our replies. Alas! we cannot recommend the use of paint to restore the bloom on this "little faded flower," and trust that when we tell her in reply that Jan. 16, 1866, was a Tuesday, her natural bloom will return. We do not see any second query, or would answer it with pleasure.

ESTELLE.—Your letter is not written in a seemly style. Such advice and information as we give to our correspondents, you and your "friends at Bognor" appear to forget is given to you gratis, at much expenditure of thought and time, and involving careful research. So when you are pleased to speak about "cruel negligence on our part,' we can only regret your lack of good feeling and politeness. Write copies daily, and attend to your composition. You employ many words incorrectly.

"A RIGHTEOUSLY DISGUSTED CORRESPONDENT" OF BOSTON.—This peculiar young lady wishes to intimidate us into telling her on what day of the week the 6th of September, 1853, fell, and threatens us with the terrible alternative of her believing that our correspondence is all "made-up!" Quite as likely, and more so perhaps, that her having "written three times" for this valuable scrap of information was "all made-up" too. Nevertheless, we will tell her that the day to which she refers was a Sunday.

AN IRISH MATRON must accept our best thanks for so kind an expression of her appreciation of this paper. The article, "If I Were You," is more especially noticed with favour.

BELLADONNA.—Your friend's poem on "May" is fairly well written, but does not possess any new and original and striking thought, with perhaps the exception of the following lines in verse 4:

> "While many a *neat designing* bird
> *Delights* the ear with *deafening* chorus."

The description of these birds is at least original, and so is the idea of any "delight" produced by a "deafening" noise.

MAY.—It is said that rubbing warts night and morning for five minutes at a time with the inside of the pod of broad beans will cure them in about a week. Another, is to touch them with concentrated acetic acid, taking care only to touch the centre, as the moisture spreads in a circle from the point touched, and the acid will burn the skin.

MACBETH and OTHELLO are thanked for sending us a double acrostic.

LADY EVELYN.—1. The small three-fold screens, of about three-quarters of a yard in height, are designed for placing in front of the grate inside the fender, to conceal it when there is no fire. 2. It is only a very common class of maid-servant that does not wear a cap. Those who only wear what they themselves call a "flag," that is, a strip of crochet-work at the back of their heads, are of an inferior description of general servant, such as met with in cheap lodging-houses. In great houses they always have worn proper caps, and very charming many look in them.

DAISY CHAIN.—The condition of your skin (in the face) may be improved by paying more attention to your digestion. Or perhaps you may have poor blood. In any case you should see a doctor. We could not prescribe in the dark, not knowing the real cause. You write pretty well, but you have a trick of abbreviating, which is very vulgar.

TALL EDITH. — Christianity was introduced into England in the time of the Holy Apostles, long before the Church of Rome developed dogmas specially and exclusively her own; and when no necessity existed for "protesting," a sad one that arose within the last three or four centuries.

CONSTANCE STANLEY.—It is impossible to enumerate all the duties of a "Mother's Help," as they necessarily vary in different families. One point must, however, be understood, that she must be prepared to "help" her employer in everything which she (the employer) would have to undertake single-handed but for her "factotum." The help must be ready at all times to assist her, and especially in reference to the children. In so doing the "mother's help" is regarded in the family as holding a higher position than that of purely "domestic service," and is one of great confidence, and consequently of responsibility.

JIN VIN.—Judging from the style and composition of your letter, you are quite incompetent to "write things for our magazine;" besides our staff of writers is fully made-up.

LYNETTE.—Your verses are pretty, and possess some promise, but they lack originality.

CHRISTIANA.—We regret to say that the verses you sent us are of no sort of literary value. We thank you for your kind commendation of our paper.

A HARASSED MOTHER.—Write to the Secretary of the Royal Sea-bathing Infirmary at Margate, 30, Charing Cross, W. If unable to receive your children, ask him kindly to suggest where you might obtain admission for them elsewhere.

M. SMITH.—See page 189, vol. iii., for the article on "My Sister's Wedding" (the number for December 17, 1881). Write for it to Mr Tarn at our office, enclosing stamps. The editor has nothing to do with the sale of the magazine.

NOBODY'S OWN.—Dry the bulbs and put them away in a dry place.

KATRINE —The Duchess of Albany is the daughter of the Prince of Pyrmont-Waldeck.

FIREWORKS.—You can procure foreign books at Mudie's or any other good library, but there are many foreign ones of which you can obtain the addresses in a "London Directory." There is one in Regent-street, nearly opposite the Langham Hotel. We have just given the origin of the term "blue stocking," having done so before. The expression, a "brown study," is derived from the French *sombre reverie*, the word *sombre* and *brun* (brown) meaning "sad," "dull," or dreary.

REBECCA GRADDEN.—The presentation of the Freedom of the City of London is a great distinction, conferred either for public services rendered by the recipient, or to persons of high position, as a mark of grateful recognition or respect. It was presented to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. It confers the right of voting for the election of the Lord Mayor, and for the Member of Parliament for the city; two votes for one and one for the other. Your writing is fairly good, but you might improve it by using a better pen.

LOTTIE D. J.—Accept our best thanks for your nice letter. You should use commas and full stops, and a capital letter at the beginning of every new sentence after a full stop. The 25th of June, 1863, was a Thursday.

OTHELLO.—We regret to say that the metre of your verses is altogether incorrect. Count the number of feet in each of the corresponding lines, and make the emphasis fall uniformly in the same place on each of those lines. Besides this, you must write lines that are less like any that you have read in print.

DISCOURAGED CANADIENNE.—We think that you manage to write a wonderfully good letter, considering that you have had so little education. Try to slope your letters all the same way, from right to left. We hope that you will soon grow stronger.

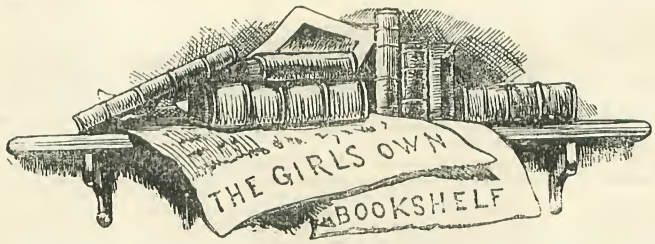
SARAH.—The motto, "Erin go Bragh," means "Erin for ever." With respect to the other question, you must be guided by the opinions and wishes of your parents or guardians, as you are far too young to decide or act independently of their directions.

HIMMELSSCHLÜSSEL.—We are much gratified by your kind appreciation of our paper, and we sympathise with you in your disappointment at not being furthered in your wishes by the consent of your parents. But Almighty God has placed you in a position of life which has special duties, as well as special privileges and privations of its own. You must accept them humbly, patiently, thankfully, counting your many blessings, health, wealth, education, kindly friends, etc., rather than grumble because not born in a lower rank of life, and free to carry out some course in life not designed for you by your heavenly Father. Banish as best you can—by the aid of prayer for God's grace—all thought of running away from the obligations He has laid upon you (one of them being a dutiful submission to your parents), to seek responsibilities and run into dangers and temptations which He does not design for you.

MADCAP.—The question you put to us is one under scientific investigation at present, and no definitive opinion has yet, we believe, been pronounced. But we advise you to have nothing to do with it. You make your writing quite ridiculous by curling round your letters like so many snail-shells. It has a vulgar appearance.

ROSE and PRIMROSE.—Read our rules and you will see that we do not give such addresses. Go to a dealer in coins; you will see them in certain shop-windows.

CECILIA.—We could tell you how to mend jet, but not to re-polish it, when cut up into little pieces to form trinkets. You should send the latter to a jeweller. Your writing is rather "scratchy." Stroke the "t's" and join the several letters of each word, and write the date in full, not "15. 5. 83." This is suitable for commerce, but very vulgar in private correspondence.



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THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

VOL. IV.—NO. 193. SEPTEMBER 8, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A LONG LANE WITH A TURNING.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE Rookery was already half pulled down, and Mary did not enter its desolate grounds. Keeping back a sob, she went on and on, until the spire of the new church rose above the trees, and the Vicarage chimneys came in sight. Her feet paused for a moment at the lych-gate, and her eyes wandered over the peaceful graveyard. There were the green mounds; the crosses, grey and white; the garlands of *immortelles*, damp with autumn rain. Oh, if Arthur could but have rested here instead of in some lonely African grave!

There was a hush about the Vicarage; not a voice nor a footstep could be heard. Mary knew the trick of the hall

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"'MARY! IS IT REALLY MARY?'"

door, which, in accordance with the vicar's easy habits, was never locked till nightfall. She turned the handle and went in.

Once more she found herself in the stone-paved entry. The hat-tree was standing there yet, and Mr. Wenlock's garden wide-awake hung upon it in company with his summer straw. His big umbrella was in its old place, his goloshes were beside it, and the study door was shut. All these signs surely indicated that the vicar was at home.

Mary did not knock for admittance. The little girl of long ago used to enter as freely as the air, and she would not forego the old prerogative. The room was quite unchanged; it was as cosy and shabby as it had been in former days, and the afternoon sunshine streamed in through the window. A man was sitting quietly in the arm-chair by the fireside, with an open book before him; but it was not the vicar.

Mary stood motionless in the doorway, arrested as if by a spell. Was this a vision sitting there in the hazy sunshine? Her heart seemed to stop beating. For an instant a cloud came over her sight, but it passed away as Arthur Beachley's voice called her by name.

"Mary! Is it really Mary?"

She moved towards him, holding out her hands, but speaking no word of welcome, and yet there was such joy in her white face that his own flushed faintly at the sight of it.

"This is a great surprise," he said, rising, and recovering his old, quiet manner; "and a great happiness for me."

Both remained standing, and he still held Mary's hands in his. Then, suddenly sinking back into the chair, he let her hands go.

"I am very weak. You know I have had a severe illness," he said, in a tone of apology. "It was not thought that I should live to reach England."

"Thank God!" Mary whispered. "It is too much, Arthur—too much joy to see you again!"

There was a silence. Had she spilt her heart's secret on the ground like water, and would it be wasted there? Shame and doubt trod swiftly on the heels of that great joy, and sent the blood rushing back to her face.

"Sit down, Mary," said Arthur, gently; "we were not prepared for this meeting. I arrived, only a fortnight ago, in such an exhausted state that the vicar had to tend me like he would a child. The ship's doctor came with me, and only left me yesterday."

"The Varners did not know you had come?" asked Mary, with more composure.

"No one knows it yet; it has been kept a profound secret, lest my kind old friends should come and overwhelm me. Kate and her boys are away."

"And I have broken in upon you and done mischief!" said Mary, sadly.

"You have made me very happy, Mary. Someone told Mr. Wenlock that you were coming to Yare, and I have been longing for a sight of your face. I could be more patient out in Africa than here."

She had taken a seat on the other side of the fire, and at that moment her eyes rested on the open book upon the table. A little dried flower lay between its pages, and the aspect of the book was familiar. It was "Morte d'Arthur."

Swiftly and silently her mind travelled back to the day when she had last seen that old volume. She remembered how she had sat reading it on the morning after the school-feast, and toying with a little clove pink which Cassie had gathered in the garden. Then James and Arthur had entered the room together, and she had gone away, leaving the open book, and the flower upon its page.

Arthur's thoughts had been quietly following hers back into the past. Their eyes met again with a smile.

"'For I will into the Vale of Avilion,'" he said, slowly, "'to heal me of my grievous wound.'"

"Was the wound healed?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Yes," he answered. "God took away all the burning pain. But one does not forget because one ceases to suffer, Mary."

"I have suffered much, Arthur. You know what a broken reed I leant upon?"

"Don't speak of that!" he cried, with unusual bitterness.

"Oh, I can speak calmly enough of it now," she went on. "I suppose the sorrow schooled me, and helped to make me what I am."

"Ah, I was forgetting what you are," he said, with a sigh, and a sudden change of manner.

Was her prosperity to come between them just when they were drawing near together at last? In some of our lives there comes a time when we must either break an established law of custom or our own hearts. But Mary did not stop to think; she did not pause to ask herself what she was about to do. In an instant she had sprung up from her seat, and was standing before Arthur Beachley.

"Forget what I am now," she pleaded. "Oh, Arthur, think of me only as the little Mary of long ago!"

"It must not be," he said, irresolutely. But even while he spoke he opened his arms.

"I did not dare to hope or pray for this," he said, holding her closely. "And the sacrifice is too great. What will the world say? I am now a poor, broken-down man, Mary, whose health may never, perhaps, return; and you are——"

"Just the woman you love best, and who loves you, Arthur. What has the world to do with our inmost selves?"

"But I have so little to give you, dear."

"Little to give me!" she repeated, raising her head for a moment from its resting-place. "Why, Arthur, you have given me my lost youth again."

Mr. Wenlock had gone out in haste that day, and had forgotten to put on his goloshes. He came home at full speed through the miry lanes, lamenting his damp soles, and grumbling a little to himself. But no sooner had he crossed his threshold than two hands clasped his own, and a low, sweet voice cried, merrily—

"Dear Mr. Wenlock, you see I haven't forgotten the way to open the hall-door!"

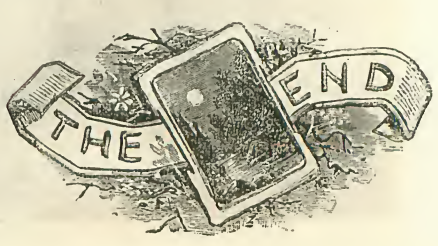
A happy man was the good vicar that evening, as he sat by the fire and talked over the day's events with his old pupil. After all, he did not dare to regret the past. God had ordered all things well, and the work that those two had done could only have been done while they were apart. Is there not a certain kind of precious seed that must be sown by one who "goes forth weeping," and alone?

October and November passed away, and December set in. Early on Christmas morning there was a quiet wedding in the Rookfield church. There were no crowds looking on; only Dr. Varner and his wife and Bona Carlisle accompanied the bride. The vicar's voice sounded full and clear in the stillness of the empty church; but it faltered a little as he looked down on the bent heads of the pair, and pronounced the blessing: . . . . "that ye may so live together in this life, that in the world to come ye may have life everlasting."

And if Mary could speak to us out of her happy home-life, she would tell us that she never dreads the touch of Ithuriel's spear. The fulfilled hopes have not lost their sweetness by realisation. Old friends have gathered round her, and old joys are renewed; even the old sorrows are tenderly remembered, and in her household there is the peace that passeth all understanding.

But what of other voices that come to us in sadder tones, telling of hands that are ever sowing the seed and never reaping the harvest—of wandering feet that have found no home to rest in? For these, perhaps, there is an answer, given in old Bible language, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

While I write, the rain beats against the window; only a few melancholy wet leaves are left upon the sumach; only one drenched rose lingers by the garden wall. The children, after casting hopeless glances over the soaked lawn, gather round the fire, and ask earnestly for a fairy-tale. And I, finding nothing better, tell them the beautiful "story without an end;" the great fairy-tale of God and Nature; of life nourished by decay; of leaves unfurling, and flowers bursting from bare twigs; of lost youth found again.



THE FOUNDLING OF KEMPTEN.

By the BARONESS VON GILTA.

On a summer's morning, about the year 1350, a husbandman in the small town of Kempten, in the Bavarian Alps, set out to his daily work. It was very early, and he was the first astir. A few yards from his house, which was the last in the town, he spied a bundle of ragged clothes by the wayside, and was about to pass it when an infant's cry attracted his attention. On looking closer, he found the bundle contained a baby boy, only a few days old, who had evidently been deposited there in the hope that someone might find him and take pity on him. The man was poor, and had many little mouths to fill in his humble home; but he could not find it in his heart to pass by the forsaken child; he picked it up, and carried it home to his wife. For many days they talked of the wonderful event, but could find no clue to the babe's parentage, and so little Heinrich, as they called him, was brought up as one of their own children. He was a quiet, thoughtful boy, with a quick ear, and a sweet voice, which soon found favour with the monks of a neighbouring monastery. They trained him to sing in their choir, as long as the fresh bird-like voice remained unimpaired: and they taught him many things besides music—he learnt to cull herbs and simples for their medicines, and would trot by the side of any of the good brothers when they went abroad on their errands of mercy. Later, he lost his voice, and with it the employment he liked so well.

Times were bad, and all his young companions were hard at work, trying to add to the scanty earnings of their parents. As long as the old people lived, Heinrich worked cheerfully at anything that came in his way, and was proud and happy when he too could bring something to swell the common store. But when death broke up the circle in which his youth had passed, he grew melancholy and restless, brooding over his own sad story, and longing to go forth into the world, perhaps with a vague hope that he might find the parents who had cast him out in infancy.

He did not travel very far; only as far as the Arlberg, that great bleak mountain which separates Tyrol from the small province of the Vorarlberg, stretching down to the Lake of Constance. Here he was glad enough to hire himself as a shepherd to one of the farmers in the valley. In summer it was pleasant work, leading the flocks along the mountain side. Heinrich was always fond of his own thoughts, and would lie for hours on the green sward, watching the white clouds sailing across the sky, or the shadows stealing athwart the landscape, and dreaming such beautiful dreams that he never felt the want of human companionship; he would amuse himself, too, by singing over and over again the hymns and chants which the good old monks had taught him, or by making up tunes and songs of his own, rejoicing to find that the singing voice, which he had lost, as he thought for ever, had come back to him again.

There was no established road over the mountain, though it was the only pass from Tyrol to the Lake, and a busy trade for those times was carried on in fine weather. In winter all was still. Snow lay, yards deep, for weeks and months together; no houses were near, no one ventured out then, and cattle sought the shelter of the farm buildings when the first frost proclaimed the approach of winter, and huddled together to keep themselves warm in the short dark days and long chill nights which they dreaded so much. Each year, when spring returned, there were terrible traces of suffering on the rough bridle road over the mountain; bodies of men and horses, and bales of perishing goods, lying beneath the drifted snow, and telling how strong men had struggled bravely against the pitiless elements, till hope gradually died in their hearts, and they sank down in that torpor which is the sure precursor of death. The inhabitants of the valley used to turn out in parties when the thaw came, to collect and bury the bodies of the belated travellers; to them it was as much a matter of course as any other event of their lives which recurred at certain seasons; but to Heinrich it was a painful and perplexing mystery. As he sat on the hillside in the sunshine, he was haunted by the poor creatures struggling through the trackless snow, and dropping, one by one, with no hand near to help them. In the long winter night, the wind, as it howled round the house and shook doors and rafters in its fury, seemed to bear to his ears the groans of men perishing, almost at his very threshold, yet utterly beyond his reach. Night and day, these thoughts were ever with him. In a mind tinged with the mystic piety of those times, they shaped themselves gradually to a fixed purpose; he felt convinced that he, who had never known the love of earthly parents, and who had been separated from every family tie, was called upon imperatively to arise and go forth, bringing succour to the strangers who needed it.

Week after week he pondered, till he could sit still no longer, for a voice within him called on him loudly to begin the good work without delay. But how was he to begin? He had fifteen florins of his own, the wages he had saved ever since he began to work for himself; what could he do with these? The people around him were well nigh as poor as he, and could give no help, even had their sympathy not been blunted by familiarity with the suffering, which to him was so awful, and to them was merely a necessary part of the winter's hardships.

At last he resolved to set out and travel through many lands, seeking for assistance, nothing doubting that God, who had put it into his heart to begin, would help him to finish the work. Once more he went forth alone. And it seemed, indeed, as if God went with him. Wherever he halted, there was food for him, and shelter at night; no door was closed against him, no ear was deaf to his entreaties; young and old, rich and poor, listened to his tale of sorrow; happy families, clustered round their warm hearth, gave readily to help poor travellers in their need; hard-working men, who knew the miseries of life, added their mite to his store. The shepherd-boy made his way into prouder homes, where high-born ladies listened with tears in their eyes to his sweet plaintive songs; and freebooting barons gave alms for the wayfarers, hoping thereby to wipe off some scores in the heavy reckoning they had been laying up for themselves in their long, long career of violence. On he went; his store increasing daily, and his heart throbbing with faith and thankfulness, which lent fresh eloquence to his poet-tongue. At length, one noble patron led him into the presence of Duke Leopold himself, the flower of German chivalry. He was surrounded by a band of gallant knights, preparing to set out on that campaign against the Swiss mountaineers which ended so disastrously for themselves on the marshy banks of Sempach. Leopold listened kindly to the shepherd's tale, and spoke words of encouragement as he poured into his pouch a gift of truly royal magnificence, and the brilliant cavaliers around him followed his example with an alacrity which rendered all further efforts unnecessary.

Heinrich returned to the Arlberg with considerable sums of money, and began his work at once. On the summit of the pass he built a small stone chapel, dedicated to St. Christopher, patron of travellers, and close to it a goodly hospice, which he endowed with all the funds at his disposal. The brethren who lived there were bound by solemn vows to go out in all weathers to search for belated travellers, to give them food and shelter, and to help them on their way when the roads again were clear. Those who lodged at the hospice were to pay according to their means, but the poor were to be received gratuitously.

For many generations a blessing was on the place, and thousands of lives were saved by the exertions of the Foundling of Kempten. Two hundred years later, a good road over the pass was made by order of the Tyrolese Government. When the danger was removed, the need for the hospice ceased. Busy little towns sprung up at the foot of the mountain, and few ever thought of halting on its summit. The hospice has long since disappeared; two or three peasants' cottages of dark grey stone stand now on its site, and part of the old wall has been built into the modern church of St. Christopher. But the name of Heinrich the shepherd-boy is not forgotten; and truly his was a great and noble work, more worthy of remembrance than the deeds of many a haughty prince whom the world has called famous.

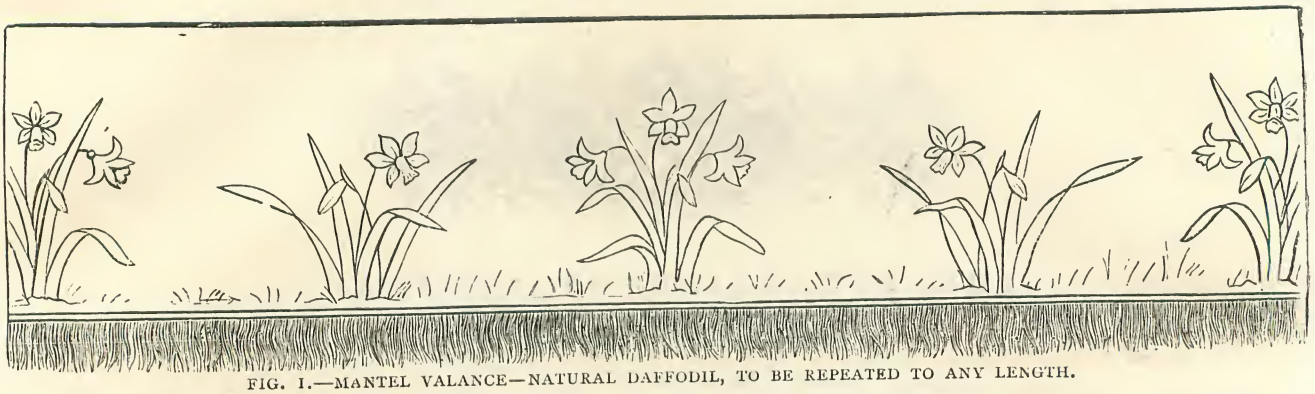


FIG. 1.—MANTEL VALANCE—NATURAL DAFFODIL, TO BE REPEATED TO ANY LENGTH.

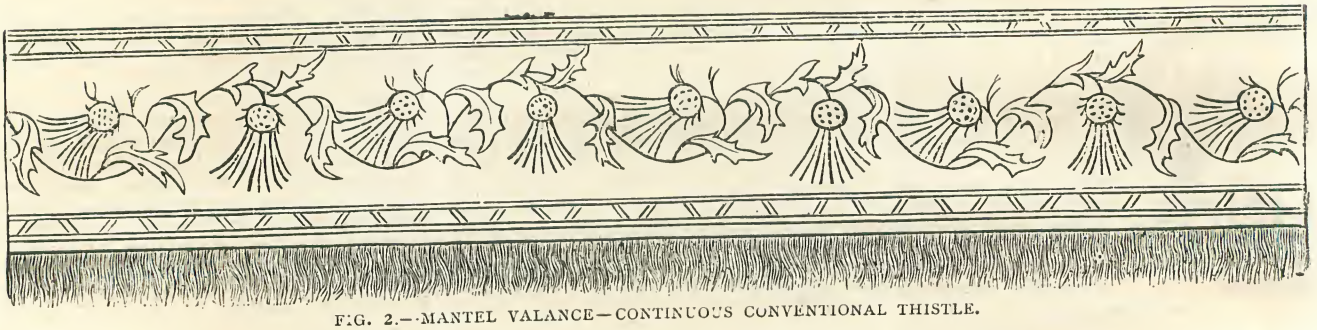


FIG. 2.—MANTEL VALANCE—CONTINUOUS CONVENTIONAL THISTLE.

FIG. 3.—END OF MANTEL VALANCE.

ART NEEDLEWORK.

By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

MANTEL valances now hold a high place in decorative needlework, as they are of great importance in the furnishing of a room. It must be remembered, however, that they should not be used indiscriminately, for a heavy valance in a small room will have the effect of making it look smaller, and they must be chosen with much care, so as to harmonise with, or carry out the effect of, the wall paper, and of the furniture and ornaments of the remainder of the room. A well chosen one will show the ornaments placed upon it to great advantage, and will add greatly to the comfortable appearance of the fireplace; sometimes a pair of short curtains are added under the valance, which fall to the ground, and are looped back at the sides when a fire is lighted in the stove, and which in the summer can remain closed. These can have a narrow border all round matching the mantel valance on a small scale, or can be powdered all over with small sprays of some part of the pattern. I do not think, however, these curtains will ever become great favourites for ordinary rooms, as when drawn they must always have a rather heavy appearance, and they also tend even more than the valance to make a room look small; for this reason, I have not given you any separate designs for them.

Fig. 1. The first of my designs for valances is a very simple and easily arranged one, and will also serve as an example of how you may make designs with other flowers of the same habit of growth, such as iris, narcissus, etc. One large and one smaller group will do alternately. The daffodils should be worked on dark blue or green diagonal, or perhaps on brown velveteen. Crewels will serve very well to work the leaves with, whilst the flowers can be put in with shades of filoselle, in the same manner as the round footstool of daffodils in No. 4. It must be finished off with a fringe of crewel, with a little silk worked in, and it will be better to put the fringe on, within two or two and a half inches

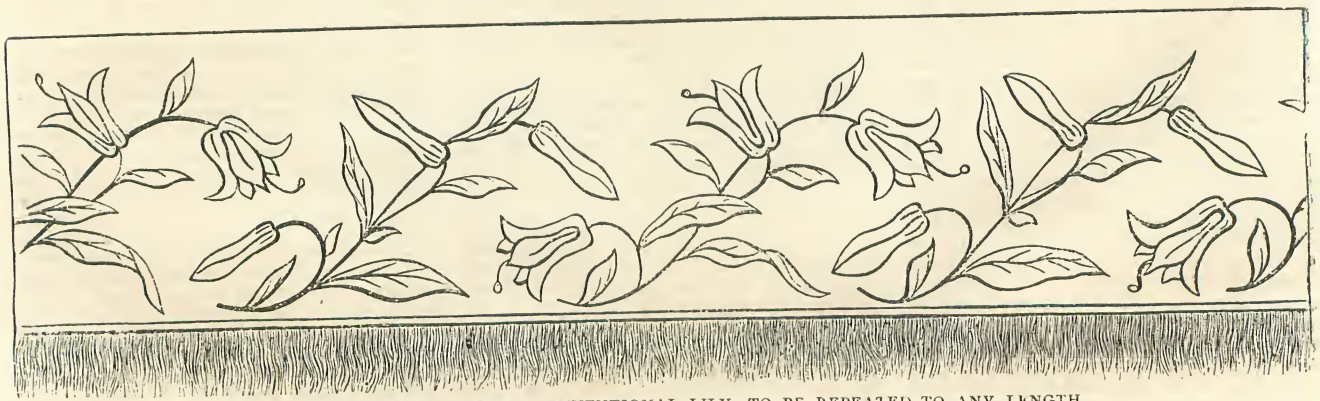


FIG. 4.—MANTEL VALANCE—CONVENTIONAL LILY, TO BE REPEATED TO ANY LENGTH.

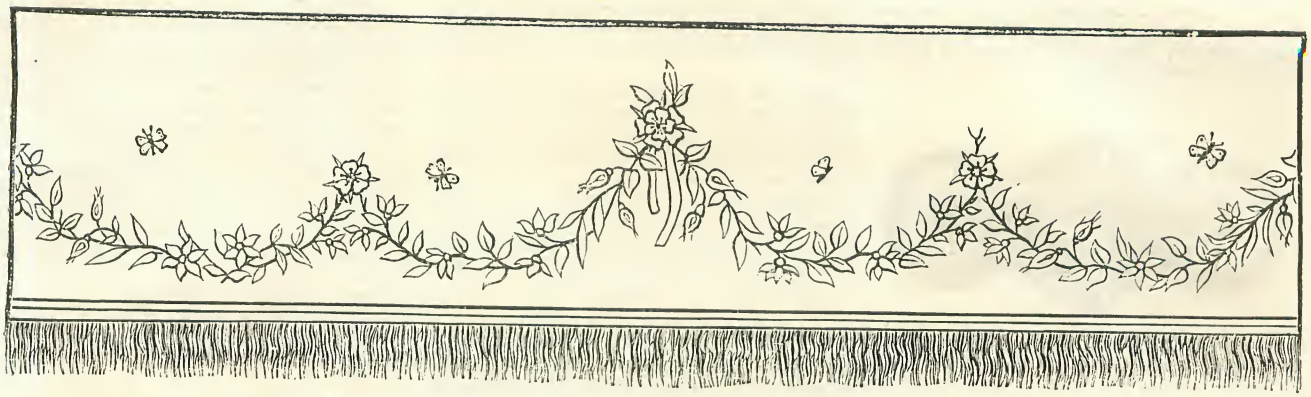


FIG. 5.—MANTEL VALANCE—CONVENTIONAL; REPEAT FESTOONS TO DESIRED LENGTH.

of the edge of the valance, and let it lie over, as otherwise it is liable to get tumbled and out of place. The few blades of grass above the border lines at the edge of the pattern will give it lightness, and can be worked in rather pale shades.

Fig. 2 is a design which will allow of more choice in material and colour. The narrow borders at each side of the broad centre are optional; of course your valance will look much handsomer if you include them. You can work this on any dark-coloured cloth or Roman satin, for instance on olive, or sage green, the leaves and stems worked with shades of brownish green crewel and filoselle, and the flowers with two shades of old gold. To make it a more important-looking design, the leaves might be worked in feather or long and short stitch, but it is a purely conventional outline pattern. It can be worked on plush or velvet, with Japanese gold thread if you like, but I think it will be prettiest on dark cloth, and with a few strands of gold-coloured silk in the fringe to finish it off; the narrow border lines and cross bars between them would also be worked with gold colours, and I think you would find it a useful valance which will light up, and also clean well, which is an important consideration with articles which are so liable to become quickly soiled by smoke.

Fig. 3 is a different style of valance altogether, which perhaps you may not have seen; it has a narrow edge of work which lies along the front of the mantelpiece, but which does not fall over, thus the principal part of the work is at each end, which falls over from 1 foot to 14 or 15 inches. A conventional "all over" design is best suited to this style; it need not have very much work in it, but it must be effective, and I should think a good deal of Japanese gold thread, or gold-coloured silk, would for this reason be desirable; here again you could find suggestive bits amongst the specimens of old needlework in the museums. The design I give would look well on olive green or brown Roman satin, or plush worked in silk or gold thread, and finished off with a broad fringe containing gold also; this could be worked in the hand, and would be most suitable for a small room.

Fig. 4 is another strictly conventional pattern containing little work, and might therefore be done in the hand also, unless you are going to work it on plush or velvet, which almost always require a frame. It would do on cloth or velveteen, worked in crewel and silk mixed, the leaves in feather stitch, and the flowers in stem stitch, with silk if you like, the border lines just above the fringe being worked in rather light colours; or it might be worked in stem stitch throughout, if you want it to be only a simple and inexpensive outline on cloth. If on Roman satin or velveteen, the former mode will be preferable and make it look more important, but if you are going to work it on rich material, then outline it with Japanese gold and fill in with filoselle. Nothing, however, is really better than crewel work for such flowers, as it brings their grace and shape out in the shading; this would look very handsome worked in white crewel, shaded down well with greenish greys, and perhaps a few touches of silk in the high lights. You have no idea how effective such coarse crewel work is, and serge would be quite good enough to show it up.

Fig. 5. This design contains more work than you would think, as it must be closely worked, and on fine material. It is a revival of a very old style, of which you may find many specimens in old needlework; it would look best worked on something rather light in colour—old gold, pale blue on cream colour satin, or Roman satin. It would not suit an ordinary room so well as the more simple designs which can be worked on dark and less expensive materials, but it is nevertheless a very pretty and quaint style, which can be adapted to a boudoir or small drawing-room containing choice china, brackets, shelves, ornamentals, etc., or anything to support specimens of china might be trimmed with work in the same style, the latter of course being much narrower. This pattern should be done entirely in silk, if you are going to work it in natural colours on a light ground, in the manner for which I have designed it, and, by the introduction of a few of the pinks and lilacs you see in old work, you may give it a very quaint effect, but you might also work it on a dark ground of plush or velvet, outlined with gold, and filled in with silk. You would find many carved or even painted festoons and wreaths of flowers in old rooms and on bits of work from which you might easily get sufficient designs of this sort to furnish a whole room.

Fig. 6 is a fender stool. These are now much more luxurious articles of furniture than they used to be, and can be arranged in so many different ways. You can either have a single long narrow stool, or a broader one with a small square one, which will fit in at each corner, and they may match the mantel-valance or not, as you like. An entire set, valance, curtains, and fender stools, with some effective design containing little work, would be very handsome on plush or Roman satin for a large room. The design I give will do for any sort, the sunflowers being intended to be worked on dark diagonal, in crewel alone. Remember the fender stool is likely to become quickly soiled, both by smoke and by use, and so should be made of serviceable material, and not too delicate in colour. It is a good plan to make the centres of the sunflowers in appliqué, which is durable; a soft dark plush gives the effect very well, worked

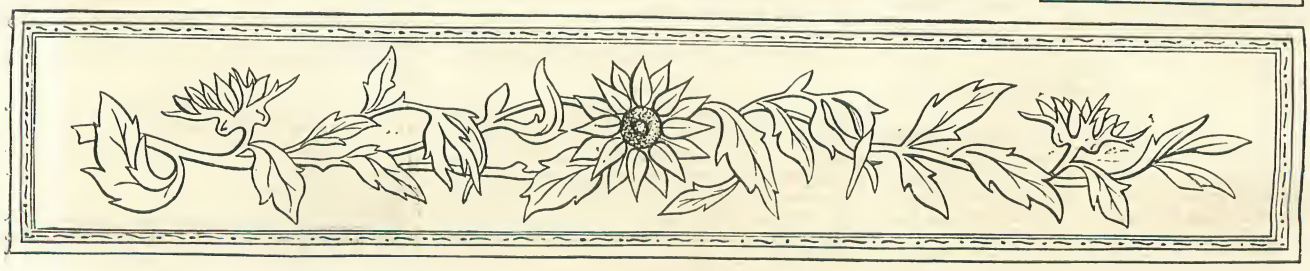


FIG. 6.—FENDER-STOOL; ARRANGEMENT OF SUNFLOWERS.

up with a few stitches in spots. If you are going to make it narrow, and to match your valance, then such a design as fig. 2 would be most suitable.

NEW MUSIC.

Amos and Shuttleworth.

Sea Flowers. By Gustave Lance.—An effective and moderately difficult pianoforte solo in four flats. The same may be said of "L'Hélianthe," by Alois Volkmer.

The Glow-worm. Nocturne, by Louis Warner; and "Daphne," Gavotte by Edward J. Sturges, are both interesting pieces, and especially adapted for small hands.

The Four-in-Hand. Polka. By Albert Rosenberg.—Is bright and tuneful, and above the average of this style of composition.

White Brothers.

Notturno e Balletto. For violin or violoncello, with an accompaniment for the pianoforte. Composed by Karl Muscat.—An agreeable duet not beset with insurmountable difficulties.

Tender Moments. Waltz. Composed by Oliver Cramer.

Rosalind. Polka Mazurka. Composed by Louis Colas.—Both pleasant to dance to.

The Little Coquette. An easy waltz without octaves. By Karl Muscat.—Evidently intended for beginners in the art of pianoforte playing.

Why should we with fancied cares. Words by Mrs. Hemans. Composed by Oliver Cramer.—A vocal duet skilfully and well arranged for two sopranos, bright, pleasing, and altogether a satisfactory composition.

Faithful and True. Song. Written by Clement Glenister. Music by Karl Muscat.—An easy and singable song, but not very original.

Weekes and Co.

The celebrated *Andante in G* (Batiste). Transcribed for pianoforte by Boyton Smith.—A nicely arranged transcription of a well-known composition, quite within the capabilities of moderate performers.

Echoes from Albion. Fantasia on popular English airs. By J. Theodore Trekell.—Three well-known favourite English airs most happily arranged into a pianoforte piece. It has the great advantage of being brilliant without presenting any difficulty of execution. This of itself would make it popular.

Pavan (in G). For the pianoforte. By J. Mayo. A pleasing theme, well-marked and expressive.

Bourrée. For the pianoforte. By E. Silas.—A drawing-room piece for moderate players. It is distinctly worthy of praise. We recommend it to the notice of our young friends, as there is work for the left hand as well as the right.

Along the Stream. Song written and composed by J. W. Wilson.—The introduction of this song, commencing in D minor and changing into D major, with a vocal waltz refrain, is very bright and pretty both in words and music.

The Sea King. Bass song. Words by Barry Cornwall; composed by Charlton T. Speer.—An extremely good and bold style of song, both words and music in good taste. We recommend it to amateurs.

Happy Day Dreams. Song. Words by Sarah Louisa Moore. Music by Arthur E. Klitz.—A flowing melody, agreeable and singable, set to very meritorious words. We recommend it to our young friends.

Boosey and Co.

Colin's Love Letter. Words by E. Williams. Music by J. L. Molloy.—A pensive and simple little ballad, in three flats.

Chances. Words by Hugh Conway. Music by J. L. Molloy.—A very pleasing song. Music and words well matched.

The Way of the World. Words by F. E. Weatherly. Music by J. L. Molloy.—A very meritorious song, set to interesting words.

I Did not Know. Words and music by Frank L. Moir.—Both words and music in good taste.

Precious Stones. Words by Jessie Moir. Music by Frank L. Moir.—A prettily-conceived song for girls, and one that points a good moral.

The Wide Wide World. Words by Cotsford Dick. Music by Spencer Hill.—A decidedly graceful melody to very happy words. We recommend it to our young friends.

Days Gone By. Song. Words by Henry Holl, jun. Music by Ernest Birch.

By the Firelight. Words and music by Mrs. Webster.—A sentimental song, very pretty and easily acquired. A great recommendation to amateurs.

Goddard and Co.

A Remembered Voice. Song. Words by Sarah Doudney. Music by John Henry.—A pathetic melody well set to beautiful and touching words, which we think will find many admirers.

The Scent of the Lilies. Song. Composed by Alice Bateman.—A somewhat sorrowful song, but words and music in good taste.

Cramer and Co.

Andantino in A. Song without words. Composed by Ruloff.

Also by the same composer, *Pégase au Salon.* Caprice brillant. Two good studies for pianoforte players.

Moutrie and Son.

Two Blue Slippers. A sprightly valse. Composed by Mrs. Foster Barham.

Forgotten. Song. By Julia Belinfanté. Music by M. Krohn.—A simple song. Words and music in good taste.

J. and W. Chester and Willcocks and Co.

Le Tambourin. Marche Gothique. Gavotte et Musette. Les Guerillas. Grande Marche. Four characteristic pianoforte solos. By Henry Lozé.—We have had occasion more than once to remark on the skill and ability of this writer. His compositions are for the most part graceful, pleasing, and easily acquired, and the pieces before us sustain the reputation he has gained.

Seven Songs. In two books. Words by Shelley and Burns, also from the poetry of Germany.—The book of "Seven Songs," by John Gledhill, is not at all inferior to a similar work we had the pleasure of reviewing a few months back—the same beautiful melodies and flowing accompaniments characterise each. We are particularly impressed with the "Imprisoned Songster," "Autumn Song," "A Faded Flower," "Reverie," and "The Pain of Separation." Our only regret is that as the style is so healthy and refined, the compass should be beyond that of the average singer. We may add that "Why" also, by the same composer, is similar in character and equally charming. Messrs. J. and W. Chester are to be commended for the typographical part of this publication.

Robert Cocks and Co.

Cynthia. A right merrie dance. Composed by Michael Watson.—An easy pianoforte piece, lively and rhythmical. It is also arranged as a duet. Simple, effective, and well written.

Il Bolero. Spanish dance. Composed by Cotsford Dick.—A bright and sparkling composition, well worthy the notice of moderate performers.

Mendelssohn's Elijah. Paraphrase for the pianoforte by George Frederick West.—We think this exposition will be welcomed by many of our young friends. It introduces five well-known favourites from the above work in a musicianly and pleasing style.

When I Sing My Own Song. Written by Ada Lester. Music composed by Odoardo Barri.—A fairly good and pleasing ballad, without much attempt at originality — the compass easy.

William Lea and Joseph Williams.

Joy Cometh in the Morning. Sacred song. Words by the Rev. F. Linstead Downham. Music by James Butler Fortey.—A bright and tuneful melody, well expressing the sentiment of the words.

J. Williams.

My Lass.—Charming song, written for contralto or mezzo-soprano voice, by Ciro Pinsuti, the graceful and smooth melody of the second part offering an effective contrast to the spirited melody of the first. The words by Mary Mark Lemon are very appropriate.

March in C. For piano or organ. By David Wilcock. Dedicated to Dr. Horton Allison.—An excellent and well-written work, beginning with chords of pleasing harmonies, the second part being brisk and spirited, the whole terminating with the first subject, joined to an elaborate bass. Not difficult.

Anchored. By Michael Watson.—Deserves special notice, being a spirited and manly song, written in his best style, for a bass or baritone voice. The opening bars are bright and striking; it closes in a pathetic manner that is very effective. The words, by S. K. Cowan, M.A., are characteristic of the music.

Caerphilly March. For the pianoforte. By J. Pridham.—Will be found useful for beginners, who will appreciate the well-known Welsh air in the second part.

Only for Thee.—A charming and melodious waltz, written by Oscar Seydel.

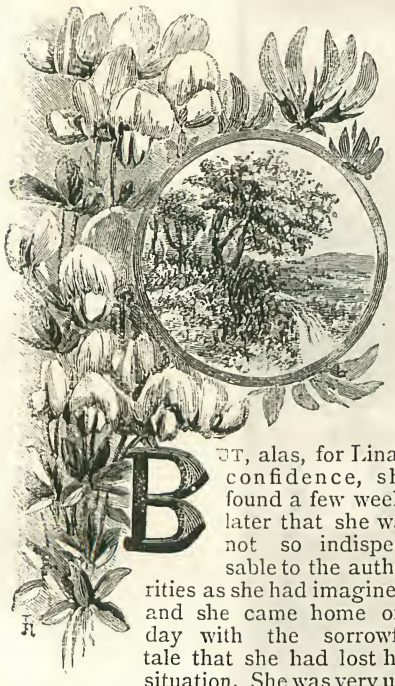
The Zephyr Polka. By L. Williams.—Another addition to our collection of dance music. It is easy and bright.

Name the Day. By Henry Pontet.—A lively and sparkling song, written in waltz time, for soprano or mezzo voice, the words by Nemo being suitable and amusing.

SNATCHED FROM PRISON DOORS.

By EMMA LESLIE, Author of "Out of the Mouth of the Lion."

CHAPTER VI.—*(Continued).*



BUT, alas, for Lina's confidence, she found a few weeks later that she was not so indispensable to the authorities as she had imagined, and she came home one day with the sorrowful tale that she had lost her situation. She was very unhappy and depressed about it for a few days, and spoke as though she had been deeply wronged, never admitting that she had brought it on herself by her unpunctuality and carelessness.

Lina tried to make her see this, even while encouraging her to hope that she would soon get another situation, but nothing she could say would induce Amy to admit that she had been in fault; she was unlucky, the victim of spite, the scapegoat of the warehouse, but not blameworthy.

The question now arose as to what situation Amy should seek, what work she could undertake, and at last it was decided that she should inquire for a place as assistant in a bookseller's; she wanted to go to a railway refreshment bar, and Lina had some difficulty in persuading her to give up this idea. She felt that for Amy such a place would be absolute ruin, and she succeeded at last in persuading her that the bookselling business—of which she had some slight knowledge—was far more respectable and suitable.

But it was one thing to decide what should be sought, and another to find it, as Amy discovered very soon. Several shillings were spent in advertisements, and day after day she went to read down the columns of wants, made public in the daily papers, but there never seemed to be anything quite suitable for her; and although she wrote several letters to the most promising, no answer came in reply, and she grew disheartened and anxious, for now the two had to live on Lina's earnings, and there was no money to spend on finery.

Lina took Mrs. Mead into her confidence, and the landlady agreed to let the rent stand over for a week or two, until Amy could get another situation, for hitherto it had been paid very regularly every week; but when a month or two passed and Amy seemed no nearer being provided for, Lina decided that they must move into cheaper lodgings and nearer the city.

"I shall not be so hungry when I come home," she said, laughingly, as she told Amy of the proposed change. "If I don't walk so far I shall save my boots, and bread-and-butter, too."

Amy shrugged her shoulders. "I don't see that we shall save, even if we do get a room for half-a-crown a week, as you say we can," she said, in a grumbling tone.

"But we pay five shillings here, so we shall save half-a-crown, to say nothing of the boots and bread-and-butter," said Lina.

"But we don't have to pay it now. Mrs. Mead agreed to wait until I got something," said Amy.

"She said she would wait a week or two, but that is two months ago, so that we owe her two pounds now, Amy, and she cannot afford to make nothing by her house, neither can we afford to get into debt. I will ask her to let us go as soon as we can find a place, and leave some of the furniture until we can pay what we owe."

"What nonsense, Lina; we shall want all the furniture. I don't see why you should want to move in such a hurry; I'm sure to get something soon."

"I hope so, dear, and then we can pay Mrs. Mead, and move back again perhaps, but until you get something we must live in cheaper rooms."

Lina was very decided about this, and all Amy's grumbling did not move her. Mrs. Mead was quite of Lina's opinion too. Although sorry to part with her, she could not afford to let them stay on without paying the rent, and so Amy had to go in search of rooms, or a single large room, as Lina said, in a cheaper neighbourhood.

It was not easy to find what they wanted, but they did at last succeed in getting a fair-sized room for half-a-crown a week. The neighbourhood was decent, and that was the utmost that could be said in its favour, for it was a close narrow street, and the room was dark and stuffy.

Amy grumbled still more when Lina said they would come here, but she was obliged to submit, although she did it with a very ill grace, and would give very little help in the work of packing and moving, although she had nothing else to do.

"The place will look very different when we get the furniture in," said Lina; "we must make the best of things, you know."

"Yes, but you don't. Why couldn't we have stayed on here until things took a turn? I shan't stay in that dull hole long, I know," said Amy.

Lina took no notice of the latter part of her speech. "We could not stay here without robbing Mrs. Mead," she said; "for if we got deeply into debt we never could pay it."

"Oh, you're such a fidget," said Amy, walking out of the room; but she came back again to say, "I shan't trouble you much longer, Lina. I've had a proposal made to me, and I think I shall accept it now."

Amy often talked at random when she was angry, and so Lina only smiled as she heard this. "Very well, dear," she said, going on with her work of dusting the books.

A few minutes afterwards the street door was shut with a bang, and she saw Amy pass the window. "It is unkind of her to go out when there is so much to do," she said, looking round the untidy room. She felt tired and worn, and the tears rose to her eyes. "Must I give her up?" she said, half aloud, and then she kneeled by the side of the box she was packing and burst into tears. "Oh, Lord Jesus, who died to redeem her, save her—save her even yet, though I may have to give her up!" she sobbed, but as she said the words she felt as though she had been guilty of treason. "What have I suffered for her in comparison with what the Lord endured for me; and can I be His servant if I refuse to follow His example?" Then she prayed for Amy again, but less despairingly, and gradually a feeling of hope crept into her heart, that out of this seeming evil good would eventually come —the highest good to Amy and herself too.

(To be continued.)

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

By SAMUEL K. COWAN, M.A.

I.

"WHAT meanest thou, O fresh spring wind,
Whistling so cheerily?
Why at yon sunny nursery-blind
Singest so merrily?"
"In yon fair room a babe is born;
I sing to greet the merry morn."

II.

"What meanest thou, O summer wind,
That thou dost breathe so low?
What burden bearest on thy mind?
What secret none may know?"
"Beneath yon spreading chestnut-bough
Two lovers breathe a solemn vow."

III.

"What meanest thou, O autumn wind,
Moaning so drearily?
Why at yon muffled window-blind
Wailest so wearily?"
"Death's anguish rends a mourner's breast;
She wails for sleep—she moans for rest."

IV.

"What meanest thou, O winter wind,
Striding so mightily?
What secret rapture dost thou find
Rending the cloud cast sky?"
"From earth this night a soul is riven:
I roll the clouds away from heaven."

EVENINGS WITH OUR GREAT LIVING COMPOSERS.

By JAMES MASON.

V.—Rubinstein.

We met for the fifth time.

The preliminary chat was soon got over, and then Arthur said, "We are now to talk about Rubinstein."

"And a good subject too," said Ralph; "there may be two opinions about him as a composer, but nobody will deny that he is one of the greatest pianoforte-players of the day."

"Begin at the beginning," said Rose. "When and where was he born?"

"Anton Gregor Rubinstein," replied Ralph, "was born on the 30th of November, 1829, at Wechwotynetz, a village on the frontiers of Moldavia. His parents, like those of so many distinguished musicians, were of Jewish descent."

"How did his musical training commence?" Annabella inquired.

"His mother gave him his first lessons on the piano, but when quite a child his family removed to Moscow, and there he was taught by a pianoforte teacher called Villoing."

"He appeared early before the public, I understand," said Nora.

"Yes," said Ralph, "he played in public, and with much success, when he was only eight years old. Two years later he made a concert tour with his teacher, going with him as far as Paris."

"What an attraction that city has," said Edward, "for the artistic temperament, and what an influence it has always exercised on the development of musical talent!"

"So it proved in Rubinstein's case," remarked Ralph. "Liszt was at that time teaching there, and Rubinstein took lessons from him, and greatly profited by his advice."

"Did he stay long in Paris?" Rose asked.

"About eighteen months. Then he made an extended tour, lasting three years, during which he went to England, Holland, Germany, and Sweden."

"And after that?"

"He passed a year after that," continued Ralph, "with his family. Then he proceeded, accompanied by his mother and his younger brother, Nicholas, who was also in training for a musician, to Berlin, where he studied composition under the direction of Professor Dehn, and where he often played at Court."

"He did not stay long there, I suppose?" said Hilda.

"No," replied Ralph. "The death of his father recalled his mother and his brother to Russia, and Rubinstein then went alone, and with no other resources than those which his talent procured for him, to Vienna and Pressburg, and lived in those towns giving lessons."

"When did he return to Russia?" Hilda asked.

"He went back in 1848, and succeeded in attracting attention in high places. His brilliant execution won the favour of the Grand Duchess Helen, who made him Kammer-Virtuos. But he was not satisfied, and went on studying with more zeal than ever, and fortunately his appointment as Kammer-Virtuos procured him sufficient means, and gave him sufficient leisure."

"The result of his studies," observed Hilda, "seems to have been satisfactory."

"Yes," said Ralph; "eight years passed, and then he appeared before the world, as someone has described him, as 'a fully-fledged artist with piles of original compositions.' He played these first in Hamburg, and then all over Germany, and was received everywhere with enthusiasm."

"That," remarked Arthur, "seems to have been the commencement of his great reputation both as pianist and composer."

"Since that time," continued Ralph, "he has made many artistic tours throughout Europe, every tour a greater triumph than the preceding, and every listener acknowledging his right to a place in the first rank among the pianists of our epoch."

"He has been highly honoured in his own country," said Arthur.

"Yes," said Ralph. "In 1858, in which year he decided to make his head-quarters at St. Petersburg, he was appointed Imperial Concert-director with a life pension. Then in 1879 the Emperor decorated him with the Vladimir Order, which raised him to noble rank."

"One of his great aims," remarked Nora, "seems to have been the advancement of music in his native country."

"That is a work," said Ralph, "in which he first engaged along with his late friend Carl Schubert. He deserves the credit of founding the St. Petersburg Conservatoire in 1862, an institution of which he was the principal till 1867. The Russian Musical Society, founded in 1861, also owes its origin to him."

"He must have been very young when he first came to England," remarked Rose.

"Yes," said Ralph; "he was only twelve years old."

"Did he attract much attention then?" Rose asked.

"Apparently not," answered Ralph. "But it was not surprising. Thalberg and Mendelssohn were both here, and in the presence of two such stars, a juvenile phenomenon must have appeared as little better than a rush-light."

"I am not so sure about that," interrupted Arthur. "Moscheles, who was then resident in London, refers to him in his diary for 1842—that was the year of Rubinstein's visit—as a rival to Thalberg, and describes him as a 'Russian boy, whose fingers are as light as feathers, and yet as strong as a man's.'"

"And when was his next visit?" Rose inquired.

"Not till 1857. He played that year at the Philharmonic. Since then he has been several times here, and musical people have enjoyed every facility for becoming acquainted with his style of playing."

"Eighteen-eighty-one," remarked Nora, "was a great Rubinstein year. We had his recitals at St. James's Hall; then his opera, *The Demon*, was brought out at Covent Garden, and at the Crystal Palace several compositions of his were performed—*The Tower of Babel*, and the G Minor Symphony among the number."

"It is clear," said Ambrose, "that he is not one of the foreign musicians who have been refused a hearing in this country."

"And who," exclaimed Arthur, "ever has been refused a hearing when he came with anything worth listening to?"

"What is Rubinstein like?" asked Rose.

"What! Have you never seen him?" said Nora. "He is a very remarkable-looking man, with a face, it has been said, not at all unlike the ideal Beethoven of the sculptors. In the formation of his head one sees both nobility and power."

"And a great deal of the Russian, too," added Arthur; "it is a head of a marked Russian type."

"Beard or moustache?" asked Ambrose.

"Neither," said Nora; "but he has a thick mane of dark brown hair—without that, you know, a genius could hardly be called complete."

"And what about his playing?" Rose inquired. "I suppose you have heard him often."

"I should just say so," said Nora. "As a player he is remarkable not only for force and fire, but for delicacy and tenderness. A critic somewhere speaks of him as a performer of Titanic force, yet capable of producing the most ethereal tones—that describes him exactly."

"His execution is also, no doubt, perfect," said Rose.

"Absolutely perfect," answered Nora. "In hearing him nothing has struck me more than the marvellous ease and certainty with which he overcomes enormous technical difficulties."

"An example of his complete mastery over tone," said Arthur, "is given by Mr. Corder in his article on Rubinstein in Sir George Grove's 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians.' He refers to Rubinstein's performance of the 'Funeral March' of Chopin's Sonata in B flat Minor. I'll read you the passage. 'This well-known piece,' Mr. Corder says, 'regardless of the composer's intentions, he begins *ppp*, proceeding *crescendo*, with perfect gradation, up to the trio, after which he recommences *ff*, and with an equally long and subtle *diminuendo* ends as softly as he began. As an effect—the idea of a band passing—this is stale and unworthy of an artist, but as a *tour de force* it can only be justly appreciated by those who have heard it done and then sought to imitate it. It is an *impossible* feat.'"

"I understand that there are many inaccuracies in his playing," said Hilda; "that he often takes the time too fast, plays in a most impulsive manner, and shows very little reverence for the real meaning of the composer."

"That is true," said Norah. "Sometimes he gives way to the wildest fits of excitement, and plays as if he had quite lost his head. But even when his performance is little better than a caricature of the work whose name is on the programme, it is a miracle of execution and well worth listening to. His recitals are the only pianoforte recitals by the end of which I have not felt bored to death."

"From what you say there must be plenty of light and shade in his playing," said Rose.

"Plenty!" said Edward. "I remember reading a criticism on one of his concerts in which, after setting Rubinstein down as a great, but most unequal artist, it went on to say that it was thoroughly characteristic of him that at one moment he should storm and rave over the key-board so that one almost expected half the strings of the piano to be broken, and that in the next he should 'roar you as gentle as any sucking dove.'"

"We have not spoken yet of his compositions," said Annabella, "and it is said that Rubinstein looks upon composition rather than playing as his special *forte*."

"In that," said Ralph, "he is mistaken, as a great many more talented people are in their estimate of themselves."

"As to his works," remarked Arthur, "let me read this passage from Mr. Corder: 'The compositions of Rubinstein are not yet sufficiently mellowed by time for us to judge them fairly. Their style may be considered as the legitimate outcome of Mendelssohn; there is a fine broad vein of melody which is supported by true and natural harmony and a thorough technical skill. But there is also the fatal gift of fluency, and a consequent lack of that self-criticism and self-restraint which alone make a composer great.'"

"Is it pianoforte music alone that he writes?" Rose asked.

"Oh, no," replied Ralph; "he has written every sort of music. First of all, there are two oratorios—sacred operas he calls them—*The Tower of Babel* and *Paradise Lost*. *The Tower of Babel* was first performed at the Dusseldorf Festival in 1872, and it has since been given in this country."

"What sort of a work is it?" inquired Rose.

"Striking; but some of the effects are rather sensational."

"And has he written any secular operas?"

"Yes, several. There are *Dimitri Donskoi*, *Nero*, *Feramors* (*Lalla Rookh*), *The Children of the Hearth*, *The Maccabees*, *The Demon*, and *Kalashnikof the Merchant*."

"Have any of them been heard in England?" said Hilda.

"Yes, *The Demon* was performed at Covent Garden in 1881, as Nora mentioned a little while ago."

"Was it well received?" was Hilda's next query.

"No, not it. It was generally acknowledged that Rubinstein had failed to grasp the true dramatic style, and that almost all the music would have done equally well in the concert-room. It was not denied that the music was original, but it was not dramatic. Then the libretto was a failure, and it was said that to have enjoyed the performance one must have had no sense of the ridiculous."

"The want of dramatic force," remarked Arthur, "has been felt in all his operas, and they have as yet met with but qualified success."

"Rubinstein has also," Ralph went on to say, "written symphonies, overtures, quartettes for strings, and a variety of other compositions, not to speak of his songs and pianoforte pieces. Of his symphonies, the only one widely known is the 'Ocean Symphony,' and that has been greatly admired."

"Mr. Corder," remarked Arthur, "says of the 'Ocean Symphony': 'This is undoubtedly one of his very best works, the ideas throughout being vivid and interesting, while the workmanship shows unusual care. From the composer's having added an extra adagio and scherzo after the first appearance of this symphony, we may presume he has a particular regard for it, though to risk wearying an audience by inordinate length is scarcely the way to recommend a work to their favour.'"

"Some of Rubinstein's chamber music," said Ralph, "is very fine. The favourite pieces at the Monday Popular Concerts are the 'Cello Sonata in D," which has been given no fewer than six times; three pieces for pianoforte and cello, given four times; the B flat Trio, given four times; and the Pianoforte Quintette, given twice."

"And what about his pianoforte pieces?" said Rose.

"For the piano," replied Ralph, "he has composed concertos, sonatas, fantasias, preludes, fugues, studies, and all kinds of dance music, many collective works, such as 'Kamennoi-Ostrow,' the 'Album de Peterhoff,' 'Miniatures,' and 'Miscellanies,' a great many duets, cadenzas to four of Beethoven's concertos and to Mozart's D minor concerto—and when these have been named, I am not at all sure that I have exhausted the list."

"According to Herr Pauer," remarked Arthur, "only a few of Rubinstein's pianoforte pieces have obtained general popularity. They are very difficult, he says, and require very large hands for their execution, so few people can play them with proper effect."

"That is true," said Nora; "but of all drawing-room pieces for the piano give me those of Rubinstein; they are, to my mind, the best of their class."

"Rubinstein's vocal productions—his songs and duets," said Ralph, "are also very fine. Everyone knows, or ought to know, his twelve Persian songs, but he has written many others of a very striking character. 'The Witch of the Forest,' for example, is full of power, and 'The Asra' and 'Clara's Song,' deserve to be favourites with all who love good music."

"These," said Arthur, "and other works of similar proportions, convince me that Rubinstein is at his best in small pieces—his attempts on a large scale are not so satisfactory."

Here our conversation came to an end; no one seemed to have anything more to say.

"Nora," said Arthur, "we are waiting for you to give the first of our musical illustrations."

Nora rose, and, sitting down to the piano, played, with remarkable delicacy, Rubinstein's popular Barcarole in G.

Then she said, "It is my privilege to call on Gertrude for a song. Give us that one, Gertrude, you sang to me the other evening about a rose."

"Oh, I know what you mean," answered Gertrude. "The words are from the Persian of Mirza-Schaffy; the translation I sing is by Lady Macfarren."

And this is what she sang:

"The gentle rose hath made lament
How short the od'rous life hath proven
Bestowed on her at summer's portal.

For solace I this answer sent:
"Her breath is in my song enwoven,
And there enshrined doth lie immortal."

After this song came the Lotos Flower duet for first and second treble, sung by Florence and Annabella. They sang the German words of Heine, "Die Lotusblume ängstigt sich vor der Sonne Pracht," of which the following is the English translation by Bowring:—

"The lotos flower is troubled
At the sun's resplendent light;
With sunken head and sadly
She dreamily waits for the night.

"The moon appears as her wooer:
She wakes at his fond embrace;
For him she kindly uncovers
Her sweetly flowering face.

"She blooms and glows and glistens,
And mutely gazes above;
She weeps and exhales and trembles
With love and the sorrows of love."

Hilda now produced her violin, and, with the serviceable Agnes at the piano, gave us the second of three pieces written for piano and violin, and dedicated to Joachim.

We turned again to Rubinstein's songs. "Amongst them all," said Ambrose, "my favourite is the 'Forest Witch,' to which Ralph referred a little ago; it has always seemed to me a very striking composition."

"Can you sing it?" asked Edward.

"Yes," said he, and, playing his own accompaniment, he gave "Die Waldhexe," in a style that showed he thoroughly appreciated its weird sentiment.

Nora was asked again to play.

"This time," she said, "it will be three short pieces. The first is a Melody in F major."

This was followed by a Nocturne in G flat, and last of all came a Romance in F major.

Arthur now reminded us that we had on our Liszt evening had a setting by that composer of Heine's "Du bist wie eine Blume;" it was sung by Ralph. "These words," he said, "have been also set to music by Rubinstein," and he then sang Rubinstein's version of this beautiful song.

"I like that," remarked Agnes, when he had finished, "better than Liszt's rendering."

"Not I," said Ralph, "but they are both fine, and it is interesting to notice how two great musicians treat the same subject."

"Let our next piece," said Rose, "be the Fantasia in F minor for two pianos. Nora and Agnes know it."

"And neither of us think it worth the knowing," exclaimed Nora. "It is a long and most unequal work with a great deal in it of merely rhapsodical passage-writing. Agnes and I bought it after hearing Rubinstein play it with Madame Sophie Menter. Instead of it, we shall play two numbers from the 'Bal Costume;' but the difficulty is to choose which; there are sixteen numbers in all, and all charming."

The numbers they finally selected were "Sauvage et Indienne" and "Polonais et Polonaise."

These pleased us so much that we called for more, and the two players gave in addition, "Berger et Bergère," "Pêcheur Napolitain et Napolitaine," and "Royal Tambour et Vivandière."

Edward now gave us a dainty spring song, of which the words are by Heine: "Die blauen Frühlingsaugen schau'n aus dem Gras hervor."

"What is the English of these words?" asked Rose, after he had finished.

"I think I can remember Bowring's translation," replied Edward:—

"'The eyes of Spring, so azure,
Are peeping from the ground;
They are the darling violets
That I in nosegays bound.

'I pluck them, thinking deeply,
And all the thoughts so dear
That in my heart are sighing
The nightingale sings clear.

'Yes, all my thoughts she singeth
And warbleth, echoing far;
So that my tender secrets
Known to the whole wood are.'"

"The Angel," a duet for first and second treble, founded on a pretty thought, was now sung by Annabella and Rose.

Then Arthur asked if anyone knew anything from Rubinstein's operatic works.

No one did except Nora, who said, "I can play the ballet music from *The Demon*."

She played it, and then Arthur said—

"At all our meetings you have played, but never sang. Why not sing something?"

"With pleasure," she said; "and my song will be the song of Clärchen in Goethe's *Egmont*, 'Freudvoll und liedvoll.'"

It was marvellously beautiful singing, and a truly magic song. No one could have conceived a more true and tender reading of the words.

"Yes," said Arthur, referring to the last lines, "happy alone is the soul which knows how to love. Why, Nora, your singing quite beats your playing."

"No, no," said she; "I know better than that. I play much better than I sing."

A duet was next called for, and Ralph and Arthur sang "The Turtle Dove and the Wanderer."

"You have given the most melancholy piece you could find," said Hilda, "and your voices are rather heavy to do it justice."

Agnes now played Rubinstein's transcrip-

tion for the piano of the "Turkish March" in Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*.

Then Edward sang another of the Persian songs, which runs thus:—

"The golden sun is shining
Upon the wide-wayed ocean;
That flashes back its glory
With soft and trembling motion.

Thus, oh my fair, thou art mirrored
In songs of fond devotion,
They soar and sink and tremble
As doth the sunlit ocean."

"We have only time for two songs more," said Edward. "Gertrude, you must sing the first one."

Gertrude sang "The Asra,"—"Täglich ging die wunderschöne Sultanstochter," and with such feeling that everyone pressed her to sing the last song. There was no one we listened to with half the pleasure that we did to herself.

So she sang "A Night in Spring":—

"Es blinkt der Thau in den Gräsern der Nacht
Der Mond zeiht vorüber in Stiller Pracht,
Die Nachtigall singt in den Büschen."

Then we broke up, with many friendly compliments and good-nights.

Edward and Nora walked slowly along, loth to part.

"Arthur," said Edward to Nora, "was right to praise your singing."

"But I only sing well sometimes," said she; "only when I take a great fancy to a song. This one struck me as so full of truth."

"And so it struck me," said he:—

"'Glücklich allein
Ist die Seele, die liebt.'"

THE FAIRY OF THE FAMILY.

CHAPTER V.

CLEANING AND WASHING AS APPLIED TO DRESSES.

WHILE the art of cleaning dresses, and rendering them nearly as good as new, has greatly advanced amongst professionals, it has deteriorated in proportion in private houses, and in many of these, where there are young people especially, the cost of sending the soiled dresses out renders it quite a hopeless proceeding, which could not be thought of more than once at the most. One of the benefits of sending to a cleaner's is that the dress does not need unpicking, but can be cleaned as a whole. However, if there be clever and willing workers, a little change in the form of dresses adds pleasure to the wearers, and amusement in remaking at home.

The first thing in remaking or washing silk or woollen dresses is to unpick them carefully, brush out the dust, and take out the threads. The next thing is to ascertain if there be any grease spots or stains to be treated, and to decide what to do with them, and the last, and perhaps the most important, is to form a plan for altering or remaking the dress, either by adding new material, or by making up in smaller compass—the long trained skirt and polonaise into a short skirt and pointed bodice, or turning the skirt and making an entirely new bodice. Having decided these points, which it is well to do at once, then we shall know how much or little to clean, and whether the bodice needs unpicking or not. In any case we shall, if we be wise, have new linings, if not for the skirt, certainly for the bodice. This will double the value and add much to the comfort of our dress.

All wool and silk and woollen materials of any colour can be washed and done up to look well, with care. Borax water, in the proportion of half a teaspoonful to a quart of water, is used for washing them, to which should be added ten drops of oxgall to the gallon. Ammonia is an excellent thing also for washing these things, as a tablespoonful added to a gallon of water renders it so soft that very little or almost no soap is needed. These woollen and silk and wool materials when washed should be folded up in towels while damp, and ironed with a cloth placed between them and the iron. It is hardly needful to say that materials that have a right and a wrong side—twilled on one side, for instance, and not on the other—should be ironed on the wrong side, and in any case great care should be taken to avoid producing a shiny appearance with the iron, and the use of too hot an iron is sure to spoil the look of the mixed textile.

A French method of washing both silk and woollen materials is to boil some ivy leaves in water for about an hour, to make a moderately strong mixture. Wash the dress in it without soap when tepid; then rinse it in clean water and press while wet. For black silk this decoction must be used with a sponge, and the silk must not be ironed.

The following are both said to make old cashmeres, or rusty black alpacas, cords, or veiling, look like new. Put two tablespoonfuls of copperas crystals, and two of extract of logwood, into four gallons of strong soapsuds, when just at the boiling point, and put all the pieces of black stuff in the mixture, boiling them for five minutes, and turning them round with a long stick. Then take them out, hang them up to drip dry, and when half dry pull them straight, and iron with a cool iron on the wrong side.

To wash slate-coloured, gray, drab, or mastic-coloured woollen materials, an American authority recommends rather strong tea, for which the cold tea and tea leaves may be saved for some days. Add enough boiling water to this to make up four gallons, strain the mixture, and break two eggs into it when just lukewarm; stir well, and wash the material through it, then hang it up to drip dry, and iron and put straight when half dry. Blue cashmere may be cleaned in this preparation by adding a handful of salt; and green by the addition of a teacupful of vinegar. Coffee used in the same way is a good cleaner for brown materials. Ammonia is valuable for all dark coloured materials, but not for those of lavender, violet, nor French gray.

The following is the process invented by a Mr. Morris, for which the Society of Arts some years ago gave a prize of fifteen guineas. It is said to cleanse silk, woollen and cotton goods without injury to either colour or texture. Grate raw potatoes, after being peeled and washed, over a vessel of clean water, to a fine pulp. Pass the liquid through a coarse sieve into another tub of clean water, and let the mixture stand till all the fine white particles of the potatoes are precipitated. Then pour the mucilaginous liquor from the settlings, and preserve this liquor for use. The articles to be cleaned should then be laid upon a clean linen cloth, on a table, and rubbed with the liquor till the dirt has all come out. Then wash them in clean water, to remove the loose dirt, and proceed to dry and mangle. Two medium sized potatoes are enough for a pint of water, and the coarse pulp that does not pass through the sieve is excellent for cleaning curtains, carpets, and other thick goods.

The recipes for cleaning, washing, and reviving silks are numberless, and, strange to say, each one has its admirers and followers, who consider it perfect. One of the best that I know of was given me a few days ago by a working dressmaker, who has always excited my wonder by the clever way she does up aged and middle-aged satins, satin *merveilleux* and silks in general, without unpicking the skirts. Her mixture consists of a tablespoonful of vinegar to one of water, and a few drops of ammonia added to that, and applied with a piece of old black silk, or a sponge. Amongst other recipes for renovating black silks are sponging with one part of beer and two parts of water; sponging with a preparation made by steeping an old black glove in vinegar, till the glove be a soft pulp, then adding a little lukewarm water, to reduce the strength; sponge on both sides—this last recipe is an excellent one for reviving the black of rusty black lace. First brush it well with a soft hair brush, then tack it to a black foundation of old cashmere or alpaca, and sponge it with the preparation. If the colour be very bad, add a few drops of logwood to the preparation; roll the lace up after being sponged, and when dry enough, pull it into shape with your fingers, and press it smooth in a book. Do not iron it.

For sponging old black silks, a piece of old black cashmere should be used, and for sponging coloured silks, a piece of white cashmere, or some of the same colour. Cotton must not be used to cover the table upon which they are sponged, or else it will leave white fluff all over it, which will be difficult to get off. An old black shawl is as good a thing as any.

Old silks of any colour can be cleaned with alcohol. Pour a pint of boiling water on a tablespoonful of whisky or gin; and when cool, sponge with the liquid. Another method is, to boil an old kid glove, of the same colour as the dress, in water, and when the glove is reduced to a pulp, take it off the fire; use lukewarm water to dilute it, and try a small piece of silk with the mixture, when, if it be too stiff, you must dilute it still further. Indeed, in nearly every recipe for dealing with silk, this is a wise course to pursue, for, to find the whole dress too stiff when finished is annoying in the extreme. An American recipe for cleaning white or very light-coloured silk is to rub it over with slightly moistened Indian meal. Both sides of the silk should be thus treated; the material laid flat, while doing it, on a clean blanket.

In no case have I found ironing answer for silks, either white or coloured. It seems to take the "goodness" out of them, and makes them soft and poor. When a silk has been sponged, roll it, each breadth separately, on a thick roll formed of newspapers, and cover with a thick towel. This process usually answers the purpose of pressing, if carefully performed.

I have mentioned oxgall repeatedly in this paper. The crude oxgall is to be procured at any butcher's, and is extensively used by the cleaners of woollen materials, as it effectually removes grease and oil, without injuring the material or the colour of the substance. In fact, it not only cleanses, but restores the brightness of the colour. It is a most wonderful agent in restoring and cleansing carpets also, the carpet being first well beaten and shaken, and laid down firmly and evenly again on the floor. Then it may be washed over with a solution of oxgall and water in the proportion of one-fourth of oxgall, and three-fourths of cold soft water. The gall must then be rubbed off with a clean flannel. Any particularly dirty spot should be rubbed

with pure gall. The latter should be kept in a bottle, well corked.

Very few people know how to wash flannel or woven woollens and merinos of any kind properly, and, to my mind, it is wise to have them all washed at home, by a careful person, when it is in any way practicable. The best recipe that I know is an American one. Take as much cold water as is needed for washing your flannels, and add to it either borax or ammonia, to soften it, in the proportion of one tablespoonful to a gallon of water; then make a lather with some good curd or good yellow soap, and wash the flannels in this. Rubbing of any kind, either with or without soap, is very injurious to flannels, as it mats or felts them, and they should be squeezed and rinsed up and down lightly in the lather only. Rinse in cold water, ring as dry as possible, and hang to dry with the bands or heaviest part upwards. Let them dry thoroughly, and press with a warm iron. The woven under-clothing, as a rule, is much better mangled only, not ironed, and it should on no account be stretched.

White flannels which have become yellow by use may be whitened by putting them into a solution of soap and ammonia, in the proportion of one and a half pounds of soap to two-thirds of a pound of ammonia, and fifty pounds of water.

Sateens, cambrics, zephyrs, etc., of the most delicate colours, may be washed as follows. Shave half a pound of soap into a gallon of boiling water, let it melt, and when melted turn it into a washing-tub of lukewarm water. Then stir a quart of bran into another tub of lukewarm water, and have ready a third tub with cold water. Put the dress into the first tub of lather, rub gently, and turn and twist it about in the water. Then squeeze it out, treat it in the same way in the tub of bran water; rinse in the clean tub; dry, and dip in starch, made the same as for shirts. Dry again, and then rinse in clear water; then dry again. When ready, sprinkle it for the ironing, and roll it up in the thickest cloth you can find, to be ironed. Use the irons as hot as possible, without burning the dress. On a fine sunny day several dresses may be done up in a few hours in this manner.

These pretty-coloured dresses can also be washed in potato or bran water. Potato water is made by grating four or five good-sized raw and pecled potatoes into about a gallon of warm water; and bran water by soaking a quart of bran in a gallon of water, and then straining the liquid. Wash the dresses in either of these, and rinse them in a thinner solution of it. If the colours "run," about twopennyworth of sugar of lead dissolved in the water will set them. Grey, blue, or buff linen dresses may be preserved from spotting by an ounce of black pepper dissolved in the first water in which they are washed. Holland dresses, or any articles worked in crewel-work on linen, may be washed in bran-water, lukewarm, and, after being rolled in a cloth, may be ironed with a cool iron, on the wrong side first. It is only fair to say that I have met with clever washerwomen who consider that washing crewels in a cool lather, and wringing them as absolutely dry as possible through a machine, was all that was requisite to preserve the colours, and they appeared to succeed also. To my mind, the true secret of success in keeping the colour of crewels is to scald them before working with boiling water, and to hang them up to drip dry. Good crewels do not suffer from this treatment, and there is no after disappointment.

Black and white dresses, worn in mourning, are usually great subjects of annoyance and disappointment. They wash very well, however, in bran-water, to which a couple of spoonfuls of oxgall may be added, to set the colour. The use of either bran or potato-water prevents the necessity for starching them, and they turn out quite stiff enough when ironed. The last-named process should be carried out on the wrong side, and with irons as cool as possible. A lather of plain soap and water may be also used for them, and, provided they be washed quickly and afterwards wrung out and rinsed through ox-gall and water, they do not "run." They should be starched, while wet, in raw starch mixed with cold water, a lump of borax, and a teaspoonful of turpentine. Starch made with water that has been boiled with coffee-grounds, to colour it, is sometimes useful for these black dresses, especially if there be very little white in them.

A valuable recipe for staining lace is as follows. Use coarsely-ground coffee, and boil it for an hour; strain it, and, when cold, you can mix it with water until you get the shade of colour you require, testing it by dipping a tiny bit of lace in it, and drying it quickly. When the mixture is found to be of the desired tint place the lace in it, and let it remain there for half an hour; half dry it, pull it out, and press in a book.

If you iron lace use several thick folds of flannel or an ironing-blanket upon which to iron it; or else a round iron, bought for the purpose at any ironmonger's. The flannel foundation helps to raise the dots and pattern.

The following is a list of the articles usually employed in households to set the colours of clothes. For greens and blues, alum-water, in the proportion of one ounce to a tub of cold, soft water. The blue colour of cottons is fixed by green ivy leaves, bran, and soap boiled together. One pennyworth of sugar of lead in a bucket of water is excellent to fix any colours, or black. They must be soaked several hours, then wrung out and carefully rinsed, as the sugar of lead is poison. Black cotton and thread stockings should be washed in oxgall, and then rinsed in vinegar and water. An ounce of Epsom salts in a gallon of water is also good for the same purpose. Salt is also a valuable rinse, in the proportion of a handful to three gallons of water. Ammonia is the same, but it should be borne in mind that it changes scarlets to crimson.

DORA DE BLAQUIERE.

GRANDFATHER'S LEGACY.

By HENRY FRITH.

CHAPTER II.

A RUNAWAY.

THEY had proceeded about five miles when they reached a steep bit of road, up which the animals walked, and Lily took the opportunity of questioning her companion about her cousin, Ida Temple.

"You said you would tell me how she was hurt in the war," said the little girl. "Was it a bad hurt?"

"Yes, a bullet was fired at her. She was in camp one day, having come with her mamma to see Major Temple, and she ventured down to the bank of the river, and on the opposite side the enemy were approaching, unnoticed by the Major's party. Ida saw them and started to run back, but her foot slipped, and she fell. The fall saved her, for a bullet just grazed past her arm, as it was extended before her, and cut away the skin and flesh. She bled a great deal, but as soon as she could she crawled home. The shot was heard in camp, and the rebels were defeated that night."

"She must be a very brave girl," said Lily. "Wasn't she frightened?"

"Not a bit, her father said. She had no idea of her danger then. She had real courage when she killed the panther, of which you heard."

"Yes," replied Lily; "she shot it with a gun."

By this time they had gained the summit of the rising ground, and before them lay the winding road—a perfect English highway—lined with trees; a few cottages sprinkled down near a turnpike, and beyond, rising from the trees, was the grey Norman tower of Roddesham Church. The rectory could not be distinguished, surrounded as it was by the leafy woods, but Squire Metcalfe knew every inch of the ground, and could have told you how far you had to travel beyond the turnpike, and the very spot amid the elm trees where the dining-room window of the rectory looked upon the long avenue between the old trunks and out upon the highway.

The riders gazed upon the fair and varied landscape, at the waving fields of corn, over which the shadows chased each other to the hay field, and over the hill yonder, and down again far, far away out to sea, where white sails were filled by the strong summer wind, which bore the slates and minerals down the coast, and so round all the way to London.

Below the travellers, on the road, appeared a pony-chaise coming briskly along to meet them. The pony was a spirited-looking animal, and only a girl was driving it. A boy sat behind with folded arms, enjoying the rapid pace at which the chaise rattled downhill.

"Too fast," muttered Mr. Metcalfe. "Too fast. Ha! My goodness, she'll be killed!"

As he spoke, the discordant noise of a rattle came borne down upon the wind, and at the same moment the spirited animal in the chaise darted forward in terror and galloped along the road, fortunately up the hill.

"Here, Lily, child, out of the way," exclaimed the squire, as he hurriedly dismounted and fastened his horse to the palings hard by. "Hold tight; don't scream or stir, mind, and keep your pony in hand."

Scarcely had he finished speaking when the chaise came tearing along the road, the boy hanging over the back in terror, the young lady pulling as hard as she could and "sawing" the horse's mouth, sitting steadily, her lips firmly set, her face very pale, but resolute.

"Dear me, it's Violet!" cried the squire. "Hold tight," he called out loudly, and starting to run just before the chaise reached him, he darted forward with wonderful agility for his age, and seized the frightened animal, already somewhat "blown" by his race uphill. Mr. Metcalfe was dragged for some distance, but he never let go his hold of the horse, and, assisted by the firm and steady pull which Miss Strangeways kept upon the reins, all danger had soon passed away.

The boy who had been hanging by his hands from the back seat, afraid to drop and frightened to remain seated, now plucked up

courage, and feeling the ground near him, dropped and ran to the pony's head. The animal, once stopped, became perfectly docile, and Violet Strangeways descended quickly from her seat.

"Grandpapa, is it really you? How brave of you to stop Vulcan like that! Thank you so much. I can't half tell you how grateful I am." And she kissed her relative, tears filling her eyes.

"And our little Lily, too! Why, what a brave child you are, Lily. Holding the horses like that, so quietly. You must have a 'Victoria Cross,' my dear. Are you hurt, dear grandpapa? I think you are."

"Not a bit, to speak of—not a bit. But, Violet, you are very rash to drive Vulcan alone. I saw you coming along at a great pace."

"He would go, and that wretched boy with the bird-scare frightened him. Are you coming to the rectory?"

"Yes, we intended doing so. You will come with us, perhaps. You had better turn back. Are you not alarmed?"

"Oh, dear no. It's nothing after all, for me. You were the knight-errant to come to the aid of a distressed damsel, and Lily will make a capital squire, she is so brave. Never mind me, grandpa, are you sure *you* are not hurt? Naughty Vulcan," she continued, "to run away. Now, sir, you shall go home again. Let him go, Jack, you silly boy."

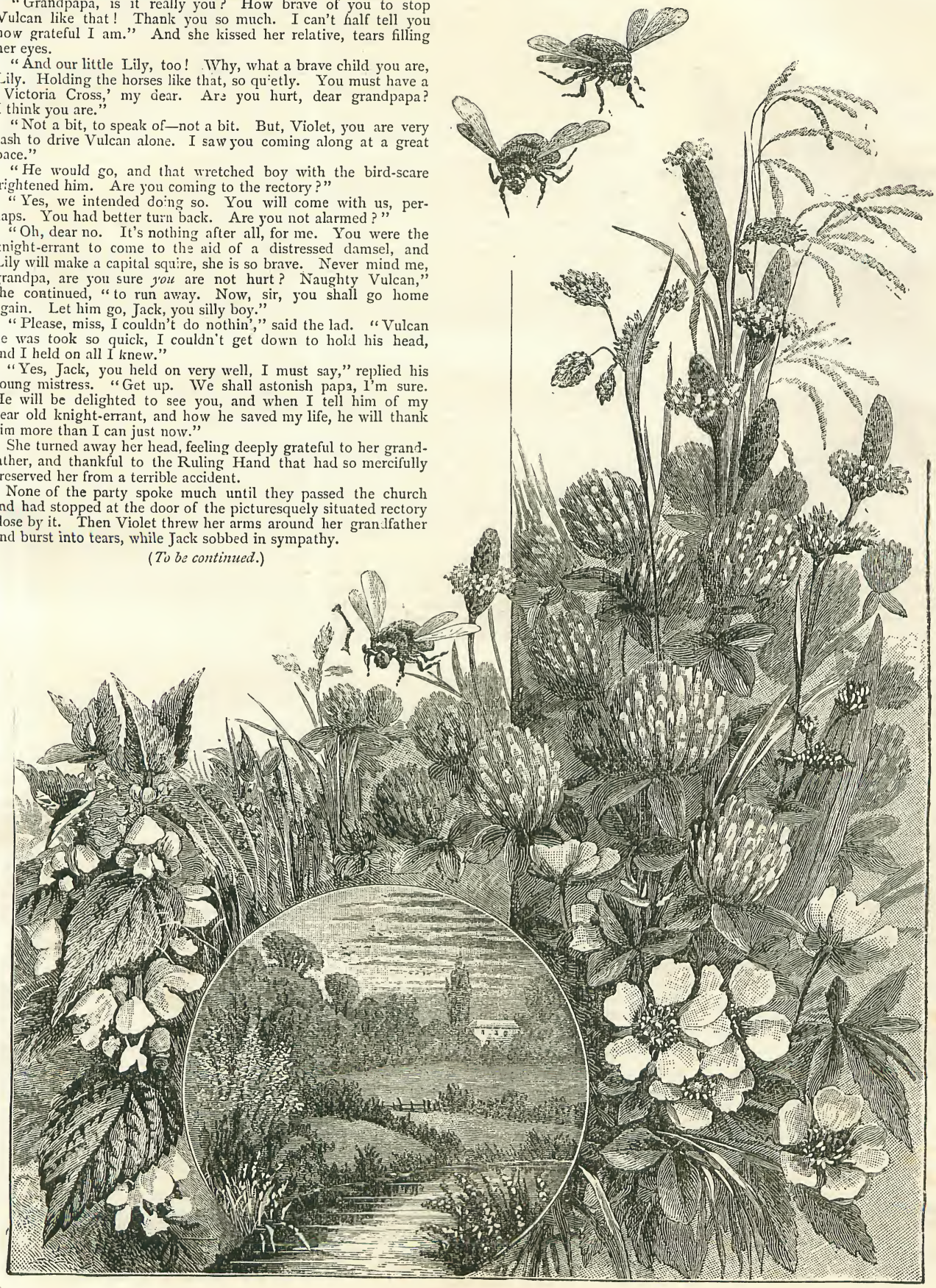
"Please, miss, I couldn't do nothin'," said the lad. "Vulcan he was took so quick, I couldn't get down to hold his head, and I held on all I knew."

"Yes, Jack, you held on very well, I must say," replied his young mistress. "Get up. We shall astonish papa, I'm sure. He will be delighted to see you, and when I tell him of my dear old knight-errant, and how he saved my life, he will thank him more than I can just now."

She turned away her head, feeling deeply grateful to her grandfather, and thankful to the Ruling Hand that had so mercifully preserved her from a terrible accident.

None of the party spoke much until they passed the church and had stopped at the door of the picturesquely situated rectory close by it. Then Violet threw her arms around her grandfather and burst into tears, while Jack sobbed in sympathy.

(*To be continued.*)



SERVANTS AND SERVICE.

By Ruth Lamb.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ONE SOURCE OF STRENGTH.

I HAVE made no attempt to define the duties of any special household department, or to suggest what share of work should fall to each servant. Details must vary a good deal, according to the number employed, and the habits and rules of each family.

My object in writing these papers has been to offer such advice to servants, and particularly to young ones, as may help them to take a higher view of their position, its trusts and responsibilities. To show them first, how great is the influence they possess, and secondly, how they may use it for good.

Such little word pictures as I have drawn, by way of illustrating my meaning, are all from real life and personal experience. I trust they may serve, either as examples or warnings to those who look on them with an understanding eye.

I have wished to show you, dear girls in service, that the very simplest household work may be performed in such a manner as not only to please your earthly employers, but to glorify your Master in Heaven.

What must you be in order to do this?

Faithful, obedient, honest and upright, true in word and deed; forbearing, kind, ready to forgive; unselfish in your dealings with your fellow servants, loving to the little ones of the household; merciful to the dumb animals which depend on human care, careful of the property committed to your keeping. Doing whatever you find to do in a large-hearted, loving spirit, so that those who see you will acknowledge that thus you are striving to adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things.

Not in great things only. To do great things is the lot of but few. It is the doing well the work belonging to our own place in the world which alone is required from us.

Remember the words used by Jesus in the parable of the talents. To the servant who had received but two, yet had turned them to the best account in his power, they were spoken, the same as to him who had received five—

"Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

I fancy I hear some young voices addressing me thus:—"You set before us a high standard; how shall we reach it? You own that we have difficulties to struggle with; that we have many things to hinder us, and so much both to learn and to unlearn. Some of us come from poor homes at first, and have had very little training to fit us for service. We have idle and careless habits to amend, self-indulgent ones to fight against.

"Many of us have been little used to think before speaking, or to fight against hasty tempers.

"Perhaps we do not think as kindly of our mistresses as we ought; but consider them more our enemies than friends, and that their object is to get as much work out of us as they can and return us as little.

"We have heard people talk of servants as domestic plagues, and the 'servants' question' is often discussed as though we had no feelings at all, or else all the bad ones.

"No doubt we often try the patience of our mistresses by our mishaps and mistakes. But if only they would not expect us who have not had half their advantages to be perfect, to begin with, we should not get disheartened and careless about pleasing as we often do. We want to do right, but——"

And the speakers pause, as travellers sometimes do at the foot of some lofty mountain, in doubt whether it will be worth their while to toil onward and upwards to the summit. Ah! the climber may not be sure whether, after all his weary steps, the view will repay him. He may reach the top and find himself wrapped in a veil of fleecy mist, through which his eyes cannot pierce, and he descends sorrowful and disappointed.

But, dear girls, those who are toiling heavenward, no matter how rough the path by which they follow Jesus, can never be disappointed. Each step made sure renders the next easier; each fault conquered makes the victory over another a something to be counted upon.

Was the path of Jesus a smooth one? Had He no cross to carry before He won the victory over sin, Satan, death, and the grave, and returned in triumph to take again the crown, eternally His own?"

What was our Master's source of strength? Was it not found in frequent prayer, in communion with God, in being armed with the Sword of the Spirit, even the revealed Word of God, and ever ready to use it?

About prayer. Again I think I hear some of you say—"We have very little time or opportunity for private prayer. We seldom have even a bedroom entirely to ourselves. At night we are often up late; we must rise before the rest of the family to prepare what is needed for their comfort. We feel too tired to rise earlier still, in order to get the time for prayer.

"During the day, if we think we will get a spare half hour, we are liable to many interruptions, and the sound of a bell may call us from our knees almost as soon as we have bent them at our Father's footstool. Much cannot be expected from us, the time we have for prayer is so short."

True, dear girls. And what a comfort to think that we can always count on being judged according to our opportunities by Him to whom all hearts are open and all desires known!

And how sweet to remember that it is not only our prayers which find utterance, but the very desires of our hearts which are known to God.

So the longing, earnest wish to be His child, and to do His will, can be read as plainly as the expressed petition can be heard by Him.

Let me ask you: Have you used all the opportunities you have had? If you have only been able to call a few moments your own, have you spent them in asking for the guidance of God's Holy Spirit, who will lead you to see your need, sinfulness, helplessness, and weakness; who will reveal to you that dear Saviour in whom your wants will be supplied, your sins pardoned, and strength given you for every good word and work?

Your hands may be busy, but you may lift up your heart in prayer. You may be working for an earthly employer, yet holding sweet communion with your Heavenly Father, God and King.

It is not a long prayer that is needed. But in asking you must want also; in coming to God you must believe in His will and His power to hear, answer, and save to the uttermost all who approach Him in the name of Jesus.

A short time since I read a little anecdote which I will write down for your benefit:

"At the battle of Edgehill, brave Lord Lindsay with his son, Lord Willoughby, headed the Royal foot-guards. Immediately before charging, he prayed aloud in these words—'O Lord, Thou knowest how busy I must be this day. If I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me.'

"Then turning to his men, he said, 'March on, boys.'"

I cannot tell you how often this little story has come into my mind since I read it, or how frequently I have repeated, from my heart, the substance of that short prayer, "If I forget Thee, O Lord, do not Thou forget me."

And though you and I are placed in very different circumstances from those in which the brave old soldier who uttered it found himself, we also must march to battle every day and hour of our lives. The world, the sinful desires of our own hearts, and the temptations of Satan, being the foes we have to face and, in God's strength and by His grace, to overcome.

We can go to the Bible for samples of short prayers, which obtained sufficient and speedy answers. "God be merciful to me a sinner," gained one with enough of comfort to send home justified the penitent publican. At the cry, "Lord save, or we perish," Jesus arose, rebuked the winds and waves and there was a great calm. "Lord remember me when Thou comest to Thy kingdom," called back the assurance from the dying Saviour to the sinner, enduring a punishment which he owned to be the just reward of his deeds, "This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise."

Short petition and what a brief reply; but enough to take away the load of guilt, the dread of coming judgment, and the sting of death itself from the thief upon the cross.

Let these examples cheer and comfort you when, amid the daily occupations of a life of service, you lament that you have so little time for prayer or quiet communion with God.

If you are in earnest in wishing for them, you will find more opportunities for both than you at first imagined to be within your reach.

I remembered being much struck with a prayer of which I can only recall a few words, but these always remain and often recur to my mind: "O God, when Thou comest to number up Thy jewels, do not forget that I cost Thee as dear as any."

Surely if we think what a price has been paid to redeem a sinner from death we shall have boldness to ask that, with His dear Son, God will also, for His sake, freely give you all other good things.

Do not be cast down, dear girls. The way is open, the invitation is for you, the welcome is certain, and none need be discouraged. Come in heart; though your hands may be busy and your feet running to and fro. Lift up your voice, or your thoughts only, in prayer

to God, though you cannot bend the knee. You will never come to the Source of Strength and be sent away without a supply, for the fountain of God's love is alike eternal and inexhaustible.

Before I finish this concluding chapter, let me suggest a few short prayers for your use. We are told "in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving," to make our requests known unto God. We can bring the little matters as well as the great things of our daily life, and these words encourage us not only to ask but to supplicate, or beg in earnest, that God will undertake for us. Also in asking for new mercies, to remember past blessings, and to thank God for them, whether spiritual or temporal ones.

When we are dressing in the morning we may say—

"O God, I thank Thee for quiet sleep and rest; for health, strength, safety, friends, food and shelter; but most of all for the gift of Thy dear Son, my Saviour."

When commencing our daily work—

"O Lord, help me to do everything as for Thee.

To take everything as from Thee.

To use all I have for Thy glory."

Through the day and when in company with others—

"Help me to act as remembering that Thou, God, seest me.

"To speak as knowing that Thou hearest every word.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God, for Thou knowest my inmost thoughts and desires."

In time of temptation—

"Help me, O God, to be true and just in all my dealings, not forgetting that for all my actions I must give an account unto Thee."

If unjustly blamed or provoked—

"O Blessed Saviour, help Thy servant to copy Thy example and to be like Thee, meek, lowly, patient under provocation, kind and ready to forgive."

If feeling helpless and ignorant—

"What I know not teach Thou me."

If disheartened at the commonness of the work we have to do—

"O my Father, if I can do but little, help me to do that little well. If I have but one talent, enable me to use it for the good of others, the welfare of my own soul, and above all for Thy Glory."

Then we should not only pray for ourselves, but as members of the family we live in, for the parents, children, our fellow-servants and absent friends.

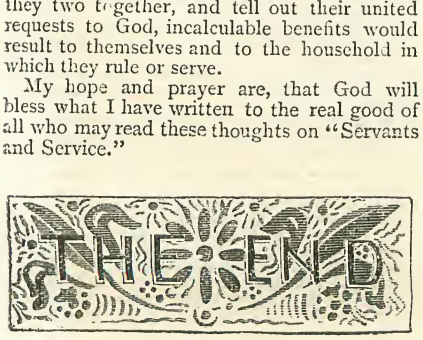
And as God's children for all His family everywhere.

However weary we may be at night, we may say these few words—

"O God, for Jesus' sake forgive all I have done wrong during this day. I thank Thee for all Thy good gifts, and pray that Thou wilt keep me and all dear to me in peace and safety, through the hours of the darkness."

As a last thought, I would suggest that if the mistress will kneel with her maid, just they two together, and tell out their united requests to God, incalculable benefits would result to themselves and to the household in which they rule or serve.

My hope and prayer are, that God will bless what I have written to the real good of all who may read these thoughts on "Servants and Service."



ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

ONE WHO IS VERY IGNORANT.—The letter "h" is "silent" in the words heir, heiress, honesty, honourable, hostler, hour, and humour. It is pronounced both in hospital and humble. Christmas Day, 1856, was a Thursday.

LUNAR.—We think you would find the "Midnight Sky," with 32 star maps, very useful to you, published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., at 7s. 6d.

PUZZLEHEAD.—You would see by the clocks in Cheapside, at Sir John Bennett's, what time it is at the various places in the world.

KATHLEEN.—We believe that women are employed in the post-offices in America, but we could not say what influence you would require to obtain such a situation.

ROSY CHEEKS.—The Island of New Leinster is one of the three islands of New Zealand. It is now called Stewart Island, and was also called the Southern Island. It is divided from the middle island by Foveaux Strait, and is the size of a moderate-sized English county. The Giant's Peak, or "Da-la," is in Bhotan; it is 22,495 feet high.

GIRO A. CURILLO.—We should think you would find Milner's geography very useful to you for your purpose. For information respecting Girton College, write to the Secretary, Mrs. C. Robertson, 31, Kensington Park Gardens, S.W.

M. E., DE WARRENNE, and M. DART.—We do not know whether the correspondence classes of Miss Roberts, Florence Villas, Torquay, would suit you, but you might write and inquire, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope.

PATIENCE.—There are no such examinations that we know of, but you could obtain the same standard by joining a correspondence class.

AN ANXIOUS ENQUIRER, E. O. F. C., FIRENZE, and Others.—For the Civil Service Examination, write to the office in Cannon-row for particulars and papers. For the Oxford Examinations, write to G. E. Baker, Esq., Magdalen College, Oxford.

MONTAGUE.—An inquiry addressed to Miss Chreiman, 69, Petherton-road, N., would perhaps bring you the information you need on gymnastic exercises.

QUIQUI.—Education is properly to draw forth, and implies not so much the communication of knowledge as the discipline of the intellect, the establishment of the principles, and the regulation of the heart. Instruction is that part of education which furnishes the mind with knowledge. Teaching means the same, but is a more familiar term.

BIRDIE.—You could not qualify yourself to be "a teacher" in any branch of learning as a merely self-taught person, unable either to go to school for a proper training or to have masters. In these days of "higher education" you could not compete for situations with certificated women. However long you may practise the piano daily, if not under efficient direction, we do not think you could make your bread by it. See "Earning One's Living," page 74, vol. i.

WHITE LILAC.—"How to Improve One's Education" appeared in the numbers for July 2nd and September 10th, 1881.

TORFRIDA will find advice in the articles just above-named. It is not according to our rules to advertise publications that are not our own. There are French persons residing in London, who may be heard of by application to the French Protestant Pastor, or at foreign libraries in town, who would gladly give an hour or two of an evening for conversing in French, for a small remuneration. We have engaged a German master in the same way (and given him tea with ourselves), for the benefit of conversational German.

MARY ANNE.—Write to A. T. Norton, Esq., F.R.C.S., Dean of the London School of Medicine for Women, for all information, 30, Henrietta-street, Brunswick-square, W.C. There is a four years' course of study, and winter and summer sessions.

LAVINIE.—We think you will find it wiser to have the child changed into another class; she will probably do better with someone else. We do not think punishment would answer. We are glad to hear you find THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER so useful to yourself and your sister.

BLUE CORNFLOWERS.—We think a correspondence class would assist you to work at home for the examination. Write and explain your wants and wishes to Miss Roberts, Florence Villas, Torquay, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope for a reply.

CHARLTON.—At the Royal Infirmary, in Edinburgh, probationers serve as assistant nurses, and receive £10 the first year, with uniform, and 2s. allowance weekly for washing. They are only required to serve one year after training, and in this they receive £20. At Leicester, Nurses' Home, 8, Napier-terrace, nurses (over twenty-three years of age preferred) are trained, and receive £12 as their first year's wages, and £18 for the second and third years. At Winchester, the Royal Hants Infirmary trains nurses of between twenty-three and thirty years of age for one year without wages, and then pays them £20 yearly for two years, after which the salary still rises. At Liverpool, Manchester, and Cambridge fees for training are required.

WORK.

AUNT MOPSY.—Perhaps you are knitting one stitch too many at the beginning of the pattern. You will find the "Home Naturalist," by Harland Coultas, published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., an excellent book.

WHITE PANSY.—The article on "Swiss Darning" appeared in vol. i., page 314.

LAVINIA.—See "Sock and Stocking Knitting," page 157, vol. ii.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—Patterns for a knitted petticoat appeared at page 41, vol. ii.; a crochet petticoat at page 93, vol. ii.

WINKS.—The centre is of fine diaper, hemmed very neatly. The netted portion is sewn on afterwards, and is a round netted border of about four rounds of plain netting.

ANTIQUE LACE.—A great number of stitches are used in point lace, some of which have several names. You can procure all the materials from any good fancy shop. The cord is called "cordonnet." You would have to select a pattern and then purchase what you wanted to work it.

PRIMROSE.—The enclosed pattern is a kind of "coral stitch," but should not be worked in groups, but in sprays, the stitches being separated. Pronounce "Cochrane" as "cock-ran;" "Soult" as "soolt;" "coup-d'état" as "coo-day-tah"; "Quixote" as "quick-sot;" "Jena" as "yea-na;" and "allies" as "a-lies." The final "e" is mute in "Saxe."

RIP VAN WINKLE, VERA, and M. M——H.—Hammocks should be made with mattress twine, with a round mesh 3 inches in circumference, and a long thin wooden needle, made for netting up twine, and with notched, not scalloped, ends. Work with a "fisherman's knot" upon the foundation loop. Net 30 loops, and then work 60 rows. Run a stout cord through the foundation row, and attach hooks to these, with which to suspend the hammock. Draw the edges of each side slightly together by running a coloured cord up them, and fasten them with that to the top and bottom of the hammock. Slip a notch bar, 27 inches in length and 1 inch in width, across the upper and lower ends of the hammock when in use.

HELIOTROPE.—You will find plenty of suggestions for fancy work articles if you refer to our instructions under the title, "My Work Basket." At the same time, if you have no drawing-room, we scarcely think that you will need many. Chair-backs, mantel-board hangings, and the same for brackets, might be employed in a breakfast-room; also embroidered cushions, stools, or screens, both standing, and hand-screens.

AUNT SALLY.—We should make up the blue silk with a petticoat of striped silk, which should be "shot" also. The overskirt and bodice should be of the plain silk, with a waistcoat and cuffs of the striped material. You might use velveteen in the same manner, if you wished; but we think you would find the effect dark and heavy. Lemon juice and common salt are used to take the stains from engravings and prints. The salt, finely powdered, is placed on the spots, and lemon juice is then squeezed over it; lastly, boiling water is poured on to clean the mixture off, and the engraving is laid flatly on a board to dry—not in the sun nor by a fire. In the present day we notice that the spots are generally left alone, and prints and engravings are framed with them, as they serve to date and attest their genuine character.

VILLAGE.—We know only of the Dressmaking Class, held on Saturdays, from 5 to 7 p.m., at the Birkbeck Institution, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane, W.C., which is open to the objection of there being too few lessons in the week for learning quickly.

HERMIONE.—To work knot-stitch, bring the needle from the wrong side of the material through into the spot where the knot is to be formed; return it to the back, and bring it through again, only taking up a few threads of the material. Then wind the cotton twice round the point of the needle, and keep the cotton tight. Draw out the needle, and return it to the back at the spot where it was first inserted, drawing up the two threads that were wound round the working thread tightly, so that they may stand up in relief upon the material. Then proceed to bring up the needle where the next knot is to be formed, and repeat the same process. An oatmeal-cloth dress should be trimmed with lace to suit the colour of the material.

COOKERY.

GOOSEBERRY.—For any description of fruit, you will find that the directions given at page 399, vol. i., relative to home-made rhubarb wine, will be available. See also a shorter recipe at page 615, under "Useful Hints."

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—See our recipe for crystallised fruit, page 92, vol. iii. Citrons do not grow in this country, so that you must be content to buy what you want—and lemons and oranges preserved in the same way—at a small cost.

TWIG.—There are various ways, all "correct," of serving cheese. Parmesan and some others are grated, and placed in a compartment of a dish composed of three parts. Other kinds of cheese may be cut in small pieces and served in the same way, to be handed round by the servant. A round cheese, having the top cut off and laid upon it like a lid,

may be placed at the foot of the table, to be served with a proper silver scoop. In this case a napkin should be pinned closely round it, reaching just up to the top of the walls of the cheese, under the lid. There are many other fancy ways of serving cheese, such as *Fromage fondu*, or "Welsh rabbit," and cheese biscuits in different forms, both inside casings of white paper, and otherwise. January 1st, 1865, was a Sunday.

WILD ROSE.—"Swiss toast" is made by soaking thick slices of crumbs of bread in milk, and then raising them with a broad knife, or flat fish-slice, and placing them in a frying pan to fry in butter. When of a pale brown, fresh stewed fruit (currants and raspberries, strawberries, or any of the small fruit) should be laid evenly over each square of the toast. If made at seasons when there is no fresh fruit, preserved fruit will serve as a substitute. We do not know the article you mention under the name you give.

ANNIE E.—1. By paring lemon-peel very finely, and pounding it into a paste with a little sugar and some of its own juice, you may mingle it amongst the other ingredients of the pudding so as to give a satisfactory flavour. To make essence of lemon-peel, add one drachm of oil of lemons to two ounces of strong rectified spirit, gradually. A few drops of this will give the flavour of the rind to blanc-mange, jelly, puddings, etc. Essence of cinnamon is made by adding one drachm of oil of cinnamon to two ounces of rectified spirit. 2. Short paste is made thus:—Rub half a pound of butter into one pound of dried flour, and add a teaspoonful of finely powdered sugar. Mix the paste smoothly with water, and give it "three turns"—that is to say, roll it out three times. Your writing is legible, and very fairly good.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PIEBALD.—We never heard of the tree to which you refer. We do not give addresses.

ARIEL.—Napoleon I. and III. have always been favourite subjects for all kinds of anagrams, etc., and we believe the word forms the "number of the beast" in the Apocalypse. Your sister probably eats too late; at least two hours should elapse before she goes to bed, or else her brain is being over-worked.

MARIE JESSIE.—You had better find out such a society by inquiring in your own neighbourhood.

PICCIOLA.—Send the hat to a dyer's. Keep your boots and shoes in an ottoman box covered with cretonne, which can be used also as a seat.

SILVERY BELL.—The "Sands of Dee" is a poem by Charles Kingsley, in "Alton Locke." In publishing a translation you would give the name of the author, and obtain permission from the owner of the copyright.

A SCOTCH LASSIE.—The 7th September, 1866, was a Friday, and the 22nd September, 1866, was a Saturday.

EXCELSIOR.—The 11th of May, 1866, was a Friday. Go to the nearest bookbinder and inquire. The covers, plates, and index may be obtained at the office, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

ALICE MCRAE.—Many thanks for your note. We have enjoyed our visits to the Fisheries Exhibition very much.

GUERNSEY.—Go to a doctor and have them touched by him with acid. The inside of the broad bean pod is also said to remove them.

D. E. (Eastbourne).—We thank you for kindly recommending the coffee-pot you have tried, but we are unable to advertise it.

UNHAPPY JEANIE.—In the highest circles of society a lady does not rise, but many such rules do not apply beyond them. We feel sorry for you, but time only will prove whether he be worth your regret or continued affection. You should take more pains with your writing and learn to spell better, as your letter is very full of mistakes.

MAY M.—You cannot cure crooked legs. The foot you describe appears to be what is called a "club-foot." At all events you should wear no heels to your shoes and boots. We fear that nothing could now be done to improve the shape, but you might obtain advice on a personal inspection at the Orthopedic Hospital in Great Portland-street, W. Do not spell knock-kneed, "knockneed."

SALLY THORNTON'S kind letter is acknowledged with our best thanks.

PATTIE.—You do not say where you reside, but we can only tell you that in the United Kingdom you will pay a postage of from three-halfpence up to twopence for each monthly number, according to weight. Address all such inquiries to Mr. Tarn, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., as the Editor has nothing to do with the sale department.

LEY FERN.—There would be no violation of literary etiquette whatever. You are at liberty to offer your book to any publisher. The question of "appearing ungrateful" is a purely personal one. We do not know the circumstances of the case sufficiently to decide the point for you.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—The cholera appeared last in England in April, 1866, and was declared extinct in December of the same year. Try santonina; the chemist *will tell* you the smallest doses for a child, which would answer your purpose.

F. E. G. WARD.—We do not pretend to answer letters "in a week." We should advise you to have the recipe made up by a chemist.

PRIMROSE.—The hair is often affected by the state of the health. If you are well, however, that is not the cause, and you might try Dr. Erasmus Wilson's hair wash, which any chemist would make up.

GRACE.—Your quotation of the "Yellow primrose" is from Wordsworth's poem, "Peter Bell."

KNATANIWHA.—We saw the assertion about the Strasburgh clock in the *Graphic*, but the fact itself is said to be impossible by the best authorities.

ADA HARVEY.—We believe you ought to have been confirmed first. You had better consult the clergyman of your parish.

A BOGNOR GIRL.—We were much gratified by the kind messages of your father, mother, and sister, and we could not feel too thankful to know that our paper, as you tell us, has "led you to give yourself to Christ." It is also encouraging to hear that the articles on dressmaking and the cookery recipes have proved of so much service to you. Accept, with your family, of our best wishes.

GOLDENFLAKE.—The peculiar spot on your nose should be shown to a doctor. We could not prescribe for it, not knowing what it is. Exposure to the sun will produce raised excrescences on some skins. See our index to vol. ii., where there is a reference to "Moles."

K. C. L.—Kindly bear in mind what we have so often repeated, that we do not undertake to tell anyone where they are to dispose of any articles they desire to sell. We are not advertising agents. Our readers must make the best use they can of any information we give them. Wherever you see old coins in a shop window, go in and show your own. We cannot advise you further.

EILY CLIFFORD.—The book to which you refer was brought out privately, and is a most unorthodox work, which we advise you on no account to read. It is most unchristian.

MONT CERVIN.—Mr. Hadow and Mr. Hudson were buried in the churchyard at Zermatt after the accident on the Matterhorn, in 1865. We do not think the body of Lord Francis Douglas was found. You should read Mr. Whymper's book; it contains a picture of the two crosses seen in the air immediately after the accident.

SCHOLAR.—"Luftkurorte" means "air-cure places." We suppose you have heard it applied to places like Davos Platz, in Switzerland.

ELISE.—The lines you quote are by Charles Kingsley. They will be found in his Life.

COLLEGIA.—We have laughed over your idea about Robina Crusoe and the comb. The artist is responsible for the flowing hair, and we think she probably found a comb somewhere—in a shop on the island perhaps! Perhaps if you are thrown on a desert island you, when you return to England, will let us know what you did. The covers and plates are all for sale at the office, 56, Paternoster-row, E.C.

BROOK IRIS.—We read your verses with interest, and liked the spirit in which they were written; but you should count the feet of each line, and make those intended to pair together match in length and beat. Your letter was a nice and gracious one, and we thank you.

MOLLIE H.—St. Alban was our first British martyr, who was beheaded during the persecutions under Diocletian, the tyrant who endeavoured to exterminate Christianity. He sheltered Amphibalus, the priest who had converted him, and when unable to hide him any longer, he changed clothes with him and enabled him to escape, and on this account he was arraigned and condemned. He was martyred at Verulam, in Mercia, and the name of the town was changed to St. Alban's in memory of him.

MOLLIE'S COUSIN.—Whether the cutting of the isthmus of Panama will affect the climate of England in any degree is a question recently mooted. We do not imagine that it will be influenced by such a measure.

E. L.—We acknowledge your nice grateful letter with our sincere good wishes and thanks.

A TROUBLED ONE.—You are out of health, and your back needs much attention. Lie down for an hour daily, as flat as possible, and have your back sponged with a solution of sea-salt (Tidman's) every morning, cold, and well rubbed to dry it. You should only take very moderate exercise; you need a tonic. If you do not like to speak to your mother about it, do so to your aunt.

SNOWDROP and BELLA DONNA.—The initials *J.H.S.* stand for the Latin words, *Jesus, Hominum Salvator*, meaning "Jesus, of men, the Saviour." These initials were originally intended as an abbreviation of the Greek name synonymous with that of "Jesus." This circumstance was forgotten, and a confusion having been made between the Greek and the Latin letters, the three letters, "*J.H.S.*," were supposed to represent three distinct words, of which they formed the initials. We have answered this question before, and when this is the case we do not always give up space for such duplicated queries.

SNOWDROP.—It takes from thirty-eight to forty days for letters to reach Australia from England.

EVA.—Give your canary rape and canary seed, a piece of white sugar upon which to sharpen his beak, some groundsel and ripe plantain seed in turns, and some fine gravel, besides plenty of fresh water to drink, and also for a bath. Dry the cage well, and put in fresh sand after he has taken his bath.

TROTIE and JESSIE.—We thank you for showing us your nice little verses, but they are not quite suitable for THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER. Some day we think you will compose much better, when you are about fifteen or twenty years older. May you "enter the golden gate" later on, as you both so much desire!

ROSE.—A distinction is made between the sacred and the profane. We use the latter word merely in contradistinction to the former, instead of saying "The things pertaining to the world." In Scripture, or in prayer or hymns, we say "My" fully; in addressing a peer or a civil judge, we clip the letter "y," and say "M' lord," or "Me lord." We do not admire your writing; the heavy dashes are objectionable. Try to write a pretty "running hand," not disjointed.

A YORKSHIRE P. T.—We advise you to rest from teaching on Sundays, as your health is not good, and you have to earn your living in so doing all the week. Your parents are right; do as they wish. But we do not know how you can teach, not being acquainted with the common rules of grammar. You say "at" for "on;" and "I got broke off;" and "this, and composition *is*," instead of "are;" and "I saw that they *was*," instead of "they were." Try to write a good round hand.

MARGUERITE.—We are not advertising agents. Get a London Directory (at any library they would allow you to look out an address), and you will find india-rubber and mackintosh shops where chest expanders may be procured.

ZOPHEE.—Cramp, whenever experienced, needs internal medical treatment, as it is an evidence of acidity in the system. If you cannot procure a doctor's advice gratis—although multitudes give an hour or two on certain days, if not daily, free to those in poor circumstances—go to any respectable chemist, and ask him to give you some anti-acid mixture, such as bicarbonate of potash or magnesia, telling him that it is on account of cramp. Should this, and attention to your diet and avoidance of sweet things, prove of no service, you should endeavour to obtain a medical opinion.

CLYTIE.—January 1st, 1861, was a Tuesday. We thank you for telling us of the Half-hour Practising Society, which gives prizes in money. Hon. secretary, Miss Rass, Stafford House, Finchley-road, South Hampstead, N.W. Prove the statement first, and then endeavour to find out the solution of the difficulty.

DONNA INEZ writes to say that the Arabic puzzle on page 523, in the June number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER, is a translation of an inscription found amongst the ruins of Persepolis, in Persia. The name you quote appears to be a compound of Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon, and, if real, seems that of a man.

SARAH.—Your suggestion might answer well in large families, where necessaries in the toilet and dress departments need the first consideration. But presents lose much of their charm when no longer surprises, and to select your own must be trying to delicate feelings. The idea of making the family reunion at Christmas the time for commemorating all the birthdays is, however, not a bad one.

ROSEBUD.—We like the spirit that is apparent in your letter and breathes through your little poems, and trust your hopes may grow brighter and brighter, and may be some day realised far above all your most sanguine expectations.

LOUISE.—We have only found one half of your letter, which fortunately contains your name and some questions. The 9th November, 1861, was a Saturday; the 20th November, 1863, was a Friday; the 27th November, 1867, was a Wednesday.

P. FERGUSON.—We feel sincerely for you, and grieve to tell you that you would derive no comfort from ascertaining the name of your parents, as they have reasons for disowning you which they have bound over your nurse to keep from you. They probably pay her a salary for adopting you, and she is in honour bound to keep their secret.

SNOWDROP.—Dec. 6th, 1866, was a Thursday. Use oatmeal water for your face.

OUR LITTLE GERTS.—Your writing slopes the wrong way.

A GENERAL SERVANT.—Many thanks for your letter. You will find the question answered in the correspondence.

DEVONIENSIS.—The contributions, if not suitable, would be returned to you.

WHITE FLOX.—Tell your parents. You have no business to keep the matter a secret from them.

PEACH BLOSSOM.—Wash the lace, and dip it in coffee, to give it a colour. The 7th September, 1864, was a Wednesday.

JOAN.—Reading aloud, and speaking very slowly and thoughtfully, are both recommended for the cure of stammering.

EXCELSIOR.—The 21st October, 1868, was a Wednesday. Wash the rug in a warm soap lather, and shake till dry.

N. E. A.—The most graceful tricycling dress that we have seen was made like a riding habit, and had riding trousers beneath it (which, however, did not show), all made of fine blue serge, braided with black braid.

RIBES.—We have seen the poem many times in print, but without the author's name.

A. E. G. H.—We should advise you to take legal advice on the subject. We could not say anything on so grave a point as re-marriage.

MYRA H.—Take the velvet off the hat, and steam it on the wrong side over boiling water. The crewel-work brackets might be worked on serge or fine diagonal.

VOL. IV.—NO. 194. SEPTEMBER 15, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

GRANDFATHER'S LEGACY.

By HENRY FRITH.

CHAPTER III.

A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

THE rector was not at that moment at home, but the servant knew where to find him. Meantime, Mr. Metcalfe, preceded by Violet and followed by Lily, entered the study, where some tea was brought to them.

Violet remarked, with considerable uneasiness, that the squire ate nothing, and appeared ill at ease. Occasionally a spasmodic twitch crossed his features, and his eldest grand-daughter was certain he had received some injury. She was quick and decided, accustomed to sick people, and a very excellent nurse. She soon make up her mind,

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"LILY CROUCHED DOWN."

and, leaving the room, told the housekeeper, who had lived with the rector's family from her childhood, to prepare a room for the squire, who was evidently suffering.

Violet Strangeways was the daughter of the Reverend Jocelyn Strangeways, who had early in life married Mr. Metcalfe's younger daughter. The elder one wedded Major Temple, and had lived for years in the "States." It happened, curiously enough, that the grandchildren were all in the neighbourhood, Ida being accidentally in England, and stopping with the squire during her father's absence in London.

The rector's daughter was very pretty. Observed carefully, her features could not be considered handsome, but she had bright intelligent eyes, a rather large mouth well-furnished with even white teeth, brown hair, and generally a good-tempered expression. She was sixteen years old, well formed, and promised to be tall. Her hands and feet were neither small nor delicate, but she walked well, held herself erect, and could play cricket and croquet, or pull an oar upon the neighbouring river with as much skill as many a young man. She was, moreover, an indefatigable visitor amongst the poor, taught in the Sunday-schools, and was not adverse to any rational amusement that came in the way. With all these accomplishments, she was quite unaffected and unselfish, ready to help anyone or relinquish any pleasure to gratify others. She was called an heiress also, for the rector had ample means, though he spent money freely in the parish and in the house, and was a liberal subscriber to several county institutions; he had only two children, and all the income of his benefice was expended amongst his parishioners and in the neighbourhood.

Violet, if placed beside her cousins, Ida and Lily, would have suffered by the comparison in the estimation of a casual observer. But there was a sweetness of disposition about her, and a reserve of spiritual beauty, which raised her entirely above most girls. It still remained to be seen how the younger girls would turn out. Violet promised to be a "beauty."

Lily kept chattering to her grandfather, and did not appear to notice his evasive replies and disturbed manner until the rector, coming in suddenly, exclaimed—

"Why, my dear squire, what's the matter? Are you ill? Has anything happened? Here, Sarah Foster—some wine, quick! Dear me, you must remain here. Violet, my dear, tell them to get the bedroom ready—your grandfather is ill!"

Violet replied quietly that she had already given directions to have the "blue" room (as it was called) prepared. And then, while the squire sipped his wine, she sent Sarah for the village doctor.

When Mr. Metcalfe at length consented to go upstairs, and move from the sofa, he found himself almost unable to stand. The pain was so intense that he nearly cried out, and when Mr. Drencher arrived he discovered that a serious internal injury had resulted from Mr. Metcalfe's exertions in securing the pony, and an unconfessed kick which he had received while holding him in the road.

The symptoms were serious, and the distress of the rector and his daughter may be imagined. Lily was almost inconsolable in her grief, and it was with considerable difficulty that she could be persuaded to return with the rector, who drove back to the "Chase," as Mr. Metcalfe's house was called.

The arrival of Mr. Strangeways at Lily's home without her grandfather caused great commotion; but when the cause of his absence was known, Mr. Metcalfe at once decided to go back to the rectory, while Ida was persuaded to remain with Lily. Mark Strangeways and Arthur were also at the "Chase," so it was decided that Mr. Metcalfe should look after them while his wife attended, with Violet's assistance, upon "poor grandpapa."

The young people, apprehending no danger, amused themselves very well. Ida and Mark Strangeways struck up quite a friendship, and endeavoured to conquer Lily and Arthur at croquet and archery; but in this they were unsuccessful. Ida then turned her attention to Arthur Metcalfe, and with his assistance managed to beat Lily and Mark at the butts. This success annoyed Lily, who upbraided her brother, and things did not look very pleasant that morning.

"Let's go for a row," suggested Mark. "Or, stay, let us take the boat to Roddesham by the canal and river, and see how grandpapa is."

This suggestion was made after three days had passed, and the squire was in a precarious condition.

"All right," said Arthur. "We'll row the girls. They don't know much about boating, I expect."

"You expect wrongly then," replied Ida, calmly. "I can row or paddle better than any British boy, I guess."

"Guess again, Yankee Doodle," retorted Arthur, rudely. "Do you think no one can row in England?"

"Arthur, how rude you are!" said Mark and Lily, simultaneously. "Ida can row, I'm sure."

"All right, Ida!" exclaimed Arthur, with an attempt at an apology. "I'm sorry I offended you then. Come along and get the boat out, and then we'll decide the question. What fun it will be!"

"Capital," assented Ida, who, although so self-possessed and quiet in her manner, enjoyed an adventure as much as any boy. "We shall have a real nice time on the water. There are no rapids I suppose on your rivers?"

"Rapids? Cataracts do you mean?" inquired Mark, as he handed his cousins into the boat. "No, nothing more than the mill weir, and we don't go near that. We cut into the canal at the lower lock."

They were soon ready, and, pushing off, Mark and Arthur pulled steadily along. Lily was steering, but she parted with the lines to Ida after a time, for the young American girl more than once made a suggestion which piqued her British cousin.

"Then you had better take the ropes yourself, as you know all about it," Lily had said, pettishly. "I am sure I don't want to steer at all. Here they are. Mind the shallows in the middle."

"That is not a shallow. It's only an eddy," replied Ida, as she guided the skiff directly over the spot indicated. "There's the shoal," she added, pointing to the sparkling water which ran swiftly over the stones."

Lily was silenced, but angry. Accustomed to have her own way unquestioned by all save her brother, she felt her jealousy of her cousin again arising in her breast. Still, she was obliged to confess that Ida's experience was useful and had saved them inconvenience.

"Hot, isn't it?" remarked Arthur after a good half hour's pull. "Feel warm, girls?"

"Rather," remarked Lily. "At least I do, I cannot answer for Ida," she added.

"You may," replied her cousin, "I'm just baked as dry as a clam. You've no clams in this country, I suppose?"

"I guess not," replied Arthur, "clams are shell fish, are they not?"

"Yes," replied Ida. "Capital things to eat anyway. But it is hot here, I must say, and no sun either."

"Sultry weather just now," said Mark. "Very likely a storm is coming, it looks thundery."

"Oh dear, I do dislike thunder, it's so very dangerous," remarked Lily, with a terrified glance round.

"Thunder doesn't hurt you much," replied practical Ida; "the lightning is the worst part, and if you had seen it flashing about as I have, and striking the ground within a few yards of the house, you wouldn't say thunder was of much account beside it."

At that very moment a distant peal growled over the hills on the right, and Lily exclaimed:

"Oh, do pull away, and get to the mill. The storm is coming. Pull, Arthur, pray pull!"

"There's nothing to be afraid of," said her brother; "wait till we see the flash, and then we can count how far the cloud is. Go ahead, Mark, we may as well get on all the same."

The lads had pulled about a mile when a sudden flash right in front called forth a piteous appeal from Lily, and they made way manfully, for the mill was not far off; the prospect of shelter animated them.

But the storm gathered fast overhead, and the peals followed the flashes in quick succession. The rain came down in torrents and wetted them to the skin. Lily crouched down hiding her face upon Ida's knees. The boys pulled harder and harder round the bend of the stream, while Ida gazed fearlessly forward, never flinching nor quailing as the dazzling lightning hissed through the rain and broke into forked tongues of fire as in blue and violet and red flashes it leaped from cloud to cloud.

"Here's the mill," she said. "Right or left, which is the way?"

"Right," gasped Arthur; "straight on, there. Dear me! that was a pacer," he said, as a terrible flash darted across the river, and a fearful rattling peal overhead told how near the electric fluid was.

A few strokes more, the boys pulling very evenly, brought the boat, without any assistance from Ida, near the little landing place by the lock. Arthur turned his head and noticed that Ida was steering wrong.

"Pull your right hand Ida, or we shall be over the weir. How stupid you are, can't you see where you're going?" said the rough lad.

The answer he received quite cured him of his rudeness.

"*No I can't*," replied Lina, quietly as ever. "I am blinded; that last flash put my eyes out, I think!"

(*To be continued.*)

Y. W. C. A.

By the Hon. EMILY KINNAIRD.

Y. W. C. A. What do these four letters mean? We wish all the readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to understand them. Perhaps you think they mean very little, and it may be so to you. But if you will read on a little way, you will begin to understand "Y. W. C. A."

Let us change their order, beginning with the last of the four.

A.: *Association, friendship.*—Which of us does not know the pleasure of having a friend—and a good one too? Which of us does not know how good it is to be associated in business or amusement with pleasant companions?

C.: *Christian.*—What a grand word! It is the motto of this Association, because we know it is the happiest and best thing in life to be a Christian. For what is it but following in the steps of Jesus Christ, the best and truest Man that ever lived; manly and noble, a perfect Man, yet loving and tender as a woman? What can we do better than ask all to "follow Him?"

Y.: *Young.*—Everyone who reads this will be young, with life and all its great possibilities before her. Ready to enjoy life; forgetful too often of the temptations and sorrows which

are sure to come sooner or later, and which have come on so many in our great London, even though they are young. But we want life to be happy, and do not so much wish to prophesy evil, as to ensure constant happiness and joy. We want to lead all to the true joy of a new, young life, which will continually "renew its strength"—life in Christ, which will never grow old.

W.: This is our last letter. I daresay you will have guessed it. If not, here it is—*Women*. We girls are all turning unto women. Let all try to be worthy of the name, and belong to the band of noble women who have done so much for the good of the world.

Now we have it all—*Young Women's Christian Association*.

Have you ever thought what thousands of girls come to this great London of ours, and have neither friends nor Christian helps? They leave happy country homes and a loving mother's care to plunge into this busy, busy city. These letters, Y. W. C. A., speak to them; they promise what they want, for they tell of *acts* of friendship as well as words.

First, there is a large band of ladies—"working associates"—who undertake to do all they can to help their sisters who are engaged in business, domestic service, or factories. They hold weekly Bible-classes (there are some hundreds in London); they receive the names of members, advise them as to good lodgings, registries, etc. They have libraries (from twenty to thirty are in circulation) for lending interesting books; they have branches of a benefit society for times of sickness, a total abstinence society, etc.

Secondly, we have twenty-six institutes and homes, at each of which you will find a superintendent, to whom you may write or go at any time in the day. Let us visit some of these and see what is doing. We will visit a different institute every night for a week.

Monday.—We will go to-night to the City Branch, Finsbury Institute, 31, Finsbury-square, between seven and eight o'clock. The doors will be open, the fire lit, the gas burning, all ready for the busy city toilers as they turn out of the large warehouses to turn in and rest. In comes a girl who has got away a little earlier from business to have her music lesson before the piano is otherwise occupied, for it will be in great requisition to-night. This music comes in very useful; at social gatherings our young friends can sing and play to each other, and at the Sunday and week-day Bible-class they can help in leading the praise which continually goes up to a loving Father's ear. By half-past eight they are busy at work—reading, writing, and arithmetic classes are going on around us. In another room we shall find those who do not want to learn, but to rest. Miss Baldwin, the superintendent, is in and out amongst them. Each one tries to have a word with her; many want to ask her advice in some difficulty they have met with during the day. Here is one out of work. Miss Baldwin writes for her to some manager, who, on hearing she is a Y. W. C. A. member, says "that is in itself a recommendation; I can help you." Ten o'clock comes round too soon, and all is quiet again till to-morrow evening.

Tuesday.—This evening we will go over the water to the newly-opened Rochester Institute, 211, Walworth-road. The Bishop of Rochester opened these rooms last summer, and already they are in full work. The shops in South London close very late. From nine till eleven at night is the only time that multitudes of young people have to enjoy such change of air, exercise, and company as the crowded streets afford. But many are tired after a day's standing, and do not care to walk. Many have only a lonely lodging, or an uncomfortable, crowded home. With what real appreciation such can turn into a cosy, airy room with bright pictures, a piano, and young friends to welcome them. We find them this evening. Some in the club room, writing letters or studying. In the larger room groups of young people are engaged in fancy work or drawing, and someone is singing to them. All is social and homelike. "The nights I spend at the institute are like heaven on earth!" has been exclaimed by some of the members.

Wednesday.—We will go to-night to another busy centre of this city's industry, the Percy Institute, 18, Percy-circus, W.C. Thousands of young people pass up and down the crowded thoroughfares of this neighbourhood between King's Cross and the Angel, Islington. This institute has only been open nine months, mainly at the request of the Rev. A. Stubbs, rector of Pentonville. But we must stop to hear how God Himself led the way. Some members of a Y. W. C. A. Prayer Union Branch had long wished to have an institute here, and prayed much for it. One day, after another house had been nearly taken, one of the members came to the secretary, Miss Malden, and said, "Do you know the house we have prayed for is to be let?" Inquiries were at once made, all proved satisfactory, the house was taken, and Percy Institute was opened. Wednesday is Bible-class night. We meet them hurrying in, not to miss the happy hour of Miss Malden's teaching; and as we talk with them afterwards, they tell us how they love coming to the institute. "I thank God I ever came," "I am always happy now." And sometimes their friends will come to the superintendent with the question, "Can you tell me what makes my sister so happy now? I should like to be like her." The answer is gladly given, "You can be. Everyone can be, for the same Saviour loves you, died to save you, and the Holy Spirit can shed abroad His love, joy, and peace in your heart." Thus these institutes become centres of happiness.

Thursday.—We have been north, south, and east; let us wend our way westwards to-night, and turn into Apsley House, 22, High-street, Notting Hill. We find a working-party going on; the young people who come here are many of them very clever with their fingers. How easily they seem to turn about a piece of stuff, and make a pretty bonnet! So one evening a week they are glad to come and use this talent for Christ's sake and for His poor ones. They make articles for a sale of work for the institute funds, or for some other mission, or they make clothes for the poor. But some over there are not working; what are they doing? They have a number of little cards before them, and seem very busy painting and writing. They are preparing cards for the flower mission. Every card has a text on it, so that each sweet nosegay of flowers, as it goes to cheer a sick one on her bed, carries a message from God's own Word with it, written by one of our Y. W. C. A. members.

Friday.—We have kept our largest institute for the last, so we must visit it to-night. It is just out of Oxford-street, 17, Old Cavendish-street, W. To-night is a "Social Evening." The piano is open, the tables are arranged with books, pictures, and games; some young friends have brought their music, and by half-past eight the room is full, and a very cheerful party it is. Peals of merry laughter echo through the room, and almost tempt those who are upstairs at their French class to give over study and come down to play. All the evening Miss Ely, the superintendent, is busy making friends with one or other of the 600 members; or she will be receiving the names and subscriptions (1s.) of young friends who wish to enjoy the benefits of the Y. W. C. A. If they want further talk, she invites them to come next Tuesday, when she is always to be found alone and at leisure from eight to half-past ten. About nine, coffee is handed round, games are brought to an end, and at a quarter to ten all are joining in hymns. A few verses from God's Word, a prayer commending us to His loving care, and we part for the night.

Saturday.—This is the busy night with everyone at home; still, we shall find a little band of Prayer Union members meeting together to ask God's blessing on to-morrow's efforts.

Sunday.—This day there is a welcome all day long. If we could take a bird's-eye view over London, we should see happy companies gathered together in the afternoon to study God's Word and listen to the message of salvation. They do not break up, as is usually done, directly after, but a free tea is provided, and opportunities given for conversation. Some will gather round the piano to sing; some will meet together for prayer. By seven o'clock all have left to attend their different churches, better able to appreciate the services, and better prepared to meet a week's difficulties.

1. Now, some who read this may like to take advantage of these institutes and homes. We have mentioned several; there are twenty-four in London, and if you want to know more about them, write to one of the ladies whose addresses are given below. Go and see for yourself, and welcome. The more you go the better will they be pleased.

2. Or some may like to become members for the sake of the pleasant association. Write and say so, and you shall receive your card, member's handbook, and the monthly letter from a friend will be sent to you each month. We should like to have a GIRL'S OWN PAPER Branch of scattered members all over the country.

3. There may be some who live happily at home, and have all the joyful associations and friendship they want. Will you join for the sake of your sisters who have not so many comforts? If you can afford it, will you become an honorary associate, paying just 5s. a year to help on the work? Or, if not, become a member, paying your 1s.?

4. Lastly, there may be some who wish to help on the work and have a little time to spare. Will you become a working associate, and from love to your Saviour, see what you can do to make others' lives happy and bright?

Now we must part after a week spent thus together. Do not forget about it. Perhaps the editor will allow us to spend another week like this in visiting Y. W. C. A. Branches all over the country—at Liverpool, Brighton, Cheltenham, Clifton, etc., anywhere you like.

Mrs. Herbert Arbuthnot, 15, Craven Hill Gardens, and the Hon. Emily Kinnaird, 2, Pall Mall East, London, S.W., are the Hon. Secretaries of the London Association, and will be glad to receive subscriptions. They would like to have a GIRL'S OWN PAPER Institute, supported by contributions through the paper; or they will be glad to receive members' names, and give any information. Anyhow, do not forget Y. W. C. A.

The office in London is 17, Old Cavendish-street, Oxford-street, W. For the country, Miss Moore, Cossington, Clifton, Bristol.

STENCIL DECORATION.

STENCILLING is one of the easiest methods of decorating a room, and one so simple that very little practice is required to give one facility in the process, and we hope in this article to make those of our readers interested in the subject acquainted with the method of cutting and using stencils.

FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

Briefly then, a stencil consists of a plate of thin metal, card-board, or paper, with a pattern cut out, and in order to transfer this pattern to any other surface you place the perforated plate close to the surface to be marked, and with certain stiff-haired brushes you brush the proper colour over the plate. The colour passing through the cut-out portion of the plate leaves an exact impression of the pattern on the material underneath. Some people mark their linen by having their name cut in a thin sheet of metal, and brushing marking-ink over it, and many firms mark their cases with stencil plates. Stencilling is, then, a very simple mechanical process for reproducing a pattern an infinity of times, and as much of the decoration of a room is based upon the principle of repetition, stencilling is largely resorted to by house decorators. But need it be confined to decorators? Have we not on several other occasions endeavoured to make our readers acquainted with other crafts, and why cannot we do the same thing now? If girls only knew how much they can do towards beautifying their rooms I am sure they would readily lend their aid to so laudable an object. House decorating sounds rather big, but it need not dismay one. We are sufficiently audacious to think that if our readers will listen to us for a brief space, we can show them how they can do a great deal towards decorating their rooms.

FIG. 4.

FIG. 5.

Stencil decoration is generally employed when rooms are coloured instead of being papered, and we may as well say a word or two on this subject. We will imagine you have a small room that requires painting, whitewashing, and thoroughly doing up, and the general arrangement is left to you. Perhaps the walls have previously been papered. You must first decide whether you intend to have the walls papered again. There is no absolute necessity for this. You might have the walls painted in nice quiet tones of colour and stencil a few borders and patterns to relieve the bareness. This is more costly than papering, if the walls have not been previously painted, but painting wears much longer, is more easily cleaned, and does not hold the dirt as most papers do. But the expense can be lessened by adopting, first, a combination of painting and paper; second, of painting and distemper; third, paper and distemper. Distemper is a better kind of white-washing. Ceilings are distempered, and if the distemper is tinted to some agreeable colour, it has a beautifully soft and harmonious appearance, and in country houses will wear a considerable time. In large towns like London the atmosphere is too impure to make distemper last more than three or four years, but as it is the cheapest form of wall covering, it would pay to have distempering renewed every few years. In fact, distempered walls ought to be seen much oftener than they are. They are cheaper, healthier, softer to the eye, and the fact of it being easily renewed is an advantage, as one can have a change every few years instead of living with the same surroundings year after year. It is a good plan to have the lower portion of the walls papered with some simple dado pattern. The lower part of the wall is termed the dado, and there are papers designed expressly for this purpose. In some rooms, especially in old houses, there is a wooden dado, and of course this should always be painted, and the upper part of the walls might then be distempered. The reason against carrying distemper

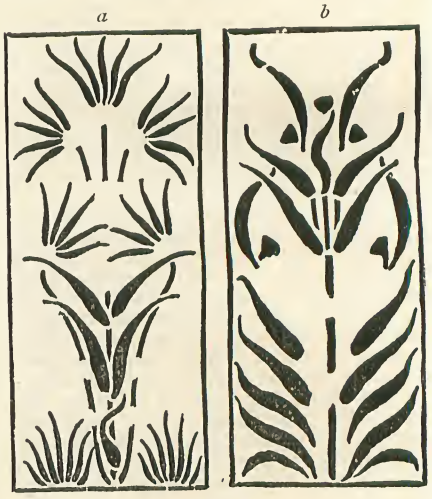


FIG. 5.

to the ground is, that the surface is very easily marked, and if it gets dirty or soiled nothing can be done to it, for as distemper is only whitening and size it cannot be washed. If you are in the enviable position of not being limited to a small amount in doing up your room, and wish for something that will last as well as look very handsome, you cannot do better than have a dado of some rich paper

FIG. 6.

FIG. 7.

(the Japanese gold leather papers are very handsome), and the upper portion of walls painted some nice light harmonious colour decorated with stencil borders. If your room is a fair height you might carry the dado as high as the

FIG. 8.

FIG. 9.

top of the doors and have a bold moulding put round the room, the top of the moulding level with the top of the door.

But to return to the subject we are immediately concerned with. Stencil patterns can be cut out of thick drawing-paper, and as that is the material most easily obtainable, it will be the one most generally used. Tinfoil makes good stencils. The knife should have a point, and be kept very sharp, and the stencils should be cut on a sheet

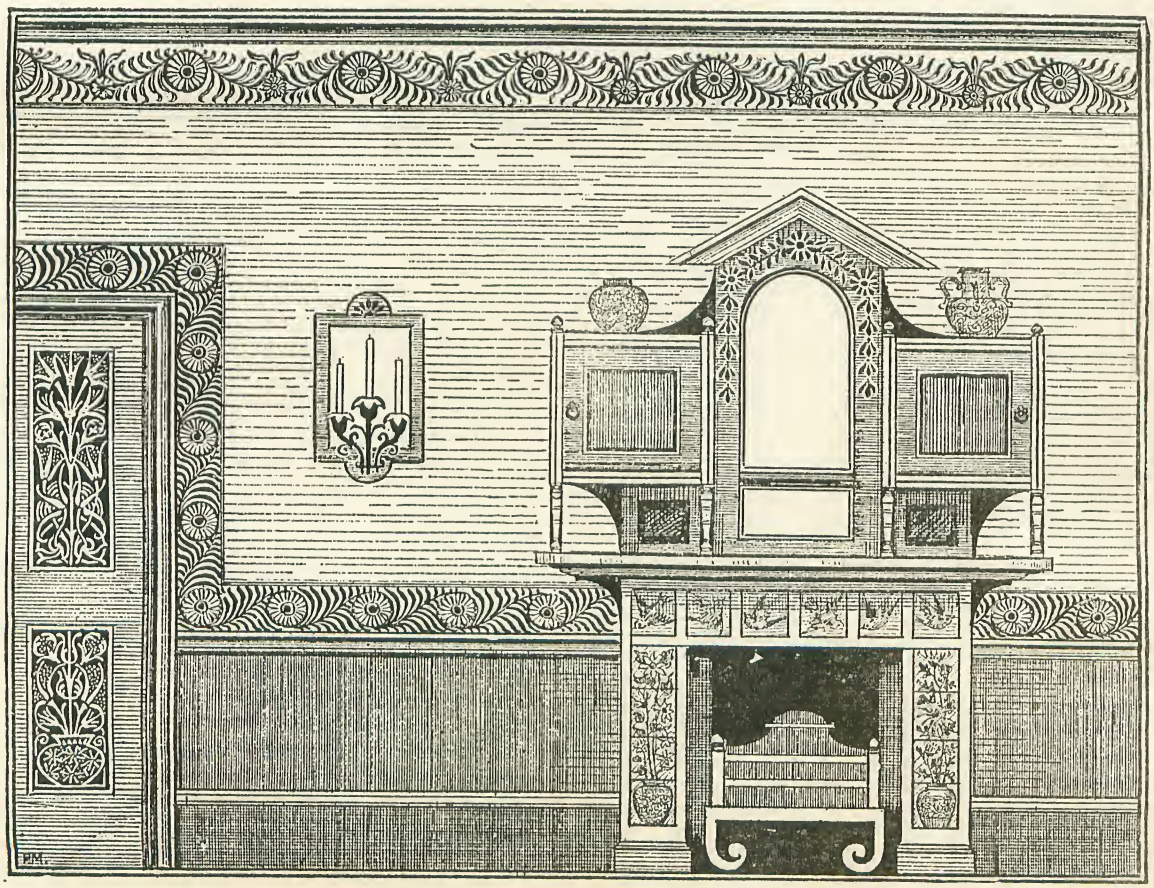


FIG. 10.

of glass to allow the knife to be moved with freedom. The designs should be simple, and a great point to be observed is leaving "ties," as they are called, to strengthen the stencil. We must explain what we mean by ties. Suppose you wanted to stencil the letter O. You can see that if you cut out the portion that is to be black, the inner part would drop out. To obviate this you leave a narrow strip top and bottom uncut, to fasten centre portion on to outer, and these two uncut portions are the ties. In all stencil designs the ties are a most important point to be observed. Without a sufficient number of ties your stencil would be too weak to last, and after a little use would collapse. The great thing, therefore, in designing for stencilling is to utilise the ties as far as possible in the design by making them form part of the design itself. Of course there are some ties that are unavoidable, and are only left to give strength. In good work these are touched in by hand, but as this touching-in takes a long time, decorators endeavour, as far as possible, to make the ties indispensable to the design. Fig. 1 is the simplest kind of stencil you can have. It consists of a series of cut-out triangular spaces, placed between parallel lines, and the white pattern is merely the result of the spaces left. In fig. 2 the same arrangement is kept, but the triangular spaces are made up of small parts, the ties again joining the design. The lines at top and bottom are run in by hand to give a finish. We shall describe how to run in lines later on. Fig. 3 is another example of a simple stencil. Some people are apt to think in looking at such a pattern that the white portion is the one stencilled. Recollect then, that it is the dark portion that is cut out. Fig. 4 is an ornamental rendering of a butterfly. It will be noticed that the wings have light markings. These are not ties. A moment's reflection shows that they could not be. These markings are put on with a second stencil. The first stencil only had the four wings, body, and antennæ cut out. The second stencil had the markings on wings and the ornamental portions cut to enable a second colour to be introduced. If all the patterns be cut out of one plate, only one colour can be used, but if one portion of the design be cut out of one plate and another out of a second plate, each plate can be stencilled in a different colour. This is shown more clearly in fig 5, which requires the plate A cut out with the flowers and some of the leaves and stems, and plate B with the remaining portions. Here, although only two plates are employed, three distinct colours can be used, as the leaves that are cut out of plate A can be a different colour to those on plate B. The reason why two plates are required in this and other designs is, that in stencilling, say the flowers, it is impossible to prevent the colour spreading beyond the space to be stencilled, and if other portions are cut out too near the flowers, and these portions are required to be in a differerent colour to the flowers, you would find if you used a second colour that there would be a danger of the two tints mixing and destroying each other's purity. But this does not prevent two colours being used on the same plate, if the portions to be stencilled in different colours are sufficiently separated. For elaborate patterns three and even four stencil plates can be used, but for ordinary work three plates are ample. Care must be exercised in making the various parts of the design fit together in the completed stencil, and to this end it is better to transfer the whole design to all the plates, marking in the portion to be cut in some distinguishing colour, and when the first plate is cut, stencil that portion on the others before cutting them, so as to avoid cutting the same portion twice over. The white lines on leaves and flowers, in fig. 5, are not supposed to be stencilled, but are done to show that a variety of colours should be used, lighter or darker, according to the part to be stencilled. The veins or leaves might be touched in by hand, for stencilled patterns finished by hand can be made very elaborate.

Fig. 6 is an example of how simple and yet effective a stencil can be made. Two plates might be used, one for the tall grass and the other for round dots and short grass. Such a stencil would do for the skirting of a room.

Fig. 7 is an example of a running border requiring two or three plates to complete it. It might be used round the doors and along the top of dado, as shown in fig. 10, while fig. 8 would do for the top of room or frieze. Fig. 9 is an example of a simple stencil border, made up of geometrical flower patterns repeating at every fifth flower.

Fig. 10 is given to show where stencil patterns can be most effectively put in rooms. The dado in this design is supposed to be of wood and painted, and the upper portion might be painted or distempered. The skirting at bottom of room might be stencilled in with such a pattern as fig. 6.

We will now assume that your stencils are cut. If they are out of paper, give them two or three coats, back and front, of knotting varnish, to be purchased at a good oil shop. This will make them waterproof and tough. Mix up your colour the requisite tint; if for paint, with oil colours, if for distemper, with whitening and size. In the former case it is as well to provide yourself with some flake-white ground in oil and some ordinary tube colours. Tint your white with the tube colours and use turpentine to thin the white, but be careful not to make your colour too thin. Stencil brushes are fitted on to short round stump handles, the hair being stiff. For large patterns use large brushes. Stencil brushes can be bought at any good oil or colour shop and are not expensive. Put your stencil plate against the wall in the proper position, and with one hand to keep it flat in its proper position use the brush in the other hand; hold it upright and gently tap it over the cut-out portion of the design until you have covered the wall with colour, shift the stencil on to the next place, and so on until you have covered the space to be decorated with the stencil. If another plate is required to finish it, go over the whole again with the second stencil. In running patterns, it is necessary to cut a small portion of the repeat, so that when you use it on the walls you have no trouble in placing it the proper distance from each impression. In fig. 7, for instance, you need not cut more than one portion of the design —that is, the flower on one plate, and leaves on another plate, but by cutting a portion of the second flower, as you shift your stencil you can always get the flowers the same distance apart by putting the cut-out portion of second flower over the flower previously stencilled.

In the leaf stencil you would not see where to put it unless you cut out say the centre of flowers on this plate, and that would guide you in placing the leaf stencil. The more plates in a stencil, the more particular you must be to have some key to guide you in placing the various plates in the right places, so that they fit accurately together and are the same distance apart. It is as well to cut two or three sections of a repeating stencil, as it avoids the continual shifting, and you get over the ground so much more rapidly.

You will find at first that the colour has a tendency to work under the stencils, but by keeping your brush tolerably dry and not too full of colour, you will with a little practice soon obviate this. Wipe the back of your stencils occasionally. Should the ties get broken, you can repair them by having some pieces of the varnished paper and varnishing the stencil and the repairing strips. Don't stick them as soon as varnished, but when the varnish begins to dry and gets tacky.

In stencilling in distemper you must use powder colours, and mix them with hot size and whitening. Grind the powder colours up well before adding the whitening. We need hardly say you cannot combine oil and water colours. Distemper colours dry much lighter than they appear when wet, and it is as well to dry the tint you have mixed before the fire. Very frequently a colour that looks quite dark when wet dries very light.

In running lines at the edge of stencils it is as well to mark the line first of all with string rubbed with charcoal. When you have rubbed the string, get a friend to hold it down on the wall at one end and another at the other end, and by pulling it in the centre and allowing it to snap back an impression will be left by the string. You want a straight-edge, bevelled on one side, and you must use it the bevelled side against the wall. Have a nice stiff flat hog-hair brush, with the hair cut down and the edges trimmed off so that the brush is rounded. Fill it with colour and run it along the straight-edge by its flat side, putting as much pressure as is required to make the line the requisite thickness. If the line is to be very wide use larger brushes. Some shops keep lining fitches, and if you can get them it is better than cutting down brushes for yourself. Lining is merely a knack, and a little practice will overcome any difficulties you may encounter.

Stencilling need not be made as mechanical as some painters make it. I like to see a variety of colours in a stencil, and not just two or three tints. For instance, suppose you were stencilling the flowers in fig. 7 in white, you need not get all the flowers pure white. By making some a little yellower, some a little greyer, and slight variations of this kind, the general effect is greatly improved, for the eye soon wearies of monotony. For greens the same thing should be observed. Vary your greens as you go on with the stencilling, sometimes making them lighter, sometimes greyer, and so on. To effect this, have, say, two or three batches of different tints on your palette, and dip your brush into one and then into the other, and so blend two or three tints together. In filling your brush, spread the colour on the palette and knock the brush a few times on the palette. If your brush be too full, the colour will sure to run under the stencil.

One word about the colours of the paint or distemper. Let them be soft and subdued in tone, nor necessarily dark. Bright sunny colours, such as yellows, reds, warm greens, blue greens, and peacock blues, are so much more pleasing to the eye than crude blue, mauve, bright reds, and other staring colours. As we presupposed that the painting and distempering will be done by workmen, you should get them to leave their scaffolding for a few days, for stencilling is so much more easily done on scaffolding than on a pair of steps. You may find that you will have some trouble in getting the painters to mix up the colours you want your room painted in, but if you mix up the tint yourself they will usually match it if you insist upon having a certain colour.

In rooms where you have a high dado you can have this part of the wall rich and deep in colour, providing you have the upper portion of the wall very light. The light is reflected from the ceiling and frieze of a room and not from the lower portion of the walls.

Stencilling can be applied to many other purposes besides wall decoration, and we think it will well repay our readers to learn how to cut and use a stencil.

FRED MILLER.

BITS ABOUT ANIMALS.

By Ruth Lamb.

FRIENDS IN NEED.

"Broken again!"

I was looking despairingly at the window of our laundry in the basement, which was two-thirds above ground, and noting two broken panes, where new ones had lately been put in.

"It is the cats that smash the windows," said my youthful son; but seeing that he had just picked up a cricket ball in the immediate vicinity of the broken glass, I murmured something about cats with two legs encased in stout knickerbockers, as more likely to be the offenders.

But the lad, being thoroughly truthful, looked aggrieved, and brought abundant evidence to prove that, often as cats are blamed without deserving, they had undoubtedly broken the laundry windows again and again.

I should like to protest against the cruelty of those who, when they remove from a neighbourhood, take no thought for the poor animal which has perhaps been equally a faithful servant and a gentle and pretty pet. But they forget pussy until the last moment, and then find she has been scared away by the presence of strange men, and is gone out of sight and reach. Cats detest disorder and muddle, and a removal is the very acme of both these. The terror and discomfort combined drive them from their usual haunts, and so pussy is left, hungry and homeless, to linger on the dirty step, and look up with pitiful mewings at the door in the vain hope that it will open and show the face of a friend within. She gives up at last, and joins the band of "Cat Squatters," which loaf about houses, picking up oddments, stealing when they can, making night hideous with their doleful cries, and becoming, in their way, as dirty, ragged-coated and generally unkempt and disreputable as any human waif that ever personated a living scarecrow.

Our basement laundry was a favourite refuge of these four-footed vagabonds. They discovered it at first by means of a broken pane, and the iron bars within offered no obstacle to the entrance of a cat.

So they regularly slipped through the aperture, dropped on a large ironing table below, and spent their nights very comfortably.

Having experienced the advantages of such a shelter, our Squatters were not to be kept out by a mere pane of glass. No sooner was a window mended than it was broken again, and the cats became a nuisance, as well as a cause of considerable expense. At last a board was firmly placed in front of the new aperture.

As the family washing was sent out, the laundry was little used, and at times some days would elapse without its being entered.

Soon after the fixing of the board, our own three cats were observed to pursue an unusual course at meal times in the kitchen. Instead of eating up their share of food quietly, they would in turns seize a morsel and run off with it down the cellar stairs, returning after a brief interval.

The frequent repetition of this course attracted attention. The cats were watched, and it was found that they carried the morsels to the door of the laundry, between which and the step was a small aperture. Close to this they dropped the food, which was either sent through by a further push from without or drawn in by a little paw issuing from the laundry itself.

Then it was discovered that the fixing of the board had imprisoned a stray cat. The creature had been too frightened to show itself during the process, and its means of egress thus cut off, it would have been in a state of starvation, but for the charity of its feline sisters and their ingenious mode of conveying relief through the little aperture below the door.

NOT TO BE CAUGHT TWICE.

"A burnt child dreads the fire," says the old proverb, and we had a proof, some years ago, that the saying applies equally to a cat.

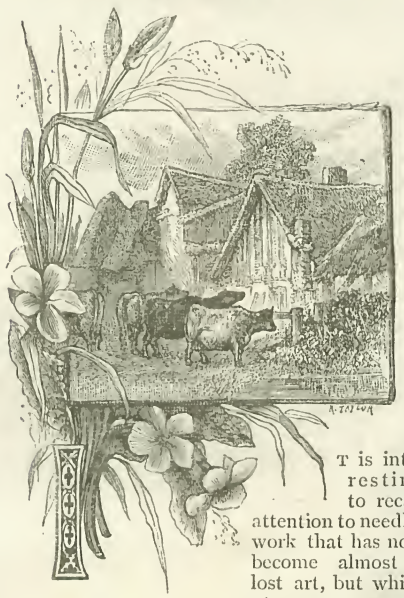
We had a gentleman visitor whose usual breakfast was bread and milk. He was accustomed to bestow a share of this on a large black and white cat, of which he made a great pet during his visits.

Tom knew as well as anyone when the basin, with its smoking contents, would be ready, and always waited in order to accompany the maid that carried it to the breakfast parlour.

The very first time, however, that a saucer was filled with the hot bread and milk for Tom's special benefit, he rushed eagerly towards it, and of course burnt his nose and tongue. On the following and other subsequent mornings the milk was put down, scalding hot as before; but Tom had learned wisdom by one painful experience. He never even approached the saucer; but sat quietly down at a distance, and waited patiently for a sufficient time to allow the contents to cool. Then, marching leisurely to the saucer, he discussed his breakfast without fear or hesitation.

Tom learned a lesson of patience from one experience of the effects of over-eagerness after his good things. We might learn even from a cat's example that patience often brings its own reward, and that pleasures withheld are often kept from us in mercy. If allowed to follow our first inclinations, without let or hindrance, we shall probably pay for our rashness, and perhaps our pain will be of a deeper and more enduring character than pussy's burned nose and tongue, by which he learned a sufficient lesson.

KNOTTING



It is interesting to recall attention to needlework that has now become almost a lost art, but which at no very remote date occupied the attention of the then fashionable world, and which "mighty queens have graced in hands to take." Knotting is now an obsolete art, but we find it recorded that Dr. Johnson gravely set himself down to learn it and failed in the attempt; and though he deduces from his inability to learn so small a thing that he is marked out for great achievements, the paragraph shows that the work was one well known in his day. Indeed, knotting flourished from the time of Queen Anne until the reign of George III., and is frequently referred to by the writers of those times, the poet Sedley, when praising Queen Mary's diligence and virtues, adding—

"But here's a queen when she rides abroad
Is always knotting threads,"

and the writer of Mrs. Delany's life describing the exact pattern and style of the knotting she used to do.

Through the kindness of a lady who has some of the work still in her possession, we can describe fully how it was made and used. There is no doubt, when examining knotting, that our modern tatting is founded upon it; while it is itself taken from the knotted point laces (*punto a groppo*), worked in Spain and Italy for church vestments from the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries. The basis of these old points are knots upon strong thread, tatting is but an amalgamation of knots, and knotting consists of a succession of knots made upon a silken or linen thread, and used either as a looped fringe or as an edging to *appliqué*, or worked in varied colours, and so forming the outline and shading of large flowers and complicated designs.

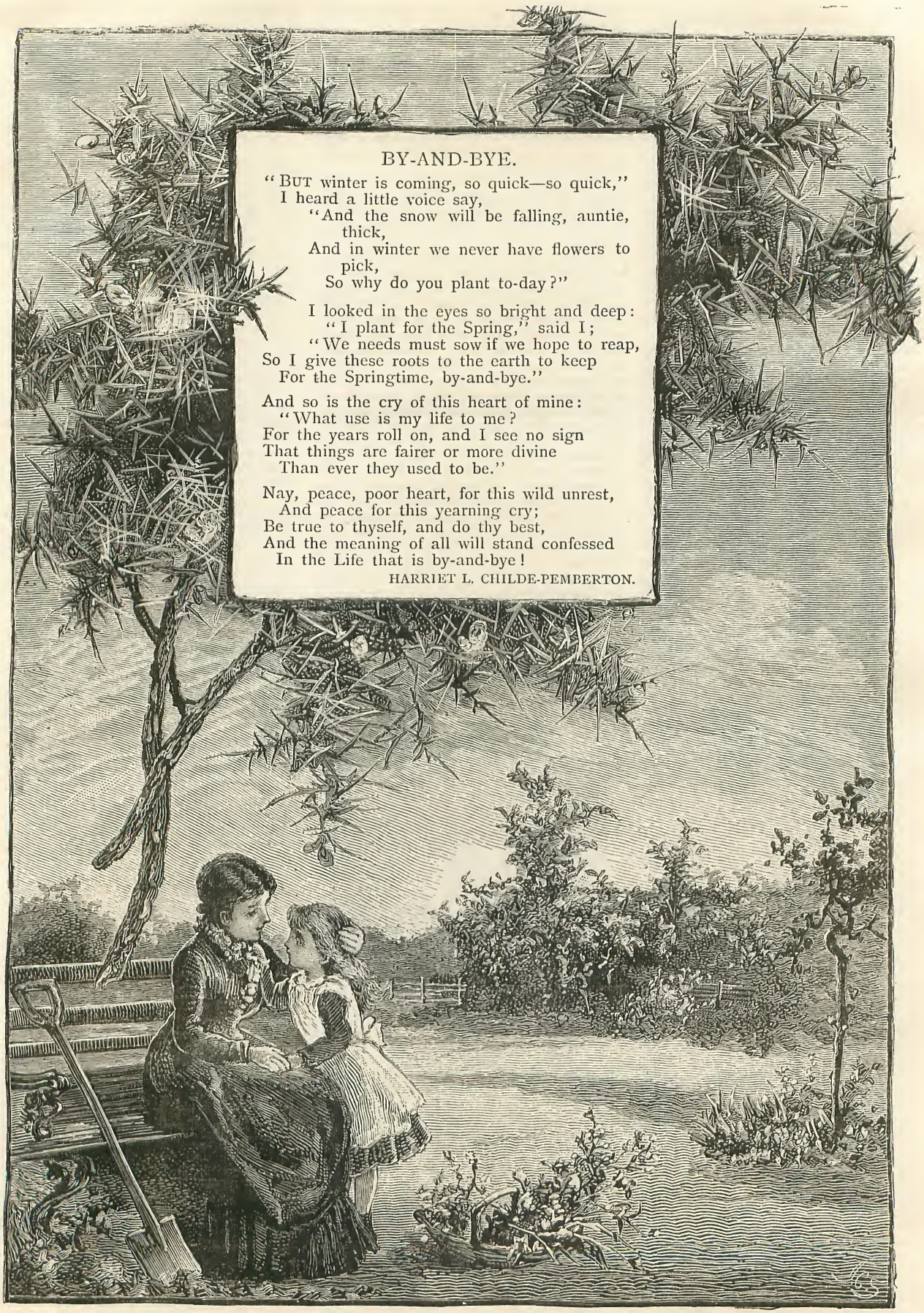
The simplest description of knotting is the fringe knotting; this is made with either coarse knitting cotton, or black or coloured purse silks, and as follows:—Wind the silk upon a tatting shuttle, hold the end of the cotton with the left hand, and between the thumb and first finger, wind the thread round the fingers of the left hand, and put the shuttle through the loop thus made, withdraw the fingers (still keeping the thread tight between the thumb and first finger), run the loop on the thread up to the end, and make a second knot which runs up close to the first; work in this manner until all the thread is used up, and make enough of these lines of knots to form into a looped fringe, depth from one to three inches. A large knot is made by putting the shuttle twice through the loop before it is drawn up, as this movement doubles its size.

Edgings to *appliqué* flowers are formed by sewing down the lines so made upon the extreme edge of the applied material, and it was this description of knotting that was practised by Mrs. Delany, as we are told that she cut out from white linen leaves of various sizes, laid these in a design upon dark blue linen, and edged and veined these with white knotting of various sizes.

When silk knotting or other coloured knotting was worked upon a plain ground, and used to mark out and colour naturally a floral or arabesque design, the knots were made with a needle in the foundation material, and not sewn upon it. This variety is called needle knotting, and is managed as follows:—Trace the outline of the design, thread a needle with silk, and fasten it at the back of the material, and bring it to the front; put the needle into the material on the traced line and a few threads below where it came out, but put it in across the traced line on its right and bring it out upon its left; before drawing up the thread quite, insert the needle into the loop from right to left, and over, not under, the top thread; then draw tight, and make a similar knot in the same way a little below the first line. All descriptions of knot-making seem complicated, but this knot is very easy; the only movements in it to remember are putting the needle in across the line and not down it, and making the knot by taking the thread over the loop and not through it. Shade the flower by working lines of knots in shades of silk so as to mark out the shape of the flower in the same way as in crewel work, and work single knots where light shading only is required, and fill in with a number of closely knotted lines for heavy shading.

By following these directions the knotting of the eighteenth century can be reproduced.

B. C. Saward



BY-AND-BYE.

"But winter is coming, so quick—so quick,"
I heard a little voice say,
"And the snow will be falling, auntie, thick,
And in winter we never have flowers to pick,
So why do you plant to-day?"

I looked in the eyes so bright and deep:
"I plant for the Spring," said I;
"We needs must sow if we hope to reap,
So I give these roots to the earth to keep
For the Springtime, by-and-bye."

And so is the cry of this heart of mine:
"What use is my life to me?
For the years roll on, and I see no sign
That things are fairer or more divine
Than ever they used to be."

Nay, peace, poor heart, for this wild unrest,
And peace for this yearning cry;
Be true to thyself, and do thy best,
And the meaning of all will stand confessed
In the Life that is by-and-bye!

HARRIET L. CHILDE-PEMBERTON.

STUDIES OF GIRLS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

PART V.

THE MONIER GIRLS.

MRS. MONIER and her three daughters were certainly among the well-off and well-placed of this world. Mrs. Monier had inherited a private fortune of her own, and her late husband had been a medical specialist in a large practice, so that though he had died in middle life, he had been able to make a handsome provision for his daughters. They had all been born in his well-appointed professional house in one of the old-fashioned aristocratic streets on the eastern side of Hyde Park, and there they had been brought up during his lifetime. Life, even in that stylish neighbourhood, does not present the dead level of remote genteel suburbs, nay, perhaps there is no place where it presents sharper contrasts to stimulate the fancy and the feelings.

Among the park parterres, the little Misses Monier, in their white frills and blue sashes, had, under their nurse's eye, indulged in baby flirtations with incipient dukes and earls, also in nursery guardianship, and then perhaps they had toddled with wondering pathetic childish gravity to pat a blind beggar's dog and drop a penny into his tin cup. From their nursery windows they had watched the glories of ducal entertainments, the great doors thrown open, the radiantly lit staircase, with jewelled ladies and decorated gentlemen passing up and down amid luxuriant exotics and lines of bowing flunkies, while outside, bare-footed, half-starved children paddled in the mud, and braved the policeman's chastisement to gain a glimpse of the bewildering magnificence. They had gazed wonderingly at the pretty, faded, elegant woman who lived in the little house at the corner of their street, and who drove away every evening in her carriage "to act queens and empresses" as the housemaid said, but whom nurse called "a naughty lady," and forbade them talking about her. In their peaceful nursery they were sometimes wakened by the bacchanalian shouts of drunken revellers, sometimes by the frenzied shrieks of some outcast hurried to the police cell. Starving dogs would spy out the gentle little girls and follow them—especially Miss Bertha, who generally carried coppers in her pocket to expend on food for such, and would drop it before them, and run off to elude their pursuit, and then slily looking round and seeing their bewilderment could seldom resist going back to pat them, especially if they were ugly curs, "whom most people would not like." All the three, Bertha, Jane, and Hilda, had been always accustomed to be much with their parents, sharing their every meal except the late dinner, and as their parents' conversation had gone on much as if the children were not there, except that their questions were always readily answered, the three little maidens had gained insight into a far wider range of subjects and a very different mode of thought than are common in children relegated to uneducated nurses or preoccupied governesses. So, though they were only girls of twelve, fourteen, and sixteen when their father died, and looked lanky and spindle-legged enough in their short dresses and black stockings, they had some rather unusual books on their shelves—grave essayists and smart political economists standing side by side with the works of Miss Yonge and Miss Austen.

Their father's death made a great change to their lives, though it did not cost them a single comfort or luxury. The great stately house in Honduras-place had to be left for the incoming of the doctor's successor. Mrs. Monier took for herself an old rambling mansion near Hampstead Heath, which twenty years ago was a more remote and rural suburb than it is to-day The old familiar furniture looked strangely different when it was removed from the lofty apartments of Mayfair to the wide low rooms of Hampstead, and the flower-pots and ferneries which they had loved so well and tended so carefully in the town house were quite absorbed and lost in the mossy old garden. They went to Hampstead in the winter, so that the first sharpness of grief was softened by the time the buds came out and the birds began to sing, and during the next summer the beautiful, secluded garden seemed a pleasure without an end.

But in two or three years the Monier girls began to discover that man, and woman too, is made for something more than for lying on the sunny grass, and prying like bees or butterflies into rose-hearts and lily-bosoms, or even for reading books, and talking them over and airing quaint fancies and daring theories.

Perhaps they would not have found this out so soon if they had gone on living in Honduras-place. There, their lively interest in the vivid life going on around them might have blinded them to the truth, that, after all, a mere spectator has no part in the game or the battle, and no chance of its prizes or its victory.

But in the quiet retreat at Hampstead, the Monier girls were soon aware of energies and aspirations which far outran the petty claims and prospects before them. Perhaps in their mother they found a more ready sympathy and comprehension of their yearnings than they might have done had such yearnings arisen and life been going on in the old way. In Honduras-place, Mrs. Monier had easily found an outlet for every part of her own being—though many such outlets must have remained closed to her daughters for long years, until they, too, were grown women and house-mothers. But Mrs. Monier might have failed to recognise this: it is so hard to believe in the hunger of others when we are almost satiated ourselves. Now, as time passed by, and her own health and vigour of mind and body reasserted themselves over her great loss, she, too, found that life had grown a little flat and empty, as sorrow alone never makes it. Nay, sorrow enlarges the heart, and leaves the emptied hands grasping after even more than they had held before. There was no longer a clever, earnest master of the household, bringing into it humanity's freshest questionings and strivings, delighting to be refreshed by her suggestions and counsels, and going out into the world again to interpret them to it. The very setting of life was utterly changed. Old friends were not likely to forget such women as the Moniers. Keen scientific men, eager philanthropists, dreaming poets, still came about them. But now these had to come out of their way to them. The Moniers were no longer in their current of life, but in a harbour; the breezes which bore them onwards no longer filled the sails of the Moniers' existence. Mrs. Monier felt bored and irritated by the harmlessly trivial interests of most of the new set in which they found themselves. It was a set which welcomed them very warmly, pronouncing the Moniers to be so charming, so interesting, so original! Mrs. Monier was not misled by these encomiums. She only saw the more distinctly that these were earned by qualities now in danger of fading and dwindling away, and that the time had come when, if the family were not to lose all her husband had conferred on it, and to cease to be what he had loved, her daughters must put their own hands to the plough, and set duties and objects before them and make careers of their own.

Mr. Monier had often smiled complacently to hear his Bertha declare that, "if she had been a man, she would have been a doctor." And his wife remembered this, and would not allow herself to feel shocked when Bertha presently began to wonder whether, woman as she was, she might not still be such. Few had asked that question in those days, though this was not many years ago, and none of the safe and quiet paths to its affirmative answer were then open. Mrs. Monier could judge of the strength of social prejudice by what she could feel lingering in her own breast, for few of us are quite free from prejudice, only some of us know it for what it is, and do not yield to it. She counselled patience and reflection—nothing more—and when, in the end, Bertha girded her young spirit for what was then literally a battle with an opposing world, her mother stood by her, and by her unfailing sympathy, and her quick and deep insight, saved her from all danger of hardening or coarsening in the struggle.

The Moniers' new set of acquaintances stood perfectly aghast. That a woman who did not require "to earn her bread" could feel a need in life for anything beside amusement, utterly passed the comprehension of most of them. A few of the better sort rather reluctantly admitted it, but thought that it might have been filled by "the poor," and by "domestic duties." Mrs. Monier only said quietly that Bertha still gave to her family circle those hours which most girls give to frivolity and dissipation, and Bertha laughingly asked whether a doctor was not one of the best friends to the poor, and whether many people did not already believe that the ordinary irregular aimless feminine "visiting" and almsgiving were not productive of more harm than good?

A few whispered to Mrs. Monier that they feared so eccentric a course of action might damage her daughter's "prospects," and some dared to ask Bertha how she meant to settle the difficulty of the "night-bell" if she should ever become a wife and a mother. Mrs. Monier only replied by a dignified silence, and Bertha by another question: "Suppose I never marry, am I to do nothing else?" To which they would reply, "Oh, you are so charming, that you would be quite certain to marry if you would be only like other people."

Jane Monier was perhaps the most popular of the family, and Hilda the least so. Jane was the handsome daughter. Bertha's critics used to whisper, "Jane will not be 'strong-minded'; she will have no 'vocation,' she is far too pretty and captivating. What a clever tongue she has! And she likes to please people and to make herself agreeable; the others really are rather too straight-up-and-down and independent in manner."

Hilda was musical. She was a little, quiet, white-faced thing, who seemed afraid to speak, but in her playing there was a revelation of a passionate intensity of nature quite startling. After a while, she went to Germany to prose-

cute her studies, but she nearly died of home-sickness, and had to come back to her mother, in whose house she worked almost night and day, that she might thus attain that proficiency whose more ordinary method of acquirement her clinging affections had frustrated.

And now another circle of acquaintance formed about the Moniers—certainly a varied and entertaining circle, whose fault was not conventionality. Many were gifted—each had a hobby or a history.

Jane Monier, who always wanted to please, began to feel herself a little out of the fashion in this set. What her older acquaintances had said was quite true: Jane had never showed any strong individual taste. She was bright and clever, could do most things well, but nothing very well. Of the three girls, it was she who had openly chafed under the comparative monotony and common-place of their suburban life; since from the beginning Bertha had had absorbing resources in her scientific books and Hilda in her music. Jane threw herself warmly among the new acquaintances whom her sister's pursuits gathered round the family, but those who attracted her sisters least, attracted her most. She did not so much make friends with the actual workers, as with the workers' kinsfolk, admirers and hangers-on, who whispered among each other, not always inaudibly, that they believed there was more in Jane Monier than in either of her sisters, if it would only come out. Jane felt quite able to believe this, and began to watch for the "it," which should appear.

She thought she would apply herself to art. She had had good drawing lessons in her school-days, but now she found that the teaching she had received had been a little out of date, and she decided that it was this alone which had prevented the development of talent in herself. Mrs. Monier was by no means incredulous. Her other daughters had manifestly not been mistaken in themselves, and those who have not hitherto been misled are slow to fear misleading, just as those who are accustomed to truth are not ready to suspect a lie. So she made it quite easy for Jane to gratify her wish for a thorough art-training.

Jane's art-studies presently assumed an importance which threw everything else into the shade. She had no time for anything beside: they intruded everywhere. She had no patience with her neighbours' wall-papers or hangings; her talk was coloured with "tones" and "harmonies." She could not tolerate her old dresses, but must have new ones, neutral in tint and quaint in form, and cut off her long braids and wore her hair short and in "admired disorder." One would have thought that beauty had come upon the earth quite lately, and was not able to make itself at home. She wanted to rearrange the house from attic to basement. She would do it with her own hands—it should be a labour of pure love and true art. Mrs. Monier was not unsympathetic. She could agree with much of Jane's talk, though there was a little of it which she did not quite understand: she could not tell whether it was Jane's thoughts, or only her expression of them which seemed so misty. But she gently suggested that as every great undertaking must begin somewhere, Jane's artistic household reform had better begin in her own painting room, especially since a connoisseur on the subject had declared that the wide, low chamber was exactly the kind to lend itself to decorative purposes.

So the blue drugget was taken up and the old chintz-like wall-paper was taken down, and the floor and the walls remain bare to this day, for while Jane was deciding what should cover them, she began to weary in her pursuit of decorative art, or, as she expressed it, "to sicken with a sense of the unattainable." She discovered that though she was quite sure she had "genius," yet that she had not the concentrative power which enables one to master "mere detail." So the demolition of the painting-room mattered little, since Jane left off using it.

This gave Mrs. Monier's ready faith a slight shock. She had never approved of the queer dresses and the short hair, having always noticed that the more bravely her eldest daughter fought her hard and hot battle for an independent and beloved field of usefulness, the more carefully she kept within the bounds of old womanly custom in non-essentials, and that when she did make any variation, it was only to draw nearer to the stronghold of simplicity and use. But Mrs. Monier would not let herself feel disheartened about Jane; the girl had always been a little inclined to ride her hobbies to death, but anybody may make one mistake.

Jane dropped her classes and her studio. She would simply study nature; the skill which comes from the study of nature was the only skill worth having, after one has got the mere A, B, C of technical training. She would catch Nature as she flew, and fix her flying, and then, a fig for mere finish! So she got up at dawn to go into the city to make sketches of historical buildings before the streets were filled with busy throngs, she went into the highways and byways in search of models of "Age," and "Misery," and "Crime." The worst of it was, her historical sketches were not accurate, a window or a chimney more or less seemed to her a very unworthy scruple. Also, even "Age," "Misery," and "Crime," were occasionally so scandalised by her caricatures of them, that despite her liberal bribes, they would follow her to her home and be abusive at her gate! Matters came to a climax when Mrs. Monier detected Jane in the act of disguising herself to go in masquerade "to study nature" at the early cattle market! It was in vain that the young lady pleaded the precedent of Rosa Bonheur. Mrs. Monier sensibly pointed to Jane's sketches of wooden-legged sheep and grotesque horses, and told her that genius must justify itself before it can claim its privileges and its freedom, and that she was certainly beginning quite at the wrong end. Jane pleaded and wept and stormed, but here her mother was inexorable, and Jane threw down her pencils and sketch-block. If she was not to be allowed to do her best, she would do nothing!

(*To be concluded.*)

PUNCTUATION.

VIEWED IN A NEW LIGHT.

PART II.

IN the first part of this article I promised to give a few general directions on the art of punctuation to such of our girls as have not hitherto given it their consideration. But, before I commence, I must premise that I am not going to supply instruction respecting all the points or stops employed, nor even an exhaustive list of rules and their exceptions in reference to those points of which I do treat, and which are the most essential. For ordinary purposes of writing, the comma, semi-colon, full-stop, notes of interrogation and admiration, the dash, hyphen, quotation marks, parenthesis, and apostrophe are sufficient. To speak of paragraphs, brackets, acute and grave accents, diæresis, ellipses, index, asterisk, cedilla, and section-marks, would be to swell the proportions of an ordinary article too considerably, considering the small use which the majority of our readers would make of them. Those who need them must be referred to the many educational works that bear on the arts of speaking, reading, and writing, and must study these important subjects in a more thorough and exhaustive way for themselves.

Sentences are divided into the simple, the compound, and the complex and subordinate contained in the compound. Refer to the rules of syntax, and you will find that "a simple sentence contains one subject or nominative, and one finite verb or predicate; that a complex sentence contains one principal subject and one principal predicate, with one finite verb or more dependent on the principal sentence; and that a compound sentence contains two or more simple or complex sentences."

I quote from Dr. Joseph Angus. Simple sentences need no point to break them, and are concluded by a note of admiration, interrogation, or a full-stop, otherwise called a period. A compound sentence contains clauses, or subordinate and parenthetical sentences, such as are introduced, so to say, "by the way"—extra statements not necessary to the completion of the full sense of the original compound sentence. They are not introduced of necessity, because the latter would be perfect in itself, but are added only the more fully to explain the idea or the statement it expresses. In such subordinate or parenthetical clauses, forming sentences within a sentence, adjectives are sometimes employed, and so distinct clauses are formed.

Now, the nature and length of these several kinds of sentences need to be indicated by certain signs; and these signs denote, in some cases, the length of pause and tone of voice which a due consideration of the sense to be conveyed renders suitable. The comma, semi-colon, and full-stop are the most important of all the points in general use; and beginning with the comma, I must tell you that it indicates the cutting off of a portion of a sentence, which portion is not complete in itself, yet if omitted would destroy the sense of the compound sentence in which that portion or clause is introduced. Where the comma is placed the reader is warned to make a brief pause before proceeding to finish the entire sentence.

For example—

"Dost thou love life, then do not squander time;
For that is the stuff that life is made of."
B. Franklin.

This quotation illustrates the fact that the first section of a compound sentence is cut off by a comma; the second part, completing the first idea, is here stopped by a semi-colon, and an additional explanatory clause, not absolutely essential to complete the sense of the preceding clauses, but still further working out the thought, brings the whole of the compound sentence to a conclusion with a full-stop.

The comma is also used as a substitute for a finite verb, so as to obviate the necessity of its repetition. For example—

"From law arises security; from security, (arises) curiosity; from curiosity, (arises) knowledge."

It is also employed to stop off every repetition of the same word, or at least, the first of two, as in the well-known song by Tennyson—

"Break, break, break, on thy cold grey stones, O sea!"

And likewise in one of Hamlet's soliloquies—

"O! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew."

Where the clauses of a compound sentence are inverted, after a favourite fashion which obtained, and especially in poetry, in the last and commencement of the present century, a comma must be employed to divide clauses so transposed; viz.—

"To rest, the cushion and soft down invite." *Pope.*

Again, when the word "or" is either used or understood, though not inserted, before giving an explanatory term, extra name, or definition to the subject or person under notice, the comma is then indispensable, viz.—

The King Richard I., or Cœur de Lion; William of Normandy, or the Conqueror.

The word "or" is thus substituted by the comma.

There are three other occasions when this stop is employed: in one case, when conjunctions, expressed or understood, are employed to connect more than two words in couples in the same construction, viz.—

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time."
Macbeth

Another occasion is presented when the infinite mood is employed of various verbs following one another in immediate succession. Then the comma must be placed between them, thus—

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command."
Wordsworth.

Lastly, so far as I propose to give rules for the use of the comma, a number of adjectives following each other in close succession likewise require to be separated by this stop, as demonstrated by the words of a soliloquy of Hamlet's already quoted—

"How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world."

But, before dismissing the consideration of the use of the comma, I must add that it should follow such adverbs as "first," "secondly," "again," and "hence," when used at the commencement of a sentence, and after such conjunctions as "however," "moreover," "further," when employed in the same way to begin the sentence. It must likewise be placed after interjections, when a note of admiration is not employed, and after the phrases "in short," "once more," "on the contrary," "on the other hand," "in the first place," "for instance," "so to say."

The colon is but little in use, and I do not consider it to be a necessary adjunct to ordinary letter writing, nor to the assistance, either of a reader or his audience, towards a full comprehension of the writer's meaning; nevertheless I will give a few rules respecting its use. It is chiefly employed in poetry, and it claims a rather longer pause or break than that by the more useful semi-colon.

It is used in compound sentences, like the latter, and also, at times, in complex ones; and, in the same way, its employment is dependent on the nearness of the connection that exists between the two clauses which it divides. It is placed at the end of that portion of a compound sentence that immediately precedes the final clause, those preceding it having been stopped by semi-colons, viz.—

". . . . . 'Tis well said again;
And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds."
King Henry VIII.

It is also occasionally used when the first clause of a compound sentence is perfect in itself alone, but is succeeded by a statement which is not altogether co-ordinate, and yet not absolutely independent of it, but is a further and natural carrying out of the same train of ideas, viz.—

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest."
Pope.

Lastly, it is used when there is no connecting participle between closely united co-ordinate sentences, viz.—

"It may cost something to serve God: (but) it will cost more not to serve Him."

The semi-colon is, however, very useful; and is required when there are two or three clauses in each co-ordinate sentence; especially when each clause is stopped off by commas. This is exemplified in Coleridge's "Epitaph on an Infant," viz.—

"Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there."

The semi-colon is also used when the several words, separated from each other respectively by the comma, stand in the same relation to other words in the sentence, viz.—

"This rule forbids parents to lie to children, and children to parents; instructors to pupils, and pupils to instructors; the old to the young, and the young to the old;" etc.
Wayland.

The next point to be considered is the parenthesis, which consists of two semi-circular lines, respectively curling inwards, and which marks the addition of an extra clause quite unnecessary to the sense of the original sentence into which it is introduced, viz.—

"The day (it was winter) was dark and threatening."

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace."
Leigh Hunt.

Be sparing in the use of parentheses. When needed, the sentence must be perfect in its construction and meaning without this clause, added as an extra only.

The period, or full-stop, is employed in two ways—first, to indicate the conclusion of an entire sentence, whether simple or compound; secondly, to substitute what is deficient, and left to be understood in abbreviated words and initial letters. In the first-named case its use is untrammelled by any rules or perplexing exceptions. Unlike all other stops, it is essential to every sentence, simple or compound, viz.—

"Cleanliness is indeed next to Godliness."
Bacon.

"Henceforth the Majesty of God revere;
Fear Him, and you have nothing else to fear."
James Fordyce.

The dash is employed in a very unmeaning way by most letter-writers. It should only be used to indicate an emphatic or unexpected pause of a somewhat abrupt character, to separate words uttered in a broken and faltering manner, when the same word is repeated twice, or to mark a sudden transition of thought and a greater length of pause than even a full-stop would supply. The following are examples of its use by distinguished authors—

"Farewell!
For in that word,—that fatal word,—howe'er
We promise—hope—believe,—there breathes despair." *Byron's "Corsair."*

"If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms never—never—never."
Pitt. (Speech November 18, 1777.)

"Action is transitory—a step, a blow,
The motion of a muscle—this way or that."
Wordsworth.

The hyphen is a horizontal line of half the length of the dash, and is employed as a connecting link between two words, which, being so united, form a compound word. This is done when either an adverb or adjective and a participle make a compound adjective when followed by a substantive, viz.—"A fast-trotting horse"; but when they follow the latter, the hyphen is omitted, viz.—

"A ship, quick sailing over the lake, glided past like a spectre."

Again, should the first noun denote the material, omit the hyphen, as, "a gold chain," "a brass knocker." But when used in the dative, or possessive case, the hyphen should be inserted, viz. "A band-master," "vacation - time," "a man - cook." A hyphen is a point in extensive use, and amongst our classical writers, both ancient and modern. Two or three quotations will suffice as examples—

"Where, through the long-drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise." *Gray's "Elegy."*

Milton also, in *Paradise Lost*, forms a compound word when he speaks of "moon-struck madness," and Shakespeare, in *Othello*, of—

"the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,"

in *Macbeth*, of suffering "a sea-change;" and again, of

. . . . pity, like a naked new-born babe."

The apostrophe is used to denote the omission, for brevity's sake, of certain letters in the words employed, as for instance, "a child's toy," instead of "a child his toy"; "e'en," instead of "even"; "ere," for "before"; "e'er," for "ever"; "lov'd," for "loved," and "thro'," instead of "through." Such abbreviations are quite permissible in poetry; but with the exception of the first-named example, to mark the possessive case, the use of the apostrophe for the purpose of abbreviating words is a vulgar habit. For example, to write "I'm," for "I am," is not *comme il faut*, and is never practised by well-bred people.

Quotation points are formed like the apostrophe, and placed in couples on either side of any sentence borrowed from another writer. They are also called *guillemets*. Those placed at the beginning of a sentence or paragraph are like apostrophes turned upside down. When a quotation is made within a quotation, single quotation points are employed, viz., if you were quoting such a passage as this—

"Methought I heard a voice say, 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,'—the innocent sleep,—
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care."

Single quotation points are also used when not the exact words, but the sense is given as a quotation or repetition of some observation.

And now I may bring my lesson to a conclusion. To such as seek amusement only, it must have been dry indeed, supposing that their search for the same were bravely prosecuted to the end. For them I feel very sorry; but there is compensation in the reflection that to many such instructions are welcome, as well as of considerable value. I trust also that I have sufficiently demonstrated the fact that even so small a matter as this "Art of Punctuation" has a higher degree of import-

ance than would appear at first sight to a superficial observer. Mere strokes and specks on a sheet of paper in themselves, and though useful, each in its peculiar way, in pointing out the true meaning of the writer, this is not the only point to which I direct your attention: I would point towards a higher object, and that object is, consideration for the convenience of others.

What is called a "slap-dash" style is ill-bred. To scrawl off a few lines to one watching, with anxious and loving eyes, for a thoughtful and satisfactory letter, giving every little detail that could interest or amuse, a blot dropped here, a word forgotten there, two words filling a whole line, and all the sentences running, unstopped, into one another, the date omitted, and the chief subject left to a postscript, or never mentioned at all; such a production we but too frequently see. Alas! how unsatisfactory, nay, worse than that, how ungracious! People of kindly natures and well regulated minds are scrupulous about those small items that combine to make up a large sum-total of comfort for others. We have it not often in our power to do much at a time, and our youthful readers are not expected to accomplish great things. But the heart to do so may influence the hands and the lips in many ways, and of this we may always feel assured, that as "a straw will show which way the wind blows," we can always see what those around us would do if they could. "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."

S. F. A. CAULFEILD.

SNATCHED FROM PRISON DOORS.

By EMMA LESLIE, Author of "Out of the Mouth of the Lion."

CHAPTER VII.

AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

THE weeks went on, but Amy could not get a situation, and the pressure of want began to be felt by the two girls. Lina had given up her dinners in the middle of the day, and contented herself with a slice or two of bread and butter brought from home, but this change to a meagre diet and the close neighbourhood they were living in now, soon began to tell upon her, and one day, as she stood near her machine, she fell to the floor fainting. It was some time before she recovered, and then she had to go home, and the doctor they sent for, who called to see her in the evening, finding her weak and low, ordered her a few days' rest and plenty of nourishing food. The rest she must perforce take, although it meant a lessening of their now slender income, but the extra nourishment was beyond their means unless they went into debt, and against this Lina had sternly set her face.

Seeing how small was the hope of Amy's getting a situation, she had so arranged their household expenses as to pay Mrs. Mead a shilling or two each week of the rent left owing, but this, with what had to be deducted for clothes and boots (for it was necessary to maintain a respectable appearance), left them only sufficient for the barest necessaries, so that a further diminution of their income must, of course, cause grave anxiety, and the idea of a greater outlay for beef-tea and wine, as the doctor ordered, was not to be thought of.

Amy was out when Lina was brought home, and she had not returned when the doctor called, which Lina was rather glad of, as it saved her the trouble of protesting against getting into debt, which she knew Amy would instantly have proposed.

She had so far recovered when Amy returned, that she did not notice anything unusual in her appearance, but Lina was obliged to tell her about the fainting, and that she had been ordered to take a few days' rest by the doctor.

"Whatever shall we do, Lina? for they'll cut down your salary for it, you know, and I was going to ask you if I couldn't have a shilling or two this week to do up my hat," said Amy, with a look of dismay, as she noticed how pale Lina looked.

"I don't think we can spare anything for dress, this week," said Lina, wearily; "and besides your hat is not so very shabby," she added.

"Oh, that's what you always say," grumbled Amy; "well, I'll wait till next week," she added, "but you really must spare me two or three shillings then, for I want some things very particularly."

"Very well, we'll see," said Lina; but she turned her face to the wall and cried softly to herself as she thought of Amy's unfeeling words. She could not have what the doctor said was necessary to make her well, and here was Amy insisting upon buying new finery to go to a dance—for that was what she wanted it for, Lina felt sure.

There was no more, however, said about it, only Amy was sulky and disagreeable all the next day. Lina stayed at home two days, and certainly felt better for the rest, but to her dismay, when she went to work, the feeling of weariness and languor crept over her before she had been there an hour, and at dinner-time Mary, and one or two others, tried to persuade her to give up and go home again.

"You look downright ill," said Mary, in a tone of concern; "I believe you worry yourself too much about that good-for-nothing Amy."

But Lina shook her head. "I shall be all right in a day or two," she said, "I've got a bad cold coming, I fancy, I've shivered so the last hour."

"Go home and go to bed," said Mary.

"Cant afford it," whispered Lina; "I've lost two days already this week."

"Well, come and have some dinner with us instead of going home," said Mary; for she had no idea that Lina went away merely to eat her bread and butter unseen, and thought that Amy prepared dinner at home for the two of them.

"No, not to-day," said Lina, though she wished she could afford a good dinner, for she felt sure she could eat that, although she had no appetite for the bread and butter she had brought in her bag. But she went for her usual walk round St. Paul's Churchyard eating her poor dinner, and went back to her work. She kept on until six o'clock, and then went home and to bed at once, for she felt positively ill, and when Amy returned an hour later she was frightened almost out of her wits, for Lina was in a high fever, and talked so incoherently, that Amy ran downstairs to find the landlady at once.

"You'd better fetch a doctor," said the woman, when she came up and looked at Lina. "She's very bad, I can see; I thought she was looking bad when she went out this morning."

"Oh, dear, what shall I do," said Amy, wringing her hands; "if she'd only rouse up and tell me what to do I wouldn't mind."

"Why, fetch a doctor, I tell you. I've got enough to do to look after my children, and besides, who's to know what's the matter with her? It may be fever or small-pox or something catching, and if it is she'll have to go from here at once."

"What! You'd turn her out," almost screamed Amy; "turn my poor Lina out, when she's so ill? That you shan't. I can nurse her if nobody else will."

"Then, go and fetch the doctor; you'll find his house just round the corner, and hear what he says."

Amy ran downstairs, for perhaps the first time in her life, wholly forgetful of herself and her own small interests. "Oh, if she were to die, it would be my fault, for it's all through me losing my place that we've had to come to this dirty hole, and live on bread and butter. My poor Lina, my poor Lina!" exclaimed Amy, half aloud as she ran down the street.

The doctor was at home and promised to come and see Lina at once, and indeed, he followed close on Amy's footsteps, fast as she ran, but he could not satisfy the landlady as to what ailed his patient. He would come again in the morning, when the symptoms would be more decided, he said, and he left directions with Amy what she was to do, and promised to send some medicine shortly.

When the morning came, Lina was decidedly worse, but showed no symptoms of either scarlet fever or small-pox; in fact the doctor seemed a good deal puzzled what to call her complaint, but said she must be carefully nursed and

he would call again in the evening. With this account of Lina, Amy went up to the warehouse, and in the course of the day someone was sent from there to see the sick girl, and he asked Amy and Mary Adams, who was sitting by her bedside, a good many questions as to their mode of life, by which it was elicited that Lina had had no proper dinners lately, but had lived almost entirely on bread and butter.

"Dear me, dear me," said the gentleman; "it's a case of semi-starvation, then. But you look pretty well," he added, turning sharply upon Amy.

She coloured and hung her head. "A friend used to give me a good supper very often," she said; "but I never thought about poor Lina."

"Then you must be a very thoughtless girl," said the gentleman, sharply.

Amy burst into tears, and the visitor left the room. As soon as the door had closed, she sobbed out, "Oh, Mary, what can I do? I've killed her, I know I have!"

"Hush, you must be quiet, Amy, or you really will kill her; the doctor said she must not be disturbed."

"But what can I do, what can I do?" sobbed Amy, who was thoroughly shaken out of her selfishness for once.

"Well, if you'll go and tell mother I'm here, I'll stay with you to-night, and ask her to make some good beef-tea as soon as she can, and send Tom down with it before he goes to bed."

But, instead of sending Tom with it, Mrs. Adams came herself, about nine o'clock, for Lina was a favourite of hers, and she wanted to see her at once. "Dear me, it's very sad," she said, when she had looked at Lina; "and what are they going to do now—how are they going to live?"

Amy had left the room to speak to somebody at the street door. They could hear her voice occasionally protesting, "No, no;" but they did not pay much attention to it, for they were eagerly discussing what could be done for Lina under existing circumstances, when all at once a scream was heard, and the next minute Amy rushed into the room, closely followed by a policeman.

Mary and her mother started to their feet, while Amy dropped, white and panting, into the nearest chair. The policeman shut the door and locked it, taking out the key before Mrs. Adams could re-

"'WHAT CAN I DO, WHAT CAN I DO?' SOBBED AMY."

cover from her astonishment sufficiently to speak. But at last she said, "What do you want here, my good man? I think you've made a mistake."

"Oh no, no mistake at all; we've got one of 'em, and I must search this place for the stolen property," said the man, coolly opening one of the drawers and turning over Amy's collars and cuffs.

"They're mine," she gasped, as she saw them tumbled out in a heap.

"Are they, young woman? Well there's nothing here that I want," remarked the policeman, and he closed that drawer and opened another.

"They're Lina's things," said Amy, a little resentfully, as she saw her friend's cherished possessions subjected to the same rough handling.

"Very good, if there's nothing here that don't belong to her, they'll be none the worse for my seeing 'em."

"What is it you want?" demanded Mrs. Adams.

"Stolen property; and I thought I should find it here," answered the man.

"But why should you think that? they're two respectable young girls who live here."

"Oh, yes, they're all respectable till they're found out; but you see that one there," pointing to Amy, "keeps company with a thief, and so what more natural than I should find here the things he's stolen?"

"Oh, Mrs. Adams, it isn't true, it can't be true," said Amy, bursting into tears.

"Why, we've just took him, and the thing is as clear as daylight against him."

"Who have you taken?" asked Mrs. Adams.

"William Haynes, who used to be in the warehouse," murmured Amy, through her tears.

"Yes, took him here at the door, talking to that young woman. He's one of the boldest thieves in London," added the policeman.

"It can't be true, Mrs. Adams; he told me he had got a good business, and I was going to help him, and we were to have been married this morning, only Lina was so ill, and I sent a note last night to put it off till next week."

"Well, my girl, if that's true, you've had a lucky escape," said the policeman, turning out another drawer as he spoke.

"Well, you can see it's true about this poor thing being ill," said Mrs. Adams, laying her hand on Lina's burning forehead as she spoke.

The man glanced towards the bed; "Oh, we knew one of 'em was all right—worked at a warehouse she did—the police have had their eye on this place a good while, for we knew that one had got herself mixed up with a bad lot, and we thought it likely we should find what we wanted here. Now, young woman, show us the presents this Haynes gave you — the rings and brooches and things," he said, turning sharply round upon Amy.

"I haven't got any," she said.

"You mean to tell me he never gave you anything?" said the policeman, doubtingly.

"He bought me a ring a week or two ago, but I asked him to mind it for me, till we were married, for I knew Lina would make a fuss and perhaps find out that I was going to be married, and I didn't want her to know till it was all over."

"Hasn't he given you money either?"

"He lent me half-a-crown, the night before last, to buy some new trimming for my hat," said Amy. "Lina couldn't spare it this week, and I didn't like being married in a shabby hat," and in proof of her assertion Amy took the half-crown from her purse and held it towards the policeman.

"And you're sure this is all you've ever had from him," said the man.

"Yes, except some suppers and what he's paid for us to go to the music hall and theatre."

Mary and her mother had ranged themselves beside the policeman, and evidently looked upon her as a culprit, although she might not be actually guilty of theft or receiving stolen property. The policeman looked puzzled when, having searched everything in the room, he found nothing likely to have been stolen.

Mrs. Adams drew him aside and spoke to him on Amy's behalf, for she was afraid he was going to arrest her, as he certainly would have done if he had found what he expected concealed in the room.

"She may be wanted as a witness at the trial, but we've nothing actually against her yet," Amy heard him say, as he unlocked the door and took his departure.

Of course the landlady wanted to know what this visit from the police meant, and looked very suspiciously at Amy when Mrs. Adams told her what had occurred.

"It's very disgraceful," she said; "I never had the police watching my house before, and as soon as Miss Wilton is better she must go somewhere else, for I thought they were both respectable young women, or I should not have let them come into my house;" and as she said the last words she cast an angry look at Amy.

"Poor Lina, what will she do when she gets better and hears all this?" said Mary.

"I'll go away as soon as ever she gets well. I'll write to my brother and tell him all about it, and ask him to let me go to him," said Amy.

"It will be the best thing, I think," said Mrs. Adams.

"Yes, yes, but you'll let me stay and take care of Lina while she's ill? I can live on dry bread, so that I shan't cost much," pleaded Amy.

"Well, I was saying to Mary I would go to the warehouse to-morrow and ask them to let you take Lina's place while she's ill, so that you might have her money," said Mrs. Adams.

"Oh, if they would do that I wouldn't spend a penny on myself, and I should be so glad to help Lina!" exclaimed Amy. "I know I don't deserve it, for I was idle and careless when I was there before, and didn't care what anybody said to me, but if they would let me work Lina's machine while she's ill—just while she's ill, so that she may have the beef-tea and things she wants, I would be as steady as Mary herself."

"Well, I'll think about it," said Mrs. Adams. "I shall stay here to-night," she added, "and as it's so late Mary must stay too."

"And you'll go up to the office in the morning before you go home, won't you?" pleaded Amy.

"I'll think about it, Amy. If the police had not been here to-night I certainly would have gone, but as it is I don't know what to think about it."

The doctor's report that Lina's illness was caused by want was talked of all over the warehouse the next morning, and Mary was besieged with questions as to how such a thing could have happened, for Lina had become a great favourite with everybody, and was known to be so regular and punctual, that her wages were never curtailed by non-attendance.

Then it became known that she had kept Amy Carrington ever since she had lost her situation, and from what Mary heard from one and another, during the day, she felt sure her mother's petition for Amy to be allowed to take Lina's machine would at least meet with a fair hearing from the manager, for Lina had won the respect of everybody, and all were eager to help her if they could.

Mary took the opportunity of running home in the dinner hour to tell her mother of the sympathy everybody felt for Lina, and ask her to come that afternoon, and proffer her request on Amy's behalf, and Mrs. Adams readily agreed to do this.

"I believe the poor girl is really penitent, Mary," said her mother, "I never saw such a change in a girl, and if she could do Lina's work, so that they had all her money, it would be such a comfort to them now."

All this Mrs. Adams explained to the authorities at the warehouse that afternoon, and they agreed to allow Amy to take Lina's place until she was able to come back, and it was arranged that she should do this the following week.

The girls made a collection among themselves the same day for Lina's benefit, and gave it to Mary for her mother to dispose of as she thought best.

Amy was most grateful for the opportunity of being able to do something for Lina—indeed she could not do enough to satisfy herself, and wanted to undertake the task of nursing her at night, as well as working at the warehouse all day.

"No, no, Amy, you cannot do that," said Mrs. Adams; "but you shall take care of her during the evening while I go home; but Mrs. Mead or I will look after her the rest of the time until she gets a little better. The doctor says it's low fever—nothing catching, you know, only it may be rather a wearisome illness for her. I am glad you can go to work, for she will need plenty of good things when she is getting better."

Lina recovered consciousness during the next day, but was too weak to trouble herself much about the arrangements

made for her comfort, but she looked pleased when she heard that Amy was to be allowed to take her place at the warehouse.

"I'm so glad," she whispered. "You must thank God, Amy dear. He will take care of us and bring light out of darkness."

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETIES.

Read Sermons.

There is a story told of Dr. Blacklock, the blind Scotch poet and preacher, that he once preached in a kirk in the South of Scotland, to the great delight of all who heard him. There was at the time a great prejudice in Scotland against reading sermons. An elder remarked to an old woman coming out of church that they had heard a fine sermon.

"Yes," said the woman, "but does he read?"

"No, no," said the elder, "he canna read; he's blind."

"I'm glad o' that!" exclaimed the old woman. "I wish they were all blind."

The Last Long Sleep.—It was amongst the loveliest customs of the ancients to bury the young at morning twilight; for, as they strove to give the softest interpretation to death, so they imagined that Aurora, who loved the young, had stolen them to her embraces.—*Richter.*

Healthy Admiration.—What good it does us to admire! Admiration is the breath of the soul—I had almost said its greatness.

An Artist in Dress.—Dress, like writing, should never appear the effect of too much study and application.

The Philosopher's Stone.—Contentment is the true philosopher's stone. The poor are rich that have it, and the rich are poor without it.

Benefits.

If one have served thee, tell the deed to many. Hast thou served many? Tell it not to any.

Secrets.—None are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them. Such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money—for the purpose of circulation.

Readers Classified.—Readers may be divided into four classes. The first are like an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand—it runs in and out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class resembles a sponge—which imbibes everything and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class are like a jelly-bag—which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class may be compared to the slaves in the diamond mines of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserve only the pure gem.—*Coleridge.*

The Plighted Word.—The heaviest fetter that ever weighed down the limbs of a captive is as the web of the gossamer, compared with the pledge of people of honour. The wall of stone and the bar of iron may be broken, but the plighted word, never!

In Low Company.—She who sinks to a familiarity with persons much below her own level will be constantly weighed down by her base connections; and though she may easily plunge still lower, she will find it almost impossible ever to rise again.

Never Despair.

A little particle of rain,
That from a passing cloud descended,
Was heard thus idly to complain:—
"My brief existence is now ended;
Outcast, alike of earth and sky,
Useless to live, unknown to die."

It chanced to fall into the sea—
And there an open shell received it,
And after years, how rich was he
Who from its prison-house relieved it!
The drop of rain had formed a gem
To deck a monarch's diadem.

Scripture Acrostic.

The servants of the Levites.
The king who helped Nehemiah.
The father of Shallum.
One who tried to hinder Nehemiah.
The ruler of the palace.
The plain to which the enemies of Nehemiah wished to decoy him.
A false prophetess.

The initial letters of these words form the name of the Captain of Judah.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

Eleanor F.—We strongly advise this young lady of "eighteen," who "has had a good education," and wishes for a situation "of daily or resident governess," to learn to spell first of all, as she has made six mistakes in her brief letter; also to learn English grammar, and the rules of composition likewise, as we do not think her competent to undertake the situation she desires, nor to compete for our "prize essays," when she inquires, "weather girls of eighteen is allowed" so to do. She tells us that, "me and more girls think it" (our paper) "would be better with more story's; and less about needlework and such like"—a very unsuitable sentiment for a would-be governess!

Nil Desperandum.—We advise you to write to Mrs. F. W. Tremlett, Belsize Parsonage, London, N.W., or else to Miss Ada M. Leigh, 77, Avenue Wagram, Paris, Secretaries of the Association of the Mission Homes for the Protection of Young English and American Women and Orphans in Paris. Consult these ladies as to your wishes. Beware of acting independently of such protection as this society would afford, by counsel and other assistance. Perhaps emigration to one of our colonies would suit you. If so, write for information to the Women's Emigration Society, who facilitate, by granting loans and giving advice, the emigration of educated women to the Colonies. See Miss Blake, Carteret-street, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.

Mary A. D.—The "Board of the Green Cloth" was one connected with the Royal household, having power to convict offenders within the verge of the palace, and 200 yards beyond the gates. A servant could not be arrested for debt until a warrant was procured from this Board. The name originated in the members sitting at a table covered with green cloth, in the counting-house, with the steward of the palace, as witnesses and recorders. It is supposed to date back much beyond the reign of Henry I., in whose time it is known to have existed. A nursery governess should be able to "ground" her pupils thoroughly in all branches of an English education—intelligent reading, good writing, grammar, geography, English history, spelling, and the first three rules of arithmetic, besides plain sewing. French, Latin, and Music, of a rudimentary character; the latter with reference to the pianoforte. Were your qualifications inferior to these, you could not undertake any but very young children, and would be perpetually obliged to change your situations, and could not take any where there were boys.

COOKERY.

Australian Nell wishes us to give our readers the following recipe:—Take any description of cold meat, cut up very finely, together with herbs, one onion, and cold boiled potatoes. Mash all together, and flavour with salt and pepper. Place in a pie-dish, put some pieces of butter on the top, and bake in an oven for half an hour. We regret that we have no prescription for making a dark skin fair; but if a fair one be sunburnt, and the skin blistered and broken, we think that the safest cure is to make some sage-tea, and to lie down on a sofa and lay the wet leaves over the face, bathing it also with the decoction. After that, beware of exposing the face to the sun, even when healed, without a veil, and the use of a parasol.

Laughing Joe.—*Compôte* (or jam) made of rhubarb is of very simple manufacture. Cut one pound of the stalks, including the white or pink end at the root, in lengths of about an inch; boil a quarter of a pint of water for about ten minutes, with six ounces of sugar; then put in the rhubarb, and let it simmer for a quarter of an hour. Brown sugar is suitable for ordinary use; but if the *compôte* be intended for a sick person, or for dessert, you should substitute it with the best "lump" sugar.

Ivy F.—You will find a recipe for making "cocoa-nut toffee" on page 399, vol. iii.

Birdie.—To make a good cake, and "ice" it, see pages 222 and 463; to ice, 399, vol. i. A good recipe was lately given for a wedding cake at page 463, vol. iv. (No. for April 21st, 1883.)

Anxious Inquirer.—To make muffins, take of flour one quartern, of warm milk and water a pint and a half; of yeast, a quarter of a pint; of salt, two ounces. Mix for fifteen minutes, and then add of flour a quarter of a peck; make dough; let it rise one hour; roll it up, pull it into pieces, make them into balls; put them in a warm place; and when the whole dough is made into balls, shape them into muffins, and bake on tins. Turn them when half done, dip each into warm milk, and then bake to a pale brown. Your writing is good.

WORK.

Je Vaudrais bien Savoir.—Use Judson's gold paint, and inquire for it at any artist's colourman's. We could not say where you could dispose of any kind of work. It is a matter of personal exertion.

Mouldy Kit.—We recommend you to turn your cotton dress from a dirty to a clean white by first boiling it and then bleaching it out on the grass by day and night.

Charlie's Love.—The shiny appearance of black cloth may arise from wear, the nap being rubbed off; if so, we cannot recommend anything better than turning it. If grease, sponge with a little ammonia, after ironing very lightly, to extract the grease with a piece of blotting-paper between. To dye a white straw hat black, we advise you to send it to a dyer's, as it will have to be placed on a block.

Snowball might get a grey silk and cashmere dress, with a cape to match; or the colour might be "electric blue," or "crushed strawberry." These dresses would then serve, not only for the wedding, but for a best visiting dress afterwards. The bridesmaids might wear flowered sateens and straw hats, two trimmed with one colour and two with another; all the trimmings to match.

Hilary C.—You had better consult "My Work Basket," and work something for your brother. Perhaps you could knit him a silk scarf for his neck in double knitting.

Bell.—1. For out-of-door wear, a small cape; for indoors, there are very pretty collarettes, embroidered in silk, beads, or silver and gold, which would look well on a black dress. 2. You are not sufficiently well educated to be eligible for a situation, either as a companion or a governess. You say (speaking of your dress), "Want something to liven it up;" omitting the personal pronoun; also, "Pass your opinion," instead of "give me," or "oblige me with your opinion." Again, "Will you kindly advise which is the best to do." We advise you; we do not "advise which." Your writing is not very good, and you should write copies.

Vera.—It gratifies us much to hear that so many weary hours of illness have been soothed and cheered by our paper. Patterns for wool-work that may be applied to a chair-back, or antimacassar, will be found at page 476, and following pages, vol. iii.; also see "Wool Crochet," page 275, vol. ii. We hope you are growing out of your delicacy.

Sweet Pea.—Make the little cushions first, so as to fit well into the walnut-shell, and tie or sew the raw edges together, that they may not become loose. Then with a small brush paint the inside of the shell rather thickly with strong cement or glue, and press the cushion firmly into it. Then cover the cushion with a piece of calico, and tie it tightly underneath the shell, so as to press both together until the glue be dry.

Frances Andrews.—We do not sell paper-patterns. We describe for you how to make your dresses for yourselves, and tell you what is to be worn during the various seasons. But if you need paper-patterns, in addition to the illustrations which we have engraved for your guidance, and at considerable expense, you must purchase them at those shops expressly provided with them.

Elise.—See "Sock and Stocking Knitting," page 157, vol. ii.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hina.—Messrs. Novello and Co. have published some little primers, which include all Italian words for the direction of instrumental performers and singers. Your writing is not formed.

S. D. M.—The letters, "*S.P.Q.R.*, which were embroidered on the banners or standards carried by the Roman soldiers, meant, "Senate, Populace, and Questors of Rome," and represented the Latin inscription, *Senatus, Populusque, Romani.*

S. E.—The trouble you complain of is a disease, and should be treated by a doctor. It has nothing to do with either health or cleanliness.

EXCELSIOR.—We cannot answer your questions, which are of a controversial nature. Such subjects are quite unsuited to our columns.

S. T.—We believe that translations from foreign newspapers or magazines are sometimes gladly accepted by English papers, provided they are speedily sent in, and that the subject be novel and interesting to the general public. You had better send a sample of your work to some editor.

HEBE.—The postage of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER to France and Algeria is twopence the monthly number. Thank you for your praise of our paper; we are glad to find it is so well appreciated in France.

SCRIBENDIBUS.—You must inquire at any music shop. We do not think there would be a "proper price." You would, of course, be more highly paid if you could write out the parts of a piece.

BONEYS.—We think your colour is probably natural, but freshness of colour is added to the face by washing it in cold water night and morning, and being much in the open air.

S. E. M.—We should inquire at one of the Indian warehouses in Regent-street, and send the screen to an experienced person for restoration.

DAISY.—"How the Girls Arranged their Sitting-room and Bedroom," will be found on pages 41 and 170, vol. i.

K. L. S.—To restore black lace, see page 303, vol. ii.

CALAIS-DOUVRES.—The best way to go to Lucerne is by the new direct through route, viâ Dover, Calais, Laon, Delle, and Basle. There is no change of train, and the tickets can be taken at the station in London. By Newhaven and Dieppe is the cheapest route. We cannot tell how you wish to live, whether *en pension*. The trip should not cost more than £40, we think.

ANNIE.—We think you are quite right to turn your talents to account, and help others by so doing. A busy life is a happy one, and we must remember that old Dr. Watts' lines would make us believe that special temptations lie in wait for the idle and indolent.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—She must advertise for the situation, or else obtain it through friends.

IONE STEWART.—If you take beer, that may be the cause of your heaviness. The other trouble is probably caused by acidity, for which you should consult a doctor.

FAINT, YET PURSUING.—We were much interested in your letter, and wish you God speed in your efforts to please Him. A good motto for a birthday would be, "He is thy life, and length of thy days," Deut. xx. 30; or, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be," Deut. xxxiii. 25; or, "By me thy days shall be multiplied," Proverbs ix. 11; or, Psalm xc. 12, "Teach us to number our days."

ESPOIR.—1. We gave the story of the old Chinese willow pattern at page 432, vol. ii. 2. You had better obtain a list, or look over a few at one of the foreign libraries, of which there is one in Regent-street, W., and another in the Strand, W.C.

L. and S. W. RY.—We repeat our first assertion, that to pronounce "been" "bin" (as in German), is thoroughly inadmissible in the higher circles of well-bred society. It is the pronunciation of the peasant class. We like the sentiments of your verses, and think that a little study of the rules of metrical composition might lead to your accomplishing some of a better type when you are a little older.

WOODBINE.—See page 494, vol. ii., for directions respecting the cleaning of pianoforte keys. October 2nd, 1824, was a Saturday.

ANXIOUS TO DO RIGHT.—Take a friend with you; it is more seemly and respectable to do so, and you will be the more respected in showing self-respect.

HOPE.—Many people employ powder to the face, not only to conceal spots, but to prevent its shining when heated. Powder is very injurious to the complexion, as it fills the pores, prevents their natural and essential action, and, keeping them open, thus in time enlarges them, so that the skin is rendered coarse in grain, like orange peel. Others endeavour to colour their faces with some description of liquid—a silly practice, but we believe not really injurious, like the use of powder to whiten it. When your brother teases you, beware of allowing him to perceive that he has succeeded in annoying you, and that will be the best method of leading him to desist.

AUNTIE LAURA.—We thank you for your kind sympathy in reference to our time spent in a hot city while you are in the green and flowery country enjoying the scent of the hay; but we hope to have the refreshment of a few holidays far from the city office which you so feelingly picture to yourself. November 3rd, 1863, was a Tuesday. Some hair never grows long. Cut the ends; wash it, but do not use soda, as it is too drying, and splits the ends.

MOTHERLESS ETHEL.—Inquire for a guitar instructor at any musicseller's. The lines you quote are by Tennyson.

MARGUERITE.—The motto, *Craig elachie*, "The rock of alarm," belongs to the family of Grant. The word "Elachie" is only spelt with one "l." When it is written "Ailichie," the motto is given as the war-cry of the Grants in battle.

IONE.—The lines you quote form a part of an Italian rhymed proverb translated into English. As you grate from one end of the nutmeg, you open all the interstices where the seed is contained, which you do not at the other.

KINGSLEY.—The white flower is, we think, the "lesser stitchwort" (*Stellaria graminea*); the deep red is "ragged robin" (*Lychinis flos cuculi*); the blue or purplish blue is the "self heal" (*Prunella vulgaris*). We quite agree with you, that admiration must be judicious and discriminating, or else it is useless and harmful. But knowledge and culture of many kinds are required before our admiration can be discriminating, and this uneducated admiration is what Emerson condemns. We are very glad to hear from you.

DEWDROP.—We do not know of any such book. The yolk of the egg is beaten up and then rubbed into the roots of the hair like soap, then washed out with plenty of water.

VERENA.—The more attention we give to your letter, the more certain we are that you are quite in your right place where you are. Why not try to "work up" the school yourself? Advertise, and try to obtain more pupils. If you choose to write a short clear article on your trip, with expenses and route, you might be successful and get it in somewhere,

though it would have to be very well written to succeed. Do not be discouraged; try any and everything bravely. "God helps those who help themselves."

BRIDGET.—We hear the best authorites say both "ma-*cra*-mé" and "*mac*ramé." Read "A few Words about Coughs and Colds," page 702, vol. iii. Many thanks for your kind offer about the Girl's Own Home; but please communicate with the secretary.

E. A. B.—You have our deepest sympathy, and we quite admired the quiet and uncomplaining tone of your letter. The open-work of the paper pattern appears to be formed by doubling the paper in squares, first one way and then the other, and slicing off a long slip with the scissors.

C. COOPER.—The address of the House of Rest for Women in Business, is The Misses Skinner, Bayfield, Babbacombe, South Devon. We do not think it is in connection with the Young Women's Christian Association, however.

J. B.—We do not undertake to explain riddles, but we did solve that by the late Bishop of Oxford almost immediately after it appeared in our paper. You will find the answer if you look for it.

ANON.—We fail to understand your description of yourself; you seem to "make a distinction without a difference." You are anxious to do a charitable work for others on which "the blessing of God would rest"; you desire to be engaged in acts of Christian usefulness as in His sight and acceptable to Him, and yet doubt His approval because you fancy you are not "decidedly" religious. All Christians are not equally consistent, zealous, and faithful, but our merciful Saviour, who does not "break the bruised reed," will not "quench the smoking flax" either. The fire of your love and zeal may be but small and feeble, its light dimmed by the smoke of many imperfections, but He who first kindled the fire can see and keep it alive. You might do well to send the articles you make to Miss Coales's Home for Worn-out, Aged, and Destitute Women, 1, Chatham-place, Hackney; or the Hospital for Incurable Children, Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, S.W.

LYNETTE.—Your verses are pretty and possess some promise, but they lack originality.

BUMBLEBEE.—For the proper food for thrushes, see page 734, vol. iii.

DAISY.—Ammonia might be successful in taking out the stains; but as you do not say what caused them, we are rather in the dark.

AN EXILE FROM HOME.—We are glad to hear THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is a comfort to you in your exile, and we are sorry we cannot help you. The name of the society you mention does not appear on our lists, and the description you give is vague. Perhaps the work of the association at 27, Kilburn Park-road, London, N.W., would answer as well. You might write for particulars.

A. A. P.—We think, if she be a wise and sensible girl, she will finish her education, which must be sadly incomplete at seventeen, and wait till two or three and twenty, when she will know her own mind, and be able to use her full powers of discrimination in choosing a partner for life. It is too serious and solemn a step to be taken at seventeen: We should recommend a couple of years' sojourn on the Continent with her father.

JESSIE.—The origin of the crook employed by shepherds was its suitability for the purpose of catching the sheep when running away. Crooks date back to the earliest historical times, and are used by the shepherds in the East in the same form as ours in this country. As the children of God are called His flock, His sheep, and His lambs, in both the Old and New Testaments, and His apostles and their successors were to act as shepherds and to feed them, it is easy to trace the origin of the bishop's crozier, which is used symbolically, and is made exactly in the form of a shepherd's crook.

REINE MARGUERITE.—The use of the horsehair to remove them would prove effectual, but would try your patience, as it would take some days, the horse-hair being left tightly tied till the effect desired was accomplished. See the advice given at page 319, vol. i., in reply to "Annis Venn;" also page 447, vol. i., to "Portia." Your hand promises well, and you write a nice letter. You have our best wishes.

ROSE MARIE.—See "A Chat About British Ferns," pages 198 and 455, vol. iii.; also, "To Press Flowers," page 80, vol. iii. We have just answered your question, as many times before now.

FLORENCE.—The quotation "Dressed in a little brief authority," is taken from Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*.

LITTLE MISS PRIMROSE.—The quotation, "Passions are likened best to floods and streams," is from a poem by Sir Walter Raleigh, called the "Silent Lover."

ANXIOUS.—The French have invaded Ireland and Wales—the latter in 1797, the former in 1798—but not England. Yes, the examination would be first class.

HABISHAW.—The summons must be taken out by parents or guardians.

A PINK HYACINTH.—*Crescit sub pondere virtus* means "Virtue increases under a weight or burden." We do not think an hour is too long.

SOUTH AMERICAN.—We regret we cannot afford the information you require.

LIBBY.—Newcastle-on-Tyne, and other northern cities, suffered much from cholera in 1853, but we do not think that Glasgow was specially visited by it. If the lady was engaged to him, she should, of course, return all his letters and presents.

MARY WILLOUGHBY.—You will find what you require in the biographies of that date.

TIRRIDY.—The wives of Henry VIII. were queens consort, being the wives of the reigning king. Queens regnant are queens in their own right, as Queen Victoria.

PRASCOVIE LAPOULOFF.—We do not see any objection to your giving a present in return, provided that your mother approve.

L. S. B.—We should advise you to send the jacket to a cleaner, if it be good enough. You will only spoil it at home.

CARVIE SWEETIE.—What is the name of the piece of poetry? *Sic* means "thus" or "so"; the other word is probably a name. We think all our prayers are answered in God's own good time, and in the way best suited to us. We pray like children, in the dark, while He hears us in that eternal light where everything is visible.

IVY.—*Mens æqua rebus in arduis* means, "An equal mind in difficulties." It is the motto of the Hardinges.

VOL. IV.—NO. 195. SEPTEMBER 22, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

A GIRL'S MORNING HYMN.

BY C. A. MACIRONE.

HOLY FATHER, let me be
Near to Thee, dear to Thee,
  Never far away.
Near to Thee at morning prime,
Near to Thee when rings the chime
  At the close of day.

Near the intervening time,
Near when care and despair
  Gather o'er my way;
And the shadows drear and dim
Of this evil world and him
  Who rules there hold their sway.

Take me close within Thine arm,
Shelter dear from all fear
  And the tempter's art;
There secure from fear and harm,
As a child who nestles warm
  At her father's heart.

As a bird that sinks to rest;
While it sings, with folded wings,
  Sheltered from the cold,
Soft and warm within its nest;
As a lamb its mother's breast
Nestles near in its fear,
  Tho' within the fold.

Lay Thy hand upon my head,
Blessed Lord, Christ adored,
  Bless me as I go;
Bless me at the break of day,
Bless me in the evening grey,
  Save me from the foe.

Blessing Thee I pass along,
Strong to pray night and day,
  Lord, while Thou art near;
In the shadow of Thy wings,
Thy child passing prays and sings,
  Steadfast in Thy fear.

In this fearful battle-place
Of our race, give me grace
  To struggle day by day;
When the passions, mad with wrong,
Crush the weak and warp the strong,
  Tempt, and wound, and slay.

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(Drawn by Emily Macirone.)

When a fearful pestilence
Tainteth all, great and small,
We do, or think, or say;
Till one great and bitter cry
From earth's sin and agony
Riseth up alway.

Therefore to Thy hand I cling,
Praising Thee, blessing Thee,
Lord for evermore;
Therefore for Thy love to guide,
Therefore in Thy heart to hide,
Lowly I implore.

By the purity and grace
Angels wear—ever fair
With gazing on Thy face—
Let me stand within Thy light,
Serve Thee truly day and night,
Radiant in my place.

Once more bless me ere I go—
Father, Lord, Spirit adored,
And the eternal Son;
Thou the universe obeys,
Though it cannot sing Thy praise,
As it should be sung.

GRANDFATHER'S LEGACY.

By HENRY FRITH.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LEGACY: A LESSON.

WHILE the young people were thus employed upon the river and bent upon seeing grandpapa, he had been suddenly summoned to the Better Land. The poor squire had received an injury much more serious than he had imagined, and when the great excitement was over he felt really ill. The doctor had from the first little hope of his recovery, but he endeavoured to instil it into his patient, who, however, was convinced that his days were numbered.

This conviction occasioned him no uneasiness. He had no fear of death. The great hereafter had no terrors for him. He had all his life striven to do his duty, and the well-grounded faith instilled into his heart by his mother had never been eradicated. In all the turmoil and trouble of the world, in all his worries (and as a large land proprietor he had many), in the ingratitude of some, in the mistaken kindness of others, he had endured much temptation and suffered many trials; but eventually had risen superior to all.

So, when the summons came from the Great King for His servant to come to Him, the poor servant was ready and willing. He had run his race; he had endeavoured to win the crown, and we may believe his faithful, honest spirit received its reward. But before the end of the world came to Grandfather Metcalfe, he sent for his relatives and his grandchildren in order to explain to them his wishes.

But we have already seen that four of them had gone out in the boat that very day, and so it happened that only Violet of all the young people was enabled to see her grandfather that afternoon. He told her and his other sorrowing relatives how he had determined to leave his grandchildren a certain legacy, the nature of which they were none of them to know until they had attained the age of nineteen.

"Violet," he said, "you will soon be made acquainted with my bequest; it will involve some conditions and sacrifices, remember. But it is only a means to an end. You are a very good girl, I believe, and to you my legacy will first come. I can only give you one hint—"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Violet listened respectfully and shed many tears. She did not understand—indeed she did not dwell upon—the application of her grandfather's quotation, and as she took leave of him for the night she wondered what the legacy might be.

Next day the news of the terrible accident which had befallen poor Ida was gently told to the dying man, and he expressed a wish to see her. Lily and the blind girl were led into his room, and he blessed them both, bidding them farewell tenderly, and reminding them of their legacy. Poor, proud, and haughty, yet sightless, Ida was at once removed to her darkened room. Lily, the bright and happy one, went out for a ride with Violet, and both were sincerely sorry for grandpapa, and for cousin Ida, of whose eventual recovery the doctor gave hopes.

In the quiet autumn night, when not a breath of air was stirring, when the placid moonlight bathed everything in its silvery sheen, the message came to the old squire. In the silence the "still small voice" made itself heard, and the old man passed away joyfully. When they next approached his bed they found the spirit had quietly departed, without a sigh for the world it was leaving, without a parting message for those it had left.

Yes, he was gone—gone into the land of shadows, to await the great awakening, when we all shall have to appear and give account for ourselves, our sins, and shortcomings!

And the legacy? Following the directions contained in his will, a neat paper parcel was handed to Violet, as the eldest granddaughter. Ida and her cousin had frequently chatted concerning grandfather's legacy, and had compared notes concerning it.

"It will be something very pretty, I'm sure," said Ida. "It is sure to be; and to think that I may never see it! It is hard to think."

"But the doctor says you will see quite well in a few months more, if you keep quiet," said Lily. "You will see it in good time, no doubt. I suppose it is something very grand and pretty," she added, referring to the legacy again.

"I wonder how it can affect us all," replied Violet. "We don't all want the same thing. Grandfather says it is an heirloom."

"A what?" inquired Lily. "Airloom?"

"Heirloom," repeated Violet. "Something that has been handed down from father to son, and we must take care of it. It is no doubt some valuable jewellery."

"Or lace," said Ida. "I have heard of lace that is perfectly lovely being left for generations."

"Perhaps," said Lily, "it may be a wedding-ring. There was something said about Violet as the eldest; she will marry and have the benefit of the legacy first."

"How silly you are, Lily," retorted Violet. "A wedding-ring! Why, I'm only sixteen—I don't want to marry anyone—certainly not till I'm twenty-five."

"No doubt it is something valuable," said Ida, sighing, "and it is no use speculating. I shall put it all out of my head and try to get well quickly."

Violet's nineteenth birthday was the day fixed for opening the parcel, and as Ida remained an inmate of the rectory, Lily and her brother were asked over to stay there also. The boys had received handsome presents, or rather money equivalents, which pleased them very much. It was found that grandpapa had forgotten nobody. Of course the bulk of his property went to his sons, but his daughters and grandchildren, servants and retainers, each and all had some substantial or pleasing token of the squire's thoughtfulness. Nobody was forgotten, and the girls' special legacy was the only one unknown to the family.

But when Violet's nineteenth birthday came, all the house, and indeed the parish, were anxious to hear what had been left to the rich rector's daughter. She herself, notwithstanding her numerous occupations and parish work, had been speculating upon the beauty and grandeur of the gift, and what use she could make of her share or shares.

"You may depend upon it, Lily, we shall always share alike at least. I don't want to see you left out in the cold, dear, and anything

I get shall be equally yours and poor Ida's."

Lily and Ida thanked her, and at noon on her birthday the party assembled in the study to see the box opened and the beautiful present discovered.

Amid perfect silence Mr. Strangeways cut the string which secured the pasteboard box. All eyes were rivetted upon the lid. It was a common box enough to contain such a treasure, and opinions were freely expressed concerning it.

"Here it is; a casket, I expect," said Violet, whose mind was set upon jewellery, apparently.

"It looks like a book or small box," said Lily. "I don't want a book," she muttered.

"Wait a moment," said Ida, who, with a shade over her eyes, was sitting in the shadow of the curtains. "We may be thankful for anything."

The box was opened, the contents taken out, the outer paper removed, and Mr. Strangeways, in a tone of surprise, exclaimed—

"Why it's grandpapa's old Bible, I declare!"

"A Bible, papa!" exclaimed Violet. "Oh, let me see. Yes, so it is. After all our guessing. Well, Lily, my dear, I've Bibles and good books enough. You may have this old Bible; I know it by heart. Fancy leaving such a present."

Lily made no immediate reply. At last she said—

"I really do think that there need not have been so much fuss made about an old Bible. We all have Bibles and Prayer-books; and——"

"Hush, Lily," said her mother, who was present, "you are speaking at random."

"This is a special gift," remarked the rector. "As one of the executors, I may tell you there are certain conditions dependent upon its possession. It is 'only a Bible,' true, and though a common object, as I am thankful to say it is, it need not be despised on that account."

He paused, and the girls blushed at the reproof. Then the rector continued—

"I may tell you that your grandfather set great store by this Bible. It is an heirloom. It belonged to his father, and he was desirous that it should be retained by one of you girls. There is also a condition attached to its possession. The owner must perform certain duties, and study for an examination. Now, Violet, my dear, you are the oldest, and have the chance. In the event of your choosing the Bible, I, with the other executor, am authorised to invest a sum of money or purchase a gift for your two cousins."

"Really, papa, I don't think I want it, thank you," replied Violet. "I would much rather have something different. I have so many Bibles, and, as you know, I am teaching it so much, that——"

"You would rather not," interrupted Mr. Strangeways, finishing the sentence for his daughter. "Now, Ida?"

"Ask Lily first, please," replied the girl. "I must confess I should like it, because—— But ask Lily, I cannot see to read it at present, you know."

"Oh, I have a Church Service, and we have a picture Bible at home," replied Lily. "If you have no objection, mamma, I'd rather have another sort of present. And then there's the examination after. No, thank you, uncle. Ida may have it."

"Thank you," replied Ida; "I should like it very much. Papa will value it for grandfather's sake, and so will I. I never met anyone I loved so much as dear, kind grandpapa since I have been in England. I hope you understand me," said Ida, firmly, yet timidly, as if she felt she had been rude to her relatives present.

"Quite, my dear," replied Mrs. Metcalfe. "You are a good, unselfish girl."

"No, aunt, I'm not. Only since I've been blind, I have been more thoughtful, I suppose. As soon as I can read again I shall study."

"The examination I spoke of is not very terrible," said the rector. "It is more of a moral and Christian kind, than a mere study of school work. The conditions include some household and domestic, as well as more serious subjects, and the local examination must be passed. When you are nineteen, that is if you accept the conditions, the Bible will be yours."

"I am quite content," replied Ida, "unless papa takes me back to America. Nineteen is not very far off, and then I shall be ready to claim my legacy."

"Certainly; I hope you will," replied her uncle. "Your unfortunate accident will not, I believe, incapacitate you for the necessary application. So you are determined. Are you sure?"

"Yes, uncle," the girls said, all together.

"Very well. So soon as you and Lily are of the right age, I shall hand you each a sum of money—a considerable sum—with interest. If you are married before you are twenty-one, the money will be paid to you on your wedding-day. Violet can choose to-morrow."

"Suppose Ida marries, papa," asked Violet, "will she get her legacy then?"

"If she has fulfilled the conditions, she will," replied the rector. "The possessor of the Bible should find a treasure in it."

The girls made no reply, and after some conversation concerning the nature and conditions of the gift, the party separated.

The girls went out together, and Violet said—

"Ida, if you are afraid, I will change with you. An old Bible isn't much, is it?"

"I had expected nothing. But my education will be something, will not it? I shall have learnt to get my living as a governess, at any rate, in case anything happens."

"Yes, you will be educated, certainly," replied Violet, "if you are not too old for the examinations. But I would rather have the money. Why, you can't be married till you are past twenty!"

"Quite soon enough," laughed Ida. "'Marry in haste, repent at leisure.' You and Lily certainly have a chance before me."

"I'd rather have the money," said Lily, frankly. "I want lots of things—dresses, and a horse, and—I don't know what."

"Well," said Violet, with a sigh, "so much for the legacy! I wish you joy, Ida, but you've got the worst of it."

"Time will show," was the quiet answer.

(*To be continued.*)

THROWING LIGHTS.

"I HAVE a thought," said Millicent, as we drew round the fire. "I have a thought. It is long and green, it is notorious, it is horrible! It is a term of contempt, and I have seen it in wax. It is useful, though extremely humble. I have seen it in the streets, in the railway station, in places of amusement. It is alarming to quiet folks, it is unpleasant to all."

"I have a light!" cried Marion.

"Then show your light!" was Millicent's reply.

"It is seen in most lands," said Marion, "and has been seen in greasy situations. Madame Tussaud exhibits it, and we have no desire to see it alive."

"I also have a light!" exclaimed Norman.

"Then show your light!" quoth Millicent.

"Was not a cradle once formed of it, and a tender babe, afterwards a Hebrew hero and prophet, laid within it?"

"Rush!" "Rush!" cried several of our party, "the word is certainly Rush."

Of course Millicent was called upon to explain some of her statements, which she did to the satisfaction of all.

"And I have a thought," said Lily, "and it is round and soft. We touch it fearlessly, and draw it closely to us, yet its clasp is inevitable death. It is terrible in its beauty, and venomous in its malice. It is black, or brown, or grey, and it rivals the precious gems in colour."

"I have a light!" said George, "and will speak of its pleasant softness, and its awful hug. I will mention its sibilant approach, and its gliding movements. I will also speak of its horrible appetite, and the speedy disappearance of its victim."

"I have a light," cried Amy, "and must bring you back to the more innocent aspect of the word by declaring myself perfectly willing to clasp a sable monster round my throat, if anyone will make me a Christmas present of one!"

"Then I suppose it's a Boa," said Aunt Emma, laughing, "and I consider that you have taken a mean advantage of the game in thus advertising your wants."

CLARA THWAITES.

SINGING FROM THE HEART.

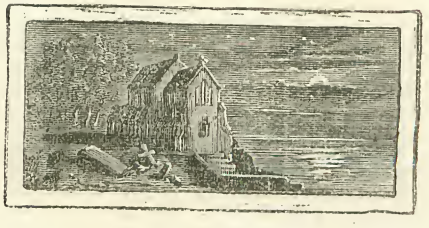
MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, in "Her Recollections of a Literary Life," says:—

"I was reading the song beginning, 'There's nae luck about the house,' to a friend, as well as a tongue not Scottish would let me, while an intelligent young person, below the rank that is called a lady, sate at work in the room. She smiled as I concluded, and said, half to herself, 'Singing that song got my sister a husband!'

"'Is she so fine a singer?' inquired my friend.

"'No, ma'am, not a fine singer at all; only somehow everybody likes to hear her, because she seems to feel the words she sings, and so makes other people feel them. But it was her choosing that song that won William's love. He said that a woman who put so much heart into the description of a wife's joy at getting her husband home again, would be sure to make a good wife herself. And so she does. There never was a happier couple. It has been a lucky song for them, I am sure.'

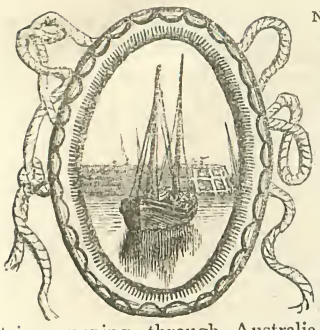
"Now, it seems to me that this true story is worth all the criticisms in the world, both on this particular ballad, and on the manner of singing ballads in general. Let the poet and his songstress only put heart into them, and the lady, at least, sees her reward."



OUR AUSTRALIAN COLONIES AND NEW ZEALAND.

By Mrs. BREWER.

NEW SOUTH WALES.



On our voyage from Brisbane we have ample time to study the maps and charts of the colony to which we are hastening. We trace a belt of mountains running through Australia, which in different parts of the country assume distinct denominations, the name in the vicinity of Sydney being Blue Mountains, the inhabitants of which, it is said, never die except by accident, so healthy is the climate, and to so great an age do they live; these mountains are also called the Great Dividing Range, or Watershed, distant from the sea coast thirty to 100 miles. We mark also that the principal rivers receiving the easterly drainage are the Hawkesbury, the Hunter, and the Clarence, and that all the large rivers, such as the Murray, the Murrumbidgee and the Darling, are on the west of the Watershed.

We next look at the character of the rivers and observe that there is only a limited number of constantly flowing streams, but that the deficiency is made up by the peculiar construction of their channels, in which is a succession of deep reservoirs or waterholes. The soil forming the flats of the coast district is of remarkable richness, and upon it there seems to be a variety of timber and scrub. The western and interior slopes are adapted for agriculture, and the salt-bush country lies beyond to the west and north-west limit.

We next take up the chart which marks the industries of the colony in a variety of colours. First, and infinitely the largest, stands the pastoral in dingy grey; second, the agricultural in bright red; third, minerals other than gold in grey blue; and last, gold itself in bright yellow, dotted about in all directions. We refer to the chart of settlement, and notice that the coast lands are much more thickly populated than the interior. We are pleased to find that looking out these details is far less weary to us now than when we began our tours; it may be because we know by experience how much more enjoyment we have in a colony when we take with us some knowledge of its features, or an additional reason may be found in the fact that several times during our tours men of high position and of great ability have been at much trouble to explain to us things of deep interest connected with the various colonies, and we have a strong conviction that unless we keep up our intelligence and learn to think and reason, we shall lose a good deal of the advantage thus afforded us.

Having laid aside maps and charts, we are all on the look out, for it seems to us as though the "Girl's Own" is making direct for a door cut in the rocks, and which the little ones among us think may be the portal of a giant's castle. The problem is soon solved, as a somewhat boisterous wave lifts us through the entrance, which is about a mile wide, and we find ourselves in the very loveliest of all harbours, Port Jackson. We give ourselves up to the full enjoyment of the scene, the high lands on either side, the curious-shaped rocks, the bays and creeks, the number of picturesque islets, the pretty villas and country houses in their gardens and orchards—nothing escapes us till we arrive at the beautiful circular quay. How well we seem to understand the enthusiasm with which people always speak of this approach to the oldest city in Australia. On landing we are exempt from the troubles of the custom-house, the officers politely assuring us of their conviction that the "Girl's Own" could carry nothing contraband.

At length, then, we are at Sydney, which we visited in imagination nearly a hundred years ago; surely a very different place, indeed, from the few huts of mud and wattle branches which we then saw. Our first impression of the city, as we walk to the Royal Hotel, is that it looks very English, and does not seem inferior to those of our best and oldest at home. We can scarcely imagine ourselves in a colonial city; the streets, houses, shops, carriages, omnibuses, cabs are all constructed as in England; the busy population, as it moves backward and forward through the city, seems to us also quite English; the cooking, customs, furniture have nothing, as far as we can see, colonial about them; the hotels are many in number, and extremely comfortable, but expensive; the streets are wide and long, well paved and lighted, and the shops as good as those in Regent or Oxford-street, in London. Along the waterside are wharves, ship-yards, manufactories, distilleries and breweries; and large ships can lie alongside the quays and wharves to discharge or take in cargo. The city is built on the southern shore of Port Jackson, about seven miles from the entrance; it has a population of 180,000, 100 miles of streets, two cathedrals, a university, a grand post-office, and the most beautiful of all colonial botanic gardens. For fifty years the praises of this beautiful capital have been sung, and it certainly is most attractive and fascinating to old and young; we feel this so strongly that it would take but little persuasion to induce us to remain here instead of going further inland. The walks, parks, and gardens which surround it, from all of which we get a view of the sea; the bathing which we all enjoy; the picnics at Clark's Island in the harbour; the plenty and content which seem to pervade all classes of the community—make up such a pleasant whole that we shall be very sorry to leave it.

In our quiet moments we think of the early settlers, and how, attracted by the natural beauty of the country, they tried to establish a farm at Paramatta or Rose Hill, and how it failed, because they did not know the nature of the soil, and put it to work unsuited to it. We are only fourteen miles distant, and we determine to see how it looks now that nearly a hundred years have passed. We shall find no difficulty in carrying out this plan, as constant communication is kept up by steamers and the Great Southern Railway.* We choose the first, and the trip is delightful, for after leaving Sydney we traverse a large portion of the interior of Port Jackson before entering what is known as the Paramatta River, but which, in reality, is an elongation of the harbour. We stop three or four times to land and take in passengers, and after an hour and a half we are in Paramatta, having paid a shilling each for the single fare, but could have had a return for 1s. 6d. As we intend to stay the night, we secure rooms at the Woolsack, one of several good hotels in the town. It is not unlike an English town of the same size. It is built on a small fresh-water stream which falls into the Paramatta River. The principal thoroughfare is George-street, about a mile in length. The town lies in a sheltered valley, and its climate is delightful. It has many public buildings, hospitals, an asylum for the old and destitute; schools, both Protestant and Roman Catholic; churches, chapels, and two lunatic asylums, in which we are sorry to see about 800 patients. There is a beautiful park, in which are some of the largest oaks in Australia. But for none of these things is Paramatta known in the world. Had we been asked at a Cambridge examination what it was famous for, we should have answered a woollen cloth, known as "Paramatta," and used in mourning. And this would have been right, as far as it went, but we must have continued, and said, "for its orchards and orangeries, which are magnificent." One good tree alone will yield in a year 1,200 oranges, and as many as 10,000 have been gathered from one tree in a season.

Fortunately for us, they are now at their best, and the many we have devoured are a good indication of our appreciation of them. We can never taste them in England, because they are all consumed in Australia. Not only oranges, but fruit of every description thrives well. There are in the colony 18,539 acres of gardens and orchards, and 6,000 acres of orangeries, and none of the fruit is wasted since the preserving of it has become an extensive industry, and jams and jellies of local make are readily bought up. Just as we had a desire to visit Paramatta because of its early history, so we should like to see the river first known to the settlers of Sydney Cove. We therefore take the train on to Windsor, or "Green Hills," as it used to be called, a very pleasant town on the Hawkesbury, and connected with the agricultural district of Wilberforce by means of a bridge.

The land all about is very rich, and occupied by small farmers, whose fields of grain, farmyards, and herds of cattle, add life and beauty to this already picturesque country. We have been visiting the farmers in the neighbourhood, who are, many of them, old settlers, and can tell us much that we desire to know. From them we learn that the river in its early course is known as the Nepean, and passes through magnificent scenery, and that as it winds along the base of the Blue Mountains it is fed by many a torrent dashing out of the narrow gorges, and that after heavy rains it is no unusual thing for it to overflow and do much damage. On our asking the distance of Windsor from the sea, they tell us that in a direct line it is 35 miles; but by the Hawkesbury, whose course is so very tortuous, it is 140 mine. The good farmers and their wives determine on marking our visit to them by a holiday, and intend rowing us up the river to one of its most charming spots, and there give us a picnic. The little ones of our party are allowed to go into the large pleasant kitchen, and there help to make cakes, and turnovers, and jam tarts, while we older ones pack the hampers with sweet home-made bread, delicious butter, cold chicken, and ducks, and fill a large stone bottle with new milk. If girls at home want to enjoy a picnic, let them help in the preparations; it is more than half the pleasure. As we step into the boats, we defy the world to point out a happier party. Those

* The fourteen miles between Sydney and Paramatta cost in construction £50,000 a mile.

A SUMMARY OF FACTS COLLECTED DURING OUR VISITS TO THE COLONIES.

Colonies and Possessions in the Order in which We Visited Them.	Chief Towns.	Area in Square Miles.	Population. Total.	Density to Square Mile.	Females to 100 Males	Distance from England at Nearest Points.	Time Occupied in Passage. Steam. Days	Sail. Days	Cost of Passage. First Class.	Second Class or Steerage	Free or Assisted Passage.	Immigrants, Need of.	Taxation Average per Head.	Railway Miles Open.	Average Annual Value of Imports and Exports. Imports.	Exports.	Chief Articles of Export.	Information Concerning the Colonies can be Obtained in London at the Following Places—
Newfoundland.....	St. John's	40,200	179,509	4.21	90	1,600	8	..	£10 to 15	£ s. 6 6	Neither	No	£ s. d. 1 1 6¼	..	£1,486,062	£1,272,551	Fish, oil, skins, and copper	9, Victoria Chambers, Victoria-street, S.W.
Dominion of Canada ..	Ottawa	3,372,290	4,324,810	1.28	97	2,000	9	..	10 to 15	6 6	Assistd. for Servants	Great	1 5 0	8,000	19,000,000	16,482,028	Agricultural and dairy produce, fruits, cattle, and timber	9, Victoria Chambers, Victoria-street, S.W.
West Indian Islands																		
Jamaica.....	Kingston	4,193	580,804	138.57	105	4,372	15	..	£ s. 43 10	30 0	Assisted at 3rd class fares, viz., £15	No special need of White Immigrants	0 18 0	26	1,513,550	1,411,388	Sugar, coffee, rum, pimento, and logwood	18, Moorgate-street, E.C., and Downing-street
British Honduras	Belize	7,562	27,452	3.61	95	4,572	17	..	43 10	30 0	Neither	No	1 11 0	..	183,547	180,371	Mahogany and fruit	Colonial Office, Downing-street
Bahamas	Nassau	5,390	43,521	8.27	109	4,582	17	..	43 10	30 0	Assisted at Third Class Fares, viz., £15	No special need of White Immigrants	0 15 0	..	168,815	123,799	Pine-apples, sponges, salt, guano, and dye woods	
Windward Islands. St. Lucia	Castries	237	38,551	162.24	103	3,743	15	..	43 10	30 0			0 17 0	..	112,529	177,101	Sugar, cocoa, and logwood	
St. Vincent	Kingston	147	40,548	275.83	100	3,810	15	..	43 10	30 0			0 15 0	..	154,200	167,903	Sugar, arrowroot, cotton, and whale oil	
Barbadoes	Bridgetown	166	171,860	1035.3	122	3,635	13	..	43 10	30 0			0 13 7	..	1,093,772	1,113,226	Sugar, molasses, arrowroot, and fruits	
Grenada	St. George	133	42,403	326.33	110	3,714	15	..	43 10	30 0			0 13 10	..	133,580	158,970	Sugar, cotton, cocoa and live stock	
Tobago	Scarborough	114	19,324	169.50	107	3,770	15	..	43 10	30 0			0 14 4	..	47,457	72,852	Sugar, rum, molasses, and cocoanuts	
Virgin Islands	Roadtown	57	5,287	92.75	100	3,622	15	..	43 10	30 0			0 4 5	..	4,776	5,262	Sugar, cotton, and live stock	18, Moorgate-street, and Colonial Office, Downing-street
Leeward Islands. St. Christopher ..	Basseterre	68	29,137	428.48	114	3,971	15	..	43 10	30 0			1 2 0	..	791,908	868,134	Sugar, rum, molasses, tamarinds, etc.	
Nevis	Charlestown	50	11,864	237.28	11	3,975	15	..	43 10	30 0			0 14 3	.	35,288	49,584	Sugar and live stock	
Antigua	St. John's	170	34,964	205.61	110	3,915	15	..	43 10	30 0			1 0 0½	..	164,447	217,090	Sugar, fruits, tobacco, and cotton	
Montserrat	Plymouth	32	10,083	315.09	117	3,675	15	..	43 10	30 0			0 13 0	..	25,726	31,233	Sugar, pine-apples, and lime-juice	
Dominica	Roseau	291	28,211	96.94	118	3,788	15	..	43 10	30 0			0 11 6	..	62,608	75,538	Sugar, cocoa, coffee, lime-juice, and annotto dye	
Trinidad	Port of Spain	1,754	153,128	87.35	80	3,808	18	..	43 10	30 0			1 17 6¾	16	1,976,406	2,003,974	Sugar, molasses, cocoa, and rum	
British Guiana.....	Georgetown	76,000	252,186	3.18	77	4,000	21	..	43 10	30 0			1 1 3	21	2,086,305	2,744,191	Sugar, rum, molasses, and rice	
Australasia.																		
Victoria	Melbourne	25,198	862,346	9.	90	11,566	45	85	70 o	15 o	Neither	Great need of Women Servants	2 0 2¾	1,247	16,205,541	14,606,369	Wool and gold	8, Victoria Chambers, Victoria-street, S.W.
South Australia	Adelaide	903,690	296,557	.287	99	11,100	40	80	70 o	15 o	Both	Great	2 1 5½	843	5,890,972	5,284,584	Wheat, wool, copper, wine, hides, and bark	8, Victoria Chambers, Victoria-street, S.W.
West Australia	Perth	1,000,000	29,019	.029	75	10,093	42	90	70 o	45 *0	Neither	Great	3 10 2	94½	364,005	332,483	Wool, copper, jarrah, and sandal-wood	122, Leadenhall-street, E.C.†
Queensland	Brisbane	669,520	226,968	.32	70	12,001	45	92	82 o	16 16	Both	Great	2 19 11½	800	3,601,906	3,289,253	Wool, sugar, and minerals	1, Westminster Chambers, Victoria-street, S.W.
New South Wales	Sydney	310,938	781,265	2.51	82	12,145	42	90	70 o	18 18	Assisted	Great	1 19 4¼	995½	17,409,326	16,049,503	Wool, tallow, gold, and coal	5, Westminster Chambers, Victoria-street, S.W.
Tasmania	Hobart	26,215	124,762	4.37	88	13,586	47	88	60 o	16 16	Assisted	Moderate	2 2 6¼	172	1,260,636	1,335,336	Wool, hops, bark, oil, timber, and fruits	25, Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster
New Zealand	Wellington	105,342	512,100	4.9	83	14,458	50	90	60 o	16 o	Both	Great	3 11 4½	1,288	7,457,045	6,060,866	Wool, corn, gold, tallow, hides, and dairy produce	7, Westminster Chambers, Victoria-street, S.W.

* 2nd Class.

† The appointment of Emigration Agent for this colony is at present vacant.

of us who can, take an oar, and those who cannot have only to use their eyes. On either side the fertile borders, rich with every kind of grain and clover, and the majestic Blue Mountains in the distance, rising to a perpendicular height of 3,000 feet, are sights not often seen or even dreamed of by us. We need not go into the detail of the picnic, but will just say that it will be very long indeed before we forget ours on the Hawkesbury.

Our pleasant visit has come to an end, and our friends, who walk with us to the steamer which is to take us to Broken Bay, say as they wish us "good bye," "Be sure to tell everybody at home that there is land enough and to spare; it will yield almost everything of value in the world's markets; all that is wanted is healthy labour and *capital* where possible."

Arriving at Broken Bay, we continue our voyage to Newcastle-Port, which receives the waters of the Hunter, or, as it used to be called, the "Coal River;" the soil along which is so good and the water-communication so extensive, that the district through which it flows is one of the finest in the colony. Coal is one of the most abundant and valuable of the minerals of New South Wales; for hundreds of miles the coast districts are one vast coal-field, the metropolis itself standing in the midst of it. Newcastle being the great coal port, we thought it would be worth visiting. It is a very ugly town, and the people do not mind our saying so. There are eight large colliery companies here, employing something like 3,000 miners, who, as a class, are much respected in the town, being industrious and sober and attentive to their religious duties. The output of coal in this place alone is more than a million tons a year, so that New South Wales may well be called the "great coal producer of the Southern Hemisphere." Newcastle has a large trade with England, because so much of the produce of the interior of the colony comes here for shipment. We should have liked to have taken advantage of the Great Northern Railway to get as far as Armidale, the centre of a farming and pastoral district in New England, but our time is limited and we have yet much to do.

In nothing is the wonderful progress of the colony more seen than in the development of manufacturing industries, and the rapidity with which towns spring up in their midst. We are about to see an example of this. Arriving at Sidney from Newcastle we take tickets and proceed by the Western Railway to the busy town of Lithgow, which lies just the other side of the Blue Mountains; eight years ago it was almost untouched bush with but one or two inhabitants; to-day, as we leave the railway, what do we see? An active manufacturing population brought together by the discovery of rich deposits of iron, seams of coal, beds of clay for brickmaking, copper-mines and good timber. The three little villages of Lithgow, Eskbank, and the Vale of Clwydd have, as a consequence, grown into a well-populated town; the sounds of industry are heard in all directions night and day, and it would be difficult to find a busier or more cheerfully active place in the colony. Last year the coal-mine at Eskbank yielded 180 tons a day, and being close to the railway there was no difficulty in forwarding it to the various markets.

It will be necessary for us to make acquaintance with the Rivers Murray, Darling, and Murrumbidgee, because on the lands watered by these we shall find the centres of the wool trade, squatters' runs, and free selectors' homesteads.

The Murray has its source in the south-eastern corner of New South Wales, and after a course of 1,120 miles makes its way to the coast of South Australia; this sounds a little like a geography lesson, but it would not do so if we could tell the wonderful tales we have heard in connection with this river. The Murrumbidgee has its source very near to that of the Murray, and in its run of 1,350 miles receives the waters of the Lachlan, and flows into the Murray at Balranald. The Darling rises in the north end of the Great Range, and flows north-west to the Queensland border, and after a very erratic course reaches the Murray at Wentworth, about 100 miles from the junction of the Murrumbidgee.

As the large rivers flow away from the coast, roads and bridges have had to be provided to meet the wants of a very scattered population dwelling in or about 900 post towns; and it may be useful to our friends who are coming out if we make a note of the principal roads. Firstly, there is the main southern road from Sydney to Albury, a distance of 380 miles, with its various branches. Secondly, the main western road, from Sydney to Bourke, 600 miles. Thirdly, the main northern road, commencing at Morpeth, on the Hunter, and extending 400 miles to the Queensland boundary, connecting the towns and the villages in the northern district.

To come to New South Wales without learning something of its woollen trade would not be possible, for its history is so intimately bound up with it. It seems that in 1793 a Mr. McArthur, a captain in the corps serving in New South Wales, had an idea that the grasses and climate of Australia were adapted to the rearing of merino sheep, and he obtained from the Cape of Good Hope three rams and five ewes which he added to his seventy common Bengal sheep. In ten years he was the possessor of 4,000 sheep, not reckoning those which had been killed for food. In 1803 McArthur went to England to exhibit samples of his wool to English manufacturers, by whom they were highly approved.

He was a persevering man, and succeeded in convincing the Privy Council that he could, with their help, render England independent of foreign countries for a supply of the best wools. He was at his own request allotted 10,000 acres of grazing land and permission to select thirty convicts as shepherds. George III. took great interest in this venture and allowed McArthur to take back with him to Australia several ewes and rams out of his own merino flock. This was the commencement of the rapidly increasing flocks of fine woolled sheep in this colony, and there can be but little doubt that its extensive growth of wool has had a very important effect on the woollen manufactures at home, for until wool was exported from New South Wales the Germans and Spaniards had almost a monopoly of the supply, and they could put what price they liked upon it. The small export of 245 pounds in 1807 has increased to the enormous amount of 365,000,000 exported last year, 124,000,000 pounds being sent by this colony alone. There seems to be no fear of the decay of this trade, as there is ever an increasing demand for the choice kinds of wool in Europe. The position of the squatters who supply the markets with this enormous amount of wool is greatly improved since the development of the meat preserving industry. It is very difficult for us to take in the fact that the flocks and herds of Australia could yield a yearly supply of a million tons of meat —that Australia could, after feeding its own people, afford to export 2,000 tons daily. As we cannot go to all the centres of the wool trade, we will take one of the chief, which is Bourke, on the Darling. The Great Western Railway will take us as far as Dubbo on the edge of the salt-bush country, and we do the rest of the journey by coach, and a weary drive it is. We pass through extensive squatting runs, and for miles and miles we see no sign of human habitation except the inn and the post office.

There is plenty of life, however, when we get to the end of the journey, for Bourke is the centre to which the wool is sent from the stations in the north-west for despatch to a port of shipment, and, considering that this town only dates its existence from 1861, and is situate in the centre of Australia, it is not at all bad. Its public buildings are neat, there is a Church of England and a Roman Catholic Chapel, a mechanics' institute, a hospital, several wool stores, and a brewery, besides many good houses, and a population of 1,138. It is the Darling, however, that pleases us, with its steamers and barges plying up and down closely packed with wool. Seeing how interested we were, the merchants kindly showed us over a few of the boats, which are positively "floating shops." It seems that they do a thriving trade by supplying the general stores of the river towns as they go backward and forward to Bourke; but, as the merchant said, this would be very soon a thing of the past, as the railways were extending in all directions. Up to this time, most of the wool has been sent on from here to Victoria and South Australia for shipment, but as soon as the railway reaches Bourke, Sydney will have the benefit of the trade. The first railway was opened twenty-five years ago; there are now 1,000 miles in active working. We now make our arrangements for a visit to the Riverina, which is the country lying between the Murray and the Murrumbidgee, the chief town of which is Deniliquin. It is specially the land of free selection, which of late years has made rapid progress; not a year passes but thousands of acres are taken up by free selectors, whose desire is always towards the Riverina. We leave the main road at Albury, and have the advantage of Cobb's coach as far as it goes in our direction. It put us down at a pretty little wayside inn, where we are staying for the night, to refresh ourselves before starting on our long walk through the free selections. We carry with us an introduction to a special "free selector" from the editor of the *Illustrated Australian*, to whom, as well as to the editor of the *Australian Sketcher*, we owe a deep debt of gratitude for their help in our Australian tour. After long and very rough walking, we come upon the Free Selector himself, to whom we explain our visit, and tender him the introduction. His honest, kindly welcome cheered us, and away we trudged by his side till we came to his comfortable cottage home. We found all the women folk busy, but they came forward and welcomed us with true colonial hospitality. They won't hear of our going away for two or three days, and it is while we are sitting together in the evening we ask the Free Selector, if he will tell us the history of his coming to the Riverina.

He seems very glad to oblige us and in his own cheery way thus begins.—"Well, ladies, to begin at the beginning, my wife and I, directly after our marriage, emigrated, and made our home on the other side of the Murray, in Victoria; here we prospered and were happy, but when seven children had to be provided for, I thought we might do better for them, and told the wife so—this gave her a sort of pang, for she clung to the home where we had lived all our married life, but she is a good woman and listens to reason and don't torment a man when he's got something hard and right to do. She consented to me and my eldest boy going away for a few days to look about us; so we started on our nags and crossed the Murray into the Riverina, where several friends had already made selections. Of course the first thing we did was to pay them a visit, and right glad they were to see us. They told us that free selection was a splendid thing, but that the

squatters did not like it, because they felt that, as the selectors got strong, they would insist upon the land laws being carried out. Well, I and my boy didn't have very far to go beyond Deniliquin, for finer pasturage I never saw, and nothing would be better for our purpose. It was an estate of 10,000 acres, and this is how I bought it: By the advice of a friend I made application for the conditional purchase of 320 acres each, for me and my seven children, making 2,560 acres, and adding to it three times the quantity of "grass right" brought it to 10,240 acres. To make sure, I went as soon as the land agent's office was opened, gave in my application, together with £640 in cash, got the receipt, and the place was mine. You may guess, ladies, we did not let the grass grow under our feet—we spurred on our horses and were back over the Murray in no time, and when I said what I had done, there was neither crying nor black looks from wife or children, but all entered into the spirit of it and worked away with such a will that at the end of a week we were ready to start. We got the cattle together and sent off two of the boys with them while we, with van and dray and horses and poultry, set off with the good wishes of all our neighbours. It was a pleasant journey enough, but very slow after leaving the beaten track, and my wife was astonished that for 20 miles at a time we saw neither house nor human being. When at length we halted and I said, 'Wife, here we are, this is our home,' she said, 'Well old man, this is a lovely spot.' 'Yes,' said I, 'please God it shall be a happy home for us all—so just let's ask Him, for we can't go very wrong if He is along with us.' And so we did. After which we gave three cheers for our new home. Bless me, ladies; I remember that first day and our first meal here as if it was only yesterday. But I'm tiring you. If you don't mind, we always have a Psalm from the old Bible and a Collect before we go to bed, and it'll make us more friendly like if you'll join us."

This visit to the Free Selector will prove one of our most pleasant memories. On our return to Sydney we have the privilege of witnessing the arrival of an emigrant ship, which does more to impress us with the need of labour here than any amount of talking. The emigrants were hired almost as soon as they put foot on land; for one girl there are twenty mistresses waiting; the number of men, women, and children on board is 600, and some gentlemen standing by us remark, if twelve times 600 were landing, they could all be placed, without difficulty, upon a sure path to comfort and independence. Immigration is not so popular here as in some of the colonies, owing to the fact, we think, that each emigrant from home is compelled to pay a certain amount of passage-money. Married couples must not be above thirty-five years of age, and unmarried not above thirty, and each must give £5 towards the cost of passage. Special care is taken of unmarried women and girls on their arrival. They are received into the immigrants' home for fourteen days, and if proceeding into the interior they get a free pass by rail or steam. To us it seems that people could not do better than make their homes here, if they are intending to emigrate; to those without capital, high wages, short hours, good living and a healthy climate are attractions, though, perhaps, not quite answering to the demand of some of our workmen at home for

"Eight hours of rest, eight hours of play,
Eight hours to work, and eight shillings a day."

The inhabitants of the colony have an enthusiastic love for it. A gentleman who has lived here some years declares that no country ever came from the hands of its Creator more eminently qualified to be the abode of a thriving and numerous population than this of New South Wales. Of course, much depends upon the people themselves: if they be frugal, industrious, attentive to home duties, content, grateful for their soil and climate, and, above all things, thankful for the means of grace which they enjoy, then New South Wales may go on prospering till she is second to no country in the world. There is no state church in this colony; all religious bodies are on a perfect equality, and all desirous of carrying the means of instruction and the blessings of religion to families living in the distant settlements.

THE FAIRY OF THE FAMILY.

VI.—Spots and Stains, and How to Treat Them.

Stains and spots on materials of all kinds are divided by Mr. Spon, scientifically, into two kinds—simple and compound, and in writing of them I intend, as far as I can, to observe the distinction, for it is one which every one of my readers ought to remember and be guided by, as on it depends the success or non-success of dealing with them. Grease and oil form what may be called "simple stains;" while coffee, tea, mud, ink, and the gravies and sauces used in cooking are properly called "compound," because they consist of two or more substances, each of which has caused a stain.

Grease, of course, is to be dissolved by the use of alkalies, or melted by heat; the former, however, require to be carefully used, as they change the colours of dyed stuffs. The safest are fullers' earth, French chalk, chalk, and soap. Oxgall and yoke of egg take out grease without affecting the colour, and oil of turpentine will take out recent spots. Pure alcohol will in turn extract turpentine, resin, pitch, and all stains of a resinous nature. Stains of pitch, varnish, and oil paint, which have become dry and old, must first be softened with a little fresh butter or lard before trying either turpentine or alcohol, as the volatile oil of turpentine will only take out recent stains.

Benzine is a very excellent preparation for removing simple stains of grease from articles that cannot be washed, such as leather and cloth. The greased spots should be rubbed with a clean flannel which has been wet with benzine. Commence from the outer edge of the soiled spot, and rub inwards. Be careful not to extend the surface of the spot in your efforts to take it out.

The application of heat is another method of removing small spots of grease from silk and wool. Some people hold a red-hot poker over the spot, by which means the grease becomes volatilised, and immediately disappears. This plan can only be carried out by a careful hand, as a scorch is a worse evil than the original grease spot. Another method is to lay the silk on some clean flannel, and place over it a sheet of brown paper, and lay a hot iron on for a few minutes; the grease should come out on the paper. I have found the red-hot poker an admirable thing to take out spots of wax or other candles from carpets and tablecloths. A bit of clean tissue-paper should be used also, to rub the spot for a moment, after you have held the poker over it.

The method of taking grease from books and paper is as follows:—Warm the greased part gently and then press on it some clean blotting paper repeatedly till you have obtained as much of the grease as possible. Make some oil of turpentine nearly boiling hot, warm the greased paper again, and apply the hot turpentine with a clean soft brush to both sides of the paper. Repeat till the grease is gone. When this has been safely accomplished, apply some rectified spirits of wine to the place with a clean brush very gently, and if you have been quick and careful the paper should be clean and spotless. Spots on the outside of books may be cleaned with benzine.

Chalk, fullers' earth, and soapstone or French chalk are all of them excellent for the removal of grease. The first two are generally mixed with water into a thin paste and spread upon the stain and then allowed to dry. After that the spot only requires brushing with a clothes brush. French chalk can also be applied in the same manner, but on a delicate silk it is best not to wet it, but to simply scrape it into powder with a penknife on the surface of the spot. Rub it in slightly with the finger tip, and after a little while brush it off.

Iron-mould, rust, and mildew must be treated next. Either of the two former may be taken out instantaneously with a strong solution of oxalic acid, however old they may be. The oxalic acid may be applied in powder, the spot being previously wetted; rub the powder well in and wash off directly with pure water. A recent stain of either iron-mould or rust may be removed by cream of tartar applied in the same way. Another method of removing old iron-moulds is to moisten them for five minutes with sulphate of potash or muriate of tin, and after this is washed out apply citric acid. Another way is to wet the spot and lay the article over a pewter hot-water plate, and drop a little essential oil of lemons upon it. Wet the spots when dry and renew the process, keeping the plate boiling hot; when the stain leaves, wash well, to prevent injury from the acid.

Mildew may be removed by the following process: Dissolve a quarter pound of chloride of lime in two quarts of water, stir it well, allow it to settle, and pour off the clear liquor. Put the article into the mixture and expose it wet to the outside air, till the mildew has disappeared, rinse it well in cold water and then wash in the usual way. This will also remove wine and all vegetable stains.

Among the most trying of the simple stains are those made by fruit, especially black currants, cherries, or mulberries. As a girl I used to be a perfect victim to my carelessness in this respect, and the prettiest of my summer dresses used to get stained, even when I seemed to myself to be taking great care of them. It was not till I was sent to school in Switzerland that I knew how to take them out without trouble, by learning from my French and German schoolfellows. They simply wetted the fruit stains with the tip of the finger with clean water, struck a match, and held it so that the sulphurous vapour was diffused over the surface of the stain; sometimes two matches were needed for a stain of extra size, rarely more. When the dress came from the wash the stain had vanished completely.

Sulphurous acid may be generated also for larger fumigations by burning some sulphur under the wide end of a paper funnel, and applying the narrow end of the funnel close to the cloth. Stains of wine, morello cherries, liqueurs,

and, indeed, all the juices of fruits, and the coloured juices of vegetables in general, will yield to this treatment, which should be preceded by a good soaping with the hand if possible, but with delicate materials and certain colours, wetting and careful usage of the sulphurous fumes must be sufficient. Stains made by vegetable substances may also be removed by rubbing on a little soda, or pearlash, or a mixture of ammonia and spirits of wine, and leaving them to soak in it for some time. Some vegetable stains can be removed by sour buttermilk.

We enter now on a far more difficult branch of our subject, compound spots—*i. e.*, those composed of two substances (sometimes opposite ones) which require different treatment for their removal. A mixture of rust of iron and grease, such as might be obtained while touching or passing some iron object in process of cleaning, is an example of this, and the grease must be first attacked and then the rust. Both of these processes I have already described.

London mud—and probably the mud of other cities—as examined and described by Mr. Spon, "consists of vegetable remains and of iron in a state of black oxide." This requires two processes: the first, washing with clean water and soap, to discharge the vegetable remains; next, the iron must be removed with cream of tartar, which, in its turn, must be washed out. Ink stains, when quite fresh, may be taken out by washing—first with pure water, secondly with soapy water; and, lastly, with lemon juice. Oxalic acid, however, is the only treatment for them if old.

The stains of milk and coffee are another compound stain. Delicate silk dresses must be treated with a mixture consisting of five parts of glycerine and five of water, with a fourth part of ammonia added. A small piece of the silk should be tested with the mixture, in order to discover if the addition of ammonia changes the colour of the material; if so, the ammonia must be left out. Apply the glycerine and water with a soft brush and leave it for the night undisturbed, then rub with a clean cloth. The dry substance should be removed first with a knife, and the spots washed with clean water, and pressed between two towels to dry. Dry bread may be used if any remnants of stain remain. The treatment of the same stains on woollen, or fabrics of mixed materials, is slightly different. Mix one ounce of glycerine, nine ounces of water, and half an ounce of ammonia; apply repeatedly with a brush during the day, then press the places in a cloth; when dry, the stains will generally be gone. Another method of dealing with the same stains is to wash them in very hot water (120 deg. Fahr.) and soap carefully, and afterwards use a sulphur fumigation, as prescribed for fruit stains. The two last-named processes may be repeated several times if the material will allow. Chocolate stains may be treated in the same way. Tea stains may be taken out in the same way as coffee stains—with glycerine and water.

I have already alluded to ink stains, but forgot to mention that the Pharmacien's Journal of Antwerp gives a valuable recipe to be used if the ink be aniline, which is, to moisten the stains with strong alcohol, mixed with acetic acid. Pyrophosphate of sodium is also recommended for general use for the same purpose; use as follows: A little tallow should be dropped on the inkstains, and then they should be washed in a solution of the sodium till the stain and the grease have both vanished. The process may be repeated if not successful. This has been found most valuable, especially with violet ink.

Gravy stains in delicate silks may be removed by washing first with soap and water, to dissolve the vegetable matter and salts, then a little turpentine, to take out the oil and fat.

Lastly, those stains must be considered which change the colour of the stuff. To black or brown cloth, which has been reddened by an acid, a little liquid ammonia will restore the colour. Stains from alkalies or soap may be treated with lemon juice or white vinegar. Stains of marking ink may be removed by being soaked in a solution of chloride of lime, or rubbed with tincture of iodine, and lastly, in both cases, wash with a solution of iodine.

Amongst the most useful and necessary articles in the house will be found a bottle of ammonia, of turpentine, and of benzine, and, when a bottle of purified oxgall is added, the housekeeper is armed against nearly all the stains and spots that may befall her household and herself. All these should be carefully labelled and placed in a cupboard at hand. Turpentine and benzine are applied with a flannel, ammonia with a piece of the same material as that operated on, and the purified oxgall with a sponge.

The gloss may be restored to silk after a stain has been removed with a little gum water, made either of gum arabic or gum tragacanth; the material should be stretched out to dry.

DORA DE BLAQUIERE.

CLARA SCHUMANN.*

BY LA MARA.

LET us imagine ourselves in the "Gewandhaus" of Leipzig. It is the 24th October, 1878, and the well-known classical concert room is bright with gala decorations. The excited gaze of a rejoicing audience is met by festoons of flowers and foliage all around; the very piano and music-stool are garlanded, and the old inscription at the head of the orchestra, "Res severa est verum gaudium" is wreathed.

In whose honour is this rare festival inaugurated?

The concert ticket, which is also gaily ornamented to-day, and the double medallion of Robert and Clara Schumann, bearing the dates 1828 and 1878 (bedecked with laurel), give answer, "We celebrate Clara Schumann's golden art-jubilee."

And there stands the lady herself whom we would honour! With a gentle, thoughtful expression of countenance, her hair just touched with the first frost of life's winter, with head slightly bent, she greets us, as she is saluted by the jubilee shout of a thousand voices and an endless shower of flowers. In this joyous shout, in this wealth of flowers, musical Leipzig combines its thanks for a half century of talent.

Is it wonderful that the flame of enthusiasm bursts forth?

Still ranking amongst the first of famous pianists, and surrounded with a double nimbus, as the companion and widow of one of our best beloved composers, may she not justly be reckoned the most attractive guest in the "Gewandhaus"? Moreover, is she not by birth and education a child of Leipzig? And has not the musical old city seen and taken an interest in her childhood and youth, her early love and happy marriage, as well as in the development of her talent? And is it not, therefore, the most appropriate witness of her artistic well-being and triumph?

The bright musical period to which Leipzig has now advanced had not commenced when Clara was born, hence she has shared in its progress and helped to adorn it. Only a few modest blossoms had sprung up in the musical world there, when, on the 13th of September, 1819, the first-born child of the well-known music master, Friedrich Wieck, was laid in her cradle. Her father, who began his career as a private tutor, had established a business for both selling and lending out musical instruments on hire, in Leipzig, besides which he was engaged in giving lessons on the pianoforte, and, therefore, assisted in promoting the musical education of the place.

Clara Wieck inherited a talent for music from both her father and mother; the latter (*née* Marianne Tromlitz) had taken part in the Gewandhaus concerts, both in pianoforte and vocal music, with considerable success.

During Clara's very earliest years she showed no extraordinary talent, but giving some indication of it at five years of age, her father immediately took her under his discipline, and instructed her according to his own particular method, and with such happy results, that in four years' time she was able to play concertos of Mozart and Hummel by heart with the orchestra, and her first appearance in public was ventured upon.

At a concert given by Perthaler of Graz on the 20th of October, 1828, the child of nine years performed for the first time in the famous Music Salon of her native city, making her *début* in a duet with variations by Kalkbrenner, on a march from "Moses," opus 94. She played this with Emilie Reichold, a pupil of her father's, and according to a report in the *Allgemeinen Musikalischen Zeitung* of November, 1828, with universal and deserved applause. Other criticisms also speak thus of her first appearance—"Under the guidance of good musical experience, taught by a father's energetic love thoroughly to understand the art of pianoforte playing, we dare to cherish the highest hopes for her."

It was in her earliest days that Robert Schumann first stepped into her life. Though a musician at heart, and giving presages of his future, he was merely an ordinary student when, incited by Clara's clever performance, he sought instruction from her father, and thus she met her fate.

But, relinquishing his own wish, chiefly on his mother's account, whose desire was that he should prosecute legal studies, Schumann went in the spring of 1826 to Heidelberg. Six months later, however, being encouraged, on Wieck's authority, to seek the attainment of his wishes, and to take up music as his vocation, he re-

* From the fifth volume, now in the press, of La Mara's works, "Musikalische Studien und Charakterköpfe," on "Musical Women of the Present Time"; Breitkopf und Hartel, Leipzig. We recommend this new volume of the valuable work to the attention of our readers.

MADAME SCHUMANN.

turned to Leipzig, this time to remain, and took a lodging as near as possible to his master.* He brought a young, fresh element, a new poetic life-current, into that house so hospitably welcoming all artists.

This must have proved a beneficial stimulus to Clara, who was kept strictly enough under her father's iron hand. She learnt hard work betimes. So long as physical strength held out she was kept closely to the piano, and so little leisure for the play and recreation dear to childhood was allowed her, that, as Liszt relates, "if she wished to caress her pet kitten for a moment, she must steal behind her father's back." Yet, "through much playing, or rather in spite of much playing," continues Liszt, "instead of getting wearied out, as might be imagined, she grew into the very meaning of what she played, and her spirit sought to press upwards, ever higher into the mysterious region of Poesy."

Clara had already begun to improvise and compose in her tenth year. Instruction in composition from Thomas Cantor Weinlig, and afterwards from Heinrich Dorn, gave this creative impulse nourishment and regulated it. A theme of hers was the foundation of one of Robert Schumann's earliest works — Impromptu, op. 5—the first indication of his ideal attraction towards her which afterwards manifested itself.

"Seeing that I know those," he writes in 1833 of her, "who, when they have just heard Clara play, rejoice at the thought of hearing her again, I ask what is it that keeps up their interest in her for so long? Is it the marvellous child's power of spanning ten notes, over which, indeed, they shake their heads astonished? Is it because she plays the most difficult of difficulties as though just weaving a chain of flowers around her audience? Is it possibly a certain pride with which the city looks upon her as its own child? Is it this which has aroused in us so great an interest in the shortest time known in these days? I know not, but am simply of opinion it is her spirit that impels her."

And, in another place, he says: "She prematurely drew aside the veil of Isis. The child gazed quietly when old men, perhaps, would have been blinded by the glance."

But Schumann and Leipzig rejoiced not alone over Clara's budding talents: her father did not delay showing his child to the world, or the world to his child. As early as her eleventh year he travelled with her, reporting, with satisfaction to those at home, "what a sensation" she, and he as her modeller, "made in Dresden." "But I am anxious," added he, "lest the honour and distinction should exercise a bad influence on Clara. Were I to remark any prejudicial effect I would return immediately, so that she might resume the regular routine, for I am too proud of her unassuming ways to barter them for any honour of the world."

In the following year (1831-1832) they went farther to Weimar, Cassel, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and Paris.

"I hope Clara may not disgrace us in Paris," writes Wieck to his brother-in-law, the painter Fechner, in an unpublished letter now lying before us. "The criticism of Spohr and many another noble and unbiassed connoisseur, with whom terrible envy can play no *rôle*, I take with me, and we shall now see what Chopin, Pixis, Hunter, Kalkbrenner, and others will say to a female pianist (I have never known another excepting the deceased Sygmanowska in St. Petersburg) who, instructed as she has been by me in the highest school, as well as in those of Vienna and France, performs from the book, reads a score, plays fantasias, and composes, in comparison, equally well."

In Weimar, Goethe, who had before this predicted a brilliant future for Paganini, took a deep interest in the wonderful child. With thanks for the pleasure which her playing had provided him, he sends to the "highly gifted Clara Wieck" his portrait.

In Cassel she made the acquaintance of Spohr. In Paris, whence the outbreak of cholera drove them away all too quickly, that of Alexander von Humboldt, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Kalkbrenner, and Chopin, who was then giving concerts in that city. From the beginning, the compositions of the latter had so powerfully affected Wieck that he had published a critique, or, as he termed it, an æsthetic rhapsody on opus 2, in several musical papers. The variations and other works of this Polish romancist first brought Clara into notice in wider circles. She also now took Beethoven's sonatas, Bach, and Mendelssohn into her concert *répertoire*. Hitherto she had limited herself to bravura pieces by Herz, Kalkbrenner, and Moscheles.

In order to practise singing under Mieksch, and instrumental music under Kapellmeister Reisziger, she took up her residence in Dresden in 1833 for six months, where she renewed her acquaintance, amongst others, with the talented Schröder Devrient, who already had worked with her in Paris. After this she played in her own city with Beriot and Pauline Garcia. Thus did this young girl dare to join fellowship with the first and greatest artists—now gathering fresh laurels under the bright auspices of Spontini, in Berlin, now in Paris, again in Prague and Vienna. Rellstab, the powerful critic of the Prussian capital, said regretfully, "Shame! that she should be left in the hands of a father who permits her to play such nonsense as Chopin's!" This, however, proves he recognised decided talent in the performer. Fétis also testifies what lively emotion she awakened in him, and, in the Danubian principality, she achieved victory after victory. The Empress of Austria appointed her her chamber virtuoso, an honour which hitherto had never been conferred upon a foreigner. The aristocracy eagerly welcomed her in their midst.

"The poets," says Liszt, who heard her, "recognise in this charming apparition a daughter of the Fatherland. They strew songs and pearls before her, and *fête* this Benjamin of her family, who with expressive glance looks around, and with rare smiles as a naiad who cannot feel at home in the region of prose."

This was Clara Wieck's last maiden journey. Irresistibly, powerfully, in the meanwhile was the long existing secret love between Clara and Robert Schumann brought into daylight. In her he had found his muse, who had already inspired the "Schwarmbriefe an Chiarina" in the new musical paper originated by him; and the "Davidsbündlertänzer," the "Carnaval," the "F sharp minor sonata," the "Kreisleriana," the "Humoureske," the "Novelleten," and "Nachtstücke" proclaimed this tunefully to all the world, and published and told it to everyone who knew how to watch for, and hearken to, and interpret the "inner voice."

And Clara had given this quiet man the deeply-rooted poetic affection of her heart. This it was that enabled him to defy the violent opposition of the father who guarded his treasure with jealous eye.

Not believing in the security of their future, he would hear no mention of marriage excepting after long delay. But how could his will divide and keep asunder those so bent upon a speedy union—those whom Nature herself had created and designed for one another? He might indeed cause them both painful combat, he might refuse to give his blessing on his child's choice, but he could not hinder the fulfilment of their purpose by obstinately and unjustly withholding consent.

At the church of Schönefeld, near Leipzig, on the 12th of September, 1840, their union was consecrated, and the blessing of heaven did not fail the wedded pair.

"Their fitness for each other," says Liszt, "was perfected by their mutual love having blossomed beneath the sunbeams of art. Henceforth his life was devoted to composition, and she was the living exponent of his work. No happier, no more harmonious marriage can be conceived in the world of art than that of a man of creative genius with a woman capable of representing his thoughts—he, supplying the idea, she, practically carrying it out."

In the exercise of their profession they also had the greatest sympathy of view. Interpreting with the same poetic feeling, beholding and presenting the same image of the beautiful, they were filled with like abhorrence of the trivial, and reverence for good qualities. Going hand in hand, they bore the same palms and laurels, to each was awarded equal applause; to admire him was to admire her, who sang in diverse tongues, but in glorious consonance with him.

In every relation the remembrance of each will be inseparable from the other—the after world can never disunite their names—their heads will be environed with the same golden light, over both foreheads one star alone will shine, as a renowned sculptor of our time (Rietschel) has already joined the profile of the immortal pair in one medallion.

Soon outward expression was gratefully given for the joy won after long wrestling. Schumann had shortly before presented Clara with his first songs, the "Myrten" (myrtle), as a precious bridal gift; now they sang together the twelve songs from Ruckert's "Liebesfrühling," op. 37—the first eloquent testimony to their early wedded happiness, for which the poet himself thanks them, rewarding them with a poetic greeting.

Madame Schumann's own compositions, mostly piano and vocal music, besides a concerto with orchestral accompaniment, and a trio and romance for piano and violins, were published in the course of time in twenty-three operas; there were also a few unnumbered works. But she also completely identified herself with her husband's compositions, and shared with him in his endeavours after the highest. "He was to her," as Ferdinand Hiller bore testimony in an affecting speech over Robert Schumann's grave, "as a father to a daughter, as a bridegroom to a bride, as a disciple to a master, as a saint to a believer." She stood as a loving mediator between this absorbed silent man, plunged in thought and in a dream-world, and, outer, practical life. They first settled in Leipzig, but from 1844 to 1850 they resided in Dresden, and lastly in Düsseldorf. From the peaceful home-life, of the harmony of which she was the centre, she went journeying with him from time to time, visiting Russia, several places in Germany, Austria, and the Netherlands, sharing in his triumphs. By his genius her enthusiasm was enkindled still higher. Clara Schumann grew far to surpass Clara Wieck. From a loving playfellow of the muse she became an enthusiastic, truly loyal, and powerful priestess. She would not give forth to the world that which resounded in her soul until by earnest practice she thoroughly understood and mastered it.

Marriage was a mutual happy "giving and taking" with these children of music, and as her greatness was his reward, so his recognition of it was hers. In the year 1846, when they visited Vienna, Hauslick relates that Schumann was spoken of as "Clara Wieck's

* From a detailed life sketch of Robert Schumann, *vide* La Mara's "Musikalische Studienköpfe," 1st vol., 5th edition. Schmidt und Günther. Leipzig.

husband," and at a Court concert, after her performance, a high personage turned to him, with the gracious question, "Are you musical also?" But, thanks to the endeavours of the faithful wife, the world learned by degrees to recognise what she possessed in him. Clara remained true to her vocation in evil as in good days. In February, 1854, a few years after Robert Schumann had exchanged his independent artist life for one of official activity in Düsseldorf, a terrible calamity overtook him. Sickness, both mental and bodily, fettered the noble spirit for two years; then compassionate death ended the life that had been o'ershadowed.

Then she, who had been bowed down with sorrow, raised herself "with the strong will of the mother, with the inspiration of the artist, with the unbroken love of the bereft one," that she might fulfil her vocation as a priestess of her art.

As a widow she trod anew in the world, changing her home from Düsseldorf to Berlin from 1857 to 1861; to Baden-Baden until 1873; again to Berlin, where she remained until 1878; and lastly to Frankfort-on-Maine, where in the highest school for music she at present gives lessons. Thus Liszt portrays her:—"When she mounts the tripod of the Temple she no longer speaks as the woman to us, she again converses with us as the poetess, of earthly suffering, of the stormy battle of human history. Still she animates us with the boldness of her speech, nor less wooes our sympathy. A subjugated, believing, reverential devotee of the Delphic god, full of awe, she celebrates his worship with true conscientiousness. Trembling, lest she fail in giving speech to one iota, lest she should utter one false syllable, she reins in her own feeling to avoid the guilt of false interpretation. She renounces her own inspiration, so that, as an incorruptible musician, a true interpreter, she may publish the oracle. Such a devotee is she, that the pathetic, moving human element is almost entirely left out. Still no one can win from her the pre-eminence she has won in the accurate rendering of the old masters, in consequence of her thorough comprehension of them. Seldom has a woman given her life so completely to the art, for the sole purpose of gaining a mastery over it, and rejoicing in her power. Irreproachable execution characterises this gentle, patiently suffering sibyl, who, breathing heavenly zephyrs, remains bound to earth but by her tears."

In another place Liszt says: "It has often been remarked what conscientious, precise preparations Madame Schumann makes for public performance; how she runs over the keys, trying each to ascertain if the exact tone, the desired resonance rings forth; how careful she is that her seat may be neither too high nor too low; how she not only practises for hours any piece she is about to play, so that she may learn all its more delicate points, its weaknesses, its leading characteristics; but where possible she does so in the concert-room itself, in order that she may become acquainted with the acoustic arrangements, and how they will affect each arpeggio, each crescendo and diminuendo. We see in this only a necessity of her being—a consequence of her method of teaching, her apprehension of art, and of what constitutes a true vocation for the arduous artistic life, which never permits her to give way to the inclination of the moment, or trust the voice of personal sentiment. Above all, she is convinced that, to remain true to the dignity of her calling, each performance must be prepared for with the same carefulness, the same consecration. In every respect faultless, she has through earnest application, energy of will, and ascetic sacrifice, arrived at a mastery, which in some measure bears her own infallible stamp."

"Others poetize, she is a poet," writes Schumann of Clara, whom Hiller justly praised after her husband's death, since she, in the midst of all her triumph, ever remained the simple, genuine wife, the self-sacrificing mother, the true friend. Berlioz calls her "the first and only one"; and Liszt adds, "If indeed many make more noise, few make more music."

Twenty years have passed since Liszt wrote these words, but they have lost nothing of their worth. As the appointed interpreter of her husband's works—originated under her eyes, and many of them thought out for her—she has brought them by degrees into popularity as classical masterpieces.

We still admire this in her to-day, and love and honour her, and, in Hans von Bulow's words, call her the "yet uncrowned queen of pianists."

A FEW WORDS ON MODERN JEWS.

READERS of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER may remember that last November an article appeared on this subject with an appeal for help for some of the destitute Jewish refugees in London who had fled from their homes quite ruined. The response to this appeal, though not adequate to the need, was most useful, and provided tools, clothes, board and lodging for many cases. The sum received was £35 17s. 6d., ranging from one shilling to one donation of £10, and sent by fifty-two contributors. To all those who gave their addresses, acknowledgments were sent, but several preferred to send their donations anonymously, and to these I beg to send my best thanks.

The letters accompanying the remittances were in most cases very interesting, plainly indicating that many English girls are willing and ready to help if the need is explained to them, and also that those who study their Bible are compelled to admit our duty to the countrymen of Our Blessed Lord. The writers must excuse me if I quote part of these letters for the benefit of other readers, in the hope that they may be stirred up to realise the great question before us.

One was from a little Jewish girl living in London, who said: "I hope, being a Jewess, that many of the lower class of Christians will read your article and change their opinions of the Jews. I have often been insulted in the streets by children coming out of the Sunday schools, and could not forbear asking them whether their teachers tell them to despise us or not. Now they have read the facts from one of their own people who has taken so much interest in us, it will probably have more effect on them than anything else would." And this letter ends with thanking me for my kindness. Surely such a letter ought to make us blush, for if we have not actually insulted a Jew or Jewess, some have at least despised them, and how few can say they have *helped* them. And, alas! it is not only the "lower class Christians" to whom these things apply. It is for us, by our conduct and our deeds, to prove, as many have done, more eloquently than by words, that they are beloved "for the Father's sake."

From another deeply interesting letter received, I take the liberty to quote. A lady writes: "From the commencement of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER I have taken it, and not unfrequently read the excellent articles that appear in it. 'A Few Words on Modern Jews' attracted my attention, and has induced me to send you a few lines concerning them. I have been intimately acquainted with several families of the upper classes for years. They are most charitable; they have to my knowledge sympathised with and relieved the necessities of Christians over and over again, and when allusion to their acts of benevolence has been made they have gracefully turned the topic of conversation. I knew a Christian widow and her family who had been almost clothed for years by them; they sent means weekly for the support of a family of eight, besides giving them clothing, lent money when perfectly destitute, and when the recipient alluded to the loan and spoke of repaying it, her Jewish friend gave her a receipt worded thus: '*In full of all demands.*' I have seen the young ladies of these families holding what we should call Dorcas meetings, busily cutting out and making clothing for the aged and young. A Gentile servant told me that at 6 p. m. on Fridays, when the Jewish Sabbath commences, till 6 p. m. on Saturdays, the Christian servants do all the work in the house, but as soon as the Christian Sabbath commenced the Jewish servants resumed their work, and the Christians could spend their day in the way they liked. 'Indeed,' said she, 'we have two Sabbaths a week, for everything is so ordered that we have scarcely anything to do on the Jewish Sabbath, and quite nothing on our own.'

"A dear old Jewish lady, who died two years ago, at the age of eighty-two, was always employed in making something useful for the poor and needy. On her death-bed she desired her daughter to spend the contents of her purse in purchasing coals for all she knew who needed them, including Christians in the category. When last I saw her she bade me good-bye with these words—'I am only waiting my Maker's call. He has given me all that I can desire on earth; good and loving children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren; my son-in-law anticipates my every desire. I cannot be sufficiently thankful for all these benefits; the All Wise knows I love Him.'

"I had recently lost a daughter who had been a great sufferer. 'Ah,' said she, 'how happy she must be now!' We believe that those who suffer most on earth are supremely blest in heaven.

"The respect shown to the aged in Jewish families is perfectly beautiful.

"I knew a Jewish gentleman who vowed that if God would bless the means used for his recovery from cholera, he would provide for the first widow whose husband fell a victim to the complaint after his recovery.

"A gentleman whose death was reported to him was a Christian, and that Jew faithfully kept his vow, and for more than twenty years provided for that widow and her family. He was a wealthy man, but how many Christians keep vows so honestly? To the Jews we are indebted for the preservation of the Scriptures, which prove the advent of the promised Messiah. Of the Jews that Messiah was born, and surely we owe them a debt of gratitude. May God help us to pay what we can of the large amount, and bless the means now being used to help them who have so often and so generously helped us."

We are greatly indebted to this writer for her facts, as these go much farther, and are far more valuable, than mere general statements, and I would ask her to be kind enough, if she sees this paper, to send me her address, which was omitted in her letter.

And now I must come to the practical part of this appeal. Will "our girls" help me again? Their gifts of money and clothing were very acceptable. I have two sad cases on hand, both of which I helped a little out of the donations sent to me. Both are very superior men, doing their utmost to help themselves; but this means only bare subsistence, and they have been seriously ill from privation. A small capital is required to settle one in business, and to purchase materials for the other, by which he can make a good living.

He is a skilled architect, whose drawing talent is now used in graduating thermometers. This is a very profitable business if small capital can be got for the purchase of materials. The other has been a large merchant in Russia, and is now quite destitute; he will do well in small business. Then we have several women in great poverty. The kindness of friends has enabled us to keep them employed since last autumn in knitting socks and petticoats, which are then given away to poor countrymen of theirs. This fund is now exhausted. For all these I beg my readers to deny themselves, and help these fellow-creatures before it be too late.

Of all that I received and spent I have kept a faithful record, and will gladly answer any questions put to me, and acknowledge every letter in which an address is given. It will be more useful if sums are not sent in stamps but in postal notes, or, if in coin, the letter should be registered, as one friend sent a shilling without registering the letter, and I had to pay eightpence for it.

Communications should be sent to the care of the Editor, and addressed to

CONSTANCE M. FINN.

SNATCHED FROM PRISON DOORS.

By EMMA LESLIE, Author of "Out of the Mouth of the Lion."

CHAPTER VIII.

LINA was ill several weeks, and during this time Amy was reinstated at her own machine, and took her own salary in addition to the sick allowance made to Lina in the usual course. An accident had brought this about. At first Amy was watched very closely by those who had the oversight of the department, but she proved to be as steady as any girl in the room and was always punctual, although she had so much more to do at home now. Then came an accident to the girl who had taken her machine—she was run over one morning, on her way to work, and there was nobody but Amy who could take her place at a moment's notice, and so she was sent to it and another worker found for Lina's. Hearing that the girl would be several weeks in the hospital, Amy asked if she might keep her place until she came back, as the additional money she could thus earn would be of great service to Lina.

"Very well; as you have been so steady since you have been back, I will see if this can be arranged for you," said the gentleman in charge; and not only was it arranged that she should keep to her own machine, but she was paid the full salary, and Lina placed on the sick list.

Amy rushed home when she heard this good news, in her old impetuous fashion, and would have thrown herself on the bed beside Lina, if Mrs. Adams had not held up her hand warningly.

"Hush, Amy; she's asleep," she said.

"Oh, what do you think! I've got my old machine again, and I'm to have the full salary, and Lina will be put on the sick list—allowed half-pay," and Amy could scarcely refrain from dancing round the room in her delight.

"Then look here, Amy; we must get Lina away from here at once, if it's possible, for the doctor says she will never get well in this room. Run up to Mrs. Mead's as quick as you can; she told me yesterday her lodgers, who took your rooms, were going to leave, and if you could only go back there I feel sure Lina would soon get better."

Mrs. Adams spoke almost as eagerly as Amy had done, but Amy herself looked very blank at the proposal. She had thought about moving as she came home—decided that they *must* move to a more airy neighbourhood, but Mrs. Mead's was the last place she wished to go to. Mrs. Mead had been backwards and forwards helping to nurse Lina while she was at work, but whenever they met, and an opportunity offered, she had not failed to let Amy know that she considered her responsible for Lina's illness, and thinking of this she said now, "Don't you think, Mrs. Adams, we might find a nicer place than Mrs. Mead's?"

"No, that I don't. If you went back there she could do nearly all Lina wants now. I would run in and out, of course, but with Mrs. Mead to look after her; besides, who else would take you in? I'm not sure that she would, but no one else will, if they hear about that police business."

This last was said in a whisper, for fear Lina should be awake, for as yet she knew nothing of this.

The reference to the police had the desired effect upon Amy, and she went off at once to Mrs. Mead's, and engaged their old rooms, and a few days afterwards Lina was moved back to them.

The change did her good, and she soon began to gain strength, and when Amy came home a week or two later, with the news that she was to remain at her old machine for a permanency, she was able to walk about the room or lie on the couch instead of the bed.

She was on the couch when Amy came in and almost threw herself on her, in her usual impulsive eagerness to tell the good news, and then, when it was told, she dropped on her knees and burst into tears. "Oh, Lina, Lina, if I were only like you!" she sobbed.

"But you couldn't be that, dear. God has given you a nature different from mine."

"Why did He then, Lina? Why didn't He make us both alike?"

"My dear, God never makes two people exactly alike. He gives each one of us a soul that is like no other."

"And mine is the worst of all. Oh, Lina, I shall never, never forgive myself!" sobbed Amy. "I have made you ill, and—and—"

"Never mind, dear, about forgiving yourself, if God forgives you."

But Amy shook her head. "How can He?" she said, passionately.

"You do not think it possible, dear, but you know that God loves you so much that He sent His Son to die for you."

"Not for me, Lina; I'm wicked and worldly."

"But, Amy, God so loved the world—and if you are of the world, as you say, you must be included—"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life, and the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

"But, Lina, I do believe—I always have believed; I am not an Atheist," said Amy.

"But, my dear, did the belief ever make any difference in your life, or was it not that you believed in Jesus dying in the same way as you believed in William the Conqueror coming to England?"

"Well, yes, I suppose I did," said Amy; "isn't that enough?"

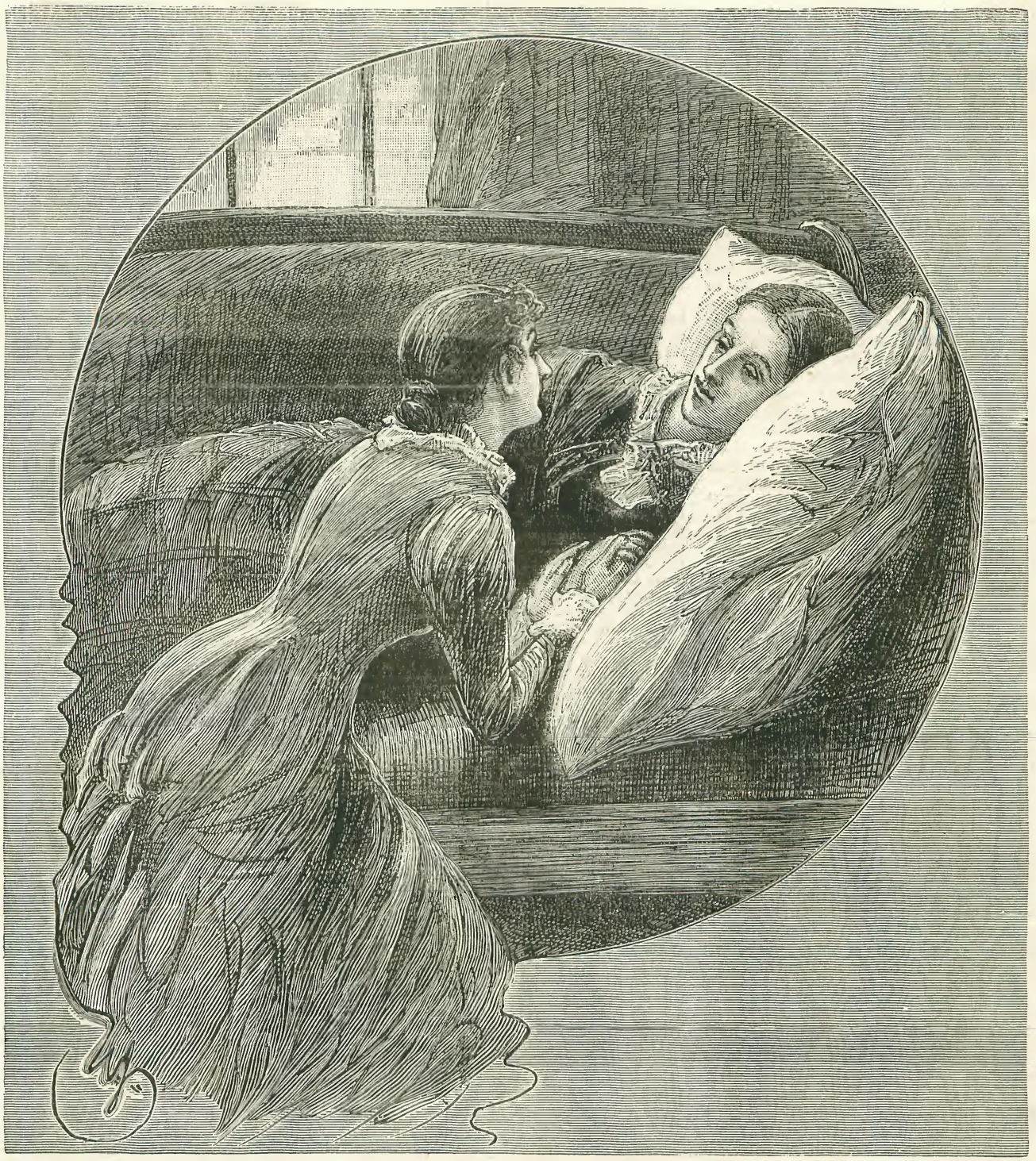
Lina shook her head. "You are unhappy, dear, because you think you have sinned against God."

"I know I have, and it makes me miserable. Here I've just come home with this good news, but I'm afraid to be as glad as I ought to be, for I can't feel sure that I shan't be as bad as ever very soon and lose my situation, and the thought of what I have made you suffer, and how angry God must be about it, makes me miserable."

"Perhaps God is angry, but it is in the same way that a kind mother is when one of her children hurts another," said Lina, tenderly. "I want you to believe, Amy, that He loves you as well as me."

"But, how can He, when I've been so hateful?"

"Well, dear, you know what I said just now about that. But now tell me



"'OH, LINA, LINA, IF I WERE ONLY LIKE YOU.'"

this, do you wish to continue living as you have done—as you did a little while ago?"

"Oh, no, no, indeed I don't; I'll tell you now, Lina, that I never was happy then, not even when I was at the music hall, or dancing—not really happy, you know."

"I know it, dear, and God knows it; for He has made us all alike in one thing—all the different souls that are in the world are alike in this—they cannot be happy or at rest until they find rest in Him, and that is why He has given so many invitations in the Bible to us to come to Him, and sent His Son into the world to show us the way and make us quite sure of His willingness to receive us."

"But I have heard you say that God hates sin," said Amy.

"Yes, because sin keeps people away from Him. Suppose you had run away from home and learned to love another sort of life from the home life, don't you think that the more your father loved you the more he would hate the thing that kept you away from him? And that's how it seems to me to be with God. Sin has built up a high wall that hides God from us, but the Lord Jesus Himself says, 'I am the door, by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved.' 'My sheep hear My voice and I know them, and they follow Me and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand. My Father which gave them Me is greater than all, and no man

is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand.'"

"Oh, Lina, how safe you must be," said Amy, who had listened with rapt attention as Lina repeated these verses.

"And you, dear, will you not enter in and be safe, too?"

"How can I—what can I do?"

"Only believe—come to Christ the door of the sheep-fold, ask Him to help you."

"Oh, Lina, if He only would, so that I could live altogether a new life!" exclaimed Amy.

"My dear, don't you think He has been helping you? This very desire to live a new life is a proof that His Holy Spirit has been working in your heart, or you would not desire it. Let us ask Him now to help you more and more, for without spiritual help you cannot understand, however much I may try to explain this to you," and then as she lay, Lina closed her eyes and prayed that her dear friend might be enlightened—that the Holy Spirit might be given to her, and that she might be helped to live a new life.

"But, Lina, I haven't told you all," said Amy, in a broken voice, when Lina left off speaking. "We were afraid to tell you before, but, oh, I must, I must tell you now," and then, still kneeling by the side of the couch, she told the story of her intended marriage, which Lina's severe illness alone prevented, and the arrest of Haynes while talking to her at the street door.

"Amy, did you love him?" asked Lina, interrupting her recital.

"Love him? Oh, no! I began to be afraid of him at last, for he made me do as he pleased, whether I liked it or not; but he said we had better get married and then I could help him, for he could do nothing with me while I was with you. He never liked you, Lina."

"I suppose not. What were you to do, Amy, do you know?" asked Lina.

Amy shook her head. "He never told me," she said; "but I suppose it must have been some sort of stealing. The police turned all our drawers out to look for things he had stolen."

Lina shuddered and turned pale. "They thought you had hidden them?" she asked.

"I suppose so."

"But you hadn't got anything, Amy?"

Amy shook her head. "We were afraid of you, or there might have been, for he gave me a splendid ring one day, but told me not to let you see it, and I said I would not wear it or take it home until after we were married, for fear you should ask questions. Oh, Lina, if you'd been like me, perhaps we should both be in prison now!"

Lina was too weak to bear all this unmoved, and she burst into hysterical sobbing, which greatly alarmed Amy. "Oh, Lina, dear, don't cry. Shall I get you a cup of tea?" she asked.

Lina nodded. "I wish you would," she said.

(To be concluded.)

VARIETIES.

EXTREME SENSIBILITY.—Extreme sensibility is not likely to increase individual happiness, but will most assuredly augment our sources of pain. Sensibility to a certain point is to be desired, as without it we should be deprived of our most exquisite gratifications, and enjoy few of the pleasures peculiar to rational beings; but we are decidedly of opinion that where this quality exists, it ought in a great degree to be the business of education to repress its powers; to allay, if possible, the poignancy of its effects; and to endeavour to lessen the anguish to which its victim is irrecoverably doomed.

WOMAN'S TRUST.—There is something so beautifully confiding in the natural feelings of a woman's heart, that she will never doubt till she has been taught to do so.

A NOTE FOR WIVES.—It is not unfrequent that a wife mourns over the alienated affections of her husband, when she has made no effort herself to strengthen and increase his attachment. She thinks because he once loved her he ought always to love her, and she neglects those attentions which engaged his heart. Many a wife is thus the cause of her own neglect and sorrow. The woman deserves not a husband's love who will not greet him with smiles when he returns from the labours of the day; who will not try to chain him to his home by the sweet enchantment of a cheerful heart. There is not one in a thousand so unfeeling as to withstand such an influence, and break away from such a home.

YOUNG FOLKS.—Young people, when they enter the world, ought to be either modest or volatile; a collected and self-satisfied air is apt to pass into impertinence.—*Rochefoucauld.*

A NOVEL PAYMENT.—Some years since, Mademoiselle Zélie, a singer of the Théâtre Lyrique, at Paris, made a professional tour round the world, and gave a concert in the Society Islands. In exchange for an air from *Norma*, and a few other songs, she was to receive a third part of the receipts. When counted, her share was found to consist of three pigs, twenty-three turkeys, forty-four chickens, five thousand cocoa-nuts, besides considerable quantities of bananas, lemons, and oranges.

CHOOSING A WIFE.—I know the sum of all that makes a man—a just man—happy, consists in the well-choosing of his wife.—*Massinger.*

THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT.—A contented mind is the greatest blessing we can enjoy in this world; and if, in the present life, happiness arises from the subduing of our desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.—The belief that guardian spirits hover around the paths of men covers a mighty truth: for every beautiful and pure and good thought which the heart holds is an angel of mercy purifying and guarding the soul.—*Richter.*

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC (p. 799).

NAHSHON.—Numbers ii. 3.

N ethimius.—Egra viii. 20, and Neh. xi. 3.
A rtaxerxes.—Neh. ii. 1.
H alohezh.—Neh. iii. 12.
S anballat.—Neh. iv. 7.
H ananiah.—Neh. vii. 2.
O no.—Neh. vi. 2.
N oadiah.—Neh. vi. 14.

A. F. C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

GEM.—For all information in reference to the examinations for candidates for clerkships in the Postal Department, write to the Civil Service Commissioners in Cannon-street, E.C. We think that your handwriting would be sufficiently good.

HASHEE.—"A woman's work in the world" is a very extensive subject to deal with, and it must vary considerably, according to individual circumstances, education, social standing, domestic ties, and engagements, talent, health, and wealth. To know your own work, whether within the walls of home or earning your living outside them, you have only to use your own good sense. Training the future race of men and women is a noble work, and one involving the most tremendous responsibilities. It is said that great men have almost invariably had remarkable mothers. On the mere subject of professional work open to educated women, you will find an article at page 74, vol. i.

HOPEFUL.—See "Nursing as a Profession," page 454, vol. i. (number for July 17th, 1880). At the Children's Hospital, in Great Ormond-street, you might be received, trained, boarded, and lodged, as a "lady pupil," as early as at twenty-one years of age, at one guinea a week; and as a nurse, as early as seventeen, at 7s. 6d. a week for six weeks at least.

BERTHA HOSKINS.—Address the lady principal (or superintendent), Institution for Nursing Sisters, Devonshire-square, London.

JULIET.—You might find a situation in some private school, where you would receive instruction in return for further teaching yourself. You should look for advertisements, and should advertise yourself, and should make inquiries amongst those with whom you have been associated in your studies.

WORK.

F. STRUTHERS.—There are shops entirely devoted to the sale of paper-patterns for articles of dress; we cannot give addresses. Your writing is not formed.

ORIGINAL SUBSCRIBER.—We think that, after having been washed in soft water, and wrung out, the cotton and linen articles should be spread out on the grass; leave them there for two or three days and nights, keeping them in a damp condition. This may bleach them, and without injury. The tone of your letter is that of one who has an authoritative right to demand an answer, whereas, the time and trouble we devote to answering a certain number of letters, according to the space at liberty in each number, is perfectly gratuitous on our part.

KATHLEEN.—We do no encourage your sending articles of needlework to charitable institutions for their sale, as the rules are often unpleasant and the sales are rare. Try to obtain orders for work at the shops, and take specimens with you.

MUSIC.

MUSICIAN.—Inquire at a musicseller's; we do not advertise shops.

ROSAMOND.—Cremona violins are of late seventeenth or early eighteenth century manufacture, and their first makers were of the Amati family—Andrea and his successors, his two sons, Geronimo and Antonio, and his grandson, Nicolo (Geronimo's son). It is considered by some that Antonio Stradivari (or Stradivarius) excelled the Amatis in his wonderful manufactures, and the families Ruggieri, and Guarneri followed in his wake. A "Spanish Stradivarius," dated 1687, realised no less than a sum of £500 at an auction this summer, and one by Francisco Ruggieri of £330.

DORA.—It depends on the academy in which you desire to learn music. There is the Royal Academy of Music, at 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square, W. There is the Harrow School of Music,—on Mr. John Farmer's system—of which the hon. secretary is Mr. Clement Templeton, Mount Vernon, Hampstead, N.W.; and there is the new Royal College of Music, at Kensington-Gore, W. You should write for the printed rules and prospectuses.

EDITH M. NORDKYN.—You require a small dictionary of musical terms, which is not difficult to procure. Those you mention you would find in an Italian dictionary.

HANS.—An hour would not be enough if you were very far advanced. If not, divide it into half for scales and exercises and half for pieces old and new. Thirteen years is too young to train the voice.

COOKERY.

OSSIAN.—1. Cut the pine-apple in moderately thick slices and lay them on the dish to be carried round. If the fruit be very large, cut each slice in two. 2. It is quite unusual and unnecessary to give fees to servants or hired waiters when merely dining out. The practice of giving what used to be called "vails," or gratuities to servants where you have been staying on a visit, has become a great burden on those not wealthy, and quite an abuse. In many houses when servants are hired, they are told that visitors are to be expected, but that the wages given are designed to include all service required by their employers, in

reference to guests, in their own special departments of course, and that the taking of fees from guests, just as if in an hotel, is contrary to the rules of the house. It would be well if this rule were of more universal application.

YOUTHFUL COOK.—When the weather is hot and you are obliged to keep meat for some days—in the country—put a few pieces of charcoal, each of about the size of a hen's egg, into the pot or saucepan in which you are to boil or stew the meat. It would be well always to keep a small supply of it in the meat-safe. We think we have named this before.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SQUEAK.—April 12th, 1870, was a Tuesday; June 12th, 1866, a Tuesday; November 1st, 1869, a Monday; July 13th, 1866, a Friday; December 12th, 1862, a Friday; and February 24th, 1866, a Saturday.

"WELL-NIGH EXASPERATED" because no reply has yet been given to the inquiry "how red hair may be transformed into gold-colour." We sympathise with her in the dissatisfaction she feels with her hair, but could not recommend the use of what she calls the "golden fluid," as we know nothing about it, and, as a rule, dyes are injurious to the hair, if not, as frequently happens, to the health. Let your riding habit be made of blue cloth, and the hat of a soft felt, not a turban. A tall hat would not be suitable for a little girl of your age.

AN ACROPOLIS DAISY.—The belief that May is unlucky for weddings was universal amongst the ancient Romans, and is mentioned by Ovid. The feasts of the dead were held by them in that month.

GWENDOLINE WINIFRED.—We think it is rather masculine in character, but very legible and clear.

PORTIA.—Send the toys, etc., to the Evelina Hospital for Sick Children, Southwark Bridge-road, S.E.

HYACINTH.—The bread is generally placed at the left side. Give your name to the maid as "Miss Mary Smith."

LOCHLIMBE.—The 11th August, 1855, was a Saturday.

JEANIE.—We feel we cannot help you in any way, except to advise you not to meddle with the offending hair. It is best left alone.

DESIREE.—Consult a doctor about your ear. What are "frackels"? How can we "give you our receipt for "frackels"? Are they biscuits?

FORGET-ME-NOT and LILAC.—Try plenty of exercise, and a daily tepid bath in the morning.

A LOVER OF THE COUNTRY.—Battledore and Shuttlecock, or "Les Graces," would both be suitable for you, or a good india-rubber ball would afford capital fun.

ELSIE, PEARL, and CARLO.—We do not think the suggestion would be a pleasing one to our other readers.

SALLIE J.—You could only procure such a situation by private inquiry or by advertising. The salary varies from £18 to £25 per annum.

IDA.—The agricultural counties of England are, of course, those from whence our supply of horses is derived; but many are imported from foreign countries, and largely from America.

CONAH.—The "Peculiar People" are a small sect in Essex, and other parts of England, formed about 1845. Their belief is founded on the directions given in St. James v. 14, for anointing the sick with oil, and calling in the elders to pray over them.

WOODRUFF.—Sell the exercise books as waste paper to the paper mills. The postage of the monthly number of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER is from three-halfpence to twopence, according to weight.

MERSIE.—Only white flowers, if any, could be worn; but at first the fewer ornaments the better in deep mourning.

EIN DEUTSCHE STUDENT.—After some consideration, we think the best advice we can give you is to write to the father and state the case, and ask him to come and take his daughter away from her present situation. If her suitor intends to marry her, he will be obliged to come forward then and state his intentions to her legal guardian. We should not allow her to remain in her place under the circumstances.

MADGIE W.—The story of "Wild Kathleen" has not been published in a separate form.

IRENE.—Wear gloves. February 6th, 1866, was a Tuesday. Your writing is fairly good.

CORNFLOWER.—We mean the yearly bound volume of our paper. Three are published already, and the fourth is now coming out in monthly parts. You should not spell the word "beginning" "beginging."

EVELYN DEANE is so polite as to inform us that "the whole of this correspondence is a hoax." However, we will "condescend" to answer her this time, and advise her to tell her friends that she fears her bad playing may spoil the game of tennis for them, and to offer to be a mere spectator. If they invite her to join them after that, she may do so. We also advise her to use a better pen, and to "mend her manners" before she ventures to address us again.

JUPITER AMMON.—Rhubarb is treated as a fruit rather than a vegetable, although a plant growing like the latter. The specimens of writing you give are very poor ones; but although frequently able so to do, we do not "tell the character" of our correspondents by their writing.

BLACK KNIGHT.—Your name is that which is given you in your baptism, and which is afterwards entered in the parish register. The 11th of January, 1865, was a Wednesday.

MABEL.—In forming the "active participle" of any verb by the terminal syllable "ing," the final "e" is dropped, with but few exceptions. You should certainly drop it in the word "writing." Wear gloves.

MARIE.—Any of Longfellow's poems would be suitable as recitations. It would be far better for you, as well as more seemly, if you were to remain at home and employ your time in religious studies, and in prayer, the night before your baptism is to take place. You should do nothing likely to distract your thoughts from those sacred vows and that solemn profession of your faith. The verses express religious feeling, but are not of that class of composition called "poetry."

POPPY.—Accept our thanks for your grateful letter. We much approve of the sentiments expressed in your verses, although they are not correct in composition. Your writing is too large and upright.

BABY.—In verse iv. you give "bride" and "life" as rhymes, and in verse vi. "heard" and "moan." We regret to say that the verses are not poetry. Your hand is not formed, and you need the aid of parallel lines; but your letter deserves our thanks. As the glasses occupy the space on the right hand, the bread should be placed on the left. But it is sometimes inserted in the table-napkin, which is so folded as to leave a place for it.

ZEUNA.—No, it is not necessary to answer the note in that case. It is merely a polite "returning thanks." January 13th, 1868, was a Friday. Many thanks for your kind note.

H. N.—A course of cod-liver oil is considered a good remedy for neuralgia, and change of air often does wonders.

YORK and CURIOUS MAGGIE.—The 24th of July, 1868, was a Friday.

VICTOIRE HAIGH.—We think there may be such a thing as "trying too hard," and vexing the heart over too much and too hard service. Try the plan of "one thing at a time," and do not worry about anything else. In case of failure, you will feel less disheartened; and if you succeed, more cheered to keep on trying. Remember, too, that change of employment is a great refreshment, and perhaps you may practise too long at a time, and grow dull and weary.

MNEMOSYNE.—The 8th December, 1863, was a Tuesday. Your verse appears to be taken from Wordsworth's "Excursion."

CROPPY.—The "Laughing Philosopher" was Democritus, of Abdera, B.C. 337; the "Crying Philosopher" was Heraclitus.

PROTESTANT.—The origin of the name "Protestant" dates back to April 19th, 1529. It was first given to the followers of Luther, who protested against a decree of the Diet of Spires to support the Church of Rome. Oxalic acid mixed with warm water will take grease spots from leather; but as this is a dangerous acid to employ, you must be exceedingly cautious in its use.

LAURA.—The poem entitled "Marmion" was by Sir Walter Scott.

MISSING LINK.—Ask your uncle for advice respecting the pet he has brought you, and beware of an attack from the animal. If there be a naturalist in your town, or a zoological garden, you might procure the advice you require. The climate may not suit it, or it may suffer from want of companionship.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—Leave the blackened eye alone; time will restore the right colour. No leeches should be applied to it. Young girls under eighteen years of age might be allowed to go to a lawn-tennis party, but certainly not to any kind of evening party, excepting one designed for little girls not yet introduced into society.

TROISIEME. — The bride and bridegroom should sit either at the top of the table, if of a "T" shape, and the bride's father and mother one on each side of them, or else at the side of the long table in the centre, the bride's parents on each side—the mother by the son-in-law, and the father by the daughter.

JEMIMA L.—In Genesis v. 27 you will see that Methuselah lived 969 years. Hebrides is said to have kept 180 Christmases in his own house, and to have died in the reign of Charles I.; and Henry Jenkins, of Yorkshire, who was buried in Bolton churchyard, died in 1670, aged 169 years. "Old Parr" died in his 153rd year, in 1635, having been brought to London that year by the Earl of Arundel. He was a labouring man, of Shropshire, and enjoyed perfect health up to the last.

M. E. EYRE.—See page 336, vol. ii., on the subject of your trouble; otherwise, pluck out, of course, and keep rubbed with pumice-stone.

A. M. DAISY.—1. Your first and personal question as to the editor of this paper was an improper one to ask. 2. Brooches and pins, etc., are made in the form of horse-shoes to suit the taste of those who are fond of riding. We are glad that our former replies to your letters have proved of so much service. Use a better pen, and reduce the size of your writing.

AMY ROBSART.—We have already given an answer to your question respecting the term "æsthetic," but forget whether it was to you or another correspondent. Why not refer to a dictionary? "Æsthetics" are stated to be "perceptions of the beautiful;" but very unsuccessful demonstrations have certainly been produced by those who, in very recent days, have pretended to be their exponents.

GYP and DEADLY NIGHTSHADE.—Silkworms should be exclusively fed on mulberry leaves Your writing is too large and upright.

DIFFIDENT (Darenth).—We think that you might play sufficiently well to amuse yourself, or to be of use in attending to the practising of young children, if you took lessons; but you are beginning very late.

TULIP.—The author of the work entitled "Vindiciæ Galiciæ" was Sir James Mackintosh (1765–1832), and published in 1791. It was a defence of the French Revolution and its English admirers against the accusations of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke. In later editions several passages were suppressed.

PEGGY.—Why do you not address your inquiries to Mr. Tarn? We have nothing to do with the publishing department nor sale of the paper. The weekly numbers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER are one penny each, and the postage a halfpenny more. The 10th of August, 1864, was a Wednesday.

LULU.—Send for the number for February 19th, 1881 (No. 60 in vol. ii.). In reference to the "removal of moles," see our answer to "Lilie C." in that number.

LURETTE.—You quoted so incorrectly that we did not at first recognise it. Read the 5th verse of Psalm lviii. The Latin words, *infra dig.* (abbreviation for "dignitatem"), means "below one's dignity."

LADY CLARE.—The boiling heat of the sealing-wax having removed the polish, there is no way of curing the mischief done excepting by repolishing.

SPIDER.—We should be sorry to feed our chickens on "myriads, captured every night, of big blackbeetles," and should on no account have poultry so fed served at our table. Of course, it is quite unnatural food for them: They should have potato parings, mixed with meal or bran, worked up into a paste with a little water, and the food should be varied with dried peas and Indian corn; and for laying hens, a little oats or barley. A little girl should always get up from her chair to speak to any visitor.

MINOLA.—Sponge your black silk with the following mixture:—One tablespoonful of vinegar, one do. of water, and a few drops of ammonia.

ELIZABETH.—No one employs colons in writing; no stop was needed where you placed one. To revise your letter would occupy far too much space. We only answer questions as briefly as possible.

FANNY S. is advised to read our reply to "Beta," page 272, vol. i., as she was evidently troubled with much the same kind of foot disease.

A BUNCH OF HONEYSUCKLE.—We have read your letter with much sympathy, and think you would be wise to consult a doctor, for your general health seems much out of order. There is an excellent article on "The Eyes and Eyesight" at page 805, vol. ii., which you should read. A little vinegar and water sometimes gives relief; or some green tea.

NONGATO and SOPHONISBA.—The right pronunciation of the name Pompeii is, of course, "Pome-pay-ee," but, anglicised, it is "Pom-pe-i."

INCOGNITO.—We have read your letter with much interest and sympathy, and we think that you would do well to join one of the invalid societies, which will give you both occupation and interest. The Society of Watchers and Workers for Invalids, address the secretary, Miss Jacob, Crawley Rectory, Winchester; the Invalids' Prayer Union, 44, Upper Rutland-street, Dublin; or the Society of St. Katherine for Invalids, address Miss C. Jewin, Abingdon, Berks; Ven. Archdeacon Pott, President. We do not think you at all silly, and are very glad to find you wrote to us as friends.

RED INK.—Queen Elizabeth's shillings, if "hammered," are worth from 2s. to 5s.; if "milled," 5s. to £1. Sixpences, the same, the former, 1s. to 3s.; the latter, 1s. to 3s. 6d.

PERDITA (Ehren-on-the-Rhine).—The four lines you quote are Dr. Whewell's cipher "O or naught." It should be written thus:—

> "A headless man had a letter (o) to write;
> He who read it (naught) had lost his sight.
> The dumb repeated it (naught) word for word;
> And deaf was the man who listened and heard (naught)."

The poem called "Inez de Castro," by Mrs. Hemans, is founded on a fact in history.

A WOOD VIOLET is thanked for her recipe. She should use plenty of soap and water, and rub her face well with the towel. We are sorry you do not like the tale; but many others do, so you must wait a little for us to suit your own especial taste.

KEITH.—You would find Harland Coultas's "Home Naturalist," price 4s., published at 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., of great use to you. Both questions are answered in it at length.

VIVA.—We are much obliged for your enclosure, and think the printed poem prettily written.

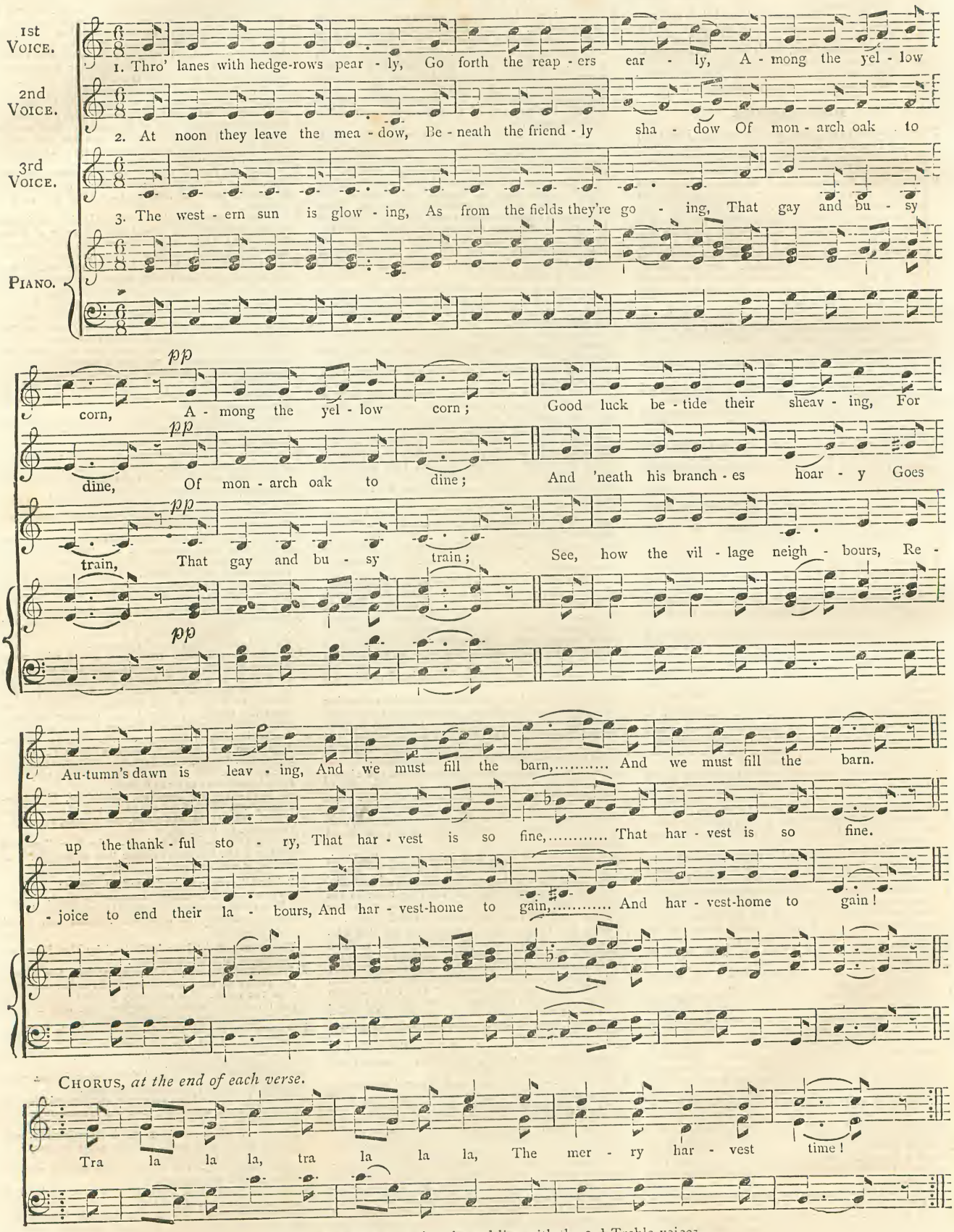
CAUTION QUITE.—The two verses are a translation of one of Plato's epigrams, but we cannot say who wrote them.

HALFPENNY CARD.—At a good linendraper's, we should think, you could procure what you require. We do not give addresses.

MARIE HELSTON.—The story of the willow pattern will be found on page 432, vol. ii.

E. A. G.—You might have printed one, under the circumstance; or, if your name were on her cards, you might simply draw a line in pencil through her name. Reduce your writing, and especially the tails of letters, which interfere with the lines underneath them. Your sister's handwriting is too much squeezed together.

THE MERRY HARVEST TIME.



N.B.—The Bass may sing the 3rd line with the 3rd Treble voices.

VOL. IV.—NO. 196.] SEPTEMBER 29, 1883. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

GRANDFATHER'S LEGACY.

By HENRY FRITH.

CHAPTER V.

THE LESSON OF THE LEGACY: THE REWARD.

TIME passed on; and events slowly developed themselves. The eccentric conditions of old Squire Metcalfe's will, as concerning his three granddaughters, were discussed for a time, and then cited as an illustration of incipient failing of mind. How could any sensible man act as he had done! The will was only dated two months before his death, and that was another curious circumstance which was freely commented upon by the gossips, who had in the legacy a never-failing supply of conversation.

But Squire Metcalfe had studied his

All rights reserved.] "'WHEN YOU ARE NINETEEN THE BIBLE WILL BE YOURS.'"

granddaughters' characters closely. He had seen a wonderful power of concentration, and a beautiful character, in his American-born grandchild. He had noticed Violet's unselfish and devoted mind, her attention to her schools and church, her attendance at the local Society for Girls, and the interest she displayed in the parish work. He had applauded this, and yet he had discovered that under it all, beneath the real charity and actual devotion, a strain of self-love and congratulation ran, unnoticed perhaps, but still present. Everyone who knew Violet praised her, and she had become accustomed to that praise. As the only daughter of a wealthy rector, she was a little "queen" in the district; and, being pretty and unaffected as a child, she had won a good many golden opinions as a young woman, to add to her store of worldly wealth. The squire had seen the germ of pride budding, and had endeavoured to check its (in Violet's mind) unsuspected development. But circumstances were too strong for her. As Violet grew up many young men admired her. She met older men at garden parties, lawn-tennis, and occasionally at afternoon gatherings. Day by day, as pleasure was extended before her, Violet, accompanied by her brother, slipped in, and joined in it heartily, congratulating herself that she had once for all declined the drudgery connected with the possession of grandfather's curious legacy.

By the time she was nineteen, Violet Strangeways was the *belle* of the county. Many suggestions had been made to the rector to permit her to make her appearance at the county ball. There was no want of chaperones. Mrs. Metcalfe, her aunt, had signified her intention of going; and as Lily was too young to attend, there could not be a better opportunity. So it was arranged that Violet should "come out," and the event was regarded as somewhat an important one.

A very great admirer of Violet's was young Mr. Meadowfield. His father was a baronet and very rich; "quite the country gentleman," as people said, and his son Alexander had thought that Violet Strangeways was exactly the girl to suit Meadowfield Court, which in the ordinary course of events would descend to him. The young lady on her part liked the heir, but since she had become the acknowledged *belle* of Marloamshire, she questioned whether it would not be more politic to wait events before encouraging Mr. Meadowfield.

Meantime, Ida, having recovered the use of her eyes, had obtained her father's sanction to devote herself to study, and she accordingly settled down at the rectory with a governess, working hard and undertaking a great deal which her cousin had relinquished since she had become so "fashionable." She was recognised as the rector's right hand in parish matters; and possessed a firm way of managing people, which brought her admiration, even when the rustics she ruled felt constrained to obey her directions against their own wishes.

Ida Temple was no beauty. As she had grown up, the promise of her youth had been unfulfilled; and in some ways fortunately so. True she had not altogether lost her somewhat contemptuous manner and haughty expression, but she had "toned down" a good deal, and had a very pleasing expression in general. But when opposed her eyes would flash and her colour would rise quickly into her cheeks and brow. At other times she had a soft look in her eyes; a tender, almost wistful, expression which was very attractive.

Major Temple, for he was only a Major although usually addressed as "General," had, some months previously to this period, been obliged to return to America on the death of his wife, so Ida was left alone with her relatives. She went out very little in society, and though an adept at all games, and a fearless rider, she indulged very little in these or other amusements. She had also her admirers, young as she was, and when she was seventeen a young friend of her cousin, Arthur Metcalfe—a college chum—had paid her considerable attention.

Violet had noticed this, and, beauty as she was, had in a manner resented it. It was curious, she said, how he could fancy "poor Ida," and yet Mr. Andrews, while he remained in the neighbourhood, certainly ignored Violet and attached himself to Ida. He appeared very pleased when he met her riding, and on one occasion he actually escorted her back to the rectory, leaving the groom to draw his own conclusions; which he did, greatly to the edification of the other domestics.

Lily Metcalfe grew up rather proud and disdainful in disposition. She was very pretty, but felt at times exceedingly annoyed at the "superior" manner and assumed dignity of her cousin Violet. She condoled with Ida and complained of the *belle*. Ida, the plain, snubbed her. This occasioned a coolness between the cousins at the Chase, and at the rectory. So Miss Metcalfe did not visit Miss Temple or Miss Strangeways for some weeks.

The county ball was succeeded by one or two private dances, at all of which Violet was greatly and deservedly admired. Ida also was present at the private entertainments; but, if attention was paid her it appeared entirely because she was Violet's companion, and her cousin introduced her frequently to her own partners.

These are mere details, introduced to show the relative positions and characteristics of the three cousins, who were all to profit more or less by grandfather's legacy. Violet and Ida had had some conversation concerning Messrs. Andrews and Meadowfield, who were well acquainted. Violet had not been kind to her admirer. She had expected to meet Lord Allturn, and had made up her mind to fascinate the young nobleman. She had therefore declined Mr. Meadowfield's attentions rather haughtily, and he had to find consolation elsewhere. Mr. Andrews and Ida danced and enjoyed themselves. But Violet declared she did not like Mr. Andrews.

Within the following year some very sad and curious events happened. Mr. Andrews came to pay a visit at the Chase, and frequently visited the rectory, when Violet took little notice of him. Ida passed her examinations with success, and the same post that brought her this welcome intelligence told her that her father had died in America suddenly; and that little of his wealth remained from the wreck of certain companies with which he had been identified.

This was terrible news, and, notwithstanding the kindness lavished upon her, Ida felt miserable. She could not bear to be dependent, and as she was now nearly nineteen she determined to go abroad as a governess. She was persuaded to remain for a time, and in that interval a new surprise awaited her.

One morning while the rector was preparing his sermon for the following Sunday a visitor came to the house, and, sending in his name, proved to be Lord Allturn. The rector rose to receive this unexpected guest, and in him recognised—to his great astonishment—"Mr. Andrews."

After some conversation, the young nobleman made pointed inquiries for Miss Temple, and it then transpired that he had come over for the express purpose of making her a proposal of marriage. The rector explained that his ward had been left in great trouble, and begged the young man to wait for a time. This he consented to do—and in the interval he was ordered abroad with his regiment, and Ida was never informed of the object of his visit until one morning, months afterwards, he surprised her in the rectory garden and told his love.

She had liked him very much, and here was proof he had been constant to her. Her coming of age was at hand. In a few words she told him her penniless condition, and begged him to wait until she was of age. He consented, told the rector of his engagement, and went home for a while.

Violet and Lily quizzed the quiet Ida a good deal, but she made no answer except a good-natured smile when "Mr. Andrews" was mentioned. Lily had grown up, and was as much admired as Violet. Both girls were always well dressed, but quite unable to settle down to domestic details; had their own maids to wait upon them, and were the cause of considerable anxiety to their respective parents.

Ida was an orphan—a governess; and though neither of her cousins ever taunted her with her dependent position, they never asked her to accompany them in their expeditions when any of the county people were likely to be met with. Ida kept her own secret, and never hinted at the revelation that had been made to her.

The great day at last arrived. Ida Temple was nineteen. Her cousin Violet had already received her legacy of five hundred pounds, and a like sum was awaiting Lily. Ida had not been married, nor, apparently, sought in marriage. The legacy arrangement was complete. The eccentric conditions of the old squire's will had been carried out. Ida had been well educated; she was fitted for social or domestic duties. She had worked hard, and qualified herself for any sphere, holding it not derogatory to know how to execute household work before taking charge of a household. The day had arrived for her reward, and the home party, with their relatives, again assembled in the rector's study.

"Ida, my dear," said the rector, kindly, "you had some hard conditions to carry out. Self-denial and much labour were involved in the career you chose, and you have fully justified your grandfather's opinion that you were 'of a good stock, but only wanted training.' The legacy—the old Bible—has taught you something. You have been a diligent reader, and have gained much from its pages; but one treasure—a worldly one—you have not discovered."

The rector paused, and taking off the calico cover of the Bible, he produced a parchment which had lain flat upon the binding. All eyes were fixed upon him as he was about to read it, when Lord Allturn was announced.

"I hope I am not too late," he said. "I come to claim your promise, Ida."

The astonishment of Violet, and those who now for the first time recognised "Mr. Andrews" as Lord Allturn, may be imagined. Ida said nothing, but looked at her uncle, who after a pause proceeded.

"There is something in the good Book which you did not discover, Ida, although I am aware you did not leave the Bible unread. Your grandfather had at one time intended to place a certain sum in the leaves of the Holy Volume, but I dissuaded him. You chose the heirloom to please your poor father; and to accommodate your cousins, you resigned a certain profitable legacy, as you imagined. It is now proved that, in your unselfishness, you chose the good part, not merely in studying the Scriptures as enjoined, but by devoting yourself to duties which I seriously blamed my child for delegating to you. She has, I am glad to say, learnt a lesson already, and both your cousins, by seeking what they believed to be the substance, have grasped the shadow. It only remains to put you in possession of your property."

"My property!" gasped Ida. "Have I been left a legacy?"

Lord Allturn clasped her hand, and with a silent pressure congratulated her.

"Yes, your property; you are an heiress, Ida. Your grandfather has left in trust for you, till you are twenty-one or married, the sum of twenty thousand pounds!"

Ida was speechless. She, the orphan, the poor governess, an heiress to twenty thousand pounds, and engaged to be married to Lord Allturn, the presumptive heir to an immense estate! It appeared incredible. She attempted to say something, but could not till Violet and Lily came, half shyly, to kiss and to congratulate her.

Nor was Lord Allturn behind hand in his felicitations. His respectful, tender words brought tears to the girl's eyes.

"It is a responsibility," replied the rector, smiling, "but I daresay you will find Lord Allturn willing to help you in its distribution."

"I could almost wish you had not received such a fortune," he said. "I won you without any idea of such a legacy appertaining to you, and now you are an heiress. But you will use it well no doubt. It is all your own!"

"I will do my best," replied the girl, meekly. "But I think Violet and Lily ought to have a share."

"As you please, dear," said the rector. "But they had their opportunities. Still, we will not judge them. Here is the Book to which in every sense you owe so much."

"How good you are," said Ida. "Reginald," she added, turning to her affianced, "let us study this dear old Bible together; we will never part with it as long as we live!"

[THE END.]

THE GIRL'S OWN HOME.

MISS C. A. METCALFE, 1s.; collected by Miss Ellen W. Smith, 1s.; Miss Rugge, 2s. 6d.; Claire, 2s. 6d.; collected by the Misses Soden, 13s. 6d.; Pearl, 2s.; Mary, 2s. 6d.; Minda, 5s.; collected by Miss Gorgerat, 4s. 6d.; the proceeds of a little bazaar, got up by Miss Eva and Miss Mary Clerke and Miss Kathleen Carey, £1 10s. 6d.; the Misses Stevenson, £2; A. S. H., 1s. 6d.; A. W., 1s.; collected by Miss Grace Blackman, 19s.; Gold Dust, 2s. 6d.; collected by Miss Florence Norman, £1 13s. 6d.; Pelican, 2s.; collected by Miss M. Berkenhead, 14s.; E. S. Hull, 3s.; collected by Miss Maud Macdonald, £1 11s. 6d.; Three Scotch Girls, 3s.; E. M. C., 10s.; A. H., 1. Total, £11 7s. Total amount received to July 31st, 1883, £541 6s. 8d.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE HOME.

By ANNE BEALE.

OUR young readers are Busy Bees indeed! Soon after the last short notice of honey gathered for the Princess Louise Home was written, a perfect hive-full arrived. We have now to acknowledge with much gratitude the receipt of £31 11s. from Miss Townsend and Miss Fairlie, the proceeds of a small bazaar held by them for the benefit of the Home, at the abode of the former. This young lady gathered her friends together now and again to an afternoon tea, when they held literally, as well as figuratively, "A Bee," at which their "busy" fingers took the place of the antennæ of that industrious insect, and stored up honey in the shape of various articles of work. We are proud to say that all were readers of THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER.

At first they hoped to dispose of their store for £10, then, as they proceeded, their ambitious desires rose to £20, finally they had no limit, and the result was another bazaar.

This took place the end of last July. Let us take a peep at it in retrospect. Thanks to the kindness of friends, masculine and feminine, there was an awning fifty feet long to ensure the safety of the handiwork of the fayre damosels, a tent for refreshments, presided over by an amiable knight errant, or, in modern parlance, a brother of one of them, and a flower tent; and there were besides, tables and chairs on the lawn for the convenience of such visitors as chose to partake of tea and coffee. As night approached, light was procured by means of Chinese lanterns suspended to the trees and awning overhead, and thus the Bees worked on till two o'clock, accumulating the honey afore mentioned. It was quite "A gay and festive scene," and all were very sorry when the bright and happy afternoon was over.

To gain so large a sum it is scarcely necessary to say that many friends responded to the printed circulars sent them, so that not five shillings' worth of work remained when the hour of closing arrived, and as there were no "expenses" to be deducted from the proceeds, those thirty welcome guineas all reached the hands of the secretaries, which you will believe were readily stretched out to receive them.

Such is the pleasure resulting from good deeds, that the young ladies would gladly go through the whole work again, and hope their example may incite others to labour for some charitable purpose. They are inclined to think fortnightly "Bees" quite delightful, and especially so when the cells of the hive are filled with stores that shall feed the poor or sick. We congratulate the two Queen Bees on the result of their gatherings, and bid them Godspeed.

VARIETIES.

HEARTS AND HEADS.—Fontenelle says that women have a fibre more in the heart, and a cell less in the brain than men.

CHANCES OF MARRIAGE.—The following curious statement was drawn up in France many years ago from the registered cases of 876 married women. It exhibits the chances of marriage at various ages, but our readers must observe that what may hold good abroad is not always equally applicable in this country, and they will therefore be cautious in estimating their own chances by reference to the French figures:—

No.	Age	No.	Age	No.	Age
3 at	13	59 at	23	7 at	33
11 ,,	14	53 ,,	24	5 ,,	34
16 ,,	15	36 ,,	25	2 ,,	35
43 ,,	16	24 ,,	26	0 ,,	36
45 ,,	17	28 ,,	27	2 ,,	37
77 ,,	18	22 ,,	28	0 ,,	38
115 ,,	19	17 ,,	29	1 ,,	39
118 ,,	20	9 ,,	30	0 ,,	40
86 ,,	21	7 ,,	31		
85 ,,	22	5 ,,	32		

SELF-DENIAL.—The secret of all success is to know how to deny yourself. If you once learn to get the whiphand of yourself, that is the best educator.—*Mrs. Oliphant.*

THIN LIPS.—Thin lips become none but shrews or niggards. A rosiness beyond that of the cheeks, and a good-tempered sufficiency and plumpness, are the indispensable requisites of a good mouth. For the consolation, however, of those who have thin lips and are not shrews or niggards, we must give it here as our opinion, founded on what we have observed, that lips become more or less contracted, in the course of years, in proportion as they are accustomed to express good humour and generosity, or peevishness, and a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-temper or grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected from a habitual series of such moments.

ACKNOWLEDGING ONE'S FAULTS.—No habit is acquired with more difficulty than that of acknowledging one's errors; and yet this habit is the best feature in an amiable character, and the strongest proof of a sound understanding.

BE NATURAL.—Everyone has a certain manner and character in writing and speaking which she spoils by a too close and servile imitation of another; as Bishop Felton, an imitator of Bishop Andrews, observed, "I had almost marred my own natural trot by endeavouring to imitate his artificial amble."

CHINESE SALUTATIONS.—The Chinese salutation consists in clasping the left hand with the right and waving it up and down, at the same time bowing deeply; or if unusual respect is wished to be evinced, the Chinaman bows as low as is possible, swinging his clasped hands between his legs backwards and forwards.

A DIFFERENCE.—A man will carry twenty sovereigns in his waistcoat pocket, but a woman needs a morocco portemonnaie as large as one's fist, and too heavy to be carried in the pocket, to escort five shillings, a couple of postage stamps, a recipe for making curry powder, and two patterns of dress goods.

HIGH FOREHEADS.—According to the Greeks, who are reckoned to have been the greatest judges of beauty, the high forehead never bore the palm. A certain conciseness carried it. A large, bare forehead gives a woman a masculine and defying look. The word affronting comes from it. The hair should be brought over such a forehead as vines are trailed over a wall.—*Leigh Hunt.*

PRECIOUS TIME.—Many people take no care of their money till they have come nearly to the end of it, and others do just the same with their time. Their best days they throw away, and let them run like sand through their fingers, as long as they think they still have an almost countless number of them to spend. But when they find their days flowing rapidly away, so that at last they have very few left, then they are at once anxious to make a very wise use of them. Unluckily, by that time they have no notion how to do it.

FOR EVERY DAY.—Sound thy heart to the bottom, and try it nicely, to be thoroughly satisfied of thy sincerity. Let no day pass without an account taken of thy life, and be sure to observe very diligently what ground you gain or lose, what alteration appears in your temper, behaviour, affections, desires; what resemblance or degeneracy from God; how near approaches you make, or to what distances you are cast. Above all other subjects, study your own self, for she who is thoroughly acquainted with herself hath attained to a more valuable sort of learning than if the course and position of the stars, the virtues of the planets, the nature of all sorts of animals, had employed her thoughts. —*St. Bernard.*

IN THE "FALL" OF THE YEAR.

By MEDICUS.

"AREN'T the days drawing in!"

This is an exclamation that, with considerable emphasis on the first word 'aren't;' we very frequently hear at this time of the year, and more than likely the reply will be akin to the query—

"Yes, *aren't* they drawing in!"

It is true, girls; summer I fear has fled, and we will not see anything more of it until 1884. Very pleasant is the sunshine even now, however, but no matter how fine the day has been, I myself for one like to see a little fire in the grate towards evening. It does make the room seem more cheerful; no need for going too near it though, the season for gathering round the fire has not yet arrived; nor should the fire be a large one, for if it be, the room will be uncomfortably hot, then you have more chance of catching cold when you go out.

A fire in a grate is advantageous in another way: it helps to ventilate the apartment, and thus keeps the air in it fresh and pure. I need hardly remind you that as the fire draws the vitiated air up the chimney, more must be supplied from without, and here the danger of a draught should be thought about. The air has no business to come pouring in under the doorway, nor whistling through the keyhole. It should be filtered in, so to speak, through a ventilator.

Now, it is a curious thing that there is no danger to be apprehended from sitting in a draught that is in a manner broken up into innumerable little streams, and this is precisely what a piece of perforated zinc, in the panel of a door or in the window, does, and therefore I am never tired in recommending this very cheap and very safe and simple form of ventilation, either for bedroom or sitting-room.

Some months ago I wrote a paper called "The Girl's Own Room." I have not a copy by me as I write, but I do not think I said anything about the inside of the room door. Everyone with taste I know does something to the mantelpiece to make it look pretty—a cloth-covered board on top of it, with a hanging fringe studded with gilded tacks, a vase or two, or some chaste ornaments are all that is needed to make it a thing of beauty—but the door is usually allowed to remain in the condition the painters left it.

It is not my intention to give a lecture on the æsthetic decoration of doors, further than to say that any girl of taste can, at a trifling expense and with the help of a few pieces of cretonne to paste on the panels, a little gilt and a little paint, make the inside of her room door look charming indeed. But if she wants her room to be healthful, as well as pleasant to the eye, she will not neglect having two plates of perforated zinc, about a foot square, let into the upper panels, or these plates may occupy the whole of the two upper panels, if these be small; and two smaller pieces of zinc should be let tastefully into the lower panels as well, and framed or surrounded with a little edging of gilt or stained wood, such as may be bought cheaply at picture-frame dealers. Well, this is carpenter's work, unless you have a versatile brother who is good at everything, but after the zinc has been nicely and evenly put in comes the girl's own work, and that is painting the zinc plates. Many of my readers I happen to know are quite geniuses in the way of *terra-cotta* painting. Let them turn their talents to painting ventilators for their room doors. The thing can be done before the plate is put up. Care must be taken not to choke the little orifices, therefore the paint must be thin. I only give the hint for what it is worth,

and if health is worth having that is not little.

As in autumn people begin to live less out of doors, endeavours to have the air in the house as pure as possible should not be relaxed. During several hours of the day the windows ought to be thrown wide open, that is, they ought to be opened quite half-way up, and quite half-way down. I would not be afraid of your sitting at a window so well opened as this, because you could not catch cold, it is your inch-open windows that cause deadly or dangerous draughts, and give you colds and toothache, and all kinds of aches and ailments. Dwellers in the country may open the windows almost at any time of the day, unless the rain be actually beating against them, but the inhabitants of large towns or cities must exercise some little judgment about the matter. They must take a look outside to see what the atmosphere is like, before they throw up the window-sash and welcome it in. Do not admit nasty fogs, nor dust, nor damp, nor drizzle. Make a point of opening the window in the forenoon if possible, and also a little before sundown.

Always look upon dust as one of your greatest enemies, and remember this, there is indoor dust as well as outdoor dust, and it is equally as dangerous. A room ought to be most carefully dusted about an hour after it is cleaned, for by this time the dust will have had time to settle. I need hardly tell you not to chase the dust or flop and flog it all about; a damp cloth should be used, and it ought to be rubbed and not switched off.

What a deal of disease carpets may be, and doubtless are, accountable for! When not kept properly clean, they are in reality enemies to the public health. They are enemies that we trample on I grant you. But unluckily they rise again, rise in invisible dust in which the seeds of disease may take root and grow; dust that we breathe to our danger and detriment. Therefore, I say, keep the carpet clean, or banish, or burn it.

Smoke pollutes the air indoors. "Where there is reek there is heat," old-fashioned Scotch folk tell us, and in some parts of the Highlands the great immunity from consumption that the people enjoy is attributed by them to the fact that the rooms of the houses are almost always filled with smoke.

Let me give you a short sketch of a West Highland cottage I visited the other day; it may amuse you, and it is not much of a digression, after all. I had walked fifteen miles among the mountains and had about ten more before me. Besides, I had succeeded in losing myself; there was no one about to put a question to, so I kept straight on, and was glad enough when I came at last to a crofter's (small farmer's) house. It was a long low building, thatched with turf, with the door in the gable and no visible windows, unless the wide-mouthed chimney was intended to do duty as one. The farmer himself was in his cabbage garden. A drink of water was it? he said. To be sure, and wouldn't I walk in and sit down on a stool and rest me, and "to be surely" it was a drink of the best buttermilk in the world I'd have, and nothing else at all at all.

I accepted the kind invitation and went in. The gable door opened into the cow-house, and we had to pass through here, then open another door which led into the living apartment.

"The breath of the kine is wholesome, sir, to be surely," he said.

Perhaps he was right, but I would not care for them at my bedroom door.

The fireplace of this cottage house was in the centre of the floor; an arrangement of burning peats around an upright stove, and the smoke quite filled the room, but finally found exit by the wide chimney. It was some time before I could either speak or see—I was blind and choking—but my host was very talkative and told me a great deal about the curative properties of peat-reek that I hadn't known before.

I told him that I knew peat smoke was good for curing hams, but never was aware it was also a cure for consumption.

He scouted all my notions of the laws of health and hygienics as new-fangled, and therefore unsafe, and gave me a long lecture on the virtues of simple herbs and seaweed, oatmeal, Scotch kail, curds, and cream, and buttermilk. I listened attentively, frequently rubbing my smarting eyes, and though I was very thankful for the rest and refreshment, I was not sorry when I found myself outside once more, among the blooming heather. I may state that the hens roosted on the rafters of the principal room, and that a little piggie made itself at home in one corner.

But my entertainer was a sturdy old Highlander, apparently about eighty, and he firmly believed it was constantly inhaling peat smoke that kept him in such robust health.

It was not so in my opinion, but the pure air of the mountains amid which he dwelt.

The kind of coals burned in our grates should be made a matter of more thought. Many girls have little to do with this, I know, but it can do them no harm to know that the fumes of the cheaper kinds of coals are dangerous to the health, and affect the throat and lungs, or at least their lining membrane. A dusty coal is also bad.

No girl who values her health and complexion will drink bad water, if she can help it, whether she be a young girl or an old girl. It is painful to think that nearly all the water supplied to towns is bad. There are one or two ways of remedying this. The cistern should be kept clean, free from access of dust or dead spiders; then, to soften it, the water should be boiled, and when cool run through the filter. Every girl that has a room to herself should have a filter. A flower-pot makes a good one. I believe I showed you how to manufacture a flower-pot filter in a previous paper. If I find I have not done so, I promise you an illustration of one for next month. It may be painted very prettily with flowers or figures, thus granting to my artistic readers another opportunity of displaying their genius.

Now, as the evenings are getting long, it will be time to think of winter amusements and employments. One cannot be always reading, and a girl should not be always sewing or knitting. I leave the choice of such amusements to your individual taste, only warning you that they must be of a nature to keep the mind interested, without fatiguing or necessitating a cramped position of the body.

The sun does not rise so soon now, neither need you, unless you have to go very early to work, in which case you must get all the earlier to bed, for a girl needs more sleep in winter than in summer.

Dress leisurely, especially if not very strong, but do not dawdle over your toilet. Be very careful with hair and teeth. Wash in warm soft rain-water, and let the water in the bath be also soft. If you can take a cold bath, continue to do so. There is no greater protection against colds and coughs than the morning bath, taken cold, or with the chill off. It is the best of tonics, too, and keeps the action of the skin as perfect as possible.

It will be time now to wear somewhat warmer clothing, for the weather may be very changeable and it may be both damp and cold.

Garments should not be heavy, for out of doors you ought for health's sake to take all the exercise you can get, and heavy dress impedes progress in walking; it moreover draws the blood too much to the surface of the body, and induces perspiration, the underclothing becomes damp, and there is consequently greater liability of catching cold.

Never sit for a moment in damp clothing. It is best not to run the risk of getting your dress wet. I do not hold with wearing waterproofs a minute longer than can be helped, but they certainly are a capital protection against a shower. They should be light, and made of cloth, not of india-rubber.

Lawn-tennis is an excellent game for summer, but when the grass is damp it is a somewhat dangerous one for delicate girls, and this leads me to say a word about shoes or boots and stockings. Few people are aware of the thousands of illnesses, often serious, sometimes fatal, that are induced from what is commonly called a chill through the feet. If the feet are not quite comfortable the warmth of the whole of the blood in the body is materially interfered with. Neuralgia and toothache, colds and coughs, and diseases of all the most important organs of the body may be brought about from cold damp feet. Standing on the damp grass with thin shoes in autumn is highly dangerous. Thin shoes should indeed never be worn in autumn, for the cold will strike through them if you are standing on bricks or flags, or even on gravel itself, so beware. The soles of boots and shoes need not be heavy, but they should be of the best leather possible. However thick they may be, if composed of worthless leather, they absorb the damp, just as a bit of chamois does.

Boots are better than shoes for autumn wear, and they ought to be soft and pliable in the uppers, and made to fit the feet well, for corns and bunions are as likely to be produced by wearing a too big, as a too tight boot. Stockings should be soft and warm, and changed whenever in the slightest degree damp. Indeed, it is a capital plan to always change the stockings and wash the feet after coming in from a long walk. The feet should be dried with a soft towel, and well dried, not forgetting to rub well between the toes; if this were always done, what are called soft corns would be unknown.

Now a word in conclusion. Do you suffer much from cold in winter, from harshness of skin, chapped hands or lips, or from chilblains? If so, it is now in autumn that you have got to prepare yourself to defy the ills of wintry weather; you ought to do all you can to purify and strengthen the blood and circulation. Live plainly but well, do not drink fluids of any kind between meals, and just as little as possible when eating. Avoid strong tea and coffee. Do not take tea in the morning at all. Never eat too much at a time. Try to get your meals at the same hour every day, and let a good proportion of your dinner each day be meat of some kind. Do not use too many green vegetables. Take all the exercise possible, and go early to bed. You will thus, without the aid of medicine at all, get your whole frame into a healthy and strong condition.

Exercise with the dumb-bells about twenty minutes every morning and evening. This tends greatly to develop chest and lungs. If you think you need a tonic, try the light-brown cod-liver oil. It is a capital remedy for poverty of blood, and not only that, for it helps to purify and alter the condition of the blood, owing to the iodine it contains, and the straw-coloured oils are not possessed of this virtue.

Lastly, study to maintain an equable temper. If you do not learn command over your feelings when young, you never will; your feelings will rule you and make you old before your time.

HIGHER THOUGHTS ON GIRLS' OCCUPATIONS.

MUSIC.

It is a singular experience, those say who have tried it, to spend several days in the same room with a parrot and a bullfinch. At intervals the bullfinch sends forth his clear note which is the rare gift that has been given him. Now it was a trill, now it was a quaver, now it was a whistle of long-drawn-out sweetness; but whatever it might be, it came as easily, and simply, and naturally from his little throat as the low murmur comes from the wave which breaks on the shore. As soon, however, as he had ceased, a sound of a very different character began to fill the room. His neighbour, the parrot, was fully resolved to endeavour to rival the bullfinch, and so he set about trying to the uttermost to imitate what he had just heard. His powers as a mimic were remarkable, for he was an intelligent bird, and a bird who had practised much of his art under good tuition. To a certain extent, and with a certain amount of success, he reproduced every tone to which he had lately listened; yet what a poor, cold, laboured performance it was compared with the bullfinch's song! How weary the ear grew as it listened, and how it longed for him to cease before three minutes had gone by. But when the bullfinch began once more his native strain, what a joy it was in a moment to the listener, and what a joy it continued to be till it was finished, last as long as it might.

Now why have we dwelt so long on the bullfinch and the parrot? Simply because we find their exact and living human types in every girls' school where music is day after day practised and taught.

We stand in the hall of a large airy school, where the girls' garden hats are hanging, and the lawn-tennis bats are lying about in grand confusion, and as we stand we hear half a dozen pianos at least going briskly all around us. If we have any taste and ear for music, we listen eagerly and earnestly, hoping to catch in the sounds fair promise of good things to come which will rejoice the occupants of many a drawing-room in future years. There are a few moments of attentive interest, then we shiver, and are very much inclined to rush from the house and seek the most distant shades of the garden walks, if only we can escape from the agony which we are beginning to endure. Can that rapid, unsympathetic jingle to the right be called by the sweet, sacred name of music? Can that feeble stumbling from chord to chord be supposed, by even the most lenient courtesy, to represent a loved, familiar air which is as a household word in all our hearts and homes? In both cases we know that we have to answer the question with a reluctant "yes," and yet still our injured ears, and brains too, refuse to believe the incredible fact.

Yet stay for a minute before the hasty retreat we are meditating is begun in swift earnest. Stay, and let us try to disentangle from the perplexed mass of sound around us one strain which is stealing softly down from a room somewhere above. How clearly and truly, and with what deep soul-like expression the melody comes floating towards us! The very heart of the composer seems to be revealing itself in every note; it is as if we were speaking to him, and he was telling us his highest joy or his most secret sorrow. And now the air has broken into a variation which goes rippling up and down the instrument like a mountain stream at play among the rocks, while the bass hand still keeps up the melody, marking the time in steady composed calm. It is like soldiers marching and fairies dancing at the same moment, and yet both seeming, in some inexplicable manner, to make wondrous harmony together. Then there is a rich, full outburst made up of cunningly-mingled yet ringingly-distinct chords, and there is a sensation of real sorrow in ear and mind, for the music, and this is true music indeed, has ended.

Now let us visit the school on another morning, when a singing-class is going on, and take up our position once more in the hall. How, in the name of harmony, can the unfortunate master, whom we can see through the half opened door seated at the piano, keep so quietly at his post? No doubt habit has endured him to the situation; but it must be a hard trial, after all, for a music professor, and he is a man truly deserving of much pity. The parents and guardians gathered round him must, apparently, all be labouring under the strange impression that every young lady is as much born to sing as a kitten is to mew. Rough voices, poor, thin, wiry voices, loud, harsh voices, that seem meant expressly to imitate the old nursery game of playing on a comb with a piece of brown paper over it, voices that go wandering up and down, above and below the note in the most eccentric fashion, simply because their owners possess no ear by which to guide them; voices that are no singing voices at all, only talking voices, pitched in a high, shrill key—such are the sounds which come rushing upon us, making us shrink and draw back.

But here a little patience will reward us, as no doubt it does the poor singing master, or his profession would be a dreary, hopeless one indeed. There is a cessation in the chorus which was being performed, and one voice takes up a solo. Now, in truth, we begin to understand that the master's task may be a joy and a pride after all. It is like the fresh, free melody made by breeze and brook talking and laughing together on an April morning; it is like the silver chime of bells at eventide that comes floating across the hills down into the quiet valleys, making a wave of sweetest harmony in the still, frosty Christmas air. This voice is soaring upward, and gliding along on the higher notes, as if borne on a friendly angel's wing, and by-and-by dies away in a soft lingering fall as though it were wearied out with its own deep, tender love of harmony.

Why is it that there is all this discord made out of what should be sweetest music? It is just because we will insist on our young lady parrots—clever, pretty birds as they are and would be, if we would let them be clever and graceful in what they can really do well—endeavouring to emulate the musical powers and talents of our young lady bullfinches. A really, thoroughly musical girl is no very common thing to find, but only such a girl has any right to receive continued musical instruction. In music it is yet more needful than it was in speaking of literature to say most emphatically, that attempts at cultivation are worse than useless; they are a downright waste of time, a wrong and foolish expenditure of money and of effort.

The teacher will never have any difficulty in finding out which of the pupils, the mother which of her daughters, is endowed with musical talent; there is no good gift of God which reveals itself at such an early age. The baby girl who is to be in days to come a musician that will charm ears and hearts, will hum a tune literally before she can speak, and her tiny feet will keep "delicate time" to the itinerant band outside the nursery windows, when they can scarcely toddle across the floor. Later on she will come up from the drawing-room warbling the air which the lady visitor has been singing, and will lull her doll with it to sleep; she will tell us, almost before it has begun, the name of the tune which the street organ is playing; she will catch with wondrous quickness the hymn in church or chapel, and will join in it as if she had worshipped in the sacred building for the last twenty years at least.

When a decided talent for music is thus early shown in a girl, we cannot take too great pains to develop and cultivate it. Other branches of education may be safely left untouched, or at the most only lightly skimmed over, that this one beautiful gift may have free and full room to unfold, may receive the most careful guiding and training. It is a power by which she may one day sway the minds of men and women, and may lift them up on high to the loftiest thoughts and holiest aspirations; therefore we may well give it, where it displays itself in this marked way, a foremost place in her school life. Striking musical talent is also often not accompanied by very remarkable mental powers, and this renders the comparative neglect of other studies still less to be regretted.

The hands of the little girl who has displayed an unmistakable talent for music should be put upon the keyboard almost before she is taught her alphabet. The sooner she can learn all the technical part of her art the better; it will give her ease and rapidity in execution as she goes on, and has with advancing years to undertake more difficult music. It is, perhaps, generally best for a girl to confine her efforts to one instrument only, and to endeavour to make herself thorough mistress of it. In music, as in everything else, the rule holds good, that it is far better to do one thing in a really superior way than two or three things tolerably; still, if a girl has time and perseverance, she may attain to some skill on two instruments at once. As to a girl being a vocalist, it is quite useless trouble and expense for her even to learn to sing unless she has the natural gift of a voice of some strength and sweetness; if she possesses this there can never be any doubt as to the age at which singing may be taught. She should cultivate her precious talent with all her energies, and give up trying to reach any special excellence as an instrumental performer. Here, again, we say, excel in one point rather than be contented with partial mediocrity in many.

Every possible means must be used in her schooldays to develop and strengthen the musical faculty in a musical girl. She should practise scales and exercises, which should go on increasing in difficulty and intricacy as she grows older. She should be encouraged to sharpen her musical ear by trying to play, by its help alone, some tune she has heard. Her musical memory should be brought into play and power by her having to learn a certain number of pieces by heart, while at the same time she must be exercised in playing at sight. In after days she will need to be able to do both of these things if she would be called a really good musician. Above all, she must practise regularly, and diligently, and with a will *herself*, without wanting a teacher to be always at her side: no amount of musical aptitude, no delicacy of ear, will avail to make her a proficient without thorough, steady work of this kind. As she grows older, her devotion to her art must be yet more entire, and she must give herself to the study of thorough bass and of the rules of harmony and composition. These graver musical studies will, no doubt, prove somewhat hard at first, but they will be found to repay by-and-by, and the most earnest application should be spent on them by the young woman who would make music the vocation of her life, and who knows, by experience, that she has a real talent for it. This part of a musical education must not stop when schooldays end; it must go on after that for several years at least. It is well also for a young musician to frequent the performances of the greatest artists in her

branch of musical art, and to strive to model herself upon them.

The calling of a musician is a fair and legitimate calling for a woman, and one that is most essentially womanly; there is a grace and a sweetness about the musical art which give a woman a fair right to and full share of musical laurels. As a teacher of music a young woman may gain an honourable livelihood, and may enlarge the limited means of a family. She may obtain a situation as an organist, and may advance the glory of God in the land by contributing to His praises in a way worthy of Him to Whom they are addressed, by kindling sacred fires in the hearts and minds of her listeners with the deep, earnest devotion preached by her sweet and lofty rendering of high inspired strains. In the career of a public singer, too, she may do much noble work for God and man if she treats it in all earnestness and soberness, keeping firm hold of the Almighty hand; she may help to keep the moral tone of the nation high and pure, she may sway vast assemblies towards the side of the good and the true. If, however, she resolves to follow this path in life, she must put on, before she treads it, the whole armour of Christ; she must make herself strong by prayer to meet temptation, she must be well provided with that gracious modesty which is the highest ornament of all Christian womanhood; for no woman so much as for her is the most lofty religious principle an essential, if she would go her way with truth and bravery and honour.

A girl highly endowed with musical talent, yet placed in a position in society in which she does not need to exercise it for the daily support of herself and those she loves, is not the less bound to cultivate her gift, and to use it beautifully and well. She may charm away with it many an hour of sadness and of pain in her own family, and among those who are immediately around her. She may teach younger sisters who have a taste for the art, or the musical children of those who are not in a situation in life to pay for good instruction for them. She may set on foot singing classes for working girls and women, and may gather them round her of an evening, and raise the tone of their minds by giving them what is, at least, a healthy, rational, interesting employment for their leisure hours; if, here and there, there should be real musical talent among them, she might help them to develop it for some good purpose. She may go into the village school, and wake up there the music which often slumbers in the very heart of the common people, and make it echo through cottage homes, in dreary lanes and alleys.

Most of all, however, perhaps may the musical woman of fortune and position do high and noble work by directing and managing the choirs and the music in places of public worship where there is no resident professional teacher. In this department there is a wide lofty field of work opened to women of cultivated musical taste and talent, who have time, and will, and skill to spend upon it. No one can deny that there is a broad margin for improvement in the sacred music of the houses of God in the England of to-day, and here our actively-minded young musical ladies may use their talents and energies in glorious work indeed, for they will be helping in the task which employs the angels.

Finally, let all Christian girls endowed with rare musical gifts cultivate them resolutely and energetically, yet humbly and modestly, filled with a firm, brave purpose not to use them for their own vanity and selfish pride, but for the profit of others, and for the brightening, and the sweetening, and the lifting up of God's world.

ALICE KING.

SNATCHED FROM PRISON DOORS.

By EMMA LESLIE, Author of "Out of the Mouth of the Lion."

CHAPTER IX.

AMY bustled about and soon had tea ready, while Lina did all she could to calm herself, and at length succeeded, so as to be able to drink a cup of tea.

When she was better she said, "Have you told me all, Amy?"

"Yes, dear, everything except this, that Haynes and two or three more of his friends have been sent to prison for seven years. Is it very wicked to feel glad he can't come near me now?" she whispered; "you see, I could not hope to live a new life if he were near, for he always could make me do as he liked, but now I shall feel free."

"I hope you will, dear. But oh, Amy, how kind God has been to you; it seems as though you had been snatched from prison doors, for if you had been married you would have helped him, as you say there was nothing but that before you. And I have felt so impatient about being ill sometimes! How little we know what is best for us. Let us thank God now, Amy, for this blessed illness that saved you from prison — saved you for all eternity, I hope;" and this time both girls knelt and poured out their heartfelt thanksgiving to God for His infinite mercy and love.

But they did not forget those who had not been snatched from prison doors, but whom God could visit and bless, even when they were in gaol.

There was not much more said upon the subject, for Lina seemed quite overcome, and she lay on the couch the remainder of the evening while Amy read to her.

There was nothing more of a serious nature spoken for a few days, for Lina thought it best not to say too much to Amy, but she could see that her thoughts were occupied with less frivolous subjects than once occupied them, and as they sat together the next Sunday afternoon, she whispered, "Lina, I do believe the Lord Jesus has forgiven my sins, but is this all He can do?"

"All He can do," repeated Lina; "I don't understand what you mean, dear."

"Why, that seems so long ago, you see—He died for me hundreds and hundreds of years ago, and if it's enough for you I suppose it ought to be for me, but I'm afraid it isn't, for I am not like you, Lina. I shall always be wanting somebody to help me if I'm to live a new life."

"And don't you think the Lord Jesus has been helping you, Amy? Who snatched you from prison doors, do you think? Let me tell you a secret, dear; I never meant to tell you, but I will now. More than once I have thought I must give you up and tell you that as we could not agree, we must part and you must go your own way by yourself."

"Oh, Lina, if you had!" exclaimed Amy, with a shudder.

"You must thank God that I did not. Once in this very room I had given you up, but after I had prayed it seemed that I must bear with you as the Lord Jesus had borne with me, and so I never said a word to you about it."

"Oh, Lina, I have been a wicked girl!" sighed Amy.

"Not too wicked, you see, for the Lord Jesus to care for and help, and is it likely He will fail to help you now—now that He is rejoicing over you as a sheep that was lost but is found? Why, Amy, you cannot think that He has been doing nothing for His people all these hundreds of years. He said when He was here in the world, 'My Father worketh hitherto, and I work,' and His work has been going on ever since. Christ could not be idle."

"Yes, but His work is in heaven," objected Amy; "taking care of the angels and all that."

"What is the meaning of that word angel? Give me my Bible, dear, off the table," and taking it Lina turned to the first chapter of Hebrews, and read the two last verses. The last verse she read a second time, "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" "Oh, Amy, I do like that verse," she said. "That is how the Lord takes care of the angels and us too, it seems to me. He knows in a flash when we are in trouble or danger, knows just the sort of help we need, and in a moment a messenger is sent—a ministering spirit."

But Amy burst into tears. "I like to think this is true sometimes; but oh, Lina, it used to make me miserable," she said.

"Make you miserable, dear," exclaimed Lina.

"Don't you remember talking about it once before?" said Amy; "what you said then often came back to my mind when I was with Haynes and the rest at the music hall, or dancing; and to think of my mother seeing me there made me so miserable that I wished I could run out. They used to ask me what made me so dull all at once, and whether I felt ill, but Haynes, who got used to it at last, used to say it was you, and he would take me away from you as soon as he could. Oh, Lina, what a miserable girl I should have been if we had got married?"

"We won't talk about it, dear," said Lina, "only just to say that you ought to feel sure you have a loving Saviour—a living Christ who has snatched you from this misery."

"I will try to believe it," said Amy.

Amy seemed more hopeful after this conversation, but it did not make her less watchful and prayerful, while Lina was almost amazed at the remarkable change in her. The happiness this gave her wonderfully helped her recovery, and in a few weeks she was able to resume her work, and the evening readings were taken up again with zest.

I need scarcely add that Lina never had cause to regret the sacrifices she had made on Amy's behalf, for the two friends now walked together in Christian union and love rarely equalled.

[THE END.]

CORRECT CLOTHING, AND HOW IT SHOULD BE MADE.

By A LADY DRESSMAKER.

It seems a long time since I have mentioned anything about bathing dresses, in my monthly notes on our clothes, and how to manage them for the best. The majority of bathing gowns for sale in the shops are made of blue serge or diagonal cloth, piped with white or red. The blouse being rather like the "Norfolk Jacket" in appearance. When gauging was in fashion so much, it was very much adopted, and, indeed, is so still, as well as yokes and bands, ornamented with crewel embroidery. Cross-stitch bands are also to be seen, with very good effect; the white linen foundation on the dark blue, and the bright hues of the coloured cotton, being bright and cheerful. This year some of the prettiest bathing dresses I have seen on the shore have been made of the fisherman's jersey vests, in stripes of blue and yellow, blue and red, and blue and white; which are drawn on over the bathing drawers, to found the upper part of the dress or blouse. Many of the bathing dresses have rows of braid to trim them round the tunic sleeves and the legs of the trousers; others have a band of white flannel or sateen, on which several rows of coloured braid are laid, and some bathing dresses have waistcoats, like the fashionable dresses, while others fasten slantingly across the chest. These may be called "vagaries of taste and fashion" certainly, but they mark a change which I am always glad to hail, *i.e.*, from untidy negligence, to that trim ladylike prettiness which exhibits a seemly desire to look neat, and even elegant, always, and under all circumstances, and thinks the public beach by the seaside is no place for ugly and unbecoming negligence, nor for an amount of personal exposure which has been but too frequently quite a scandal to everyone. We had only to cross the Channel, to see the much vaunted good taste of French people, never more shown than in their costumes by the sea; both men and women taking special care to study the becoming as well as the otherwise suitable.

At the seaside and in the country during this month, serges seem to be more worn than anything else, and a black serge with white waistcoat, cuffs and a *laveuse* tunic with a *revers* of white, is very popular. White serges and other white woollens are trimmed with gold and silver braids, and Redfern has brought out some green cloth dresses, trimmed with gold braid applied in three narrow rows, the bodice being of elastic cloth, of jersey pattern, to match in colour. This was a simple but most elegant gown, and the revival of the jersey bodice will be hailed by many girls with delight.

A glance at our page of costumes worn during the month shows that no great novelty, as might be expected, has reigned; indeed, people luxuriating by the seaside, in the country, and on the Scottish moors, care more for trimmings and dainty neatness than they do for anything else, and Englishwomen choose gowns which would be suitable for any purpose, and yet could be worn all day without looking remarkable. Such gowns our artist has endeavoured to delineate, and where possible to show how some summer costumes may be turned to account in the autumn. The mixture of materials in dresses renders this possible. The other day I saw a blue linen skirt, with red embroideries on it as a trimming; the over-dress and bodice were of red nun's veiling, rather darker than the hue of the embroidery. White linen skirts embroidered in the same manner may be also used with an over-dress, or polonaise, to match the colour of the embroidery. Great advantages are being taken of this power of admixture, and plain woollen skirts that have retained their appearance are being used for sateen bodices, pink over-dresses with red *voile de nonne* skirts, and *vice versâ*. I lately saw a white *voile de nonne* skirt worn with a polonaise of flowered sateen in darker colours, and very nice it looked.

The first figure on the left of our large illustration, with a hat, wears a jacket of cashmere and lace trimmings with beads, and a dress of cashmere and black silk. This small cashmere *visite*, as it is called, is a French model garment, and is both useful and very young looking. The next figure wears a plaided tweed polonaise of yellowish brown colour, a skirt of plain colour of the same, and waistcoat to match. The next dress is a

NEW OUT-DOOR DRESSES.

NEW COSTUMES.

voile de nonne of dark strawberry, and a light mantle, with sleeves of brocaded velvet and beaded passementerie. The next is an embroidered cashmere in dark green; and the last figure is in a brown tweed tailor-made costume, with velvet waistcoat, cuffs, and trimmings.

The first two figures on the next row are in mourning; the child wears a perfectly plain black serge, and the young lady a princess robe, with a plastron of crape, or crape-cloth. The next figure wears a flowered foulard, the young girl with the umbrella has a white *mousseline de laine* dress with white embroidery and black velvet bows. The last figure wears a braided costume, tailor-made, of blue serge.

The single figure of three-quarters length gives an example of a braided bodice, suitable for wearing over a plaid skirt of the same colour. The single figure standing wears a bodice of broché velvet over a trimmed cashmere, and a broché skirt. The bonnet is of purple straw, purple velvet, and a wreath of purple grapes and green leaves.

A new dress which I have just seen shows probably the style in which plaids and plain materials will be made-up this autumn. The tint was a "wallflower" brown, with a slight mixture of red and green threads running through the plaid. The skirt was of plain material, the only ornamentation being a band of the plaid, of about two inches wide, round the edge of the skirt, and three tiny tucks on either side above and below. The overskirt, made of plaid, of scarf shape, was draped in folds across the front, higher at one side than the other, and the scarf drapery was continued behind. The bodice was of plain material, and the waistcoat and cuffs of plaid.

In autumn bonnets the most remarkable alteration is in the extremely shortened crowns, which are cut up into a circular shape, so as to accommodate the changed dressing of the hair, which latter is either turned up, as shown in our illustration, or else braided and laid in coils round and round, plate-like, at the back, and reaching to the top of the head; the front hair in both cases being curled. Long pins of shell or bone, shaped like huge hairpins, are stuck into the hair, and combs are used both for the front and back hair.

Basket bonnets are very much worn this autumn, and they have for trimmings only the double pair of strings, crossing in and out of the crown, and bunches of fruit, or field flowers. Weeds and water lilies, with long grasses, are also worn; and clover-blossoms are the last new introduction in the way of artificial flowers from France. Report says that we shall have felt hats in all kinds of colour, with raised velvet designs on them, for the late autumn and winter. "Olivia" bonnets, with their pointed roof-fronts, have appeared again, and the brims have thick ruches of pleated lace to match the colour of the straw bonnet. They are really more suited to the country than the town; and, strange to say, though of English origin, they were more worn on the Continent this summer than in England. "Toque" hats, to match the dress, are never out of fashion for young girls; and are so easily made and simple, that they will always be welcome head-dresses. The new ones for the autumn are very close and skull-cap like on the head, oval in shape, and the material, whether serge or a thinner woollen, is pleated in tiny folds with distracting regularity round the crown, ending in nothing at the top. Red "toques," of this pattern, are also made and sold in quantities for young girls, and have been much worn at the seaside and at lawn tennis; for either of which their closeness and tight fit render them peculiarly appropriate. Sailor hats, in coloured straw, have a checkered silk kerchief knotted lightly round the crown and over the top.

What is called the "Henri Deux" shape of hat, with a square, high, and somewhat peaked crown, and a narrow straight brim, wider in front than at the back, has been the favourite hat of the summer, and now in the autumn shows signs of becoming common. Three bands of velvet with a clump of feathers has been the usual trimming. The brim is always lined with a plainly-shaped band of black velvet. This form, however, is said to be "the coming hat" for the autumn and winter in plain black velvet and felt. No trimming save feather tips will be used for it. From Paris it is reported that very large bonnets will reign during the winter; but, however this may be, there is no doubt that the small close shapes, always fashionable in England, will continue to be so; and, as long as the Princess of Wales lives, will remain popular, and admired as the shape she most wears.

White linen collars and cuffs have supplanted the coloured linen ones that came into vogue in the spring, and coloured lisse, muslin, and lace ruching, to match with the dress, are still worn. Rolls of white Spanish lace continue to be seen about the neck, but the most fashionable thing, undoubtedly, is the black lace and coloured lace quillings, which stand high round the throat, and have no white to relieve them. The bows on one shoulder are still worn, but, instead of being placed on the point of the shoulder, are raised higher up, and worn under the throat at the side. The new pinked-out silk rosettes which have been sold ready-made in the shops, are much adopted this autumn for the trimming of dresses, and look very graceful; the colour of the dress is chosen, unless there be a waistcoat of a contrasting colour, when the rosettes match the waistcoat.

The broché velvet capes, made high in the shoulders, and trimmed with lace or passementerie, have formed since they were first introduced the prettiest and most becoming of additional coverings for young people. They do not suit anyone who has gone over the borders of youth and become old and stout, but some of them, made with ends, were a little older in style. The long quotation I give below, from one of the best-known of our periodicals, is well worth reading, as it really forms a cogent argument against tight lacing, as well as against even the slightest constriction. We have discussed this question with our girls many times; and we know that high principle and good taste are their two best safeguards against the temptation of producing a smaller waist than Nature gave them. Fortunately, Society has also come to our aid, and public opinion comments pretty strongly on those unfortunate girls who have "made figures" for themselves.

"Women, especially those of the upper classes," says the *Nineteenth Century*, "who are not obliged to keep themselves in condition by work, lose after middle age (sometimes earlier) a considerable amount of their height, not by stooping, as men do, but by actual collapse, sinking down, mainly to be attributed to the perishing of the muscles that support the frame, in consequence of habitual and constant pressure of the stays, and dependence upon the artificial support by them afforded. Every girl who wears stays that press upon these muscles, and restrict the free development of the fibres that form them, relieving them from their natural duties of supporting the spine, indeed incapacitating them from so doing, may feel sure she is preparing herself to be a dumpy woman. A great pity! Failure of health among women when the vigour of youth passes away is but too patent, and but too commonly caused by this practice. Let the man who admires the piece of pipe that does duty for a human body picture to himself the wasted form and seamed skin. Most women, from long custom of wearing these stays, are unaware how much they are hampered and restricted. A girl of twenty intended by Nature to be one of her finest specimens, gravely assures one that her stays are not tight, being exactly the same size as those she was first put into, not perceiving her condemnation in the fact that she has since grown five inches in height and two in shoulder-breadth. Her stays are not too tight, because the constant pressure has prevented the natural development of heart and lung space. The dainty waist of the poets is precisely that flexible slimness that is destroyed by stays. The form resulting from them is not slim, but a piece of pipe, and as inflexible. But while endeavouring to make clear the outrage upon practical good sense and sense of beauty, it is necessary to understand and admit the whole state of the case. A reason, if not a necessity, for some sort of corset may be found when the form is very redundant; this, however, cannot be with the very young and slight, but all that necessity could demand, and that practical good sense and fitness would concede, could be found in a strong elastic kind of jersey, sufficiently strong and even stiff under the bust to support it, and sufficiently elastic at the sides and back to injure no organs and impede no functions. Even in the case of the young and slight an elastic band under the false ribs would not be injurious, but perhaps the contrary, serving as a constant hint to keep the chest well forward and the shoulders back; but every stiff unyielding machine, crushing the ribs and destroying the fibre of muscle, will be fatal to health, to freedom of movement, and to beauty; it is scarcely too much to say that the wearing of such amounts to stupidity in those who do not know the consequences (for over and over again warning has been given), and to wickedness in those who do."

Lastly, one of the best known of our scientific writers says, "Warmth, and a good conscience, are the best preservers of female beauty, and the best safeguards for securing an old age of usefulness and happiness."

USEFUL HINTS.

GINGER COOKIES.—Take one cup of butter and three cups of flour, rub them well together, then add one tablespoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of soda, three eggs, and one and a half cups of sugar. The eggs and sugar must be well beaten together. Roll very thin, cut in small round cakes with a biscuit cutter. Bake in a quick oven.

CLARET CUP.—One bottle of claret, one pint of seltzer water, a small bunch of balm, ditto of burrage, one orange, part of the peel of a cucumber, a small glass of brandy, and one ounce of sugar or sugar-candy; stir all together, and place the jug in some rough ice for half an hour, then strain and serve.

CHAMPAGNE CUP.—One bottle of champagne, one quart of seltzer water, two oranges, one small bunch of burrage, ditto of balm, one ounce of sugar-candy; mix well, and place in ice for one hour, then strain, and pour into a jug.

ARTICHOKE SOUP.—Boil one quart of artichokes and two large onions until quite tender; then rub them through a wire sieve; add three pints of milk, one ounce of butter, and pepper and salt to taste; then boil up, taking care that it does not burn. If not thick enough, add a dessertspoonful of corn flour.

EVENINGS WITH OUR GREAT LIVING COMPOSERS.

By JAMES MASON.

VI.—Sir George Alexander Macfarren.

ND so this is the last of our evenings with great living composers," said Annabella.

"Yes," said Arthur; "it is a good rule never to carry on anything till you are quite tired of it. No one has pleasant recollections of that which he left off only at the point of beginning to feel bored."

"But what," argued Hilda, "will the composers think whose names have been omitted?"

"What they please," answered Arthur. "Our evenings have been for our own amusement and instruction, not for their glorification."

"From your decisions," said Nora, with the prettiest little look of sorrow on her face, "there never has been any appeal. We have come to the last, and who is he?"

"The last is Sir George Alexander Macfarren."

"What of his antecedents?" said Rose. "When was he born, and where?"

"When?" answered Arthur. "On the second of March, 1813. Where? In London."

"Who was his father?" Annabella inquired.

"He was George Macfarren," Arthur replied. "A dramatist, who wrote *Guy Faux*, *Winning a Husband*, *The March of Intellect*, and several other plays."

"Did his parents," asked Ralph, "soon find themselves responsible for the upbringing of a musical prodigy?"

"I do not know how that was," said Arthur; "he does not seem to have begun the systematic study of music till 1827."

"I can supplement your information, to this extent," remarked Ambrose, "that M. Fétis, in his 'Universal Biography of Musicians,' says that Sir George gave from his earliest years proofs of '*une bonne organisation pour la musique*,' and for that reason he was soon instructed in the elements of the art."

"And who taught him?" asked Rose.

"In 1827 it was Charles Lucas," answered Arthur.

"Who was he?"

"A composer of some ability and a well-known player on the violoncello."

"Was he not President at one time of the Royal Academy of Music?" inquired Nora.

"Yes, from 1859 to 1866."

"What was Sir George's next step in the study of music?" Hilda asked.

"He became a pupil," said Arthur, "of the Royal Academy of Music, studied composition there, and learned the pianoforte and the trombone."

"Why the trombone?" said Hilda.

"It seems," replied Arthur, "that he was asked by the administration of the Academy to undertake an orchestral instrument, and that was the one he chose."

"Did he not in the end become one of the Professors of the Academy?" asked Annabella.

"Yes," said Arthur, "he was appointed, in 1834, Professor of Harmony, and I have always understood that he made an admirable professor, giving sound advice, and insisting on the absolute necessity of hard and earnest work. There was this advantage, too, that his own life perfectly illustrated the maxims he enforced."

"He has a true regard," remarked Nora, "for the dignity of his calling, and I have often heard him insist on the fact that music has a noble mission in the world, and that the smallest of its provinces is to amuse."

"When," asked Rose, "did Sir George first come before the public as a composer?"

"His first important work," replied Arthur, "was produced in the same year as that in which he received his professorship."

"And his first important work," said Rose, "was——"

"A symphony in F Minor, performed at the Society of British Musicians."

"Don't let us talk yet of his compositions," observed Ambrose. "I see that when Sir W. Sterndale Bennett died Sir George Macfarren was asked by the majority of the residents at Cambridge to become a candidate for the vacant Professorship of Music at that university."

"Was he elected?" asked Hilda.

"Yes, and unanimously," said Arthur. "An opposition was at first threatened by Dr. Wylde, the Gresham Professor of Music; but Dr. Wylde's name was withdrawn the day before the election."

"In what year was that?" inquired Rose.

"In 1875, in the spring. Shortly afterwards Sir George was made a Doctor of Music. Then, in the same year," Arthur went on to say, "he was appointed Principal of the Royal Academy of Music."

"Of his artistic fitness for that post," remarked Nora, "there could be no question, and he united to his musical qualifications just those intellectual and business qualities which fitted him to become the head of an important institution."

"His blindness," remarked Annabella, "makes Sir George Macfarren specially interesting."

"Blind!" said Rose. "I did not know he was blind. Has he been so all his days?"

"No," said Annabella, "but his vision became impaired early in life. It grew worse as years went on, and at last he lost his sight entirely."

"It is a great calamity," remarked Edward, "but not so great to a musician as it would be to many other people. I often remember the words of Goethe, where he says that 'the musician has less connection with the outside world than any other artist, and has to turn inward and seek his art only in the deepest recesses of his being.' In gaining acquaintance with new material blindness must often be an obstacle, but it must be anything but a hindrance to composition. The most beautiful visions are often those of the night."

"It does not seem to have interfered much with Sir George's progress," said Rose.

"No," replied Annabella, "he was not the one to give way even before such a considerable obstacle. In spite of it he resolved to get out of his life the highest possible value, continued with great energy to fulfil his duties as professor, and went on composing, dictating his compositions to an amanuensis."

"He has written several operas, has he not?" said Rose.

"Yes, six or seven of them," replied Arthur. "The first was the *Devil's Opera*, produced in 1838 at the Lyceum. That work was the beginning of his reputation. Then, in 1846, his opera of *Don Quixote* was brought out at Drury Lane, and three years later his *Charles II.* was produced at the Princess's. These works were followed by *Robin Hood*, first performed at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1860, and, as you all know, it met with brilliant success. Then came *Jessie Lea*, produced in 1862, and *She Stoops to Conquer*, *The Soldier's Legacy*, and *Helvellyn*, in 1864."

"He has also written several oratorios," remarked Agnes. "He has had the noble ambition to make music of service in the cause of religion."

"What are the subjects?" Rose inquired.

"*John the Baptist* was the first," said Arthur; "that oratorio was produced at the Bristol Festival in 1873. Three years later, at the Birmingham Festival, *The Resurrection* was brought out, and *Joseph* was produced at the Leeds Festival in 1877."

"What sort of works are they?" asked Agnes. "I have not heard any of them."

"*St. John the Baptist*," Arthur replied, "is a highly dramatic production. *The Resurrection*, on the contrary, is essentially didactic; but of the three, I think I prefer *Joseph*."

"All are not of your mind," said Ralph; "the music of *Joseph* is as a rule too sombre. One of the leading musical critics, I remember, wrote of it that its great drawback was an infinitesimal dose of emotional feeling, whilst on the other hand the scientific attributes were dry and dull, showing that it is quite possible to be a great musician without being an inspired composer."

"Are there many fine solos in these works?" Agnes asked.

"Not many," said Ralph. "It arises from Sir George's forte lying chiefly in his mastery of the resources of harmony and counterpoint, rather than in the natural flow of tuneful phrases. He certainly has the gift of melody, but the scientific musician is uppermost."

"The only considerable work of Sir George's I have heard," said Edward, "is his cantata, *The Lady of the Lake*, when it was performed for the first time at Glasgow in 1877."

"Did you like it?" asked Hilda.

"Very much, but my criticism is of no value. I had not a good place, and one can hardly judge fairly of musical effects from a back row."

"What other cantatas has Sir George written?" asked Rose.

"Several," said Arthur. "There is *Leonora*, which was composed in 1851; *Mayday*, written for the Bradford Festival of 1856; *Christmas*, composed in 1859; and *Outward Bound*, produced at the Norwich Festival in 1871."

"What a number of works you have already named!" said Agnes.

"These are not all," continued Arthur; "we have not spoken about his serenata, *The Sleeper Awakened*, brought out at the National Concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1851; his masque of *Freya's Gift*, produced in 1863; or his overtures to the *Merchant of Venice*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Hamlet*, *Chevy Chase*, and *Don Carlos*. Besides these, there are symphonies, string quartettes, and a quintet; a concerto for violin and orchestra, sonatas for the piano alone, and for the piano combined with other instruments."

"A long catalogue!" said Agnes.

"And not exhausted yet. Sir George has written many psalm tunes, anthems, and chants; a cathedral service, 'Introits for the

Holy Days and Seasons of the English Church,' 'Songs in a Cornfield,' 'Shakespeare's Songs for Four Voices,' Songs from Lane's Arabian Nights, and Kingsley's and Tennyson's poems. And you may add to these a great mass of miscellaneous songs and duets."

"What about his songs?" said Rose.

"Many of them," replied Arthur, "are very fine, but some are merely ephemeral productions."

"That is to be accounted for," Nora remarked, "by the words being in many cases weak verses, not worth either writing up to or remembering. Musicians as a rule set a great deal of trash."

"They might know better," said Agnes, "and should show as much discrimination in choosing words as in writing music. I wonder how anyone can think it worth while to give a beautiful musical form to the trivial expression of trivial sentiment."

"The worst of it," said Hilda, "is that nearly everything beautiful is already set."

"Have we come to the end of the production of the beautiful?" exclaimed Ralph.

"Besides exercising his talent as a composer," said Rose, "Sir George seems also to have written on musical matters."

"Yes," said Arthur, "in 1860 he produced a book on the Rudiments of Harmony, and in 1867 a series of lectures—six in all—on Harmony."

"I heard these lectures," said Nora, "when they were originally delivered at the Royal Institution."

"What ground do they take up?" asked Agnes.

"You may gather that from the preface," said Florence. Taking down the volume from the little book-case over against the fire, she read these words: "'He that hears music without the ability to discriminate its constituents, resembles one who witnesses a dramatic performance in an unknown foreign language; who may be charmed by the gestures and the elocution of the actors, and even understand the course of the action, but, understanding not the words that are spoken, must be dead to the poetry of the work. The purpose of these lectures is to stimulate such persons, if may be, to investigate the elements of musical art, as a means of quickening their perception of its beauties.'"

"What else has Sir George written?" Rose inquired.

"A pamphlet on the 'Structure of the Sonata,'" replied Arthur; "in which he gives a careful analysis of the various movements usually included in this form of composition; several articles in the 'Musical World;' and the lives of musicians for the 'Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography.' Then he also wrote the analyses of oratorios and other works for the Sacred Harmonic Society, from 1853 to 1857, and the analyses of orchestral works for the programme books of the Philharmonic, from 1869 to 1871."

"He seems," said Ralph, "to have been much interested in the subject of musical antiquities."

"Yes," observed Arthur, "he was one of the founders of the Musical Antiquarian Society for the publication of the works of the most celebrated English musicians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. For that society he edited Purcell's *Dido* and *Æneas*. He also became secretary to the Handel Society, for which he edited *Belshazzar*, *Judas Maccabeus*, and *Jephthah*."

"His most useful labour in connection with old music," said Ralph, "was when he harmonised the airs—and he did it very simply and consistently—in Mr. William Chappell's 'Popular Music of the Olden Time,' one of the most interesting works connected with the history of music ever produced in this country."

"His career must have been one of great industry," remarked Annabella.

"That it has," said Arthur. "Let me read, by way of summing up our estimate of his life, the following lines from Mr. Husk's article on Sir George in Grove's 'Dictionary of Music': 'As Professor at Cambridge and Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, Dr. Macfarren stands at the head of English musicians. He shares, with Sterndale Bennett and Sullivan, the rare distinction, for an Englishman, of having had his works performed at the Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipzig and elsewhere in Germany. His industry and fertility under the greatest drawbacks are marvellous. His great kindness, and his readiness to communicate his vast knowledge and the stores of his capacious and retentive memory to all who require them, are well known, and have endeared him to a large circle of friends and admirers.'"

"Mr. Husk speaks of Sir George as Dr. Macfarren," observed Rose. "When was he knighted?"

"Did you not know!" exclaimed Florence. "Why, it was only this year. Dr. Grove and Arthur Sullivan, you must surely remember, were knighted at the same time."

"Who," asked Rose, "is Natalia Macfarren, whose name I have often seen?"

"Why," answered Nora, "she is Lady Macfarren, Sir George's wife. She is a good contralto singer and an admirable teacher."

"I know her best," observed Annabella, "by her translations of songs and opera libretti."

"And Walter C. Macfarren, who is he?" said Rose.

"Sir George's brother," answered Arthur, "and a well-known musician."

"Now let us begin our musical illustrations," said Florence. "Suppose we have, first of all, a selection from *Robin Hood*."

"A good idea," remarked Nora; and taking her place at the piano, she played the overture to that opera, arranged for the pianoforte by E. F. Rimbault.

Then the duet assigned to Maid Marian, and Robin Hood as Locksley—a soprano and tenor duet—was given by Annabella and Ralph, and they sang with great feeling—

"When lovers are parted
How deep is the pain;
They think, heavy-hearted,
They'll ne'er meet again."

After that came a song with chorus, the solo part being sung by Edward: "Englishmen by birth are free."

And then Ralph, with his melodious tenor voice, gave us the fine song—

"Thy gentle voice would lead me on,
My own, my guiding star."

"You sing that very well," said Agnes.

"I have had the benefit of hearing Sims Reeves sing it," replied Ralph, "and it makes a great difference when one has only to imitate a good pattern."

Our next performer was Hilda, who produced her violin and played, with Agnes accompanying, a beautiful Romance for violin and pianoforte.

Next we had a duet for soprano and contralto, sung by Annabella and Rose: "Golden days, where are they?"

"Whose words are those?" asked Edward.

"Adelaide Anne Procter's," answered Annabella.

Ambrose now sang "The best of company," an old air of the seventeenth century, arranged by Sir George Macfarren, the words being by Oxenford.

"The words express a very selfish sentiment," said Edward, humming over, in a low voice—

"With my dear self alone for company:
To myself, myself is the best of company."

Nora now played the Third Sonata for the pianoforte, composed for Agnes Zimmerman.

"Your magic touches have brought out the beauty of that composition," said Hilda.

"It is a sonata I am fond of," said Nora. "In constructive powers it is very fine."

Gertrude succeeded Nora, and sang with great feeling the song of "The Children."

"The words are Longfellow's, and very well known," said she, repeating them before she sang—

"Come to me, oh ye children,
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

* * * * *

"For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared to your caresses
And the gladness of your looks?

"Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said,
For ye are the living poems,
And all the rest are dead."

Annabella, Ralph, and Ambrose next sang a trio for soprano, tenor, and bass, called "The Three Dreams." The words were founded on the old superstition that if a girl dreams three times of her lover, the third time the dream is sure to be realised.

When that was over, Arthur turned to Annabella, and said, "You might give us now 'The beating of my own heart was the only sound I heard.'"

"No," said she, "I always laugh when I sing that song. I think of its being so still you could almost hear the grass growing. If you like, I shall give you a song in which the musician sings of resignation and hope."

She then gave us Sir George's setting of Longfellow's familiar lines—

"Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all;
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

Our next performer was Agnes, who gave us the favourite airs in *Helvellyn*, arranged for the pianoforte by W. H. Callcott.

After that we all took our parts in the part-song: "The cuckoo sings in the poplar tree," and as everyone seemed in favour of another choral piece, we also sang through "The splendour falls on castle walls," a striking composition.

"Next——" said Ralph.

"There is no next," said Arthur; "this is the end."

"What must be must be," said Ralph. "I hope we shall always enjoy everything as much as we have enjoyed these discussions of 'Great Living Composers.'"

We took a long time to say good-night that evening; much longer than usual. The last I caught sight of were Edward and Nora, walking slowly down the street.

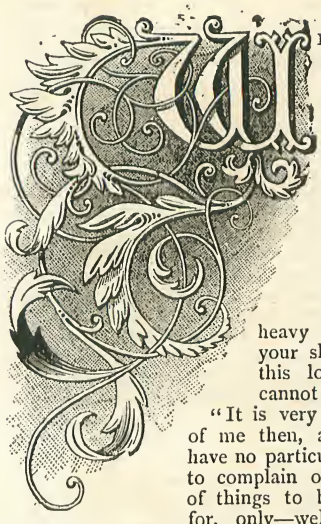
"I can hardly think," said Nora, "that we have really come to the end of these six pleasant evenings; but, after all, everything has an end."

"Everything but love," said Edward. "Love has no end."

[Lady Macfarren has kindly promised to contribute some useful papers on singing to our forthcoming volume.—EDITOR.]

MARGARET'S NEIGHBOURS.

By Dora Hope.



"Why, what a long face, Winnie!" exclaimed Margaret, meeting her eldest niece one afternoon in the park. "You must have some very heavy trouble on your shoulders, if this lovely day cannot lighten it."

"It is very ungracious of me then, aunt, for I have no particular trouble to complain of, but lots of things to be thankful for, only—well just at that minute I was thinking what a constant struggle and worry it is to have so little money."

"Is it some special thing you have set your heart on having?"

"Oh no, though of course there are several things I should like; but what I meant was only that it is such a constant wearisome watching of every penny. What made me think of it particularly just now is, that our gas bill came in this morning, and it is really dreadful, aunt; I thought it would only be half as much, and so of course I had not enough money put aside for it."

"And so you made up the difference out of your dress money I suppose, as you have just started on your next quarter's allowance?"

Winnie blushed, and looked intensely surprised. "How can you possibly know that, aunt?" she asked, without replying to the question.

"I have done it so often myself, dear, in my younger days, so I know what an easy way it is out of difficulties, just for the time; but I know also that it is a very bad plan indeed, and leads to endless confusion and trouble afterwards."

"But, aunt, the bill must be paid."

"And you must be dressed. And your allowance is so very small that you cannot possibly dispense with a single pound of it. No, Winnie, believe me, if you do not keep your separate accounts quite distinct, you will never have any peace. As soon as you absolutely require some article of dress, you will have to pay yourself back, and there will probably be nothing to pay with, and so you will get into inextricable confusion. Here is a nice shady seat, and I have half an hour to spare, let us sit down a little while, and then we can talk in peace. Now, dear, how is it you have such a large gas bill, you ought not to, in your house? How do you manage the lighting up?"

Oh, well, the same as everybody else, I suppose; as soon as it is dusk, Ann lights all the jets, and turns them down in the bedrooms."

"Do you turn it off at the meter during the day?"

"No, I did not think it necessary."

"It is not exactly necessary, but it prevents any possible waste; and I do not see that you require all the bedroom jets lighted so early in the evening. You will find that very often you do not go into the bedrooms for two or three hours after the gas is lighted, and all that time it is being wasted, and worse, for it is using up the oxygen and making the room unhealthy to sleep in. If you will try my plan, Winnie, of not having the gas lighted in the bedrooms till you want it, on the way home I will buy you a luminous match box for each of the bedrooms; they are so cheap now that no one need be without them, but you will have to be watchful that they are always filled with matches, and kept in their proper place in the bedrooms, or you will have complaints about the inconvenience of having no gas lighted. These are very small trifles of economy, hardly worth talking about, but all these little things mount up wonderfully, and if you are careful over every trifle, there is no reason why you should ever be anxious about your affairs, or look so woe-begone as you did when I met you."

Winnie's face soon brightened, for she managed her domestic affairs bravely as a rule, and it was only when some unexpectedly large bill overtaxed her resources, that her spirits sank, like the distressed housekeeper in the story who could make both ends meet very well, all but the scrubbing-brushes, which were always required at inconvenient times.

"*Apropos* of economy, Winnie, I have been treasuring a recipe for you for some time, but have forgotten to send it you. Have you a pencil? I think I can remember it if you care to write it down now, and there is no one about to hear us. Buy a shin of beef, cut the meat off it into small square pieces, dip each one in vinegar, and put them into a stew-pan, or covered jar, with two onions stuck with cloves, but no water. It requires four or five hours' simmering, and should then be thickened with a little flour and water, and flavoured with pepper and salt, and served with red-currant jelly, and you will find that though it is cheap, it is by no means a dish to be despised, especially on a cold day."

"I will try it to-morrow, aunt. I have been following your advice, to some extent, about keeping a stock pot, but the weather has been so very hot we have not felt inclined for soup often."

"No, of course not, hot soup is much more attractive in cold weather, but now the autumn is coming on, and you will require stock for all kinds of hot dishes as well as soup, take my advice, and never let your stock pot be empty; almost anything can be put into it, except salt meat, and when once you get into the way of using it, you will wonder that you ever got on without it. And do not forget, as the cold weather comes on, and green vegetables become scarce, to keep a supply of lentils always in the house; the Egyptian variety are the best, and you can buy them cheaply by the peck at most chandlers' or grocers'. They are used in an almost endless variety of ways, for soups either with or without stock, purée, stewed as a vegetable, puddings, lentil porridge, in fact if once you begin you will find that they can be used for almost anything, with the advantage of being cheap and extremely nutritious. Only remember, whatever you are going to use them for, they must be soaked a whole night. Wash them well first, then put them to soak, and boil them in the same water they have soaked in. Even if you put them into water at night and find next day you do not want them, there is no harm done, they will be none the worse for being left another twenty-four hours. Haricot beans are almost as useful as lentils, and require the same careful soaking. I should not like an entirely vegetarian diet, but I believe it would be better for everybody to eat less meat and more vegetables than is usual.

"But I see the children in the distance, Winnie, and I promised to meet them at the bridge, so good-bye; but next time you feel as doleful as you looked this morning, come and see me; worries soon vanish if you talk them over with somebody. I will send round the luminous match boxes this *afternoon*. Good-bye."

Winnie stood for a few minutes watching her aunt, as she vanished down the long avenue of trees, and then turning quickly homewards, walked back with a light heart, for Margaret had spoken the truth, and worries which seem heavy enough to weigh us down when brooded over alone, soon vanish when talked over with a sympathising friend.

The home party is a little altered since we last saw it, for Julius has returned to live with his sisters and brother again. His six months' sojourn with his aunt has worked wonders, and the spoilt, peevish child is transformed into an obedient, loving boy. Not a perfect one, however, for his naturally imperious will, his high spirits, and quick temper, will doubtless cause him many struggles and tears yet, but he tries hard to conquer his faults, and to think of others before himself, so he is certain of victory, though the battle may be a long one.

Evelyn, too, is changed in the last few months. Several circumstances conspired to open her eyes to the fact that the whole universe was not created solely for her comfort. Though she scoffed at Lulu's benevolent schemes, she was secretly contrasting her self-sacrificing zeal with her own indolent selfishness. Nor could she fail to be touched by the quiet, unpretending way in which Winnie gave up her studies, and struggled against her untidy ways, for the good of the family; proving the sincerity of her profession of Christianity, at which Evelyn had sneered, by the patience and love with which she did the duty which lay nearest at hand—the care of her own brothers and sisters, showing unmistakably that whatsoever we do, housekeeping, cooking, sewing, and every other daily duty, can be done "to the glory of God."

With these quiet, unspoken influences at work, Evelyn gradually began to feel that life is too serious a thing to be given up wholly to the study of dress, and she cast about in her mind for a more profitable method of employing part of her leisure time. Her natural disinclination to speak of anything which really moved her, kept her from mentioning the subject to her sisters, and knowing nothing of what had been going on beneath her calm, self-contained exterior, everyone was astonished when she announced her fixed intention of turning her one gift, her voice, to good account. She organised a class of rough boys and taught them singing in parts, and in course of time, after much hard work, continued with a patience which surprised herself as much as anybody, she induced them to form themselves into a choir to help at the open air services which were held in connection with the church. She took special pains to make them attend to expression, singing to them herself till they had caught the idea of it, and gained their interest so much that they took a pride in their performances and were therefore regular at the services.

Jack and Madeline still continue their regular path in life, the one at business, the other at school, where they are probably fixed for some years to come.

And Lulu? Well, it was a long time before she was herself again, after Cronetyki's death. After all her labour, the disappointment was so keen, and with her impetuous nature everything which moved her at all affected her so violently, that for a time she seemed quite overcome, and could neither eat nor sleep for some days, and, if truth must be told, she entirely overlooked the feelings of anybody else, and gave way utterly to anger and grief, and was in fact in a very bad temper. At length, as she made no effort to recover herself,

Margaret felt obliged to remonstrate, though it was not altogether a pleasant task.

"It is hard that you should make the entire household suffer for your disappointment, Lulu," she said, quietly.

"I don't want anybody to take any notice of me," replied Lulu, gruffly.

"But they can't help it. You have not a civil word for anybody; and Winnie says you eat nothing, so you will soon be ill, and then, you see, unfortunately somebody will be obliged to take notice of you."

No answer from Lulu, who was gazing moodily out of the window, with her back turned to her aunt.

"Does it occur to you, Lulu, that you are angry with God for disappointing your plans. If you were only thinking of Mr. Cronetyki, you would see what suffering he has been spared by not living to undertake that long, wearisome journey. And meantime there is Audine; do you wish to ignore the poor child altogether, now that she is more than ever in need of a friend?"

"Do you know where she is, aunt?" asked Lulu, without turning her head.

"Yes, at my house."

"No!" cried Lulu, coming abruptly to the sofa, and standing before Margaret.

"But I cannot keep her much longer; she will have to go to the workhouse unless something else can be arranged for her."

"Aunt, she could not go there."

"What can I do?" said Margaret, assuming a cold-hearted tone and manner. "I have no time to spare, nor indeed inclination to take up your cast-off *protégée*."

"Has she any relatives, her mother's relatives, in England, I wonder?" asked Lulu.

"I believe the father left a letter of directions, and I believe a letter for you also, but really we have hardly dared to speak to you, Lulu, since he died; and Audine asks constantly if the young lady who used to be kind to her is angry with her, or if she has done anything wrong that you are no longer her friend."

Lulu began to feel thoroughly ashamed of herself. "Aunt, what must you think of me! it is all my horrible temper. Oh! what a wretch I am, and if it hadn't been for you, that poor child would have been sent straight to the workhouse. May I come home with you now, and see Audine, aunt?" she added, humbly.

"Yes, certainly; get your hat and come right away," said Margaret, delighted with her success.

Lulu quickly recovered her interest in the child. She found a request from the father that Audine should be sent to the charge of an old uncle and aunt of his wife's, worthy farmers who were delighted to take the lonely little orphan, and cherished her with the tenderest care. He begged that Lulu herself would keep his violin, as a memorial of having cheered the sorrows of a dying man, adding an entreaty that when its sweet strains touched her heart, she might be moved to offer up a prayer for his little lonely Audine.

Thinking it would be a comfort to Lulu, Wilfred instituted inquiries about Cronetyki's friends in Warsaw, and found that they were all dead, or scattered; so that if he had lived to undertake the journey, it would only have resulted in a mournful disappointment. The money Lulu had collected, being no longer needed for its original purpose, was, at Wilfred's suggestion, put into the bank to accumulate for Audine, till she should be old enough for it to be expended towards giving her a good musical education.

Lulu emerged from her cloud of disappointment as bright as ever, but gentler and more considerate than before. Her strong energies could not long lie fallow, and were soon directed into new channels. She had noticed a poor, underpaid curate, whose wife and endless children, in their shabby gentility, moved her warm heart to pity; so she contrived to make their acquaintance, and gradually winning the confidence of the poor mother, so timed her frequent visits as always to find her hard at work mending clothes, or darning a basketful of socks, when she invariably happened to find a thimble in her pocket, and to have nothing to do at home, and insisted upon setting to work with her; and many an hour did she spend in the little shabby sewing room, helping the weary, anxious mother to darn and mend the little garments of which there seemed such an endless heap always waiting for attention, while she rattled on with a ceaseless flow of merry gossip, till the poor lady could not help laughing in spite of her cares. Nor did Lulu's kindly deeds end with sewing, for finding that the limited means of the family prevented the daughters from learning sundry accomplishments which would be useful to them in the future, she persuaded their mother to allow her to give them lessons in her only accomplishments, music and painting.

And here we must leave the girls, happy and useful, though with many weaknesses and imperfections. They will have their share of troubles, no doubt, but they are gaining experience every day; and the same guiding hand which has brought them safely through this first and most trying year of household cares, will lead them on to the end in peace.

(THE END.)

STUDIES OF GIRLS.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

THE MONIER FAMILY.

HEN followed a year or two of moping about. Bertha, after great struggles and much patience, had arrived at a point when she might begin to practise her beloved art of healing. Hilda, too, had made such wonderful advances with her music, that for her further advantage Mrs. Monier had resolved herself to accompany her to the Continent. Jane had her choice between remaining with Bertha or going with them. She was really wanted here: she was really welcomed there. But Jane would go neither here nor there. She had lately fallen under ecclesiastical influences, which made a life of voluntary asceticism and hardship the desirable life in her eyes. She desired to become a probationer at a great London hospital.

This time Mrs. Monier seemed dubious, and advised little; but as was natural under the circumstances, Jane found a sympathiser in her sister Bertha. Jane represented to Bertha how delightful it would be if they should come to work together, doctor and nurse, or physician and superintendent, of some infirmary or institution. "Bertha," said she, "had always been the clever one, but she could be devoted. Bertha should command, and she would obey." "Dr. Bertha," touched into enthusiasm, was ready to declare that Jane had chosen the better, even the loftier part, and to magnify the office which is generally thought the humbler one.

Jane Monier looked forward into the future, and, as it were, saw her own portrait surrounded by an aureole. She dreamed of the recovered patients, who would keep her name for ever in their prayers; of the grateful parents, who would call their children after her. She conjured up the vision of a great war (for the imagination is a faculty which can be very cruel when it is selfish). She saw herself the ministering angel in hospital tents, the honoured guest at royal courts, the theme of poets and historians. It might be! It might be! None could gainsay that! Certainly not; only Jane looked at the mountain-top where the journey might end, and quite overlooked the hard, rough, tedious steps of its way.

She was thinking of herself—not of the work. And in such a spirit, how could she endure to find herself but one among many others, all bound in the same strict discipline, all owing allegiance to the same superior? How hard, and yet how trivial, it seemed to answer the stern morning bell ringing in the mirky winter dawn, and to go through the routine of daily duty, the poultice-preparing, the bandaging, the ward-work, to bear the grumbling of the patients, and the curt commands of the medical staff, to be quickly censured for error, but never commended for success.

The nurses' meals, too, might be wholesome and plentiful enough, but they were very different from what Jane had been accustomed to, and yet not different enough to be glorified into martyrdom. She fancied it would have been easier to exchange her hare-soup and roast chicken for a nun's dry bread and pure water, than for this barley-broth and boiled mutton! And the poor sick people were so coarse and common, so dissatisfied, so little impressed by her ladyhood and her self-devotion. And the very dress was not becoming: it was so terribly sensible and simple—the dark grey gown plainly made, the black cloak, and the plain brown bonnet, with the little mob cap for ward wear. It would have just suited upper servants; Jane believed that in the streets the nurses were often mistaken for such, and she rebelled very bitterly against this innocent humiliation! She would have liked flapping white caps and great ivory crosses—or, at least, long black veils. In less than three months she discovered that she had "no vocation" as a nurse.

She herself took her discovery easily enough, but it was rather a blow to Bertha and Mrs. Monier. They began to be afraid for Jane. It was clear that she was not prepared to contend with obstacles—to overcome difficulties, least of all those presented by her own nature and character. And Mrs. Monier and Bertha both knew perfectly that nothing worthy the doing can be done without this. They also foresaw clearly that she would bring their ways of thought and action into disrepute—that when other girls among their acquaintances began to aspire, unsympathetic parents would be able to point to her and say, "Look at Jane Monier, and at what became of her efforts and aspirations. Better stick to your tennis and your morning-calls, and wait patiently for husbands."

Bertha Monier herself once said, "If I were a man, I should not like to marry a woman who had tried every calling under the sun, and had failed in each. It would be an insult to wifehood to imagine that such an one was fitted to succeed in that!"

Mrs. Monier remained with Hilda on the Continent. Bertha started in practice with another lady doctor, and Jane persisted in leading a nomadic life, only making visits to either of the houses which might have been her home. She had quite given up all

thoughts of professional work. From time to time she threw herself for a while into some new scheme of philanthropy, such, alas! being too often the favourite hunting grounds of busy idlers, who delight to hear their own voices and their own praises, and often end in silencing others' wisdom by their folly, and in hindering or marring the good which others would do. Like the Athenians of old, she spent her time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing, and felt as if working as a slave at the regeneration of the world by indulging in a dissipation of committee meetings, drawing-room meetings, Parliamentary petitions, and other social machineries, often sadly apt to grind little but themselves! Sometimes her zeal was directed to reformatory work, sometimes to emigration, then to female suffrage, next to temperance. Her mother and sisters were aghast to read her articles, and to hear of her lectures on subjects of which they felt she knew practically nothing. People who trusted to her statements found themselves cruelly in the wrong. Those who leaned towards her theories found them easily disproved by a little practice. And all the while, Dr. Bertha, at least, fully realised (and with some bitterness) that her sister was furnishing arguments for those who would cramp women's minds and lives as the Chinese cramp their feet. She knew how an unthinking world delights to point out every woman who leaves the beaten path, not to find or to make another, but merely to go astray. She knew that the women who talk about work and do nothing, serve as glass windows through which the scorners can throw stones at the workers. Twenty people heard of Jane Monier and her views, and her blunders and her rashness, for one who knew of Dr. Bertha quietly sedulous at her healing work, or of Hilda devoted to her music, and now doing her utmost to promote its study among the young, and to raise the tone of thought and feeling among her sister artistes. Dr. Bertha knew well enough that there was no damage to womanliness in the careers which she and Hilda had made for themselves; nothing that could hinder them from rendering due wifely love and reverence to any man who might ask and deserve such, nothing that could scare little children from clinging round their necks, and learning how to pray by lisping, "God bless mamma!" Yet Dr. Bertha was quite ready to admit that if she had not known all this, by her own experience, but had been left to hear of woman's work and of woman's aspirations from such reporters as her sister Jane, she would very likely have arrived at another conclusion. And when Dr. Bertha could be drawn into conversation on these subjects, she always dwelt very forcibly on her belief that no woman should be listened to on what are called "woman's questions," unless she can point to something she has done or been. "She may have painted a picture, or made a gown—been an editor, or a general servant—a sick nurse, or the mother of a family," Dr. Bertha would declare; "but she must somehow have brought her thoughts into collision with the hard facts of life, if her thoughts are to be worth hearing. Only the worst of it is, that as new views and ways, however good, grow in favour, they are sure to attract those who only like to follow the fashion—whether it be of creeds or bonnets; and then others, good, solid people, who don't care about fashion, but only about what wears well, whether in dress or philosophy, are apt to think that the new things are only a fashion, and to be afraid of them for a while. But it must all come right at last."

In the end, both Dr. Bertha and Jane married, and only Hilda remained Miss Monier. Dr. Bertha married a gentleman in a distinguished position in the Indian Civil Service. She went out with him to his far-outlying post, and found her medical knowledge and skill invaluable in her own household, among her husband's subordinates, and in the zenanas of the native gentlemen whom his justice and courtesy made his warm friends. It was a full and a happy life which Dr. Bertha had, and widely remote as it was from anything she could have contemplated when she set out on her career, she found no jot of her learning or her experience came amiss or was wasted. And very proud was Dr. Bertha, and yet keenly touched even to tears, when, long years afterwards, one of her Hindoo friends, hearing that it was an English custom to send kind messages to friends on St. Valentine's day, offered her a beautiful transcription of Solomon's sweetest touch in the portrait of his "virtuous woman:" "Her children arise up and call her blessed, her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Jane married soon after Bertha. Her husband was a gentleman of good family and some means, an enthusiast concerning whatever was the hobby which Jane happened to be riding when he met her. He had been an idle man all his days, and had wearied out most of the people who had known him long. Their courtship was short, almost as if both feared that if it were prolonged they might change their minds before their wedding-day. For a few weeks, Jane over-acted the part of an adored and adoring wife, who sat at her husband's feet, and led him only by embracing them. But he was as changeable in nature as she was, and after they had ridden a few hobbies, sitting pillion upon them, they first took to running races on separate ones, and at last to scampering off on hobbies that ran in opposite directions. It was not long before perpetual domestic discomfort and animated bickerings led to a separation by mutual desire, and then each resumed the nomadic, restless living of their later bachelorhood and spinsterhood, to the sorrow of their respective families, and to the scandal of all the good works which they chose to patronise and promote. When she vehemently forwards efforts for promoting juster laws towards her sex, men are apt to forget the justice of her cause in feeling that she only espouses it because she is an unhappy wife. When he advocates the simplest and narrowest domestic life as the best and the happiest for women, women are inclined utterly to revolt from it, as only held up in a fit of passionate reaction against his own mistake in the choice of a wife.

In Mrs. Monier's last letter to Dr. Bertha, the mother wrote, "The longer I live, the more clearly I see that a readiness to submit to discipline, a steady constancy of purpose, a power of patience to live through the day of small things, and to go on doing what we can, when we cannot do what we would, is the source of all nobility of character, the root of all fruitful living. We have long gone on quoting the line 'They also serve who only stand and wait,' without, I think, seeing its full significance. True service is perfect obedience to the Master's command, and those who rush to do something when He does not call, not only do nothing, and confuse those who are already called, but they do not hear His call when it does come, as I believe it surely does to every life. You can imagine that our poor Jane is in my thoughts as I write thus."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDUCATIONAL.

Moss St. Blazey.—The explanation of your query was given on page 3, vol. ii.

Old Subscriber.—We recommend the Bee Reading Club. Write to the hon. secretary, Miss Rogers, 44, Henry-street, Limerick. She will supply you with the rules. If not permitted (and very properly too) to undertake district visiting in London at your age, you might assist in making children's and infants' clothing for some charitable parochial society, and thereby assist quite as much in your own parish, under your clergyman's directions, as if you visited from house to house personally.

Julie May.—For all information respecting the fees demanded at the various scholastic and training institutions, both in London and in the Provinces, we refer you to the "English Woman's Year Book," where you will find every particular respecting the fees required, and at what ages, at upwards of fifty different training institutions. We thank you for your kind letter. Your writing is very good.

Village Maiden.—We recommend you to read our articles, "How to Improve One's Education," at pages 637 and 794, vol. ii. In case you have not got the volume, we will tell you that the numbers are those for July 2nd and September 10th, 1881. In reference to the hair, our notices are so numerous that we must refer you to the index of vol. i., under the letter "H."

WORK.

E. A. Pincott.—The first authority on the subject of every description of needlework, and giving the most minute instructions as to how they are to be executed, all being beautifully illustrated, is the "Dictionary of Needlework," published at 170, Strand, W. C. It is the joint work of two of our own writers; and is on the list of the Reference Library of the British Museum.

An Essex Girl.—There are houses of business which take improvers, but you had better apprentice yourself to a private dressmaker.

Terra-Cotta. No. 1.—The black chip hat would look very well with the terra-cotta feather if you added some black velvet and lace. "It fits to a T." This phrase is an allusion to the "T rule" that mechanics square with, to make angles true, etc.

Terra-Cotta. No. 2.—Wear crape for the first six months, and black only for the next six months for a parent; making one year in all. Silver or gold may be worn at the end of nine months. Send your stories to a publisher, and take your chance of what he will say.

Aliquis.—Lambswool underclothing is much thicker than merino, and requires great care in washing. Rub the yolk of the egg well into the roots of the hair, and wash it well out with warm water.

One Wishing to Learn.—You had better procure one of the needlework instruction books, published for the use of the Board schools.

E. Fairclough.—A sixpenny bottle of one of the many glosses, revivers, or polishes, for boots and shoes, would answer for your black chip or straw hat or bonnet.

Laurel and Ivy.—Crewel-work borders would look very well for bedrooms; in drawing-rooms, silk embroidery is more fashionable.

MUSIC.

Minnie Wood.—Giovanni Pier-Luigi da Palestrina was chapel-master to Pope Julius III. in 1551; dismissed and restored again in 1571. He composed the "Mass of Pope Marcellus," one of his most famous works, in consequence of the discussions at the Council of Trent on Church Music. He died at Rome in 1594, and was buried in St. Peter's. His works are profoundly scientific; most of them are sacred, and he also composed many madrigals.

Female Cetewayo.—Write to Charles Morley, Esq., Secretary of the Royal College of Music, and ask for the prospectus, in which you will find a statement of terms and conditions. Address Mr. Morley, at the college, Kensington-gore, S.W. Your writing is too angular. Use a softer pen with a broader nib; you appear to write with a pin rather than a pen.

Gavotte.—There is a "Musical Practising Society," of which the secretary is Miss Jennings. Direct to Dan-y-Bryn House, Newport, Monmouthshire. From this lady you may obtain all the information you require.

Ellen.—1. Corelli, the head of the old school of musical performers, died in 1713, at the age of sixty. His compositions may be played without touching the fourth string of the tenor or violoncello. 2. "Counter-point," which consists of melody with harmony, as treble and bass, dates back (so far as we have any historical record) to about the year 1022, and was invented by Guido; and the time-table in 1080, by Frameo. What used to be called "thorough bass," and is usually known in the present day as "harmony," is defined by Gardiner as the art of expressing, by musical characters, the harmonic combination of notes to be struck with the right hand on the pianoforte, in accordance with any given note in the bass struck by the left. Melody

belongs to the imagination, and is produced by a natural gift; harmony is a science, although some are gifted with an intuitive acquaintance with it, untaught and unable to explain the rules by which such harmonious combinations of sound are regulated

COOKERY.

DELPHI gives us the following recipe for making a good cake. Take three cups of flour, half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half ditto of carbonate of soda, half a cup of sugar, half a pound of currants, two ounces of mixed candied peel, one egg, quarter pound of sultanas, and quarter pound of butter. Mix all to a suitable consistency with milk, and bake in a quick oven. To make a light batter pudding for serving in small cup-shape, take three eggs, three tablespoonfuls of milk, three of flour. Butter the shapes well, pour in the batter, and bake in a quick hot oven. When ready, turn on to a dish, and serve with sweet sauce, made of butter, sugar, and nutmeg. If you prefer a heavier batter, increase the proportion of flour above named. To make a Christmas plum-pudding, take stale crumbs of bread, rub through a wire sieve, until there be three-quarters of a pound, place in a bowl, add of flour quarter pound, of salt one teaspoonful, of chopped suet, quarter pound, of muscatel raisins, one and a half pounds, of currants, half pound (picked and dried) of orange, citron, and lemon peel, mixed, six ounces, of almonds blanched and peeled and pounded eight or ten, and of moist sugar a tablespoonful. Slice the candied peel, and cut each raisin in two, taking out the stones. Mix all thoroughly. Whisk eight eggs well and stir into the mixture, adding a wineglass of brandy, boil in a new stout pudding cloth, wring dry, flour it, and tie up the pudding in it, leaving a little space for the swelling. Then place the pudding in boiling water, and let it boil for eight hours, not allowing the water to diminish, nor the boiling to be interrupted, during that time; hang it up in the cloth till required, if not for immediate use. When wanted, boil for a couple of hours, until heated all through. If a plainer one be required, we will give another recipe at a future time.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MARY.—We know of no other way than to visit several dealers and ask the price they will give you; you will then be able to judge of its value for yourself.

ZULU.—Write for the "Girl's Own Cookery Book," price 1s., to 56, Paternoster-row, E.C. We hear that Denver City, Colorado, is much recommended for those who suffer from asthma, and we have lately heard that a residence in Australia will cure those who have suffered acutely in England. The chant is fairly well written.

F. E. M.—The beach and bathing at Harwich are both very good. There is also an esplanade a mile in length, and lodgings are plentiful.

VICE VERSA, BRIGHT-EYED VIOLET, HOLLYHOCK, CARINA, and Others, who have sent us lines and half lines of quotation, are all informed that there is not sufficient clue or interest to enable us to trace the lines.

MADELINE.—You will find the meanings of Alice and Millicent or Mildred at pages 40 and 355, in "Girls' Christian Names." Frederick means, "abounding in peace;" Walter, "a ruler of the post."

SUNSHINE. — Charles Kingsley wrote "Hypatia," "Hereward the Wake," and the "Water Babies," besides those you mention. You will find Miss Muloch's tales delightful, also Hesba Stretton's, Anne Beale's, and those by the authoress of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family."

SUNSHINE.—The first thing to do is to try and keep your writing straight on the page. To improve the writing itself, you must write copies.

MYSOTIS.—We cannot agree with you in your ideas of the best way of making a livelihood, and we think you had better avoid the temptations of such a life. Try for something in the Civil Service—the Telegraph or the Post Office. What a sad pity you did not face your position bravely years ago, and begin to prepare yourself for it! Consult your friends, and be guided by them.

A YOUNG WIFE.—You do not say what form of impurity you suspect will be found in the water. An excellent article was given in vol. iii., page 453, on purifying water, and alum may be used to purify, while boiling renders it quite safe. Condy's fluid may be used to test water in certain cases.

AN OLD GIRL.—Both are excellent; but we think Birmingham should be written in full, not "B'ham." All these abbreviations are inelegant.

ALIUS.—Benzine colas is an excellent thing for cleaning gloves; but, as a rule, we think it is safest to send good coloured gloves to a cleaner.

UNA.—The legend of the Seven Sleepers will be found on page 384, vol. ii. We think you had better try to improve your spelling, and never mind drawing such foolish subjects. The pomegranate is the emblem of Spain.

NORMA.—Your kind letter is very modest in reference to the verses enclosed, which latter, we regret to say, do not show any merit in point of originality or of composition.

MONKEY.—Old common postage stamps find no sale.

ISABEL.—Copy some pretty running-hand without flourishes and long tails, and not angular in character. We have given advice many times respecting freckles, and that just recently.

DORA DACRE.—To take the stain from a maize-coloured cashmere dress, produced by contact with the dye of a pink dress, without discharging the original maize-colour, we fear would not be practicable, and should not like to hazard the experiment. Cover the place with some trimming if possible.

A JEWESS.—You had better try scouring with oxgall if soap and water fail, and should this prove ineffectual, the carpet should be sent to a cleaner. In reference to your being able to procure a complete English translation of the Talmud, even in manuscript, we do not think you will be able to find one. We recommend you to inquire at the British Museum Library for the *Quarterly Review*, of October, 1867, in which you will find a remarkable article by Mr. Emanual Deutsch, on the subject of this work. Between the years 1520, and 1523, the "Talmud Babylonicum," in twelve folio volumes, and the "Talmud Hierosolytanum," 1 vol. folio, were printed at Venice. The ancient MSS. had often been burnt, and the defence of the work was chiefly taken up by the German Reformer, Reuchlin, in the 16th century. Its origin was co-eval with the Babylonish Captivity, 536 B.C., and it was compiled in the Hebrew language by the Scribes. It consists of two parts, the Mischnah and Gemara (the legal and legendary), and is written in both poetry and prose.

FLEURETTE and ETHELWYN.—We are of opinion that you remain much too long in the water, on more accounts than one. It may feel very agreeable and refreshing, but it is too exhausting, even were there no fear of a chill, and it is a great waste of time. From the time you leave home till your return, fully three or four hours have been spent on this one occupation. We approve of swimming and of gymnastics, in moderation; but the time you devote to them, especially the two hours in the water, amounts to excess. We admire your little sketch.

JESSIE.—The usual method of taming birds is to hold something they particularly like to eat within reach, when they are very hungry. Hide all but your hand behind a curtain at first, and when it comes fearlessly to take what you offer, then show a little more of yourself by degrees. But you will have to reduce it to take the food from your hand, by putting next to nothing elsewhere. It is a pity that the bird should be already so old. Be very quiet in all your movements in approaching it, and in cleaning the cage. Let it always expect to get food when you go up to it, for some time to come; but always leave water and a little seed in the cage. If fond of groundsel and plantain, you might make them treats, and again of hemp-seed.

LOU HOWELL.—The word *mio* is the Italian for "my" or "mine." Writing good but too large.

SAURAVINI CHANDRA.—There is every assurance, by inference, of the future recognitions between the blessed who "die in the Lord" throughout the Holy Scriptures. But the subject is too extensive for our space. We are told that "those who are alive" "shall not prevent those that are asleep," but "shall all be caught up together to meet the Lord in the air," and that we are "not to sorrow for our friends as those that have no hope," for that God will "bring them with Him." When our Lord was transfigured, and appeared in glory, His disciples recognised Him whom they had previously known in unglorified human flesh, and likewise the two prophets, whom they had never seen. Our Lord's parable points to the same power of discernment and recognition in His story of Dives, who recognised Lazarus, whom he had previously seen, and Abraham, whom he had not. St. Paul also speaks of hereafter "presenting" his converts, 2nd Cor. xi. 2, and iv. 14. See also 1st Thess. ii. 19. If the apostle were not to know his converts "at the appearing of our Lord," how could they then prove to him his "glory and crown," in "presenting them"?

A POOR GIRL.—Soften the cloves in hot water for the baskets. We do not know the pudding you want, by the name you give. The following is a good "six-penny pudding:" Take of sugar, quarter of a pound, of suet, quarter of a pound, of flour, quarter of a pound, of bread-crumbs, quarter of a pound, and add the grated peel of one lemon, and the juice of two. Mix well, and boil or steam for one hour in a buttered mould.

L. ANTHONY.—We see that you made the first and third, and second and fourth lines of your verses to correspond with each other in the number of their respective syllables, but you failed to make them correspond in their rhymes also. Thus the metre is incorrect, and runs exceedingly roughly. Besides, one syllable difference in length between the non-corresponding lines is incorrect. If the metre be heroics, then the rhymes come in pairs, and all the lines are of one uniform length—*i.e.*, ten feet. But when the rhymes come in pairs, the lines cannot differ from one another in length. You have preserved the regularity of the emphasis in each line fairly well.

NELLIE T.—We regret to say that your verses are not of a class suitable for publication, although the spirit in which they were written is good. The rhymes are very bad in some places; for instance, "one" with "alone," and "come," with "at home," which must be pronounced "at hum."

VIOLET AND PRIMROSE.—The date of the poem by Sir Walter Scott, called the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," is about 1552. The murder of Lord Walter Scott related in canto 1, stanzas vii., viii., ix., took place in that year, when Mary was Queen of Scots, and was then married to the Dauphin of France, and Edward VI. was dying in England:

C. C. D.—The 2nd November, 1864, was a Wednesday; the 25th December, 1860, was a Tuesday. All such stories have a certain foundation of fact, and are full of instruction pleasantly conveyed.

BUTTERCUP.—You must contrive to keep the children occupied when in class, and likewise interested by changing from one thing to another.

VICTORIA L.—You should read Maury's "Physical Geography of the Sea," which will explain your puzzles completely.

LILY OF THE VALLEY.—We notice in the daily papers the advertisements of the various paper mills, headed, "Waste Paper." Write for papers and directions.

ELLEN MACJONES.—Perhaps the bird's toe is broken. The younger the kittens are the better for them, of course.

SHACKLETON'S DAUGHTER writes a large and clear hand, not pretty, but easy to read. She has our best thanks for her kind and appreciative letter.

LILY OF THE VALLEY (No. III.).—Anything made with alcohol is an alcoholic drink. The writing signed "Rose" is the best of the three.

SNOWFLAKE.—Areca-nut powder is recommended for cleaning silver jewellery. Write to 56, Paternoster-row, E.C., for the General Catalogue of the Religious Tract Society, and select from the list.

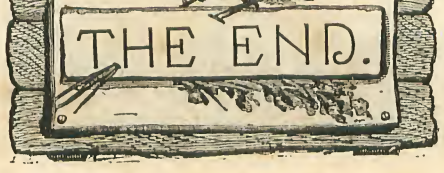
QUILL PEN.—You must be guided in the matter of your reading by your parents' opinion. We think your writing would be improved by writing round-hand copies.

NELLIE SEYMOUR.—We should think Jersey would suit you best, and also would be the most inexpensive. We never heard that the work of a telegraph instrument was injurious to the hands or to the general health.

BROWN EYES.—Your cockatoo requires a little more liberty and change, and you should try and let him fly about in an empty room. Give him something hard to peck at, such as an empty reel or a bone. The most fashionable colours appear to be strawberry or electric blue.

A LOVER OF POETRY.—We regret that we cannot comply with your request. We consider the private life of people, however celebrated, should never be intruded upon by the public. October 18th, 1863, was a Sunday; June 7th, 1862, was a Saturday; September 16th, 1850, was a Monday.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY. — Thomas Haynes Bayly was the author of "Long, Long Ago." The air is a national Swiss melody.

A LOVER OF CHILDREN.—We do not know what your reasons are for saying that you cannot stay at home, but we should certainly advise you to remain there until your education be completed. You will find yourself woefully at a loss if you stop that at fifteen and throw yourself on the world. Have patience, study hard, and wait God's time.

AUNTIE WIN.—You will find a decoction of rosemary very excellent for the hair.